

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## A VISION.

COMPOSED AND READ BY MISS EDITH SANBORN, AT THE SPRING EXAMINATION OF LANCASTER, N. H., ACADEMY, 1866.

I was sitting by my window,  
Gazing at the fallen snow;  
Gentle breezes fanned my forehead,  
Music's sound rose soft and low,  
And it lulled me into slumber,  
Or a rest near to the same;  
When a vision full of beauty  
To my raptur'd spirit came:  
A bright band of happy angels,  
Clothed in purity and light,  
Stood before me in the distance,  
Bearing palms with radiance bright,  
Singing songs so full of gladness  
That, entranced, I nearer drew,  
Till the land of bright immortals  
Fully rose before my view.  
Oh, what scenes of brightest splendor,  
And what beauty met my eye!  
Towering spires and murmuring rivers,  
Lofty mountains rising high,  
Little birds singing far and sweet,  
Than the feathered songsters here,  
Rose before me as I entered  
That eternal upper sphere.  
Clouds were sailing far above me  
In the sky of deepest blue,  
Which surpassed by far in beauty  
Earthly clouds of richest hue.  
E'en the air inhaled was purer  
Than the air I had breathed here;  
Flowers of rarest form and beauty  
Met my eye both far and near.  
But not long I gazed upon them,  
Ere the brightest of the band,  
Coming to me, bade me welcome  
To the happy spirit-land.  
Bade me follow with the others  
To a valley clothed in green,  
Where another beautiful prospect  
She assured me, would be seen.  
As we neared the heavenly valley,  
What a vision rose to view!  
A bright river wound about it,  
And above, the sky was blue;  
All seemed good and pure and lovely,  
Nights of slumber and the quiet joy—  
Little children's mirthful prattle  
Helped all darkness to destroy.  
In the midst of this bright valley  
Stood a child—it was one I knew—  
When on earth my darling sister;  
Quickly to my arms she flew,  
As I kissed her angel forehead,  
Knowing that she now was well,  
What emotions filled my bosom,  
Human lips can never tell!  
As I gazed upon her beauty  
And her angel form so bright;  
When I thought of how we missed her  
As she said her last good night,  
I was filled with joy and sorrow;  
Joy, that I had found her here;  
Sorrow, as I thought how useless  
Was our weeping round her bier.  
For whilst we were sadly grieving  
Round her form, silent and dead,  
She to brighter paths of beauty  
By angelic hands was led,  
And although her body withered  
And to dust returned again,  
Her bright spirit, freed and ransomed,  
Roamed in joy heaven's endless plain.  
A long time I spent in listening  
To the news she had to tell  
Of her life with these immortals,  
And I longed with her to dwell.  
But she told me to be patient,  
And that soon I too should reign  
In these bright eternal mansions,  
Where we'er should part again.  
All seemed strange—the land I came from,  
Filled with turmoil and with strife,  
Differed widely from this heaven-land,  
And the angels' happy life.  
And I asked the band before me  
Why they were so glad,  
Why their joys were never broken,  
And their hearts were never sad?  
They responded to my questions:  
"We are happy as you see,  
Not because we once were wealthy;  
Not because we bowed the knee  
In the village church each Sunday;  
Nor because we were called great;  
Not for all these things united  
Have we gained this happy state.  
But on earth we clothed the naked,  
Fed the hungry, soothed the sad;  
And the God of life and beauty,  
For thus doing, makes us glad;  
Gives us all these bounteous blessings,  
And a heart free from alloy;  
Doing good has made us happy—  
Let it all your hours employ."  
And we still are learning wisdom,  
Still progressing, as on earth,  
Even our labors and our sorrows  
Near and better thoughts have birth.  
We are now together striving,  
In a strong united band,  
To do good to those around us,  
And e'en those upon your strand.  
But when we, as oft we linger  
Round the home of earthly friends,  
Strive to tell them of our presence,  
Or to have them make amends  
For the wrong they now are doing,  
Or some fraud perhaps forgot,  
E'en our hearts are sometimes saddened  
When they recognize us not.  
For though we are no more mortals,  
Yet we love the friends of earth;  
Love them with as strong affections  
As in mortal hearts we have birth.  
And we wish to have them know us,  
And perceive that we are nigh;  
Ever watching o'er their welfare,  
Near to soothe them when they sigh.  
Oh! think not, my erring mortal,  
That when death cuts loose the ban  
Which unites us to the loved ones,  
Who still wander on your strand,  
That we never wish to see them,  
Or to hear their voice of mirth,  
For we have the self-same feeling  
As we did when there on earth.  
Can the skin of Ethiopians  
By a mortal power be changed?  
Can the spots of an leopard,  
Which upon his hills has ranged,  
Be erased, or change their color,  
Which they from creation wore?  
Death can change our hearts and natures,  
Or our love for earth no more!  
Then they passed, but still I questioned,  
For I longed to learn still more.  
From these happy, bright immortals,  
Who inhabited this shore.

And I asked them about dying,  
If they suffered in that state,  
If so much of pain and misery  
Is in death, as some relate?  
But they told me death was glorious,  
And that when the summons came  
Them from earthly care and sorrow  
To release, they blessed His name  
Who had kept them from their childhood,  
And had watched them all the way,  
For the blessing and the triumph  
Of that bright and glorious day.  
For though pain had sorely racked them  
Till their mortal frames were weak;  
Though they felt a love for earth-friends,  
Which no mortal lip could speak;  
Yet a vision bright and glorious  
Of the home eternal, came  
To repay them for their trials,  
And to tell them death was gain.  
Then she said, as you may wander  
To the realm of earth again,  
Learn to ever do your duty,  
Though you suffer toil and pain;  
And that if you help a brother  
Who is sunk in vice and woe,  
That the angels bright above you  
Look in love your acts to know.  
Whilst again they paused, I asked them  
If they would not show me more  
Of the beauties and the glories  
Of that bright and heavenly shore?  
But they said, enough at present;  
To your vision has been given;  
Let it now, my child, suffice you  
That you've seen a part of heaven!  
Ere I could thank or repay them  
For the kindness they had done,  
I awoke, but not immortal,  
I was now on earth alone;  
All around was dark and cheerless;  
I arose; night, far advanced,  
Showed unto my startled spirit  
That I had but been entranced!

## Literary Department.

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## JESSIE GRAY.

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

### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Poor Anna Selden! A lonely life was henceforth for her. Carrie was her confidant, and she carried this misadventure to her. "This is wrong, this is cruel in John!" she exclaimed, "and knowing him as I do, I fear it will be a long time before he retracts."  
Now Anna Selden was far from perfect in her disposition. John had spoken the truth with regard to their marriage, and she was justly punished, though nearer now perhaps to that affection which she owed her husband, than at any time since her marriage. Had a reconciliation taken place now, they might have been happy; the one chance was lost by John's unhappy obstinacy of temper.  
His wife, wearied with the coldness and formality of their life, tried a new system of tactics, which only widened the breach. She became indifferent to the comfort of her husband, household affairs were neglected, and everything left to the care of servants. As long as Hannah, his mother's old housekeeper, remained, Mr. Selden did not heed this; but when at last she was taken ill and confined for weeks to her room, then he felt sensibly the change from those days when his mother presided over the household. There came a time when he took his meals alone; his wife was not able to come, and sent her excuse by the servant.  
His business had meantime increased, and he was absent from home much of the time. One day, on his return from a distant town, where he had been employed in a long and complicated suit, which had terminated successfully for him, and added to his reputation as a lawyer, and also secured to him the largest fee he had ever yet obtained, he sat down to supper in an unusually happy mood.  
"All well?" he asked of Peter, who waited at table.  
"Yes, sir," said Peter, with a broad grin; "Miss Hannah has some news for you."  
"Hannah! Is Hannah about again? That is good news of itself!"  
Just then the housekeeper entered, thin and pale from recent illness, but bearing in her arms a bundle of muslin and flannel, and looking wonderfully happy.  
"There, sir," she said, as she placed the bundle in Mr. Selden's arms, "as nice a baby as you ever saw—weighs nine pounds—a little girl, sir; and I fancy already I see your mother's looks."  
There was a thrill of pleasure as he held the child—his child; and if indeed she should resemble his mother, he would be glad it was a girl.  
"How is the mother?" he inquired.  
"Doing well," was Hannah's reply; "you'll come in and see her, will you not?"  
Hannah was an old and faithful servant, and felt that at this time she might venture a little.  
"She will be better without me," was the reply.  
"See that everything is done for her comfort. As far as possible, see to her yourself, Hannah. I would like the child called Mary, for my mother."  
Hannah went back with a sad heart; it was not her province to say more, but she had hoped so much from the birth of this child.  
"He wishes it called Mary, for his mother," Hannah said, as she deposited the babe by its mother's side; "and he was very much pleased with the little one, and he wants everything done for your comfort."  
The poor wife was not satisfied; she listened long, the sense of hearing quickened by her hope, till his footsteps were heard on the stairs; but again, as once before, when in an agony of suspense, he passed on, and with the closing of his own door

hope died within the wife's heart, never to revive again. Then came a revulsion of feeling such as she had never before experienced. She determined to try no more to win her husband back; but an evil spirit of revenge took possession of her heart. All the bad traits of her character were developed henceforth. When unable to attend church, she took her babe for baptism, and poor Hannah, who accompanied her, was greatly troubled when, instead of "Mary" from the minister's lips, as he laid his hand upon the little one, there came forth in clear, distinct tones, "Caroline Perry."  
"What will he say? what will he say?" was the nurse's interrogatory all the way home. But as Mr. Selden seldom attended church, and no one ventured to tell him the baby's name, he was not aware of it until some weeks afterward one of Mr. Perry's children called it "Carrie," and said, "We love you, little cousin, because you've mamma's name."  
The next morning, at breakfast table, he asked his wife the name of the child.  
"Caroline Perry," she replied.  
"Did you understand that it was my wish the child should be named for my mother?"  
"I did, sir; but I preferred to name her myself. You, certainly, of all others, cannot object to that name."  
It was a random shot. Never, by word or deed, had John Selden revealed his love for Carrie Perry; he had willed to keep this secret hidden in his own heart, and he was not the man likely to betray himself.  
But he was now livid with anger. He rose and left the room, as he said:  
"You may be sorry for this, madam."  
It was the only time since his mother's death that he had shown any emotion in her presence, and instead of feeling regret, she rejoiced that she had found one vulnerable point in his armor of indifference.  
As the baby grew older, the nurse brought it every morning to Mr. Selden's room; he preferred a late breakfast, and generally read an hour or more before he went down to the drawing-room. That hour was now devoted to little Mary, as he always called her, and he enjoyed it as much as the baby, who was fast becoming very fond of papa. Anna strove in a way to deprive him of this pleasure, and when the infant was about a year old, just learning to walk—and a very sweet child she was, bearing, as all avowed, a strong likeness to Selden's mother—Anna determined to take it to her mother for the summer, alleging as a reason that its health required a change. This time she consulted no one, but tried to persuade Hannah to go with her. This the faithful servant would not do.  
"And, indeed, Mrs. Selden, I do not know what its father will do without the little one; his heart is bound up in it."  
"As well as he can do without the mother," said Mrs. Selden.  
How bitter and hard she was growing! She knew it herself, and felt she had good cause, and was determined to have her own way now, as all her efforts for reconciliation had proved useless. No one but Peter and Hannah knew of her journey, and they had long since learned their lesson of silence.  
"Peter, bring the carriage to the office at ten. I wish to be at the depot at quarter past ten. Do not forget to put in a valise which you will find in my room."  
"Yes, sir."  
Now Peter was quite delighted; he thought that the husband was to accompany the wife; had not she ordered him to drive to the depot at the same time? He therefore took mother, child and nurse in the carriage, and stopped at the office on his way to the depot.  
"Peter, why are you stopping here?" said Mrs. Selden.  
"Mr. Selden is going to the depot, ma'am."  
Anna's heart sunk within her; she had supposed him ignorant of her intended departure, as indeed he was. There was a mutual surprise.  
"Are you going far, madam?"  
"I am going to my mother to spend the summer."  
"I cannot spare the child so long; if you go she cannot go with you. Peter," he said, jumping out of the carriage, "I'll take my valise and walk to the depot. You may drive home again." Mrs. Selden will not go to-day.  
Peter obeyed orders, and Mrs. Selden shut herself up in her room for that day. Her husband did not return till late that night. There was an early train that left at four o'clock in the morning. All that night she watched, lest she should oversleep herself; then, at half past three, with her child in her arms, she walked to the depot, and was many miles on her way before her husband rang his bell for little Mary to be brought to him. But little Mary was at that time a hundred miles distant, crying to go to papa.  
When Mr. Selden learned of his wife's absence he, too, determined on revenge, but he was one of those who could "bide his time," and strike not hastily only that he might strike more surely. Besides, his strong yearning for his child made him cautious. He was not aware of the strong prejudice growing up in the neighborhood against him. In most matrimonial troubles, the wife is more loquacious than her husband, and Anna had told all her grievances to Carrie, but she had omitted many of her own shortcomings. Judge Perry's indignation was excited against John. He never loved him, and now he was not slow to speak his mind. "Selden must not be allowed to go on so. Poor Anna was dying by inches; he should interfere himself, and see what could be done to make matters different. John was entirely unfitted for domestic life; he was a politician and a lawyer, full of chicanery; a dangerous man in any community!"  
The Judge was hardly like himself, and, to speak truth, he had been grievously tried. "John had not been quite honorable," he thought, "in his political affairs; he would sacrifice principle

for office; he had been successful because he had been unscrupulous, and it was a success which would be short-lived. Already there were reports of bribery when he was in Congress, and it was a fact that he had made a great deal of money that season of Congress."  
Carrie heard the Judge in mingled amazement and surprise; it was so unusual for him to censure others; she was a little troubled, also, for when once the Judge entered into an investigation of any subject, he never stopped till he had sifted it thoroughly. There were certainly some bad reports about John, but she had hoped they arose from the ill-will of political enemies.  
It was this summer, during the absence of Mrs. Selden, that Jessie Gray came to live in Dalton. There was no good school in the place, and a governess was proposed for the children. Dr. Barton was visiting them one evening, and little Nettie played and sang very sweetly.  
"I wish we could procure a young lady of good musical attainments, and who understood Latin and English studies sufficient to take charge of our children," said the Judge. "I am almost jealous of the time which Carrie gives them, or rather, selfish, for I lose so much of her society."  
The doctor's mind immediately recurred to his own native village. He had just returned from a visit there, and the sweet, clear tones of Jessie Gray's voice, as he heard it in the village choir and in the little parsonage, were still ringing in his ears.  
"The sweetest singing I ever heard, Judge, and her talents have been cultivated. She is a good performer, without having the operatic air which so many of our young ladies affect. Her father's salary is small; they are poor, and I heard it said that she was rendered unhappy by his second marriage with an uncultivated and hard woman. You may perhaps procure this young lady; and, if so, I am sure you will be satisfied."  
"Gray; Gray?" said the Judge, "why I had a classmate by that name, who studied for the ministry and settled in Connecticut; a plodding, faithful student, and a good man. Hobart Gray—"  
"The very same," said Barton.  
"And you think the young lady will like us, do you?"  
"I rather think so," said the doctor, looking round at the elegantly furnished room, and glancing at Mrs. Perry, beautiful still, more so than before marriage, for her's had been a life full of goodness and love.  
"Then I'll write at once, with your permission, Carrie."  
This was given readily, for Carrie had felt that she had neglected her husband in her labor for the children, but this was the first complaint she had ever heard.  
The letter was despatched the next day, and Jessie Gray had but one fear when her father handed her the letter—that she might not meet the expectations of the Judge. "I wish I was handsome," she said, as she looked at her pale face and little figure in the glass, "and I wish I had once nice silk dress, just one besides the old black, which I have turned twice, and I wish—but it is of no use wishing."  
"Come down and get supper," said a harsh voice from below. "I must finish this vest for your father before dark. Pare some apples and bake biscuit."  
Jessie obeyed. She had been very passive since her father's marriage. At first the change jarred upon her sensitive nature exceedingly, for her own mother was a gentle, refined lady, though all unused to poverty and household drudgery in her maiden life. The labor and privation of a country minister's wife had been too much for her delicate constitution, and she, like too many others, had sunk under its burdens, and gone to an early grave. The good minister had never complained, for he had loved his wife most tenderly; but she was an expensive luxury for a poor man, sweet-tempered, uncomplaining, but so ignorant of the details of housekeeping that her husband had often lost the "thread of his sermon" by being called from his study to cook a steak or joint a chicken. At a "suitable time" after her death, one of the deacons (there are no greater match-makers than the deacons of our country churches) proposed Aunt Betsey Mills as a wife for the minister. "She's smart at her needle, handy in the kitchen, and she's already five hundred dollars of her own in the Savings Bank. She's done half the work in the Sewing Society the last year, and made a complete suit for a Home Missionary with her own hands." Alas! the Deacon did not know how a fond hope was crushed when that Home Missionary box was mailed down, and Aunt Betsey learned that the minister was going among the Indians, and was resolved to take no wife with him.  
Mr. Gray thought he needed a wife. He was one of those men who are easily persuaded. He believed all that his deacon told him of the good qualities of Aunt Betsey, and with a short courtship she was duly installed mistress of the parsonage.  
Henry Gray, the son, was in college, and, as he said, it made little difference to him, but he pitied poor Jessie, and well he might, for Aunt Betsey was most rigorous in her administration. Such a house-cleaning had never taken place there before. A cow was purchased, a pig also, and chickens made their appearance in the yard. The minister was satisfied, for he was permitted, indeed, almost commanded to remain in his study, and the people were pleased, for the sermons were "long and able," as the deacons truly averred.  
Poor Jessie was the only one to whom this change was a misfortune. Her mother was not fond of music, and thought the time spent in "playing the pianer" was just so much wasted; cooking, churning, sweeping, sewing, was the business of life. Then Aunt Betsey's temper was not the sweetest, and while her father was in his study poor Jessie had to endure the loud tones and bitter taunts of her step-mother. Now and then, as the good man was deep in the myster-

of some abstruse doctrine, that voice would pierce even his study door, and he, stopping a moment to listen, regretted that Betsey was so boisterous; but when he descended at the call for dinner, and found everything in perfect order, his own taste consulted in dishes, and all household matters managed without any trouble to him, he forgave the loud tones, and verily believed he had found a helpmeet. He was dimly conscious all the while that his wife and Jessie were not adapted to each other, and when the letter came from his old classmate, Judge Perry, of whom he had heard as a prosperous and good man, he thought, "This may be a pleasant change for Jessie; she needs to see more of the world." Aunt Betsey was not displeased. She had thought Jessie rather in the way, and was surprised and vexed when she learned that she had refused young Williams, an industrious, steady young man, who owned a farm, and would make her a good husband. She did not know what the girl was thinking of! She wondered if she expected always to live at home and be waited on. For her part, she should soon give her to understand that she could not spend her time playing and singing.  
Jessie had one friend, one who had been her mother's friend—good old Dr. Barton, who was loved by all the villagers, who knew them all, their private griefs, and their family joys. She carried the letter to him:  
"Dalton," he said; "Judge Perry," repenting them over; "I think I have heard those names before. Yes, I have it; my son James spoke of them when at home. They are friends of Selden. You have heard of Selden, Jessie? He was here fishing one summer, while he was at Yale College."  
"Yes, she remembered him well—did not she remember everything connected with James Barton? He had been her playmate from earliest childhood. Their mothers were dear friends, and many a time James had called her little-wife. In winter, he was the one to draw her home from school on his sled; and in summer, when they went nutting or berrying, it was James that filled her basket, and he it was that brought her the first apples in autumn, and the first flowers in spring."  
The old gentleman and his wife lived by themselves in a nice cottage, not far from the parsonage, surrounded with trees and vines, a sweet home, with always a welcome for Jessie.  
"We used to hope," said the old gentleman, "that you and Jim would marry, and come and live with us at the cottage; but Jim will never marry now; more's the pity. He's wedded to his science, as he calls it, and I'm proud to say, the boy is getting to be a great man in the profession. Why, Jessie, he is going on a special errand to France, in a few weeks—and when he was at home, he had letters in French, from some of the savans of the Royal Academy."  
"Do not you think he's grown handsome?" said Mrs. Barton; "I never thought our Jim would be so tall."  
Jessie did not tell all she thought about Jim's looks. But there was often in her mind the picture of a tall man, with a proud and graceful carriage of the head, with its fall of dark, waving hair—the black, piercing eyes, the broad, full chest, and the elastic, lithe tread of one who had been physically well educated. Yes, James Barton was to her the very ideal of manly beauty. No one knew; she never dared to acknowledge to herself how tenderly she cherished the little souvenirs which he had given her. James had forgotten them. He thought of Jessie only as the pretty little girl with whom he used to play at the parsonage, and the only gift of hers which he had retained, was a hair watch chain; not from any tenderness toward Jessie, but because it had been in itself durable and useful. He had no money to spare for gold watch chains, nor for getting married, if he had chosen. All his spare funds went for books, chemicals and apparatus; he cared more for a new scientific work, than for the smiles of the most beautiful woman in the land. Poor little Jessie! She remembered every word he had addressed to her on their last visit, and sung over and over the songs that pleased him so much. He had hardly recalled them, till he had heard Judge Perry express a wish, for a teacher, and then his thoughts went back to the parsonage and the sweet voiced singer there, and he felt assured Mrs. Perry would love her. The next hour he was poring over the chemical properties of some gas, and making new combinations. Ah! thus it is in the world: woman love to love, men live and love. Love may come some time to James Barton, but as yet, he has never known its pleasures or its pains.  
There was no one, save her father, that Jessie regretted so much to leave as the doctor and his wife. She carried to Mrs. Barton, on her last visit, a rare little Indian box that had once belonged to her mother, which the old lady received with great pleasure, adding, "Here is a package which the doctor left, in case he should not be at home when you called. He will ride round to-morrow morning before you leave, to say good-by."  
Jessie could not express her gratitude when she found a dress pattern of silk, "the sweetest little check in the world," the old lady said, "It is black and white, and I thought it a little too grave for you, but the doctor said that James admired just such a one on Cousin Annie, last summer, and he thinks James knows what is right."  
Jessie was of course satisfied, and when she lay down that night so weary that she could not sleep for some hours, she felt as if the only want of her toilet was supplied. Jessie had all her own preparations to make, and many visits to the sick and needy; besides being very careful, as her father said, to call upon all her friends before leaving. He would gladly have accompanied her to New York, had his means allowed, for he shrank from sending her alone into that great Babel, but Judge Perry was to meet her at the St. Nicholas, and Jessie had a brave little heart. We have her own account of her first entrance into the world:

St. Nicholas Hotel, July 20, 18-- My little new diary, which father gave me, making me promise that I would not fall to write in it at least every week. This is a strange place to commence—a little room in the fifth story of this immense house. I cannot remember the way here, and I am sure I shall be unable to find my way back again. I pitied the poor porter who brought my trunk up all these long stairs, and I gave him a quarter, though I have little money to spare. He noticed that there was no water in my room, and he said, when I seemed troubled about it, "Ring the bell miss," and I did so, but very gently, I fancy, for he stepped up and gave it a pull, which I thought would break the wire. This is the first time in my life that I have rung for a servant; but I think it will be necessary now.

How lonely I feel in this great house! When I entered the parlor in my dusty traveling dress, I was a little mortified, for it was brilliantly lighted with gas, and ladies in elegant summer toilets were there. The one who had arrived with myself, wore a beautiful light traveling dress and hat, that made my brown delaine and straw bonnet seem very old-fashioned and rusty. I wonder if it is wrong to wish to dress very nicely—to have all the gloves one needs, and nice fresh bonnet ribbons every season, and not feel it necessary to turn, and dye, and mend, as I have all my life. Now, "Aunt Betsey"—my mother, I mean, but it comes very hard to write it—says it is no matter what you wear, provided it is clean. She says I am very rational, because I wear so few colors. I noticed when she went to church the first Sunday after she married papa, she wore a blue ribbon on the outside of her bonnet, red and yellow flowers within, a green shawl and a brown dress. I thought of my own mother's plain straw with white ribbon, and her white shawl with the pretty cashmere border, that uncle brought from Europe, and her black silk dress; this was her usual dress, and I think I like it better than a variety of colors.

When I get money enough, I will have one suit to correspond—dress, cape, bonnet ribbon and gloves. How I should enjoy wearing them! But before that, I will buy papa a nice coat. He has worn his Sunday coat ten years. I wonder how much it will take; (enough to buy a great many books, I heard him say once.) Let me see, I have three hundred dollars a year and board, paid quarterly; the first payment will be due by November—seventy-five dollars. That seems a great deal of money to me. Then I can send the coat to him for Thanksgiving. I will write to Doctor Barton, and he will manage to have it all made by that time, and dear papa will preach his Thanksgiving sermon in it. How delightful it will be to earn money! Perhaps they will like me well enough to ask me to remain another year, and then I will try and buy the little pasture lot near the parsonage, that we need so much at home. One hundred and fifty dollars! But then there is Henry. Poor Henry! He must leave college and teach, to earn enough to finish, and so be put back a whole year. I wish I could help him. I'll try. Dear me! what a good thing money is! (Some one at the door.) A note for me from Mrs. Perry.

SARATOGA, July 19.

MY DEAR MISS GRAY—We have been detained at the Springs by the illness of one of our children, but hope to be with you. Please hand the enclosed to the proprietor of the Hotel.

Yours truly, CARRIE PERRY.

I am so glad to receive this, for I was disappointed not to find them here. I'll hand my note early in the evening.

How high and lonely my room seems; and what a long way down to the busy street, where I hear the constant tread of many feet. What if there should be a fire in the house to-night! What should I do? I will not think of it, because I am in the path of duty, and it is right I should be here.

"Fear not, but trust in Providence wherever thou mayest be."

Evening, July 21.—I have had a very happy day. Judge Perry's family came this morning. I was prepared to like him, because papa had described him to me as he was in college; but we knew nothing of his wife. She seems very lovely. I think her face beautiful, and her dress meets my ideal of a lady's attire. I can't describe it; but there is no rustle or stiffness about her; everything is soft and delicate, the colors all harmonizing. Her hands are small, white and soft. Her hair is wavy, and wound round her head in great masses. When she speaks, her voice is gentle, and a sweet smile lights up her features; but when her face is in repose, there is a shade of sadness that reminds me of my mother. A distinguished painter once said to my father, that there seemed to be on some beautiful faces a sorrow. I trust this is not true of Mrs. Perry, for I have fallen in love with her. I can understand now what the term "falling in love" means. I handed my letter, early this morning, to the proprietor, and soon after he came to see me, and said he had a pleasant room for me, and conducted me up one flight of stairs, where he opened the door of a fine room, where stood my little trunk and bag. The furniture was very nice, and the hot and cold water came into marble basins, in a little dressing room attached to the large room. I did not suppose there could be such a difference in the rooms. "I like the change very much. But what would Aunt Bet—mother say to see me resting on this damask couch, with a dish of ripe peaches at my side. "Our Jessie never will be fit for work any more, and will turn up her nose at butter-making and washing." But she is mistaken. I shall never see anything so beautiful to me as Woodstock and the dear little parsonage, when my mother was there; and I would work hard and live plainly, if those days could return. Mrs. Perry took me to drive with her to-day, to Central Park, and this evening the Judge invited me to go and see some very beautiful oil paintings in the Derby Gallery. I enjoyed them very much. We leave at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Nettle and Willie Perry, my pupils, are here, and very sweet, well-governed children. Willie is quick and passionate, and I see that this gives his mother great anxiety; but she seems to be very obedient to his father's slightest command.

[To be continued.]

Returns from all the Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States, except those in Texas and North Carolina, received at the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge in Baltimore, show that the total number of members of Lodges is 129,775, and of Encampments 22,746. A united body of over two hundred thousand men, picked from the best material of manhood, must exert a beneficial influence all over the country.

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, spades will always win."

Why is the sea salt? A Vermont teacher put this question to his primary class. A bright little urchin replied: "Because it is full of codfish, sir."

Children's Department.

By MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or miss their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (Lionel Hunt.)

RUTHIE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VII. [Concluded.]

"Two years next week since we first went to the hall and began our school," said Jim to Uncle John, "and now only think, we have two hundred scholars—for we are all scholars—and own a hall free of debt; and now let us celebrate. What shall we do, Ruthie?" for Ruthie had just entered with her hands full of large rolls of paper.

"I will show you what I am going to do," and she unrolled her paper, which proved to be a collection of fine engravings. "I am going to have two framed and given to the school, and I wanted your advice in the choice."

"Oh, what a trump you are!" said Jim; "it takes the women folks to think of things! I'll buy two more—and you, Uncle John?"

"I will buy pictures that need no frames."

"What are those? Statues?" asked Ruthie. "No; flowers. I will have hanging baskets of ivy, and pots of periwinkle, and ferns, and mosses, and plants that require little care; and we will have a few gay flowers, and best of all, some roses—those perpetual bloomers that my aunt used to call the monthly roses."

"Better and better," said Jim; "let us make the thing general, and we will have a perfect paradise in place of our barren walls. Make everything beautiful in this world, I say, even work. Why, since I took my new office, and had those flowers and pictures, and that little statuette of Peace, I have had no trouble with clerks; they all want to stay."

"Let us forget that labor is a curse and religion a bore, you said once, and now we can declare it to the world," said Uncle John.

"Come, Ruthie, you and I thought that we could have the pleasure of ornamenting the hall all to ourselves. I see we were wrong; do you and Jeanette start off on a tour of information, and let all those benevolent, large-hearted people know our object; and let every one give something, but pray let them choose what they will do."

"Good, better, best," said Jim; "and don't forget to inform Genie and her father, for I'll venture they will have something to delight us all. Did you know that Genie took the first prize at school last week, and her father has been appointed leader of the new band, and they will play for nothing but our thanks, at our anniversary celebration?"

As Jim predicted, everybody "went into the thing" with zeal, for it was something new. To have a room made as beautiful as a parlor for Sunday school scholars, and for the poor women and girls who came to the industrial school, was an innovation upon the old order of things. But with a little tact and a good deal of perseverance, these two girls managed to open the hearts and excite the interest of their friends, so that each one was willing to find some ornamental or beautiful thing, and place it in the new hall, as a proof of taste and generosity.

The anniversary night was all that could be asked. The air was serene, and the stars glowed as if writing in light a history of what was passing on this little planet. Ruthie wore a pure white dress, with one of Uncle John's crimson monthly roses in her hair, which Ned Simonton was seen to have in the buttonhole of his coat before the evening was over; so it was declared immediately by Miss Marvel, that they would be engaged, and very likely she was correct in her assertion this time; for Ned had seconded all Ruthie's plans for the last six months, and had followed her into lanes and by-ways, as if they were the roads to the celestial paradise; and no doubt they were, for it was there that he learned of something besides stocks and banknotes, and how a pure soul, like Ruthie's, could go into darkness bearing light, and never be shadowed herself; and into impurity carrying purity, and never be contaminated.

And Jeanette had a little fall of white lace from her hair, which Miss Marvel also interpreted to mean that she was going to be married, which was not quite the case; for Jim was not rich enough to marry Jeanette and build his house for poor women, too, for he had not forgotten his vow.

And Uncle John had a bunch of flowers tucked into his vest, and his face looked ten years younger than two years before, for he was full of the gladness of seeing already the harvest of his labors.

And Miss Marvel shook her new capes with its long streamer, and whispered to Deacon Walter: "We must do something for our children; really I see no harm in making things agreeable."

"But the danger to the young from vanity and worldliness," half groaned the deacon.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Frill; "but we must not let these people entrap our lambs by their bait."

"Well, well!" said the deacon, "when I was a boy, we learned the Catechism, and that was enough; and Sunday school was a wholesome place."

There was a sudden hush in the assembly, as the ringing voices of the children were heard singing Ruthie's song, to the tune of Trump, tramp, and they came marching up the hall, each bearing a flower or two, and having a badge of green leaves on the shoulder. They formed in the centre of the hall, just as the song was concluded, and Genie stepped forward and presented Uncle John with a gold-headed cane, and dropped her little flower at his feet. This latter was a spontaneous tribute, for no one had told her to give the flower, and it was a pure heart offering; seeing which, one child after another followed, and strewed the flowers they bore about him. One could see the tears glistening in his eyes, as he recognized this expression of love. He soon brushed them away, and said:

"There grew back of my father's house a plum tree, that had borne its rich purple fruit for years, and had been a strong, thrifty tree. But old age crept upon it, and its trunk looked battered, and its branches seemed not to have a full flow of sap. At last, its leaves did not come forth with their usual vigor, and it was evident the tree had seen its best days of strength and vitality. My father said one day:

"There's the old plum tree; it will soon be a cumber of the ground; let us get it out of the way, and put something fresh with beauty in its place."

"No, no!" said my mother, "what a loss it would be. Leave the old tree to me."

So my father went about his farming, and my mother called the children all together:

"Come," said she, "we will make something of the old plum tree yet!"

So she ordered us to bring spade and hoe, and a plenty of rich loam, and she directed us to make a circular bed about the trunk of the tree. And in this, she planted Morning Glory seeds, and the fringed Mountain Mist, and the scarlet bean, with a plenty of sweet peas, and one or two Virginia Creepers.

We worked with zeal, for we did not wish to see the old plum tree torn up by the roots. Before the summer was over, the reward of our labor appeared. The tree, trunk and branch, was in bloom, or covered with fresh green; and we tied strings to the branches and led up the abundant foliage, so that we made a bower under the half dead tree. So beautiful was the spot, that every one thought it the charm of the garden, and my father declared that the second life of the old tree was better than the first.

Now, I feel like that old plum tree, and the flowers and fresh greenness come from these loving thoughts that I feel around me, like the sweet aroma of the flowers. You have made my life begin anew, until I forget I am old, and I am glad in the joy of the life about me. Do not forget to plant the flowers, children, and the world will be perpetually young, and old age be wreathed in bloom."

The dancing was very spirited that evening, for the music was fine, and Mr. Frill stayed until ten o'clock and enjoyed the gay scene, and Miss Marvel forgot to look at her watch. From the walls hung twenty pictures, some fine engravings, some painted landscapes, and a few colored flowers. Genie had learned the art of preserving flowers, and she had made a wreath of exquisite beauty, that looked as fresh as if in living bloom, and in the centre she had put a bunch of grass, remembering Uncle John's first sermon in the fields, and the beginning of Ruthie's Sunday school.

One poor woman, who had been helped by Jeanette's Aid Society, brought a basket made of coral moss, and filled with pressed autumn leaves. Another brought a beautiful shell, another a cocoa nut basket, covered with cones and hemlock burs. So there were added many tributes of love, that helped make beautiful the place of meeting; and those that had no money, gave rich offerings of gratitude.

The next day, Uncle John was stricken down with an incurable illness. He lay perfectly helpless on his bed, but the same sweet smile that always gave his face a look of joy, was there.

"Oh, Uncle John," said Ruthie, holding his hand, "I can't have you die."

"I am not going to, Ruthie," he replied; "I have no thought of dying."

"I know, uncle, what you mean: you will live, no doubt, in heaven," said Ruthie, "but I want you to be here."

"Just where I expect to be, Ruthie. My heart will keep close hold to you all; and if you love me, I can come to you."

"But, uncle, to die when you can do so much good, and we want your help so much?"

"And you shall have it. It is not my body that helps you now, but the spirit that is in my body. If the spirit leaves the body, it will still have a care for those it loves. Depend upon it, I will be in your Sunday school every Sunday, and you shall know how the Sunday schools in heaven are conducted."

Ruthie looked as if she thought her uncle was losing his reason. He detected her thought, and continued:

"One of the most delightful pleasures I shall have in my new life, will be teaching those poor ignorant spirits, who were born in a rough, hard soil on earth, and could not grow. I shall find out some of the best ways of helping them, and I will try and tell you what they are. Even now, I see into that land, the light of which is the love that glows everywhere. Do you remember that little child that you and Jeanette found in that room, tending her little brother and sister, and she only a baby? Well, I went to see her, and cared for her through a long illness until she died. I did not tell you, because I loved to do all I did; and perhaps, too, I wanted all the love of that little spirit. And now I see her tending me; bringing me roses out of heavenly gardens; touching my brow with electric fingers. She will stay with me till I go to her home. A little child is leading me, and so I know I'll find my Lord. To you, Ruthie, I give my place in the Sunday school. You would never take it before; now I know you will. It is woman's work, not man's, to be first in teaching children. Do not think of what people will say, but what you will do; and if you falter, remember I am near."

And while saying this, Uncle John closed his eyes and never opened them again. Thus the school passed under Ruthie's control. She was a timid girl, fearful of seeming to be conspicuous; but now she assumed the leadership with a calm self-reliance that quite surprised every one. She thought no more of herself, but of what she had to accomplish; and she sent out to her listeners little cords of sincere love, that bound them all to her and to each other.

Miss Marvel, curious to see a woman standing in front of an assembly, and taking the place that she thought belonged to a man, came one day and listened to Ruthie's sweet words, until she was charmed into as much enthusiasm, as it was possible for her to feel.

"I declare it beat everything to hear that sweet child talk," she said afterward to Deacon Walter, "and it was every word Christian gospel."

"If ye love me I will come to you," was Ruthie's text one day; "and by that love is not meant praise, or worship, or fear, but such love as we bear to each other. In heaven, that love is so strong that it makes life seem like a glorious summer's day; and here on earth it would make a heaven for all of us. Let us bring heaven near, by the love we cherish for our dear friends here."

As she spoke this a thrill passed over her, and all the children, looking at each other, thought of the dear, good man, that had so lately been near them, and they almost whispered, "he is here, he is here."

"Well, Ruthie," said Jim one day, "I'm glad you did it. Uncle John never wanted us to have any set lessons, or regular teachers; and now you have a school after his own heart." And while you were talking about the way we ought to teach each other, the plan for my house for poor women all came before me; and what is better, I saw just how to get the money for it. And I shall have the room for the children; and Genie will be the governess."

"Oh Jim, now I know that Uncle John put all these things into your thoughts." He will be our rich teacher."

The house was built, as Jim had promised, and then he and Jeanette were married. Ruthie held her place and kept the love of all the children, until lines of care began to come upon her face, when Ned Simonton declared he would help her; and they shared each other's labors till they became a joy.

From the school went out many well fitted to become missionaries of good. And from the little

beginning in a young girl's heart, spread out a great power, that could not be measured, or bounded. Ruthie's Sunday school at last held among its members Miss Marvel, who never lost the influence of that short sermon from the lips of Ruthie. Mr. Frill found it advisable to accept a call to another parish, and there was no one to contend against the power that went forth from the new hall.

Jim thought the fun was not half as good as when they had the minister and all the deacons to fight against. But his new scheme for helping poor women by giving them a comfortable home, absorbed him too much to make him dull or stupid for want of the excitement that he used to get from his Sunday encounters. Life to him was an earnest effort to do good; and Ruthie looked up to heaven, and then went forth to do its will.

THE STARS.

Oh tell me, dearest mother, What are those things so bright, That fade away at dawn of day, And come again at night? My child, the spirits yonder, Live in a blissful abode, And they open wide their casements, To help us on the road.

Like the beacon light that ever Tells the mariner his way, So these lights in angels' dwellings Teach our footsteps ne'er to stray; But with a steady radiance, They lead us to that shore Where loving friends shall greet us When life's short voyage is o'er.

L. S. D. L.

Answers to Puzzles in last Banner.

WORD PUZZLE.—Education. TRANSCRIPTION.— Speak gently; it is better far To rule by love than fear. Speak gently; let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.

Report of Meeting at Cicero.

According to the wish of many of the friends assembled at Cicero, Onondaga Co., N. Y., the 9th Sept., for me to make a report of their doings, I may be allowed, dear BANNER, to say that the ratn prevented our meeting in the grove, but the cheerful school-house, so neat and clean, decorated with wreaths of evergreen, begemmed with flowers expressive of the innocence and freshness of childhood, betokening a spirit of love for the beautiful and an innate desire to weave into beautiful proportions all the warp and woof of life, all conspired to render this a beautiful resort for the deep thinking minds assembled, with one accord, to receive the inspirations from the spheres of embodied and disembodied spirits.

Minutes organization, Chairman, Secretary or other officers, Mr. Woolson, an inspirational speaker, after giving us a lengthy and interesting discourse in prose and poetry, terse with trite sayings contrasting the "Old with the New," hoped that the meeting would assume the form of an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting, minus the hell-fire portion of it, that we might have a Pentecostal season. He hoped that the brother from New York would favor them with a speech; said he had not come to make a speech, but if there was time in the afternoon, he would answer questions.

Dr. Lowell, whom the world calls crazy, because he speaks in metaphorical language truths which the world cannot comprehend, took the stand and said many witty things—that he was the Mayor of the city; that he was Jesus Christ, endeavoring to prove the divinity of man; that all are, or should be, Saviours; and explained to us that he belonged to the city of the New Jerusalem; it is not my prerogative to blame those who are eccentric from organization or from birth, for each and all occupy their own sphere of usefulness in the vast chain of being. Said he had taken crazy Lowell to speak through, and would now retire.

Mr. Waldo, from Syracuse, regretted that others were not as crazy, for he had perceived only truths in the doctor's remarks.

This lady from New York was called upon to speak. Said she did not feel honored by their saying from New York, because of the extremes which she had witnessed there as a result of the monopolization system: glittered trappings and affluence stalking side by side with poverty and rags; splendidly decorated mansions filled with every earthly luxury, while many a poor widow was leaning on a pillar of straw in some garret.

To every one, I should feel more honored if I could say that I was from some by-town in some remote corner of your State, where all are comfortably clad and housed, where all can enjoy the flowers, the foliage and beautiful carpets of green so richly spread for the children of earth to enjoy. I honor not men because of their gold, their houses, their lands, but I do honor, ay, more, I worship the soul which possesses true riches, even humanitarian feelings, that would lift up the man from his low estate or the fallen one, cast from her degraded condition. But she had not intended to preface her remarks with an allusion to New York, but simply to relate an incident which had been vividly brought to mind on entering this beautifully decorated school-room, which was this:

A young lady whose mother was dead and whose father had gone far away, leaving her homeless and penniless; feeling being her only means of support. Year after year she talked on cheerfully endeavoring to unfold the youthful mind into beautiful proportions. Sometimes her labors seemed too arduous for her worn and weary form, and she longed, oh how much! to depart and be at rest from the turmoil and cares of earth. After school hours one afternoon, while in this frame of mind, she wandered down by the shores of the lake, and there, in a secluded nook and corner among the rocks, away from all human eyes or voice or sound, (only at the rippling waves and rustle of the breeze among the trees) she found that God was near, she reclined against a moss-covered rock and fell asleep, (modern Spiritualists would have called it a trance,) and her mother came to her and said, "My daughter, will you go with me?" She took her by the hand and they walked upon the air until they reached a beautiful plain, and beheld groups of children were in every direction. They advanced toward one of the groups, and he and she held their arms up to meet her, for they recognized her as their teacher; and they had wreaths of flowers which they placed upon her brow. Their sweet smiles and expressions of love revived her drooping spirits; and they wandered on to other groups of maturer age; and there she found many of her scholars who had departed the earth-life from the different localities in which she had taught. They were happy to meet their teacher, and she was highly delighted with the improvement they had made. They had beautiful harps and discoursed to her sweet music; they showed her a splendid harp which was to be hers, when she had finished teaching on earth. Her mother led her back reluctantly to consciousness, and she awoke refreshed and encouraged to pursue her duties with patience and resignation, knowing that loved ones were watching over and awaiting her on the other shore. Now, father and mother, all ye who are laboring in anxiety under your burdens of care, know ye that loved ones are caring for you and will place upon your heads crowns of rejoicing in the ever green fields of the summer-land.

The meeting adjourned for one hour. Messrs. Haskell and Ball invited us to dine at their homes. Their cordiality and hospitality reminded us of our Western friends and of our Western convention.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting was opened by Mr. V. Cantano, said: Twenty-eight years ago the present season, I was traveling through this section as a Methodist preacher. This house, or one very much like it, was one of my preaching places. I was then full in the faith of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I felt that much depended on my efforts to save mankind from the burnings of an endless hell. I labored diligently and in good faith, and no doubt with some success. I am still impressed with the importance of being diligent in trying to elevate the masses of the people, which a large majority of them stand today. The beautiful doctrines of love to God and man, and pure in life, I still adhere to; and I now see beauty in the adaptedness of the different sects and denominations to the different classes of minds to which they administer what they deem the bread of life. They could not all drink from the same fountain, nor be fed by the same spiritual food. The churches are still doing, each, and they have done it nobly, and are still doing. Each denomination reaches minds that no other could reach, and they are being useful, and will be till mankind are prepared for higher truths. I have outlived that condition of mind which too many pass through after leaving the old churches. Thank heaven for it; there is work enough for all to do. Let us, therefore, do our own appropriate work and blame not others for doing theirs.

Mr. Vantassel is a man of superior education; he understands perfectly seven different languages, besides the English branch; and phonography. His home is one of the great resorts to cheer the weary pilgrim in the desert of life. His good wife and two lovely daughters spare no pains in making all happy who come within their circle of friends and home. I would give the reader their place of residence did I not feel that their benevolence and hospitality should not be trespassed upon too far and too often. He is the best psychologist ever known, by holding a letter to his forehead he reads perfectly the past and present, which gives us confidence in what he may say of the future. He would soon have a large business if he would advertise, but he is too modest and retiring to do so.

Brother Walter Hyde, of New York, was called to the stand. Said he would be pleased to listen to any questions; not that he should presume to answer all; but, by asking our deepest questions, we should enlighten our minds, and a power to ask a question presupposes a power to answer somewhere in the realm of mind.

Mr. Vantassel presented the following question for consideration, viz: If the forgiveness of sin removes the penalties already incurred, in what sense shall every one reap whatever he has sown? Mr. Rice, of Central Syracuse, presented the following, which was discussed to some length: "Is it necessary to have times and places for public worship?" The discussion was spirited and very interesting. Mr. Rice said that he had nowhere advised places of worship, but, on the contrary, when he prayed, he went by himself alone, and advised others to do the same. Some argued in favor of public worship, as it seemed to have an elevating, refining influence upon the minds of the masses.

Mr. Waldo said he presumed some had come to the meeting to find out if Spiritualism was true. An old gentleman said his wife was not convinced of it, although he had been a Spiritualist twenty years. She had had no tangible evidence. (Whoop!) Miss Talmadge, of Onondaga, followed, took the stand and said many excellent things; said she could testify to the truthfulness of five of her senses. Said she had tasted, seen, heard and smelt the aroma of delicious fragrance from the summer-land. She spoke with eloquence and power.

Mrs. Hammond and other mediums were controlled, so that we might truly say that we not only had a class meeting, but a love-feast—such a love-feast as each family may have at home, under their own vine and under their fig tree. The truly devotional and aspiring souls do not always need to go abroad for joy, for they can have a feast at home. Bless thought! that our departed can visit us at our firesides and breathe of love immortal! The meeting adjourned for one year; and I doubt not the friends dispersed to their several places of abode with deep resolves to live better and truer lives. So mote it be.

New York. Mrs. F. A. LOGAN.

DOES THE MORTAL EFFECT THE IMMORTAL?

BY HUDSON TOTTER.

Does the mortal effect the immortal? Does the weakness of this life exert an influence on the greatness of the spirit? Reason can make but one answer, and that in the affirmative. The parable of the sowers beautifully illustrates the effect of external conditions on the spirit. The same rains falling on different ground, produce widely varying results. If an acorn be planted in a rocky soil, it will first grow into a fern, and then a tree, and then a forest. It will become quite different from what it would have been had it remained; but it will never mature into the noble tree, the forest's pride, as it would had been planted first in a mellow soil.

The winged seed of the rock maple, matured by sap drawn from the crevices of stony hills, is blown far away by the winds. Perhaps it alights on a barren rock, just made green by a patch of moss. The moss is moistened by dew, and the seed awakes, and it grows into a fern, and then the moss so full of profuse germs sends up its tiny leaflets, and makes fair augurs of a tree like its noble parent. But its food soon fails. There are nights without dew, and it almost famishes; there are frosts telling on its unprotected roots. So a century goes by, when a traveler chancing to ascend the hillside, sees a scraggy, scarred bush, so different from what he has seen before, that he considers it a new species of maple. Perhaps a transient wind from the sea, or a storm, at the same time to some of the elements, and some stands strait and tall as monumental shaft, the pride of a century.

As the spirit and the physical body are matured together, as, while connected, they are mutually related, it is almost self-evident that one cannot be injured, without at least a sympathetic effect on the other. The spirit when it takes its departure, must bear the stain or beauty of its physical organism. A wrong done to the immortal is a stain on the mortal. If a man loses a limb, he has a scar telling of the wound. Although he live a century, it is not outgrown. The least mark is indelible. If the physical body so tenaciously retains the witness of former transgressions, how can any one expect to proceed for a life time in a systematic course of wrong to their immortal natures, and escape with impunity?

It is a fearful mistake. The spirit is the REAL, of which this is the fleeting shadow; and impressions on that real, compared with the impressions on the body, are lasting, and are the basis of the whirlwind current on granite mountains, to the awful shadows of a phantasmagoria. Write a wrong on the spirit; only the eternal ages can be erased. Do a deed of sin, and never can it be repeated. The words of the passions, their deeds of error, are written on the adamant book of the individual's life; and the furnace blast cannot burn that record out; the ocean cannot wash it away.

In the Lecturing Field.

I desire to say, through the BANNER OF LIGHT, that I am prepared to make engagements to speak upon the political questions of the day in Western New York until the day of election, and from that time in the Western States, and along the route thereto, upon Spiritualism, questions of government or health reform, as may be desired. Having given much of my thought and attention to reformatory questions for many years, I am prepared to do so, and I am prepared to speak in their behalf, to do my utmost, and to give to the public speaking in their exposition, and now realizing the pressing demand for more speakers at this crisis in our country's history, this period of intense mental activity, I yield to the pressure that is upon me, without further resistance, and make this announcement, in the hope, perhaps, that some measure upon the assurances of former friends, in the form of friends, in spirit-life, as well as in the form of friends in the flesh, may be of some service to our glorious cause.

Whatever of ability I possess, I am ready to devote unreservedly, with all my physical energies, to the good work, and I shall be willing to accept calls at all reasonably acceptable points, and at places where lectures, upon Spiritualism, have not heretofore been held, and I shall speak week-day evenings, as well as Sundays.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1866. A. D. WOODBURY.

Lady sculptors are in great demand now. Queen Victoria has lately given commission to Miss Durant for a monument to the late King of the Belgians, which is to be erected in St. George's Chapel.

THE FAIREST SIGHT.

The fairest sight, do you ask? The fairest I have seen As I've wandered o'er the mountains Or by the rippling stream? The fairest sight, do you ask? The fairest to behold, As I've sailed upon the ocean, Or through the forest strolled? Prairie flowers are very fair; The forests they are grand; Salubrious is the morning air That sweepeth o'er the strand; And proudly fair the goodly ship, With white sails brooding o'er The restless spirit of the deep, A warring with the shore. The birds upon the waving boughs, Beside the flowing stream, Are fair enough, sing sweet enough For Paradise, I ween. The valleys and the fragrant meads Seem set in Beauty's mold. The azure hue of the western sky Changes to burnished gold. The smiling stars come, one by one, To look upon the scene; And bright-eyed Beauty sits and waits, Or seeks her couch to dream. The sunlight on the eastern hills, The cascade's glittering spray, The glory of the noontide hour, The closing of the day, The mother bending o'er her babe, The father's beaming eye, And loved ones gathering round the hearth When darkness veils the sky— Oh, these are sights full fair enough To fill an angel's dream; But still among them all is not The fairest one I've seen. The hill-tops held, with loving hand, The robe of the dying day, When I beheld the fairest sight That e'er hath blessed my way: An aged man with silver hair, And brow all wrinkled o'er— And children's children sporting round Upon the cottage floor— Rested his head upon the knee Of her he chose for wife, When, years before, he stood erect In manhood's pride of life. And she, with gentle, loving grace, Still threatened o'er and o'er Those silver locks, with fingers that He'd clasped so long before; Or rested them with love's caress Upon that aged brow. And this, of all the sights I've seen, Was the fairest one, I trow.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

DATUS KELLEY, Esq., Kelley's Island, O., died Jan. 24th, 1866, aged 77 years and 9 months. This tribute to the memory of one of our Pioneer Spiritualists should have appeared months since; but some documents necessary for its compilation, sent me from the Island by mail, through some mischance never reached me, and not until recently have I been able to obtain duplicates of them, and although months have passed since our venerated Father Kelley entered the higher life, I feel that it is not too late to present to his friends and the public a brief sketch of his life and character. It was my privilege to know him intimately for several years before his death, and to receive a large share of his confidence and affection. I visited him in October last, and found him weak in body, suffering from manifold and distressing infirmities of the flesh, but with his intellect as keen, his mind as clear as ever. I promised him then, as I had many times previously, that when he should have laid aside his worn-out body, I would be present, if it were possible to get to the Island, and conduct the services at his funeral; but the summons came to him in midwinter, when access to the Island was almost impossible, and I was denied that privilege. At this visit, though suffering greatly from the ravages of disease, he gave me a long verbal history of his life, from the memory of which, aided by a sketch from the pen of his daughter, Mrs. E. K. Huntington, I have prepared this imperfect tribute. Datus Kelley was born in Middletown, Conn., April 24th, 1789. His father was in very poor circumstances, being a miller, and having, also, an interest in a grist mill. But having a large family, he thought to try and better his condition by emigrating to a new country, where he might find a broader field of active use for his six growing boys to expend their surplus vigor in. Datus was then eleven years old. With much difficulty the family was moved in midwinter in sleighs, over roads that were unbroken, and streams that were unbridged, to Lovelle, N. Y. Here Datus remained till 1810, passing from boyhood to young manhood. But not feeling satisfied with Lovelle, regarding it as an unfavorable locality for successful farming by reason of the prevailing frostiness of the seasons, with that determination and energy of character that so distinguished his whole life already exhibiting itself, he resolved to see something of the world for himself. So with a pack upon his back, he started on foot for the West in search of a place where he might locate and make for himself—and the one to whom he had already pledged his truth, and who lived to celebrate with him their Golden Wedding, preceding him to the spirit-life only about three years—a habitation and a name. The first of July, 1810, he arrived in Cleveland, then in its infant infancy, containing only three or four hundred inhabitants, and but four frame houses. Not finding a spot that pleased him, he returned to Lovelle. Starting out again the next spring, he walked to Oswego, sailed from thence to Lewiston, walked from Lewiston to Black Rock, from whence he again took boat to Cleveland. This time he was as unsuccessful as before, but being pleased with the country, like a wise man, he resolved to go home and take to himself a wife, and then together seek a home. Accordingly, in August, 1811, as the family record bears testimony, Mr. Datus Kelley and Miss Sarah Dean, of Martinsburg, N. Y., were married. The following October he purchased a farm on the Lake shore, eight miles west of Cleveland, which was the nearest settlement, and the roads leading to it were for many years so bad that most of the traveling was done in boats. The Indians were his most familiar visitors at this period, and never but once did he pull the latch-string of his cabin in, on which occasion he drove a nail over the latch for security; but he never repeated it, and ever after his latch-string hung outside, and friend or foe could enter or leave at any hour of the night. No man ever so fully and so unflinchingly believed in the law of kindness than he; and his kindness was a principle was strikingly demonstrated to him; for when the great conflict that followed Hull's surrender raged along the south shore of the Lake, depopulating all the settlements, he, against the earnest entreaties of his friends, persisted in remaining at home, and was unharmed. He resided twenty years, and by untiring industry made of his forest-home a beautiful and

productive farm. The soil was rich, well-watered and heavily timbered; and he soon made it yield to him a rich return, not alone of the necessities, but the luxuries of life, and to this day it has the reputation of being the best farm in that vicinity. At this time Mr. Kelley was not only living a busy life upon his farm, but he was also making himself felt as a power in the community. He was a man of a clear vigorous mind, and an indomitable purpose of will. With limited means of education in early life, he yet made himself in his hours of rest from almost unremitting physical labor, a good scholar, a profound thinker, and a strong reasoner. And at this period of his life, we find him taking a deep interest in educational movements, superintending schools, and encouraging education he never lost. His interest in education he never lost. His enthusiastic views on the education of America and its grand destiny in the future lay in the hands of the rising generations, and were dependent upon their mental and moral education. He was also an excellent mathematician, and we find that his services were often called into requisition in that new country as a surveyor in the Western Reserve. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kelley were admirably calculated for pioneers. They had large social influence, as all can testify who have ever visited them in their lovely Island home, and hearts that responded instantly to the wants of their fellow-beings. They believed heart and soul in the Golden Rule, and to the end of their long and useful lives on earth, it was the fundamental principle of their religion. Mrs. Kelley was always sent for in cases of sickness among their neighbors, frequently going eight or ten miles, and no matter how dark and stormy the night, or bad the roads, nothing could prevent her going to the relief of the sufferer, if she was herself able to do so. Such services she rendered as freely as the sun gives his blessings to the earth, without thought or wish for other recompense than that which springs from the consciousness of a good deed done. In 1833, Mr. Kelley, in company with a brother, purchased Cunningham's Island in Lake Erie, for the growth of Cedar timber upon it. At this time, the whole Island—now known as Kelley's Island, and it is one of the most beautiful gems of the lake—was an almost unbroken forest, with but about six acres cleared of timber, and not more than four families on it. Three years after he removed his own family thither, and with his unrivaled energy, set about clearing up the place. His first thought was for a schoolhouse. This was the first frame building erected on the Island, and the expense of it was shared equally by the two brothers. Then he gave himself to such public improvements as were necessary to attract attention to that direction. First, a suitable dock or landing place, then a hotel—the present Island House—and a Town Hall. Soon the population of the Island began to increase. His own children grew up, married, and settled near him. Strangers came in from abroad, and clearings were made, homes founded, and Father Kelley and his noble wife had the pleasure of finding themselves surrounded in their declining years by a community of eight or ten more, happy, industrious and intelligent souls, many of whom their influence was widely felt and recognized as the power that had contributed largely to the remarkable prosperity of the Island. Mr. Kelley possessed, as we have said, a remarkably vigorous mind—a mind that delighted to investigate new theories. He gave much thought to all the great questions of the day, and, as is ever the case with men so emphatically self-reliant as was he, he had a decided and almost dogmatic in his opinions. Notwithstanding the marked deficiency of his early education so extensive had been his reading, that few men possessed more general knowledge. He was well versed in history, both sacred and profane, and his mind revelled in the most abstruse problems of the exact sciences. He was his own priest and king. He wanted no man to tell him what he thought, or should think upon religious matters. His naturally matter-of-fact mind rejected all myths, discarded all superstitions, and the generally received doctrines of the day, both in religion and philosophy, were submitted to the most rigid tests in his mental crucible, and all that could not stand the most searching analysis, were discarded as pernicious errors, no matter by whom they were endorsed. During my last visit to him, though very feeble in body, his mind seemed vigorous as ever, and he reasoned with me against many of the prevailing scientific theories of the day, repeating with emphasis, "Willis, our school books are teaching falsehoods." In 1831, he wrote a new theory of tides, which I think was published in Hudson Tuttle's first volume of the *Arctian*. He was also the author of an argumentative treatise on Inspiration or Revelation, in which he brings the whole power of his logic to bear upon the prevailing ideas concerning the Bible. When the science of phrenology first attracted attention, he gave to it a thorough investigation, and became fully convinced of the truth of its fundamental principles. Next animal magnetism claimed his attention, and he was the first to apply it to the human race—that it was a subject of vast moment to the human race—that it was the fundamental basis of a soul-science, far transcending in sublimity that science that weighs and measures the universe of matter. He could not rest here. The many and profound works of Emanuel Swedenborg fell into his hands. Next those of the Poughkeepsie Seer, then the wonders of Rochester and Stratford, and the wonders of the world, and finally, he received the positive scientific demonstration which alone was needed to constitute him an earnest believer in Spiritualism. As such, he lived the last twenty years of his earthly pilgrimage; as such, he met the death angel without a doubt or fear, and serenely and joyfully went up higher. He was the last man to be deluded, or to yield one iota of his unconquered opinion until the positive demonstration was before him of its deficiency. Spiritualism endured the most rigid analysis his powerful mind could give it; he weighed and measured it scientifically and philosophically, and then accepted it, and it became his religion; satisfying the wants of his soul as nothing had done before. And he lived true to that religion; he exemplified its fundamental principle, which is manifestly the golden rule, which is manifestly the golden rule. He left upon the Island a noble and beautiful testimonial of his deep interest in his fellow-beings, and in matters of public education. At his own expense he erected a large and beautiful chapel or hall, built of the blue stone of the Island, and gave it into the hands of trustees, to be kept forever sacred to the use of the Islanders for school and other educational purposes, which is manifestly the golden rule, which is manifestly the golden rule. He left upon the Island a noble and beautiful testimonial of his deep interest in his fellow-beings, and in matters of public education. 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THE FIRST GREAT SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING, AT PIERPONT GROVE, BETWEEN MALDEN AND MELROSE, MASS., Aug. 20th and 21st, and Sept. 1st and 2d, 1866.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

[Continued.]

Sunday Morning Session.—"The last great day" of the Camp Meeting opened fair and beautiful. The tents were nearly all beautifully decorated with flowers and appropriate devices, conspicuous among which was the BANNER OF LIGHT tent, tastefully ornamented by Flora, in compliment of the dear-born representative who stood at the door dealing out books and BANNERS. At an early hour Pierpont Grove began to swarm with countless hosts pouring in from the surrounding, and from Boston. As no cars ran from Boston except the horse-cars, hundreds if not thousands were unable to find conveyances, though the horse-cars ran numerous extra trains.

Dr. U. Clark, in the Chair, read Mark xvi. E. S. Wheeler, of Boston, made the opening speech. Spiritualism sought for the good and true in all things; it could spare nothing; it reaches down to the lowest and ascends to the loftiest; it stops short of nothing but the salvation of all souls. A touching allusion was made to Pierpont. Mr. Wheeler's account, occupying half an hour, was highly inspirational, and moved the audience in the right direction.

Dr. H. M. Lawrence spoke on the parable of the marriage feast, and felicitously illustrated the need of a marriage between the front and the back brain, in order that the animal propensities might be used as propelling powers to the intellectual, moral and religious nature of man.

A. C. Robinson, of Salem, Mass., an able inspirational speaker, referred to his experience in passing through several religious phases, and rejoiced now in the enjoyment of a religion which satisfied the whole nature of man. He spoke with emotion, and evinced an earnest soul.

Mrs. Little extended a spirit-greeting to the audience, and sang a song. "My days are gliding swiftly by" was sung in full chorus by the multitude, and the old rocks and woodlands never rang with chorus so loud and so harmonious.

J. Gurney, of South Hanson, Mass., advocated a religion not appealing to the emotions, but rather to the intellect.

Mrs. J. D. Ricker gave a lucid exposition of the Spiritualism of the New Testament in comparison with the modern, referring to the transfiguration, the casting out of demons, the curing of the sick, etc., and in closing made an appropriate practical appeal, urging, if it needs be, that we should sometimes fast and pray in order that we might put ourselves in conditions receptive to celestial influences.

Dr. E. Sprague said he rejoiced anew, this morning, in the glorious gospel of Spiritualism, calling out so many thousand people.

J. N. Hodges offered the closing remarks of the morning, and left the audience in a good condition to be dismissed.

Sunday Afternoon Session.—At the opening of the session it was estimated that over seven thousand people were on the camp-ground, and yet all was quiet and orderly.

"Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove" was sung by the choir and the assembled throng.

Judge J. S. Ladd, of Cambridge, Mass., delivered the opening half-hour address, and it was a masterly effort, laying the foundations of Spiritualism, strong, broad and deep, on the bases of science, philosophy and experience, and no thinking minds could resist the overwhelming evidence of his sound logic, clear reasoning, and his calm, winning eloquence.

E. S. Wheeler followed with moving words, reaching the hearts and hearts of all. His closing appeal urged Spiritualists to their great work in all the issues of the hour.

Jonathan Pierce, of Boston, took the stand, and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by silent assent:

Resolved, By the conductors of this Spiritualist Camp Meeting, that they hereby tender to the ladies and gentlemen who have attended the several sessions held in Pierpont Grove, their sincere thanks for the uniform courtesy and harmony existing throughout the continuance of the meeting.

Resolved, That they heartily thank the Police force under Capt. J. P. Lurvey, of Melrose, for the efficient manner in which they have performed the duties devolving upon them.

Resolved, That they feel under great obligations to Mr. H. P. Taylor, of Malden, for the admirable manner in which he has provided for the accommodation of the audiences attending the meeting.

Resolved, That to all the speakers and singers they feel under lasting debts of gratitude, for the efficient aid furnished by them in making this, the first Spiritualist Camp Meeting of Malden and Melrose, held in Pierpont Grove, a permanent success.

Resolved, That words are inadequate to express their heartfelt thanks and gratification to Joseph Lynde, Esq., for his kind tender of the use of the beautiful grove which we now occupy.

Resolved, That to the proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT they hereby express our gratitude for the gratuitous publication of the call for this meeting, and respectfully commend their journal to believers and seekers after truth, knowing it to be the faithful and undistorted exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Resolved, That when this Camp Meeting adjourns, it adjourn to meet again in Pierpont Grove, on the 1st of August, 1867, and that we hereby extend a cordial invitation to all friends and inquirers, and speakers interested in our glorious cause, to the meeting, to be held in Pierpont Grove, in Malden, and make due preparations to attend the grand Pentecost of the coming year.

The remainder of the Sunday afternoon session, and the closing session of Sunday evening, will be reported in the next BANNER.

Foreign Matters of Interest.

By the treaty between Italy and Austria, the former acquires the territory of Venetia as it existed while under the dominion of Austria, and the debt of Venetia, amounting to thirty-five millions of florins, is assumed by the Italian Government.

The London Times of the 26th, in an editorial on the Eastern question, says: "The settlement of the Eastern question, involves a grave general European catastrophe. The question admits of no pacific or diplomatic solution. It will have to be referred to the sword."

The London Morning Post's city article states, on the authority of Madrid letters, that the Spanish Government has accepted the good offices of England and France in regard to the existing differences of Spain with Peru and Chili.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, says things in Spain are a great deal too bad to last, and when the great convulsion does come, the last Bourbon sovereign who still reigns in Europe, will join the exiled band of herethroned relatives.

In private letters from Madrid, it is mentioned that at the news of each successive victory of the Prussians over the Austrians, Queen Isabella of Spain shed tears and broke out into lamentations. "It is all over with us," she is reported to have exclaimed, "with the Pope, with Austria, with all of us! The heretics, the Protestants, triumph!" Like Antonelli, her most Catholic Majesty thought the world was going to "cascade."

It is announced that a new system of prizes has been prepared for the Paris Exhibition. The Imperial Commission have set apart a sum of \$20,000, divided into ten awards of \$2,000 each, "in favor of the persons, establishments or localities which, by a special organization or special institutions, have developed a spirit of harmony among all those cooperating in the same work, and have provided for the material, moral and intellectual well-being of the workmen."

It is said that Syrus has given 1,500,000 francs, (\$300,000), for the right of giving the monster concerts in the Palais d'Industrie, Champs Elysees, during the Universal Exhibition of May, 1867. He offered Verdi 100,000 francs (\$20,000) if he would undertake to direct them, but has not succeeded in persuading him to accept the office which Rossini rejected with infinite scorn at double that sum.

It is seriously proposed in England to make the Irish peasantry more industrious by putting them in the way of purchasing land.

Spiritualism in Salem.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Boston, delivered two able discourses to delighted and crowded audiences last Sunday, afternoon and evening, and from two to three hundred unwillingly left the door, for want of seats, and room in the hall.

The witches of Salem are being spiritually educated into the LIGHT of your BANNER, and are daily shaking off the old fetters of "THEOLOGY."

At Vienna, the cost of the war, including the losses undergone by the neutral countries, and the indemnities to be paid, is estimated at £40,000,000.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Wm. White, C. H. Crowell, I. B. Rich.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial 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 continuous Divine communication with man, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Spiritualism and the Newspapers.

There is an old proverb which says, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and we suppose it applies to reporting a Convention on the same as to everything else. And it is faithfully carried out, too, when a Convention is fully reported in the press. But let a body of people, who are unpopular and heterodox, hold a Convention, and the daily press almost without exception will ridicule it, and caricature its speakers.

Recently, the Spiritualists held a National Convention in Providence, (R. I.), which was largely attended by as respectable an audience of men and women as can be convened at any kind of a gathering. But, as usual, the daily press in general sneered at it, and burlesqued those who took part in the proceedings. A prominent journal of this class, alluding to the speakers by name, says one was "a pugnacious son of the Emerald Isle," another "might pass for 'Awful Gardner,' he is so pugnacious—he looks more like 'Tom Hyer' than anybody we can think of; a third was a 'burly, heavy old gentleman, anxious to sell his boots, which seem to be hard wearing for summer time,' a fourth was 'a short man, principally bearded,' a fifth was 'long-haired, long-headed, long-winded,' &c., &c. The women, also, are described in a similar style. One "belongs to the 'sweet meekum' class, and is got up marvelously with feathers, turban, and other fixings to match;" another "reminds us of the fat lady sitting for her portrait as a shepherdess;" and a third "wears a hat suggestive of an India rubber table-mat."

Now, would the daily press, from which the foregoing is copied, dare to ridicule in this manner an Orthodox Convention, or the consecration of a Roman Catholic Bishop, or even a Methodist camp-meeting? No, certainly not. Such gatherings are Christian and popular, and to speak disrespectfully of them would endanger its interest; but the Spiritualists, being innovators on the old theology and every where spoken against, are fair targets for the editors of the daily press, who publish what is palatable and will make their papers sell. They are the caterers to public prejudice or popular opinion. He who is seeking for truth must look elsewhere. But if Spiritualists ever become as numerous and influential as the Christians, they will no longer be sneered at by the daily press, for then it will be profitable to court their favor. Until that time, they, like other reformers, must run the gauntlet of their enemies, prominent among which are religious and secular editors, the latter taking their cue from the former. Thus it is that the press is in thrall to the pulpit, and the history of journalism in this country proves the assertion true. Twenty-five years ago, when the anti-slavery reform was in its infancy, it was opposed by the pulpit, and of course by the press. But when it became popular, through the efforts and labors of its persecuted supporters, the pulpit enlisted in its movement; and the editors of the daily press, like a vane upon a steeple, turned in that direction, where it has remained ever since, because the correctness of anti-slavery is now enthroned in public opinion—and the pulpit and the press always look to that as their guardian and guide.

S. J. Finney's Challenge.

We observe by the Petroleum Telegraph, published in Corry, Penn.—in the oil well region—that two ministers of that locality, who were very ready to invite a public discussion with Mr. Finney, are just as prompt in backing down, on a quibbling pretext, when that gentleman signified his willingness to meet them. They of course proceeded to publish a card of exculpation, but their free use of Italics and adjectives betrays where they are weak, and why they are so timid. Their phrases are loud of sound, but not particularly full of the meat either of meaning or courage. To this manifesto of theirs Mr. Finney replies in the columns of the same paper, and proceeds to state the case as it is. He shows that his opponents do not court an open and fair discussion, but prefer to dodge and equivocate, thinking to win just as many "laurels" by such a course as they would by coming up manfully to the work proposed. The point to which Mr. Finney insists on holding them is, that the argument shall be impartially mapped out beforehand, instead of being made to career over to the side of his challengers in the very statement of the question to be discussed. We observe that a committee of Spiritualists in Corry, consisting of our friend W. H. Johnston and L. J. Tibbals, have invited the clergymen of Corry without distinction to a mass meeting about to be held there, and sincerely hope they extended a hearty greeting to such as were present in search of divine truth.

Birthday Remembrance.

A very pleasant social affair took place a short time since at the residence of our friend, Dr. Samuel Grover, of Somerville. The Doctor is one of humanity's benefactors; as a healing medium, he has blessed thousands by restoring them to health and usefulness, for which he has received but a mere moiety of pecuniary compensation, and in the majority of cases, none at all, except the glorious satisfaction of having done a good deed for suffering fellow mortals. Thus he and his excellent wife have won a large circle of friends, a goodly number of whom paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Grover, on the evening of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Grover. The hours passed away rapidly in agreeable tête-à-tête, enlivened occasionally with the sweet strains of music. When the party had gathered around the generously loaded refreshment tables, an agreeable incident took place, much to the surprise of Mrs. G. Her friends, unbeknown to her, had procured an elegant silver tea service, numbering seven pieces, on each of which was engraved—"O. A. Grover. Presented by her friends, Sept. 8, 1866," and Judge Ladd took this opportunity to make the presentation, which pleasant task he performed in a graceful manner, accompanied with appropriate remarks, which were feelingly responded to by the Doctor. Thus closed a happy scene long to be remembered by the participants.

Conspiracy against Republicanism.

From appearances, certain European influences, no doubt emanating from the Emperor of the French, have been at work in South America to put an end to the system of Republicanism that has grown up in that quarter within the last forty or fifty years, and to supplant it with European monarchial forms. We find proof of it in the alliance, with Brazil at its head, against Paraguay. Spain showed the same design in the case of Chili and Peru. Napoleon confessed to it in the matter of Mexico. The design now plainly is to destroy Paraguay altogether. The Argentine Confederation is willing to lend its aid, to have its revenge on that obstinate little interior State; but Brazil works with a different motive. So far, Paraguay has defied all their machinations. Nor do we think so iniquitous a scheme can be made to bear fruit permanently.

The National Debt.

The statement of the public debt on the 1st of October is very encouraging. We are liquidating the principal at the rate of about a million of dollars per day. The floating debt is being rapidly funded and consolidated. The temporary loans are reduced one-half in the month. Greenbacks are not much changed in respect to amount. The gold in the Treasury amounts to eighty-six millions, a gain of ten millions within the month. According to the present progress, making, we shall discharge the entire debt in six or eight years—certainly in nine or ten. But that is hoping too much. If it can only be properly reduced, and so consolidated as to relieve the people of the burden of such an immense interest, and a return to specie payments, and low prices be effected, all aldes will be satisfied and grateful.

subscriptions of the tens of thousands who now go to this church and that on Sundays—and these same papers will speedily moderate their tone, and employ only such proper and deferential phrases as sycophantic agents and runners generally employ. What, then, does all this signify? What but the lamentable fact that our journalists are to-day in no true sense whatever independent, but follow the habits of fawning that thrift may come of it. And those who practice those habits are inevitable cowards, and hence are given to bullying when no danger is near and it thus best pleases their masters.

We do not take the trouble to complain of this. We do not choose even to protest against it in seriousness. But we exercise our privilege as independent journalists, advocating the cause of the religion of Spiritualism which is sought to be defamed in this base manner, of denouncing those who are guilty of the practice, of holding them up to public contempt for their cowardice, and of branding them so they will be known at once of all who see them coming, that their influence for further mischief may be curtailed and destroyed. The Investigator has handled the matter ably and well; it needs no added remark in the same line from us. If the press is to pursue a course that the Constitution does not allow the legislature to follow, we shall have freedom of conscience in name, in this country, but not in fact. If the agents of social life—the newspapers, for example—are to go on in this practice of ridiculing, abusing, burlesquing and defaming men and women who assemble to enjoy their own religion and form of worship, and to exchange views on matters that are of profounder interest than any with which man has to do, it may as well be conceded that there is no such thing in the land, after all, as the "freedom to worship God," which these descendants of the "pious Puritans" love to prate so boastfully about. We are, then, under the tyranny of a braggart, bullying press, and must get out of it if we can.

Let the managers of these journals which still style themselves "respectable," give heed to these things. They cannot go on always as they are going now. A day of reckoning will assuredly come; and then they will justify the contemptuous treatment with which the changed and advanced sentiment of the community will insist on meting out to them as their rightful reward.

A New Monthly.

It is proposed to establish in the city of Chicago on the first of January next, a monthly journal, entitled the Champion. The corresponding committee, who have the enterprise under their management, (Messrs. H. H. Marsh and Rev. J. O. Barrett,) state in their circular that the Champion will aim to be what its name indicates—a fighter. It will fight for the unity of science, politics and religion; the sovereignty of the individual; the superiority of mental and moral over material wealth; education combined with manual labor as a life long pursuit, and for every new idea and movement wisely calculated to elevate humanity into a common brotherhood. As a consequence, it will fight the causes as well as the effects of vice; monopoly and oppression; the gallows, and all other barbarous methods of suppressing crime; the morbid ambition to evade physical labor; vile literature of every sort; and every old idea, or institution, that retards true liberty and progress. Independent of sect and party, it will recognize all truth as of equal authority, come from what quarter it may, and establish it against mere authority, whenever the two may conflict; and sooner die than yield in this fight. In the State, it will tell the truth about measures and men; advocate impartial suffrage, irrespective of race, sex, or color; and insist on free thought and speech everywhere within the circle of the stripes and stars. In the Church, it will fight for the emancipation of the Church herself from the fetters of cowardice, falsehood and superstition that bind her. And, finally, the Champion will strive by all means to open up a free investigation of whatever underlies the natural relation of man and man, man and woman, man and God, and of all to angels, and the spiritual worlds. Its columns will also be devoted to literature and science, painting and music, architecture and horticulture, social amusements, and whatever tends to refine and ennoble mankind. The Champion will be a first class magazine in all respects, of forty-eight pages, at two dollars a year; single copies, twenty cents. Cheap enough. Ample provision, financially, is secured, it is said, and the best radical talent of the country is engaged, promising a complete success. And it will be a success, if the publishers fulfill all they promise.

Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

A dispatch from Savannah, Ga., dated Oct. 8th, states that the steamer Evening Star, from New York for New Orleans, foundered one hundred and eighty miles east of Tybee with two hundred and fifty passengers and fifty of the crew; five of the crew and Frank Gerrard, a passenger, were saved. A boat from the Evening Star has arrived at Fernandina. It left the steamer Evening Star with twelve persons, including Capt. Knapp, one lady and a child. The boat capsized nine times; at the sixth time the captain was lost.

The Pursuer of the Evening Star telegraphs from Savannah as follows: "The Evening Star went down on the morning of the 3d inst, in a hurricane. Sixteen are only known to have been saved; no women. Ten of our party arrived here in a schooner."

Among the passengers were the opera troupe of Paul Alharza, which arrived in New York just before the sailing of the Evening Star, in the steamer Ville De Paris from France; there were fifty-nine members of the troupe. Spalding's Circus company of thirty persons also took passage on the Evening Star. They had, it is said, all their paraphernalia, but no horses. The crew numbered sixty-five persons. There were not less than three hundred souls on board. In all probability two hundred and eighty persons perished. The vessel was valued at \$400,000, and was not insured.

A later dispatch from Charleston says, another boat was picked up with seven on board, among whom were two women.

We sincerely hope the season for appalling disasters has not returned upon us. The heart grows sick when contemplating these things. They have been much too frequent of late for the condition to which we claim our civilization is arrived. A man hardly knows, when setting out on a brief journey for business, whether he will be permitted to return in the living body to his family or not. There should be much more care of human life than there is now. We want a deeper feeling of responsibility in those to whom is daily and hourly entrusted the safe keeping and conveyances of our persons and effects. The American style has unfortunately become a very reckless style; how many more hecatombs of human beings must be sacrificed, before we shall have passed as a people through the discipline that conducs to prudence and a proper sense of responsibility?

Dr. Willis.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, who has just closed a lecturing engagement in Haverhill, is disengaged for November. He expected to speak in this city during that month, but a further suspension of the meetings here, for want of a suitable place to hold them in, leaves him open for an engagement. He is lecturing in Worcester this month.

The Haverhill Publisher, in speaking of Mr. Willis, mentions the following interesting facts: "This gentleman, who has been speaking at Music Hall each Sunday during September, to large and intelligent audiences, closed his engagement here for the present on Sunday evening, when he gave an interesting narrative of the remarkable manifestations which had occurred in his presence and in the presence of hundreds of intelligent and credible witnesses; whose testimony could readily be obtained to substantiate his statements. The Doctor was deprived of his parents by death at an early age, but had been brought up thus far after the way of the 'straight sect,' and when nine years old was baptized and received into the Baptist church, which faith he strenuously adhered to until compelled, like Saul of Tarsus, to change his views, though not without a struggle, which cost him not only the loss of many warm personal friends, and his nearest and dearest relatives, but came near destroying his life from a fever, induced by the terrible ordeal through which he was compelled to pass. Some of the manifestations stated were certainly of a remarkable character, and unless witnessed, would scarcely be credited by even the most liberally disposed. Among these were the use of both his hands at the same time in writing the most rapid compositions, while the Doctor himself was engaged in conversation with those around him or reading some book, and the rising of a piano from the floor, with from one to six persons upon it, the whole weighing little less than a ton. The power to produce these manifestations left him after his sickness, but his lectures are still written mechanically, the subjects and composition being entirely unknown to him until after their completion."

Dr. Willis is a cultivated and refined gentleman, his discourses have an elevating influence, and leave a lasting impression for good upon his auditors. He will probably speak here again in December.

The Recent Elections.

Elections for State officers and Congressmen took place in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, on the 9th inst. The Republicans made a pretty clean sweep in all the States, more than holding their own, giving an emphatic endorsement of Congress in its opposition to the policy of the President.

New Publications.

THE MONTANA; or, Under the Stars. A Romance. By Sallie J. Hancock, of Kentucky. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is a graceful tale, with vigorous thoughts, striking and healthy sentiments, and full of fine pictures of passion. The characters and scenes are active in their motion, and lead the reader on into the heart of a web from which he cannot become disentangled save by giving himself up to the fair author's skillful guidance. It shows, as a whole, intellectual power, a mastery in places over the passions of the human heart, and a truly literary taste, practice, and skill. The publisher offers it in excellent style, which much increases its other attractions.

WOMAN OUB ANGE. A Novel, by A. E. Roe, New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Roe here gives the public—and he has a wide public all his own—another of his pure and impressive domestic stories, the tenth in his popular series. This story is worthy of the author of "I've been thinking," "True to the Last," "The Star and the Cloud," and other equally popular books. He only seeks to illustrate every-day life around him, which he does with faithfulness and none too much admixture of imagination. His excellences are too well known to need restating in connection with the present volume. It has a good moral, and is homely, simple, and healthy.

THE ART OF AMUSING. By Frank Bellaw, New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This elegant book, so profusely illustrated in order to show how the "art" is practised in various cases, is a collection of graceful arts, merry games, odd tricks, curious puzzles and charades; and besides these gives hints for getting up parlor theatricals and all sorts of family amusements. There are some one hundred and fifty illustrations. The instructions are all minute and clear, and can be followed by any person of ordinary intelligence. Every family could find this book a great help to making the home additionally pleasant and attractive.

THE CITY'S HEART. By a Daughter of New York. Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This little brochure was evidently suggested by "Nothing to Wear," and a picture of the McFlintsey circle of admirers forms the frontispiece. The story, or satire rather, is done in verse. Each reader must be his own critic. Like all productions suggested by something before them, the tendency to imitation is as strong as it safely can be. The book is handsomely printed and bound by the enterprising publisher.

THE GALAXY for October 15th contains a continuation of its serial stories, and gives additional proof of increasing vigor and character. It is fast taking rank among magazines that live and exert an influence. We observe that the Galaxy calls out a class of young and new writers. It is growing in popularity, and deservedly.

THE RADICAL for October—which is No. 2 of Volume II—contains thoughtful and readable articles from Henry James, C. K. Whipple, Robert Collyer, Samuel Johnson, and an article by the editor on John Pierpont. It is a strong number.

The second edition of the "Biography of Satan," by K. Graves, has been published by the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association at Chicago. Its popularity with liberal readers is proved by this mark of success. We have before now spoken of the scope and intent of this striking little brochure.

New Music.

"THE EAGLE OF FREEDOM."—Many of our readers will remember the noble and patriotic song from the inspirational muse of Miss Lizzie Doten, with the above title, which was published in the BANNER at the time of its delivery; and since, been generally read and admired. It has again taken prominence by having been set to music by a talented young German of literary and musical attainments, Mr. Alfred Von Rochow, and published by Henry Tolman & Co., of this city. Price 35 cents, and can be obtained, postage free, by remitting the price to the publishers, or to the author at Natick, Mass.

MORE INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.—A. B. Whiting, the well known lecturer on Spiritualism, has just issued three more of his beautiful songs, from the press of O. J. Whitney, Detroit, Mich., entitled "Spirit of light, love and beauty;" "Amlita Mia;" and "Lela Trefaine." Mr. Whiting's musical productions are widely popular, and noted especially for their sweetness, grace and lyrical beauty. By a notice in another column, it will be seen that by remitting the price to Mr. Whiting, Albion, Mich., he will supply the demand.

Homes for Worthy Mechanics.

The munificent offer made by Alexander T. Stewart, the richest citizen of New York, to provide comfortable and economical homes for worthy mechanics, will cause his name to be handed down to posterity as a philanthropist and benefactor of his race. Mr. Stewart proposes to devote one million of dollars to the building of small tenement houses for the use of the working classes, to be let at a low rent, suited to the means of those in receipt of but small incomes, and to devote the accumulation of receipts for rents, &c., to the extension of the undertaking. For this purpose Mr. Stewart has applied to the municipal authorities of New York for a grant of land, merely stipulating that the sole management of the matter, the appointment of trustees, and one or two minor points, should be vested in his hands.

Howard Athenaeum Sunday Evenings.

The second of the People's Concerts and Lectures, came off on Sunday evening the 7th, Bond's orchestra discoursing eloquent and appropriate music, and Mrs. Augusta A. Currier delivering a brilliant lecture on the "Age of Rationalism."

Many will regret to learn that the management of these popular Sunday evening entertainments is obliged to postpone further announcements at present, in order that time may be had to make more complete arrangements.

Musical Seasons.

Miss Mary E. Currier, of Haverhill, the young lady who has been developed as a medium for physical manifestations, and of whom our readers are somewhat familiar, from the descriptions given of her séances by several correspondents in whom we have full faith, has consented to give the public an opportunity to witness the manifestations given in her presence. We advise all who can to avail themselves of this opportunity. For further particulars see notice in another column.

A Critical Review of Dr. A. B. Child's new book, "Christ and the People," will appear in our next.

Chelsea.

Lizzie Doten lectured to the Spiritualists of Chelsea every Sunday afternoon and evening through September, to crowded houses; indeed, multitudes could not get in, and were forced to go away. We wish the brethren had secured the City Hall for her; but they would have had to pay for both during her engagement, and were not sure of meeting expenses. The society is not rich, by any means, any more than were the primitive Christians; Christ's disciples, we read, were obliged to make a raid upon their neighbors' cornfields on the Sabbath day to keep from starving; therefore, we should not repine at our lot at these latter days. We would hope that, at some future day not far distant—albeit the thing looks dubious and very doubtful—some rich one will leave us a legacy to build a hall, instead of footing their money away upon old foggy institutions. Lizzie Doten did immense good during her lecturing. She gave us the "bread of life;" the last evening, in particular, it was pound cake with frosting! She wound up with a brilliant and satirical poem.

Mrs. Macomber Wood lectures through October; she will draw well, for she is very popular with all that have ever heard her. Her discourses are solid, sound, argumentative, clear and logical, sending conviction to all and every thinking mind.

Cheaper Bread.

Wheat flour is to be much higher during the fall and winter. This is primarily because of the short crop. But corn is low, and will continue to be low, although the recent floods at the West are estimated to have spoiled about one-fifth of the entire crop. Everybody, unfortunately, does not know how good and nourishing corn bread can be made, if properly mixed and baked. It is, in fact, a real luxury. Put with it as good things as are put into flour, and it would be admitted on all sides that it takes the precedence. Then corn meal is so very healthy, too, besides being so nourishing. There is as much work to be got out of it as out of any other grain that grows. When we think of fire cakes, corn bread, muffins, fritters, and all that, we are disposed to give our vote and voice for corn above everything.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We can supply orders for "The Art of Amusing," a new work just published by Carleton, of New York, and destined to have a large sale.

We are in receipt of a valuable paper from Judge Edmonds, which will appear soon.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—The work of leveling Fort Hill, in this city, has commenced, and it will take till next spring to finish the process. The earth excavated will be used in extending India, Central, and other wharves, and will increase their value \$7,000,000. Twenty acres of territory lying between Broad, Pearl and Milk streets will be included in the proposed improvement, and Washington square will be kept open, and a magnificent building, 204 by 143 feet, with wings in proportion, erected upon it, under the auspices of the Boston Board of Trade. The work has unhoused about two thousand persons, most of whom have found temporary shelter at South Boston.

Whatever we may think of, woman's rights to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her rights to bare arms—and the prettier the better.

That eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, was once stopping at a hotel in New York, kept by a man named Bush. Among the guests was a General Root. They occasionally made themselves merry at Lorenzo's expense. One day General Root began upon him thus: "Mr. Dow, you tell us a great deal about heaven. Now I want you to tell me plainly what sort of a place heaven is." With imperturbable gravity, the preacher replied:—"Heaven, gentlemen, is a smooth, rich, fertile country; there isn't a bush or a root in it, and there never will be." The Root and Bush subsided, and Mr. Dow was n't further troubled.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.—The President has appointed a National Thanksgiving. After giving various reasons for being grateful, he says: "Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend that Thursday, the 29th day of November next, be set apart to be observed everywhere in the several States and Territories of the United States by the people thereof as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, with due remembrance that in His temple doth every man speak of His praise."

Mr. Lyell and other geologists estimate that the delta of the Mississippi required more than a hundred thousand years to form, while the human skeleton and that of the mastodon, found there sixty feet under the surface some twenty-five years ago, were buried ages before the delta began to be formed.

Dr. O. W. Holmes will commence his new novel in the January Atlantic, and name it "The Guardian Angel."

A VALUABLE RECIPE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes that six years' experience has convinced him that a coat of gum copal varnish, applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries, until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and also cause them to last three times as long as ordinary soles.

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy; but bills are not always paid when due."

Rarely, the celebrated horse tamer, died suddenly at Cleveland on the 4th inst. Last December he had a stroke of paralysis, since which time he had been treated by several prominent physicians.

California has just produced her first silk dress pattern. All made in the State.

A German has brought to Paris an inexhaustible powder, which is certainly going to make a revolution in this department of war material. This powder, invented by Mr. Neumeyer, of Lelpais, does not explode in the open air when inflamed; it burns up slowly, like so much tinder; but it explodes with more explosive force than any other powder, in a closed cavity; it is cheaper than ordinary powder, and may be manufactured anywhere, even on board ship.

People of small intellect are very dangerous enemies.

A PRINTER'S CON.—Why is a man charged with a crime like types? Because he should not be locked up till the matter is well proved.

One of the fair sex writes, rather spicily, "that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority, as yet, work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

A convalescent soldier, in a hospital in Paris, while stretching himself, exclaimed, "Oh God! A young and very pretty Sister of Charity ran up and inquired: 'What would you that God should do to you? I am his daughter.' The convalescent replied: 'Accept me for his son-in-law.'"

The law is very imperfect when any species of rascality can afford to pay its fines out of its profits. Miss Evans, the author of "Felix Holt, the Radical," is the daughter of a dissenting clergyman in Derbyshire, is forty-six years old, and besides English, is complete mistress of three foreign languages—German, French, and Italian. She has written six novels in ten years.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaching the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

Man's mind is like the eagle, sometimes soaring toward the sun, and sometimes stooping to carrion.

Elijah Woodworth is speaking upon the Spiritual Philosophy, Sundays and week evenings, in Calhoun and Branch counties, Mich.

We either heard or read the following anecdote, many years since, and every cold morning in the early fall of the year always think of it. Here it is: A very devout and pious deacon, who sold coal, told his servant girl in early fall to hang a wet dish-cloth out of the window, and the first morning that she found it frozen to report to him. A snapping October morning, the cloth was found frozen; the girl entered the breakfast-room and reported to the deacon, who was just ready to enter into his family devotions; he immediately replied, raising his eyes skyward, "Lord, help the poor! I must rise on coal to-day. Let us pray."

A cunning exhibitor at a recent agricultural fair in Connecticut divided a bushel of peaches and entered one half in his own name for competition, and the other in the name of an influential man in a neighboring town. The big man got the prize, and the other contribution, although off the same tree, was not mentioned.

"Tommy, my son," said a fond mother, "do you say your prayers night and morning?" "Yes; that is, nights; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the day time."

A conflagration swept over the beautiful seaport town of Wiscasset, Me., on the 9th inst., which destroyed between forty and fifty buildings, including the Eastern House, the Wiscasset House, Custom House, and many stores, together with Johnson's wharves.

Never before the circular of Napoleon, has the present or future influence of the United States in Europe, been treated or touched upon in a diplomatic or state paper.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—Charles Lemle.

The Montreal Witness says a man at St. Athanasius applied coal oil to a fresh cut on the wrist, and immediately after he felt a burning sensation and the arm began to swell; in about six hours the swelling extended to the body, and he died in two days. He said he felt as if his whole body was burning.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

They appear to be greatly alarmed in Europe because the United States are looking around for a naval station in the Mediterranean.

BORERS.—It is said that tansy planted around an apple tree will drive away borers.

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon: it changes continually, but it always has a mah in it.

The mountains of Nevada are some of them great reservoirs of salt, and the product has been forwarded to Washington. It is claimed that the mines are the best in the country.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

The following rich scene is said to have lately occurred in one of the courts of justice in New Orleans, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam: Judge—"What's your native language?" Witness—"I pe no native; Ise a Dutchman." Judge—"What's your mother tongue?" Witness—"Oh, father say she all tongue." Judge—"In an irritable tone," "What language did you speak in the cradle?" Witness—"I did not speak no language in te cradle; I only cried in Dootch!"

The overland California mail is now running through in eighteen days to St. Louis. From Denver it comes by the Smoky Hill route, which is the quickest at present to St. Louis, the distributing point, and in five days time.

"Beautiful wether!" as the gentleman said when he chanced to get a tender piece of mutton on his plate at his dinner.

Florence Percy's poems have been published in an elegant volume.

BATHING.—Ablution is positively necessary for the preservation of beauty and health.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, in a sermon last Sunday week, blamed Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for saying that he expected to meet the Pope of Rome in heaven. Such doctrine was erroneous. Popery was anti-Christian, and its followers would scarcely be saved, except by a miracle. Dr. Cheever evidently thinks the old Christian fathers are having a hot time of it.

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to a punning domestic of his lodging-house. "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as rent."

When Danton saw Louis Philippe, then a young man, serving on the staff of Dourmer, and fighting for the Republic, he foresaw the future before the young Prince, and he said to him, "You are in the right path; go on; do not expose yourself unnecessarily; you have a great part to play in the future; you will be King of France."

Men can better philosophise on the human heart, but women can read it better.—J. R. Rosseau.

Dr. Wm. H. Salisbury has entered the lecturing field again. His address is Portsmouth, N. H., (box 1213), where he is at present lecturing.

The mills of the Arlington Corporation, at Lawrence, Mass., were destroyed by fire on the 9th. Loss \$150,000. There were one hundred and fifty girls at work in the mill when the fire first broke out. All escaped safely.

Marrying a blood relation: A Mr. De Bus his lately wedded Miss Kissam.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION.

THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING,

At Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 10, 11 and 12, 1866. (Reported for the Banner of Light.)

FIRST DAY.

Pursuant to the call issued by the Vice President, a number of the members of the Convention assembled at Lawrence, in City Hall, at 10 A. M. The attendance being small at the hour of the morning session, no steps were taken toward organization, the forenoon being devoted to purposes of a general conference among the members present.

Prof. J. H. W. Tooley addressed the Conference in words of encouragement, urging harmonious feeling and concert in action.

Dr. C. C. York, of Charlestown, spoke upon the progressive development of spiritual life through the experiences which have been gained by association with the Church, and general contact with life under the influence of Spiritualism.

C. B. Lynn, of Charlestown, remarked that new beginners were entering the field, and that they wished success in the Convention. The spirit of harmony would descend upon them, and thus assist them in their deliberations. The speaker felt the spirit influence even then. Blessed angels were near to carry the glad tidings that truth would be disseminated throughout the State to all, by action of the Convention.

Mr. Thomas, of Charlestown, earnestly wished that more of principle had been manifested by Spiritualists in general, in which case there would have been a much fuller representation from the people of the State. He invited Spiritualists at all times to more thoroughly study the great fundamental principles of our divine philosophy, working in whose light they would be enabled soon to declare an emancipation of the world from the bondage of superstition and error, more glorious even than that procured by the destruction of the system of material bondage now in vogue.

A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, spoke enthusiastically upon the elevating influence which Spiritualism had had upon his whole life, and expressed his gratification that the same influence was to be extended, through the agency of the Association, to the people of the entire State.

N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, in a vein of humor pointed to the Convention, not altogether wanting in a certain sarcasm—urged immediately attention to the practical details of business. He invoked the spirit of harmony to preside over the labors of the Convention, without which an immediate adjournment sine die would be of all things graceful and becoming.

The Conference then seemed to resolve itself into a committee of the whole, for the purpose of a general conversational interchange of thought and ideas.

The morning's proceedings were entirely informal, awaiting the arrival of members of the Association, and others expected in the afternoon.

Afternoon Session, Oct. 10th, at 2 1/2 P. M.—An increased number of those interested in the spread of spiritual teachings in Massachusetts, assembled in the beautiful and commodious hall, meeting called to order by the Vice-President, Mrs. N. J. Willis, who inaugurated the proceedings of the Convention by reading the call, as published in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence, by request, favored the Convention by singing Mackey's fine song, entitled, "The world will be the better for it," with organ accompaniment. Following this, came the reading of the Affirmation of Principles and the Constitution, by the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Josephine Mayo, of Charlestown.

The books were then opened for the enrollment of the names of those who wished to become members of the Association.

After considerable discussion and criticism, urging increased attention to systematic method in the management of all the concerns of the Association, the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were accepted; full explanation having been made of all matters in misunderstanding.

Mr. Richardson moved that a committee of five be appointed to fill vacancies in the Board of Officers.

Mr. Greenleaf thought the Constitution provided for the emergency, and that it was incumbent upon the Executive Committee to fill such vacancies.

The reading of the Constitution was then called for by Mr. Richardson, by which it appeared that Mr. Greenleaf was correct in his supposition.

A member inquired why quarterly meetings had not been held.

Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Salem, Chairman of the Executive Committee, reported that the notice given for publication in the BANNER, was by some oversight left unpublished, which was the reason for the failure in the first instance. The next quarterly meeting was deferred because of its proximity to the National Convention, it being judged best to convene after the Providence Convention had adjourned.

Mr. Tooley moved an amendment to the Constitution, in regard to financial management. Decided out of order; to be considered at the annual meeting, as provided by the Constitution.

Mr. J. C. Bowker was chosen by the Executive Committee to fill vacancies. The Executive Committee then reported the names of

LYSANDER S. RICHTARS, of Boston, as President of the Association.

Mr. Richardson, upon taking his seat, said that although nominated to the position by the Executive Committee, whose power the Constitution made ample in the emergency, he, although conscious of the honor done him, would by far prefer to return to the body of the Convention as a private member of the Association, than hold the position as the President, if even a small minority of those present were opposed to him in that character. He promised a faithful performance of his duties with the utmost impartiality as far as in him lay.

Dr. C. C. York asked if it were in order to appoint Mrs. Tooley to office who did not reside in the State?

Mr. Tooley moved as an amendment that the appointment should be made permanent, Mr. Loveland having virtually resigned.

The motion was carried, and E. S. Wheeler appointed as Secretary pro tem.

Mr. Greenleaf asked if the action of the Executive Committee was not needed here?

The Convention accepted it in accordance with Mr. Greenleaf's opinion.

The Convention accepted it as the sense of the meeting, and the Executive Committee chose E. S. Wheeler, of Boston, as Corresponding Secretary.

The reading of the Constitution was called for by Dr. C. C. York, of Charlestown.

The Recording Secretary then read the Constitution and by-laws.

Dr. C. C. York called for the report of the Executive Committee.

Mr. Tooley, rising to a point of order, moved that a programme be drawn up for the evening session, in order that people might understand that the session would be devoted in part to an exposition of the principles they were asked to support.

The Executive Committee stated their plan for doing business.

Dr. C. C. York made some remarks in criticism of the same.

Mr. Richardson moved the appointment of a Business Committee of three, which was afterwards increased to five. Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.; Prof. J. H. W. Tooley, Boston, Mass.; J. C. Bowker, Esq., Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Florence N. Bowler, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Edward S. Wheeler, Boston, were chosen by the Executive Committee as a Committee on Business.

The Children's Picnic.

On Wednesday, Oct. 3, the Independent Society of Spiritualists, of Charlestown, enjoyed their last outdoor party of the season, at that most delightful retreat at Concord, known as Walden Pond; a spot rendered classic in American literature by the genius of Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau.

It was later than usual for having a picnic, indeed that was originally intended, the time set being the 25th of last month; but the clerk who is supposed to preside over the terrestrial heavens, was then unusually tearful; so out of consideration of this fact, the affair was postponed to the 3d inst. The weather, which at first seemed all that could be desired, became capricious, withdrew its brightest smiles just at starting time, and so lessened the number who would otherwise have gone. For an hour or two, the clouds betokened wind and rain; but ere the hour of noon had come, the heavens were bright again, and the remainder of the day proved to be full of golden beauty, deeply laden with all the wealth of an Indian Summer in New England.

Besides having the genial sunshine, the rich autumnal tints of leaf and bush and tree, the beautiful pond with its outspread invitation to ride upon its bosom, (an invitation, by the way, which the happy children fully appreciated,) or alluring the more thoughtful ones to stroll upon its pebbly shore, and note the variegated foliage reflected in its mirrored face; the clear, fresh, bracing air; the playing of innocent youth; dancing feet keeping time to melodious measure; wandering among crisped and falling leaves; swinging, sailing, the rustic lunch with the true spirit of festivity relaxing atmosphere; conversing with kind friends, etc.—beside these—and each one had its due attractions—there were also the exercises of the Children's Lyceum—always a welcome sight—with their singing, speaking, their calliothe movements, silver chain recitations, their bearing of banners and marching to music. Thus the day passed merrily, happily, joyously away; and though somewhat later in the season than usual for such gatherings, all felt on their return how pleasant it was to enjoy the sentiment expressed in the (slightly altered) lines of our favorite Indian maiden and spirit friend, Pinkie:

A picnic in the wildwood,  
When the early autumn breeze  
Is whispering wistful gossip  
To the falling forest leaves;  
A picnic in the wildwood,  
With angels drawing near,  
To whisper of the promised land,  
Our world worn hearts to cheer;  
To whisper of the promised land,  
Where the truth's bright waters flow,  
Where we can meet a happy band,  
The friends of Long Ago.

A picnic in the forest,  
With Nature free and wild!  
To fling our weary years away,  
To gather again a child;  
To gather bright flowers,  
And ramble o'er the sod,  
Or each in silence sweet retire,  
And walk alone with God. G. A. B.

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We take pleasure in stating that we have completed arrangements with Dr. H. B. STORER, widely known to the spiritual fraternity of this country, to take the superintendence of our New York Establishment, and attend to the general business naturally concentrating at that important point.

We call the especial attention of our friends to the fact, that Dr. STORER will supply not only the spiritual works issued by ourselves and other publishers, but any book published in this country or in Europe. All Spiritualists, who desire thus incidentally to help us in sustaining and increasing the usefulness of the BANNER, are invited to forward all their orders for books of any description, either to our New York or Boston office, being assured that they will be filled promptly and at publishers' prices, with liberal discounts to purchasers for Sunday Schools or Libraries.

Our office in New York is at No. 54 Broadway, (nearly opposite Baruum's Museum.) Friends visiting the city are invited to call at the office, where Dr. STORER will be happy to afford any information concerning the location of mediums, public meetings, or whatever may be of value as a guide to strangers.

Address, H. B. STORER, BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 54 Broadway, N. Y.

Donations to Benevolent Fund to send the Banner Free to the Poor.

Previous acknowledgements.....\$115.50  
Friend.....1.00

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)  
L. K. C. VINLAND, N. J.—\$5.00 received.

Married.

At Ipswich, Mass., Sept. 25th, by Rev. Jesse Wagner, Mr. Win. L. Stone to Miss Elizabeth J. Crane, both of Ipswich.

Business Matters.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Coughs, and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop.

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Special Notices.

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

MRS. SPENCER'S FORTIETH AND NEGATIVE POWDER, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

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

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

THE UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCH

Beats the Old Scratch!

Least F. M. Gilliland, of Paducah, Kentucky, who was confined for 18 months in the Libby Prison, and was there attacked by Dyspepsia in its worst form, and so debilitated that he could not walk one square, states that he has been cured by Cox's Dyspepsia Cure. Let the suffering try it.

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The following letter, from Dr. A. L. ROOVELL, who has had many years experience in the medicine business, and with Lung Remedies, will give the afflicted still more assurance that the sure remedy is found at last; and the consumptive should lose no time in commencing the use of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

CINCINNATI, January 5, 1864.  
Messrs. J. N. HARRIS & CO.:  
GENTLEMEN—I make the following statement from a perfect conviction and knowledge of the benefits of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in our curing the most deep-seated PULMONARY CONSUMPTION. I have witnessed it in its best effects upon the young and the old, and I can truly say that it is by far the best expectorant remedy with which I am acquainted. For Coughs, and all the early stages of Lung Complaints, I believe it to be a certain cure, and if every family would keep it by them, ready to administer upon the first appearance of disease about the Lungs, there would be very few cases of fatal consumption. It causes the phlegm and matter to raise, without irritating those delicate organs the Lungs, and without producing coughs. It also gives strength to the system, stops the night-sweats, and changes all the morbid secretions to a healthy state.

Yours respectfully,  
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Consumptives, do not despair, because all the remedies that you have tried have failed, BUT TRY THIS GREAT REMEDY.  
Held by WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, and all Medicine Dealers. 2w-Oct. 20.

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As an internal remedy, no equal. In cases of cholera, summer complaint, dyspepsia, dysentery, asthma, and rheumatism, it will cure in one night, by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. It is the best liniment in America. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to bad sores, burns, scalds and sprains. For the sick headache and toothache, do not fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer.

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Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m-June 2.

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\* This book will be sent by mail, postage free, to any one who will send the price, \$2.00.  
\* Sold at the BANNER OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 54 Broadway, (Room 6), New York. Oct. 20.

MUSICAL SEANCES.

Mrs. Mary E. CURRIER'S SEANCES, as given through her mediumship, will be resumed

Monday Evening, October 8th,

at the residence of W. W. Currier, Franklin street, HAYMARKET, MASS. She will hold Seances on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, for persons desiring to attend. Seances for evening trains for Boston, Lowell, Manchester and Concord, Newburyport and for the East to Dover and Portland.

Persons wishing to witness the mediumship, or make arrangements by calling personally or by letter. 4th Oct. 20.

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"THE BLIND SEE;" "THE LAME WALK."

THE SICK ARE CURED.

A CORRECTION INVITATION to all who are not well able to attend to their business, without money, and who are in want of a physician will close in New York the first day of November, and be in NEWPORT, R. I., from the 1st to the 15th of November. Oct. 20.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

FITS—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is given in a new treatise on "Fits and Nerve" published in New York, by Dr. O. PHELPS. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle. It is a sure cure for all cases of Fits, Epilepsy, and Nerve. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle. It is a sure cure for all cases of Fits, Epilepsy, and Nerve. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists. Price

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 Circle for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Oh God, we thank thee for life. Whether our brows are crowned with lilies or thorns, still we thank thee for life; and for all the experiences that life brings, we thank thee. For crime, with its dark mantle, we thank thee; for that which men call death, we thank thee; for all those experiences that plunge nations and individuals in sorrow, in deep despair, we thank thee most fervently; for without these darkened shades, the kindly hand of benevolence, the gentle brow of sympathy would never be appreciated. Without that that men call sin, those grand and holy thoughts that elevate the soul would never be understood. So, oh Spirit, who never dieth, who never sleepest, who never failest to watch over all thy creations, we would sing thee a new song of praise for life as it is, for life as it has been, for life as it ever will be. And we only ask, oh Eternal Spirit, that thy children who are plodding its rough ways, may so fully understand what life is, that they shall at all times feel it is the gift of the Infinite; that whatever experiences they pass through, still in darkness as in sunlight, in sorrow as in joy, the Infinite is bestowing his blessings upon them. The evils of life let them recognize as the greatest of all blessings, and the sorrows of life as the chiefest of any of thy gifts. Oh Father, Spirit, baptize us with a more earnest desire to worship thee in spirit and in truth. Let us find our altars everywhere. Let us bow down and serve thee, where beauty or power dwell. Wherever any of thy manifestations have an existence, there let us worship thee. There let us be conscious that thou hast thy dwelling-place. And, oh God, although we may not absolutely and fully understand thee, yet we feel we know enough of thy love and thy power, to worship thee, to love thee, and serve thee aright. Oh let our mission, Great God, be one that shall satisfy ourselves, as we return to earth, gathering the withered buds and blossoms of old Theology. Oh let us baptize them with our tears, so that new life shall be given them, and they, too, shall become of use to earth. Father, our thoughts, our words, our all, we dedicate to thee. Thy blessing we have; and, in return, we offer thee the soul's deepest thanks. July 9.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, in accordance with your custom, we are now ready to answer any questions you may have.

Q.—If, as is acknowledged by the most advanced thinkers, man is a culmination of all below; around and above him, and still is self-existent, is it rational, philosophical, or even profitable, to attempt to comprehend or talk of a self-existent being? And is it not a promulgation of superstition, and a neglect of the laws of progress, to teach such thoughts and ideas?

A.—When spiritually considered, man is a self-existent being; but when materially considered, when considered upon the plane of form, he is not a self-existent being. From the fact that you all possess eternally your own individuality, we are led to believe that you are self-existent in soul. But from the fact that you are constantly changing in form, you are dependent upon the existence of all other forms. To-day, so far as your outer lives are concerned, you are not what you were yesterday. You have given of your material life to other forms, and they have given of theirs to you. You live physically upon the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral world. To these three kingdoms your physical life is bound. You revolve in them, and are acted upon by them. The sun, the moon, and all the stars, the pebbles under your feet, the waves of light, the waves of ocean, the flowers, trees, grasses, everything affects you, so far as your physical life is concerned, and always for good; mark us, always for good. Even those scourges called pestilences, that visit certain localities, produce one kind of good; for there are many degrees of good. There is no escaping from this truth, for inasmuch as you are governed by an All-Wise, Supreme Good, therefore you exist by will that's good, and for the good of all. Man is a progressive being, physically and spiritually. He progresses physically through the three kingdoms of Time. He progresses spiritually through the one kingdom of Eternity. And we believe that as a distinct, fully rounded intelligence, he is a self-existent being, and consequently must possess a distinctive life of his own forever. You talk of earths being created, of worlds being called into being, which to our mind is not so. There are no distinct positive creations. Life goes on step by step, struggling and marching up the steps of eternity, never creating, but perpetually changing in form. Your correspondent may feel safe in the assurance that the great God or Principle of immortality that exists within him is self-existent; may rest assured that progress is the gift of the Infinite to all. No one can be defrauded out of his portion, and no one can sell his birthright to progress. All must go on. The propelling power within determines this, whether you will or no.

Q.—Should we not be better employed, if we would seek to know ourselves and the things around and in our composition, rather than to know what is acknowledged by all, an incomprehensible God?

A.—When human intelligences comprehend self, they will comprehend God. It is useless to stretch one's imagination out into the far distant future, or the past, to find God, when he is within the soul, for he manifests more perfectly through your own life than anywhere else. It is worse than useless to seek to find an altar, before which to worship God in the future or in the past, when the altar is in the immediate present, where

unto you should worship. God is here; and one good writer has said, and wisely, too, that the heart of a little child is the temple of the living God—because that little child is guileless, because it is the temple of beauty, of truth, of simplicity, of all those finer points that the soul always desires to worship, and calls it good, or God.

Q.—As none of us were consulted by the All-Wise, All-Knowing, All-Mighty God, what kind of an existence we would have before we were ushered into this world, are we responsible beings to such a Power?

A.—Our own reason, our own intelligence, our own aspirations for the high, the good, the holy and true, determine for us how far we are accountable to the All-Wise, Supreme-governing Intelligence. It is true, we had no voice in any of the changes through which we have passed, but as intelligences, we call upon ourselves to do the very highest good we are capable of doing; to perform the very grandest acts that we, as intelligent beings, can perform, which is the best we are capable of, all we require of ourselves, all the Infinite requires of us. A soul that is satisfied with its own acts, rest assured God is satisfied with it.

Q.—It has been said that every soul born on earth had its counterpart or other half born in spirit-life at the same time. And when that which was born on earth passes to spirit-life, it is joined by that other half which was born in spirit, to remain together evermore. Is the above opinion a correct one?

A.—We believe that as perfect intelligences you have been created, and yet not created, but you exist as male and female. The rule is not fully perfect, so far as form is concerned with the female, and vice versa. But with regard to this theory, as has been presented to your correspondent, we, perhaps, may be incorrect in our opinion, but we do not believe in the exactness of the statement that a female was born in the spirit-land, or made, at the exact time its counterpart was born in the material world. It may be true, and may not, but we have nothing to prove that it is. We have seen no absolute demonstration of its truth, and we do not feel that it is absolutely true, therefore to us it is at least an open question.

Q.—Have any of the spirits that visit and speak at this place, passed through the second death, or from the spiritual to the divine life?

A.—We believe that, as human intelligences, you are living triune lives. You exist in the physical, spiritual and the divine. We also believe that when the soul has outlived, gone beyond all earth's attractions, then it may be said to exist exclusively in divine life. But while the earth is capable of folding them to its bosom, they will live also in earth life; be acted upon by the existences of earth, and are subject to the changes that take place on earth. In one sense, we are living always in the divine life, because divine life is never absent from us. But in another sense, we are not really living in divine life, because that life does not compose all our surroundings; we are not absolutely and perfectly acted upon by divine life. When a soul has possessed itself of the wisdom of the spheres; when it so fully comprehends its own being and life by which it is surrounded, then it may be said to live absolutely in the divine. Your correspondent has asked if any visit you who live in divine life. Yes, in two senses: in the absolute, and in that which is a stepping-stone to it.

Q.—Are not all true Spiritualists "progressionists," or "friends of progress"?

A.—Yes. Q.—Would it not be wisdom to call the National Organization of Spiritualists by the simple name of Spiritualists? also the local organizations the same, instead of by so many different names, as the Spiritualists are doing?

A.—Names are only vehicles for ideas. It matters not what they are. If the word Spiritualist conveys the idea better than any other word, use it. If any other word better conveys the idea than the word Spiritualist, why, use any other word.

Q.—Would it not be better for the National Organization to be free of special memberships, and have all Spiritualists consider themselves members, or not without having their names recorded? say have it as free to all as the spirit-world is free to all spirits, high or low?

A.—Life is free, and the spirit is free. The waters of life, said Jesus, are free; and whosoever will, let them come and partake thereof freely. Whosoever desires to become a member of the Organization spoken of, should certainly have freedom to do so. July 9.

Frank Robertson.

I wish, sir, you'd be so kind as to tell my father that mother and me are most happy in the spirit-world, and that we have not gone far away from here, but are at home every day, some part of the day, and sometimes all day. And I go with him a great deal, and mother stays at home with baby, just as she would if she was here on earth. I do not know much about this way of talking, but I know my father wanted me to come, and mother, and we are both anxious to learn the very best way to come. We've tried to speak to father a great many times. We've tried very hard one afternoon, when father was here. I thought I must come, surely; but I could not. The gentleman in control here, said he would be very glad to let me come, if the forces were properly arranged for me, but he was quite sure they were not; but, however, there could be no harm in my trying. And I did try, but I found I was repelled as soon as I came. It was like an atmosphere that would almost knock you down. But when it's right for you, when the forces are right for you to come here, you are so powerfully attracted to the medium, that sometimes all your resistance is in vain. I was a little afraid to come at first. [You wanted to back out?] Yes, sir; but the attraction was so strong I had to come. It was like the under current the boys used to talk of, in going in swimming; yes, sir.

My name is Frank Robertson. [I know your father.] Yes, sir, I knew you did. You're Mr. White. [I attended your funeral.] Did you? Well, I wasn't able to be present. But I knew you well, just as soon as I got here. [Your father will be very glad to know you have been here.] Oh yes, I know he will. And you tell him, too, that mother and me want to come to him. I wish we could go to him through this medium, so we could speak to him. Can't we, sir? [Perhaps you can.] Yes, sir; mother would be so glad. [Is your mother here?] Yes, sir. [Can she see me plainly?] Yes, sir, very plain. Mother wants father to know that she watches over him and baby, and that she feels as though the care of baby devolved upon her now, just as much as it ever did. So she'd like to say a good many things to father, and auntie, too.

Oh I like in the spirit-world very much, but was—[A little discontented at first?] Yes, sir, I didn't think I was going to die. Mother knew she should not get well; but I did not. [Did your mother know you were dead before she died?] Oh yes, sir; mother knew I was dead, but she

didn't know anything about it at first. Aunt Susan came and told her, but she didn't speak of it, because she knew it would excite her; make her suffer; make father feel bad, and make them all feel bad; so she didn't speak of it. But she knew I was dead; oh yes, sir. And she says once during her sickness—she asked what the doors was opening for? what there was so much confusion in the house for? Then Aunt Susan told her I was dead. So she never asked anything about it afterwards; never asked for me. She expected to meet me. [I know that it was remarked by her friends that she said nothing about you.] Yes, sir. Well, she knew I was dead; that's the reason she did not. So she was not at all sorry, but was glad that I died, because she had company then, and she thought God would do all things well.

[Mr. Hepworth said you would be the first one your mother would meet in the spirit-world. Was it so?] Yes, sir, I was; but she wasn't surprised. [Is your mother happy now?] Oh yes, sir. But she'd like to be able to talk to father any time she wanted to, to tell him about baby, and everything. She'd like to talk about baby to father. [Tell your mother I will see your father, and make some arrangement for her to meet him privately.] Do so, sir, and I'll be greatly obliged to you; and mother will, too. Good-day. July 9.

Annie Sawyer.

I want, if I can, to talk with my brother, Johnnie Sawyer. You see he was away to war when I died, and he felt very bad when he got home and could not see me. And now I've learned how to come back, I want to go—go to him, sir, if you have not any objection, and let him know that I can come. [I have none. Is he in the city of Boston?] No, sir, he isn't in Boston. I rather think, sir, he is in Manchester. [New Hampshire?] Yes, sir. No, sir, we did not always live there, but father moved to Manchester because he had business there; and you see Johnnie went to war—he would go—and I had the diphtheria while he was gone and died. [Did you die in Boston?] No, sir, I died in Manchester. I was born here, sir, and Johnnie, too; but I died there, and when he was away. And he was at Newbern, or near there, and could not come home. But they could not send for him, and I wasn't sick long.

I want to tell him I can come; tell him how I can watch over him; that I do not want him to swear; don't want him to drink, or do anything that is bad—and I know he won't, if he knows I can come back—because he'll be so much happier when he gets to the spirit-world. And I know he'll be so glad to hear from me; that's why I want to come to him. He's nineteen years old. He is ten years older than I am.

Well, then, I am to tell him I want him to go to some medium, so that I can speak. I could write to him, sir; never tried it since; never tried it through any medium. I do not want him to be afraid of me because I'm dead, because I think I'm alive; and I'm not dead so that any one should be afraid of me. I'm not a ghost. [You're the same sister as you were when you had a body?] Yes, sir.

Annie—that's my name. Oh, I know he'll be so glad to know that I can come back. [You loved him very dearly, did not you?] Oh, yes, I did love him so much, and he me, too. He would give me anything he had. Whenever anything was given him that he thought I'd like, he always brought it to me. Oh, yes, I liked him, I thought I should die when he went away. And I was afraid that he would get killed, all the time he was at war. He did not, and I did. I do not know why God ever made it so, but I suppose it was all right. I never could be all reconciled to it. I tried to be reconciled, because I thought it was right; but I never could be. I wanted to live, to see Johnnie. But I could not; I had to go just when I did not want to. [The happy day is coming.] Yes, it would be, if I could only speak to him. I'll try and be patient as long as I can, and when I can't any longer, I'll try again. [Do not you wish to say anything to your father and mother?] Yes, I do, sir; but I will tell Johnnie what I want to say. Good-by. July 9.

Sam Taylor.

I'm not sure but what the boys will say I'm back here to play some game upon them, because whatever was done in that line they laid to me. But in good faith, I do not think of the thing. I'm only quite anxious to get into some sort of communication with the folks I left here. And as for playing tricks, I'll wait until I'm better acquainted with this thing.

You see, the boys always laid every sort of mischief to me. [I guess you liked it, did not you?] Well, "alightfully." I liked a bit of fun so long as it did not hurt anybody. But the boys said I never joined in the laugh myself. I was always sober. Well, I do not know about that; but at any rate, they styled me the Deacon—not because I had any particular partiality for religious subjects, but because I could carry a straight face, when the devil—as they said—rested beneath. That's generally the case with deacons and ministers.

I am glad to get back; but I confess I do not know the road very well. I believe some of the boys in our regiment were Spiritualists, and used to talk of it. At any rate, there was one by the name of Thatcher—Ben Thatcher. He was—well, I believe he was a medium—that what you call it?—and Spiritualist. He'd go off into—fits, I called them. He often used to write poetry, and tell 'em about the folks at home. If anything was the matter with any of the boys, he'd write what to give them. He always told us it was the spirits wrote, was n't him, he said. Well, we did not understand it.

And I should like—well, to have a real good chat with him. Can't you tell him Sam Taylor wants to talk with him? [Certainly. Why do not you go and influence him?] Well, that's a question not very easy to answer. Can't tell why I do not go to him. I thought of it, tried to find out the way to him. [Perhaps you're not attracted to him.] Yes, I am attracted to him. [It may be that he do not think of you.] Well, perhaps that's it. I do not wonder that he do not think of me. I did play rather a shabby game upon him; do not know but that 't; rather think it is. Now I'm sorry for it, and willing to be forgiven. I did not mean any harm; am willing to be forgiven. I am truly sorry; would not do it now, knowing him as well as I do. I was sorry after I did it. I did not see any chance to tell him so then. He would not—did not want anything to do with me. He had not ought to lay it up so hard against me. I'm dead, and worthy of some consideration.

Well, I confess to be a chap that likes fun pretty well, though I would not harm anybody to get up a laugh. I suppose others would call it harm—but I would not mean any wrong. At any rate, I'm sorry for it, and if he'll forgive me, I'm ready to be forgiven. And I should really like to do with him just the same as he said the other folks used to do. I did not know anything about it—would ridicule it. I did not mean any harm. He was kind of sensitive on it. But I didn't

mean anything bad. I liked the fun; still, it ain't best, you know, to indulge in it too far sometimes. Never mind; I want to come back now. Here you, Ben, if you've got anything agin me, just say so. I'll do the best I can to wipe it out. If he'll let me talk as other folks do, I'll make myself known somehow. I suppose that he'll think that I could not make myself better known than by playing some game upon him. Well, I'll try that, if it suits better than anything else. I can do it now just as well as I ever did.

I do not want you, any of you, to think I'm uncomfortable off in the spirit-world, for I ain't. I'm getting ahead finely, and I do not think the killing process does me any harm at all.

Well, now, if I can get into communication with my folks, in the same way that thousands of 'em I've heard talk about it do, why, I shall get to be sort of a decent chap by-and-by. I shall forget some of my tricks, and shall sow my wild oats, and get them all brushed in.

I'm from the 35th Massachusetts. [Did you enlist here?] I did. [And resided here?] No, sir; Springfield. By gracious! I'd like to learn the way, perfect. [Have you friends in Springfield?] Yes, I've a brother and sister there. I'll do about right, if they'll just give me as good sort of a welcome as I'd had if I'd come among them in the body. Boys, I won't water your whiskey again, nor I, nothing of the sort.

I'll tell you what I did to Ben—one of the things that I did to him that he's mad about: I rather reckon it is, may not be, but I'm little afraid it is—well, I filled his pipe with lobelia, and the very sight of it would make him throw up. He said he was sick two or three days after it. I think that was a lie. He may have been sick a little while. At any rate, I did it, and I suppose he'll say that at all you did. That's about so. But then if he'll give me a pipe filled with lobelia, I'll smoke it, do anything to be worthy of his forgiveness. That's about as much as I can do. Captain, good-day. July 9.

Circle opened by Dr. Judson; closed by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.

Infinite Spirit, thou who art our Father and our Mother, too, thou Holy of Holies of human life, we would give utterance to the spirit of prayer and to the spirit of praise; praying unto thee for those things of which the soul has need as it journeys on; and praising thee for those unnumbered blessings that have perpetually been showered upon human life. We do not pray unto thee, our Father, because we fear thee; all our perfect love of thee, all thy works casteth out all fear. We neither pray unto thee because we expect to change thine immutable laws because we pray; but we pray because the spirit of prayer is within us and seeks for utterance. We do not praise thee because thou hast need of our praises, but because thou hast tuned the harp of our being so that we must praise thee. In looking out upon thy creations in the external world, we behold through them that thou art very good, and the soul instinctively praises thee for that which is good. And, again looking out, we behold thy wisdom, thy power manifested whereso'er we gaze, and the soul, too, instinctively worships and looks up to and relies upon that that is powerful and wise. So by thy surroundings thou hast taught us to praise thee; by the beautiful picture of the outer world, and more glorious picture of the inner world, thou hast taught the soul to honor, love and worship thee. Oh, Holy Spirit of Time and Eternity, oh, loving Father and tender Mother, we give utterance to the spirit of prayer and the spirit of praise, to thy virtue and thine own divine will. July 10.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Was Christ a medium, in the present acceptance of the term?

A.—We believe Christ to have been a medium, in the present acceptance of the term.

Q.—Are parents, who are in the spirit-land, unhappy when their children are ill-treated here on earth?

A.—They certainly are; for as soul is linked to soul, so the mirror through which soul exhibits itself, called the mind, is linked to mind. The attraction that exists between parent and child is, to the parent who has passed beyond the boundaries of physical life, like a mirror, reflecting perfectly the condition of those left on earth. And if ill-treatment of the child would produce sorrow to the parent in the physical body, surely it would produce no less outside of the physical body. The change called death does by no means rob you of your loves and hates. It only takes from you the physical machine called the human body, leaving all your sensibilities, peculiarities, precisely the same. Yet the sorrow of those that have passed beyond earth, that hangs like a pall around their loved ones, is somewhat modified by the knowledge that the clouds will pass away, the sun again shine, and that those rough, rude experiences through which they are passing, will render them the gem all the more brilliant.

Q.—By J. C. C. In the 1st chapter of Genesis we are informed that God made the world in six days. Will the controlling spirit inform us if the account there given can be true in a literal sense.

A.—By no means. In a literal sense it is absolutely false. Your own researches into the kingdom of causes, should have proved its falsity, if it has not. In the first place, the world never had a creation, properly speaking, and we do not believe that it will ever have an ending. We know, by our judgment from the past, that it must pass through an infinite number of changes, but we cannot believe it will ever be blotted out of existence as a world, as a distinct body occupying a point in space. It will doubtless seem strange to our questioner that we speak thus, but we have yet to learn that the world ever had a beginning, and also, to learn that it ever will have an ending. The old Biblical record, upon which so many souls have wrecked their reason, is literally untrue. There is, to be sure, a foundation for the historical story; but that it means that the Great All-Wise God did create this round, rushing world in six days, we do not believe; or that the earth is no more than six thousand and a few odd years of age. The science of geology disproves it. The immutable laws of universal life are constantly teaching you through your reasoning faculties. And if you will only allow that reason to teach you at all times, and never be silenced by the dictum of any individual or any number of individuals, you will always be safe, for your reason alone will lead you aright.

Q.—I would ask if the comets that appear in the horizon at different times, are not also worlds becoming solidified in the course of years?

A.—That they do not always retain the appearance of form or life peculiar to comets, any more than this earth will always retain its present form of existence, we know. Though it will always exist, yet, in the course of millions of years, it will be so far changed that you would not recognize your old abiding-place. Comets are incipient worlds, that have not attained sufficient vegetable growth to be able to sustain vegetable and animal life in their most perfect manifesta-

tions. But they will perfect themselves, as your earth has; will continue to change, to revolve around the earth, but in orbits prescribed them. In the nature of their own existences, they are dependent upon their own centre for life, for power, for action, and, at the same time, they are bound to every atom that has an existence everywhere, whether defined as an atom or undefined; for be it understood that all matter is inseparably connected together, as all individual minds are connected together. The Great Infinite Mind hath so united all individual minds that they, in a divine sense, are one.

Q.—By Mrs. Parkinson, of Kansas: For the last twenty years I have been in the practice of composing lengthy pieces of poetry, being, as it were, inspired or urged to do so, whether I wished to or not. But now, for about a year past, all my poetic powers have deserted me. Now what is the cause of this? Did some guardian spirit or spirits aid me? and, if so, why have they now deserted me? And will they again assist me if I earnestly desire it?

A.—Having no knowledge of this particular case, we can only give a general answer. It is very reasonable to suppose that the person was under the influence of some disembodied intelligence or intelligences at one time, but for some cause, possibly existent in herself as a medium, they are not able to hold the same communication that they did formerly. Whether the power will return again, we cannot say. However, it is always well to ask for those gifts that you desire to possess, for the very spirit that accompanies the asking is an attractive power. So, then, it would do no harm for the lady to carry out the suggestion that has been thrown out in regard to her query.

Q.—J. Emerson, of Lowell, Mass., desires Mrs. Conant to account for the seeming false statement of the Mr. Blake connected with Laura V. Ella. He has enclosed a letter from the Town Clerk (Levi E. Coe), of Meriden, Ct., saying that after an examination of the soldiers' lists, and instituting inquiries from parties bearing the name of Blake and others likely to know, he was unable to obtain knowledge of any person by the name of Leon Blake having enlisted from that place, or ever having lived in that town.

A.—Your Town Clerks are often at fault in these matters, as we do personally know. Therefore it would be quite as well to test their veracity, as to test the veracity of disembodied spirits. While you question so earnestly, and perhaps honestly the integrity of those who come to you whom you cannot see, you should not forget that a certain amount of that you bestow upon them may be well placed upon some who dwell in the form. You are not perfect beings; neither are you always disposed to travel the most honorable way in life—to your shame be it said! Yourspeaker knows this. It is no mere speculation. He has lived here; he has analyzed human life by and through his own imperfections. And here allow me to give a statement of a little incident that occurred during my own natural life. If my memory serves me right, it was about two years prior to my changing worlds that I received an anonymous note, requesting that I should inform the writer as to the truth of a certain so-called spiritual message that had been communicated at some spiritual circle held in Boston; the intelligence communicating declaring that I knew him well, and would vouch for his statement. I was somewhat indignant that I should be called upon to ferret out this case of Spiritualism, and consequently I returned the note to the place where I was directed to give the information, with this answer: "I know nothing about it, nor do I care to. However, it is my opinion that no such person ever had an existence." About a week after, I was sitting alone in my library and was impressed with the idea that I was mistaken. I did know such a person. And I said to myself, "Now I think of it, it is all true, but, in all probability, they have received information from some human souls acquainted with this thing, and I will have nothing to do with the matter." So it dropped with me. Now you see I know, from my own human experience, that those who are appealed to to verify these messages, often fall to do their duty. So criticize them, question their integrity, as well as those whom you cannot see. July 10.

Deacon Fuller.

One of the old worthies figuring in the Christians' Sacred Book, suggested the propriety of searching into the whys and wherefores of all things, and holding fast only to that which is good. But in these days, I suppose, as in those, it is exceedingly hard to ascertain what is really good; for what is good to one is very bad to another. It is very hard to prove the perfectness of all kinds of life by our own standard. So, I, for one, am willing to eat what spiritual food I find my stomach will digest, casting the rest aside.

When I was on the earth I had no belief in Spiritualism. It was a myth and a most outrageous humbug to me, though I was acquainted with a good many persons who believed Spiritualism to be true. But I never could so understand it until I became free from the body, and then I was so far changed, or changed positions relatively toward this new doctrine, that I became in harmony with it, could see through it and understand what it was. I was once requested to come back, reporting as to what I had learned in the spirit-world, should I be called first, by one friend who was a believer in these things. It so happens that I have been called first, and I can only report that the science is a science that is true; that it is an absolute fact that the spirit, after it has been freed from the body, can return and report to souls in human bodies, by virtue of these mediumistic subjects, and can, at times, manifest through material objects, such as tables for instance, and all kinds of articles.

There is a natural law governing all the manifestations of life, whenever they take place, or under whatever circumstances they take place. So that this return of the unclotted spirit comes, I take it, by law.

I am very glad to be able to return, although I did many times distinctly declare to those who were believers in Spiritualism that I knew there was no truth in it. I now distinctly declare that I know to the contrary. And, as the teacher Parker, who has just left, remarked, we are all frail and faulty. So I was at fault in my judgment of that matter, and I am very glad to be able to say so, very glad indeed. I had no motive in ignoring Spiritualism, aside from my belief that it was a humbug; and my only motive in returning is, I believe, to do my own soul the justice it demands. My inner life says, You did wrong; go and right that wrong, that others may be benefited by it. Now although there is a vast amount of truth connected with this spiritual movement, there is also a vast amount of the false and unreal. There are as many vagaries attached to it as there are realities.

I hear those self-same spiritual friends talking about persons dwelling in spheres number two, three, or four. And some of them, they say, have reached the seventh sphere, which, they say,



Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: OMAHA, IOWA.

J. M. FEENEY, RESIDENT EDITOR. We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

The Independent, and the Poet Cowper.

This great leading New York weekly, devoted to the interests of the Beecher branch of Presbyterian theologians, is infinitely broader in its aims, as well as more tolerant and liberal in spirit, than some of our journals who nail at their masthead "Liberal Christianity."

"The most important events of Cowper's latter years were audibly announced to him before they occurred. We find him writing of Mrs. Urwin's approaching and sudden death, when her health, although feeble, was not such as to occasion alarm."

Here is a candid confession that the most important events of Cowper's life were audibly announced to him before they transpired.

Upon lifting the child from the floor, where it had fallen, a most revolting sight was presented. The head, face and shoulders were scarred and discolored from the terrible blows of the raw-hide, while the body from head to foot presented a shockingly mangled and bloody appearance.

Such numerous atrocities in the name of "prayer"—such vindictive cruelty in the name of religion and Orthodox theology, ought to startle the world to the terrible demoralizing influences of the doctrines taught in the churches.

"The pillow by his tear-drops wet, The stoniest couch that heard his cries, Had near a golden ladder set, That touched the skies."

And at the morning on his bed, And in sweet visions of the night, Angels, descending, comforted His soul with light.

Standing upon the lither side, How few of all the earthly host Have signalled those whose feet have trod The heavenly coast.

Yet, his it was at times to see, In glimpses faint and half-remembered, That sweet and awful mystery By death concealed.

And, as the glory thus discerned His heart desired, with strong desire; By seraphs touched, his lips have burned With sacred fire.

As ravens to Elijah here, At morn and eve, the promised bread; So by the spirits of the air His soul was fed."

The Investigator, and Grave of Frances Wright.

A correspondent of the Boston Investigator, in no very amiable mood, complains of a previous article of ours, because of using the phrase "passed to spirit-life," when writing of the inscriptions upon Frances Wright's monument.

Now for the facts: Visiting Spring Grove Cemetery, without note paper, pen or ink, we pencilled upon a stray scrap, using our knee, a portion of the several inscriptions on Frances Wright's monument—

"Atheists, Second-Advent 'soul sleepers' and sectarists, may with propriety use the word 'died.' To us, it not only conveys a false idea—believes our philosophy, and positive knowledge of immortality, but helps to perpetuate those old stereotyped Church notions—'death, the king of terrors'—'death a ruthless tyrant'—'prepare to die'—'prepare to meet thy God'—'Hark from the tombs,' &c. Death, so-called, is, in the light of Spiritualism, only a gentle ripple on life's ever-flowing river—a delightful translation to the summer shores and sunlit isles of a grand hereafter. He who could even think that any rational person would imply from the phrase 'passed to spirit-life,' that 'Frances Wright was a Spiritualist,' would find little difficulty in 'implying,' or inferring that God made the world in six days from nothing. We shall not be surprised at any time of T. G.'s baptism and belief in the Athanasian creed.

Wonder if it would be more in consonance with the better feelings and aspirations of T. G., to see written in connection with that noble woman's virtues and towering genius, 'died,' rather than 'passed to spirit-life'—died—dead—dead in body, soul, spirit—dead as the 'dogs that licked Lazarus's sores'—attained the same end that have all the animals of the agonous ages—dead; so much so, that, worm-food—passed to oblivion, to nothingness, to endless night—was somebody, is nobody—was something, is nothing, that is, in the sense of conscious spiritual life. T. G. can hug and dandle his chilly theory—we should prefer a moderate hell, modeled after Beecher's late revision, to the 'Investigators' hopeless, dreamless, eternal non-consciousness.

More Child-Whipping Christians.

An old motto says, "Fight the devil with fire." We dislike to fight with any material, even tongue or pen. It is not our nature—

Let a Spiritualist commit some trifling misdemeanor (that a Church would "hush up" or cloak over), and it is seized, thrust into the papers, to traverse the compass of periodicals as the fruits of Spiritualism.

"Another case of fatal child flogging, if possible more revolting in shocking details than the recent one, occurred at Sarnia, a few miles from this city, on Wednesday last, the victim in this instance being a little girl five years of age, named Kate Sibley, the illegitimate daughter of Schuyler Sibley and a Miss Kate Davis, and the alleged provocation leading to the cruel act being the refusal of the child to say her prayers."

From the evidence elicited at the inquest on the body of the child, it appears that on the night in question the mother had beaten the child with a raw-hide for nearly an hour, and when rendered insensible by pain and loss of blood, thrust it into a chair and went to bed. For a time the child was heard to moan as if in intense agony, but soon became quiet, and nothing more was heard until near morning, when a servant, entering the room, found the child dead, and immediately gave the alarm.

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Organizations and Marriage Certificates. The Spiritualists and friends of freedom have perfected in Lotus, Ind., a religious organization in accordance with statute law, and with flattering prospects before them.

"This is right. Each local society should do the same, giving speakers, male and female, these certificates, exercising to be sure, due caution and discretion. Several times in a less number of years, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown has come within our parish—it is extensive, reaching from the Atlantic to the wave-washed shores of the Pacific—and married individuals, snatching from our hopeful grasp large, flattering fees! Of course, we felt very envious and jealous—

Susie M. Johnson Coming West. We take unfeigned pleasure in referring the reader to the notice of Miss Johnson in another column, giving assurance of her appearance in the West to lecture upon all the great spiritual issues that relate to this life and the immortal beyond. She is one of our ablest lecturers, clear, sound, logical, and, withal, practical. The West needs such. Come, sister, your prairies are broad, hearts warm, souls hungry, and purses full of 'greenbacks' ready to jump out at compensation's call. See address in the lecturers' column.

October.

Poe sings of the ominous month of October; others regard the month as the door through which the glory and greenness of the world pass to oblivion. So it may seem to him who sees no loving hand in the frost and in the falling leaves; but he who lives near the holy heart of Nature, hails the month as the Queen mother, who has come to look after the unfinished work of Summer, and to see that God's little ones are made comfortable for winter.

True, there is no freshness, no fragrance, in the breath of October. She does not, like young June, unfold the crimson petals of the daisy, and load the morning with the dewy fragrance of the apple blossom. Those were good and acceptable, but they were the manifestations of young life—the prophecies of rich, ripe October. June was imprudent. She scattered flowers in our way and was gone. October is looking to the winter days. To the little children of the wood she whispers, "Make ready for the coming of King January." So they are as busy as bees in clover time, laying in their winter's stock and store.

The voice of October sounds a little solemn among the pines; but it is only that her fingers linger a little longer upon the minor keys; or she may be singing a parting farewell to her September friends, filling out and ripening the kernels. She has been into the orchards, looking after the fruit and preparing the branches for rebudding. She has been out into the vineyards, putting aside the leaves and bringing the rich clusters into the sunlight. She has been among the flowers. The little frail sisterhood she has kissed into sleeping. They will awaken at the call of May. The stronger flowers have been enrobed in purple and gold for a grand gala day. The vines, that draped rock and ruin in sober green, October has garmented in crimson and amethyst. The grand old mountains have put on their rustic robes, as if to keep winter "ward and watch" over the sleeping valleys at their feet.

The blessed robins listened to the admonitions of October, and went into winter quarters. The voice of the nightingale is mute; the turtle is heard no longer. Day draws her star-curtains a little earlier, and King Sol lingers longer at the eastern gate. FRANCIS BROWN.

Example better than Precept.

We are all prone to find fault with the doings of our neighbors, and too much given to holding in derision the life-strong opinions of others. When an instance of extreme administration of reproof, in accordance with educated opinion, occurs, how eagerly we catch it and continue to make it a subject of comment, until, before we are aware of it, we have reached the extreme on our own part, which we regarded so unfavorably in others.

Even the broad principles which our beautiful Philosophy spreads before us are, to many minds, enveloped in the mist of prejudice created by the too eager efforts of ourselves to render odious the doctrines of other sects.

We cannot with candor exempt from this charge the pages of our BANNER, for a careful reader has not failed to observe a latent spirit of triumph in the very decided evidence of the adverse tendency of Orthodox, in the article entitled, "Child Murder," which has appeared in several numbers of our paper. It often happens that first comments are most effectual, and by multiplying words, the object intended is lost. Would it not be better to set an example of goodness for imitation, rather than fall into the habit of deriding other religions, thereby degrading our philosophy and perverting the wise purposes we profess? Verbum sat. L. J. S.

Editor's Appearances.

We speak in Sturgis, Mich., the last Sunday of this month; in Leonidas the Monday evening following, and in Athens Tuesday evening. During November we lecture in Detroit, Mich. Will transact any business in those localities connected with the BANNER OF LIGHT.

A. M. Burroughs, Artist.

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October.

Poe sings of the ominous month of October; others regard the month as the door through which the glory and greenness of the world pass to oblivion. So it may seem to him who sees no loving hand in the frost and in the falling leaves; but he who lives near the holy heart of Nature, hails the month as the Queen mother, who has come to look after the unfinished work of Summer, and to see that God's little ones are made comfortable for winter.

True, there is no freshness, no fragrance, in the breath of October. She does not, like young June, unfold the crimson petals of the daisy, and load the morning with the dewy fragrance of the apple blossom. Those were good and acceptable, but they were the manifestations of young life—the prophecies of rich, ripe October. June was imprudent. She scattered flowers in our way and was gone. October is looking to the winter days. To the little children of the wood she whispers, "Make ready for the coming of King January." So they are as busy as bees in clover time, laying in their winter's stock and store.

The voice of October sounds a little solemn among the pines; but it is only that her fingers linger a little longer upon the minor keys; or she may be singing a parting farewell to her September friends, filling out and ripening the kernels. She has been into the orchards, looking after the fruit and preparing the branches for rebudding. She has been out into the vineyards, putting aside the leaves and bringing the rich clusters into the sunlight. She has been among the flowers. The little frail sisterhood she has kissed into sleeping. They will awaken at the call of May. The stronger flowers have been enrobed in purple and gold for a grand gala day. The vines, that draped rock and ruin in sober green, October has garmented in crimson and amethyst. The grand old mountains have put on their rustic robes, as if to keep winter "ward and watch" over the sleeping valleys at their feet.

The blessed robins listened to the admonitions of October, and went into winter quarters. The voice of the nightingale is mute; the turtle is heard no longer. Day draws her star-curtains a little earlier, and King Sol lingers longer at the eastern gate. FRANCIS BROWN.

Example better than Precept.

We are all prone to find fault with the doings of our neighbors, and too much given to holding in derision the life-strong opinions of others. When an instance of extreme administration of reproof, in accordance with educated opinion, occurs, how eagerly we catch it and continue to make it a subject of comment, until, before we are aware of it, we have reached the extreme on our own part, which we regarded so unfavorably in others.

Even the broad principles which our beautiful Philosophy spreads before us are, to many minds, enveloped in the mist of prejudice created by the too eager efforts of ourselves to render odious the doctrines of other sects.

We cannot with candor exempt from this charge the pages of our BANNER, for a careful reader has not failed to observe a latent spirit of triumph in the very decided evidence of the adverse tendency of Orthodox, in the article entitled, "Child Murder," which has appeared in several numbers of our paper. It often happens that first comments are most effectual, and by multiplying words, the object intended is lost. Would it not be better to set an example of goodness for imitation, rather than fall into the habit of deriding other religions, thereby degrading our philosophy and perverting the wise purposes we profess? Verbum sat. L. J. S.

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