

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**OUR CHRIST.**

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

Oh, thou divinest Teacher! Heart of Love!  
Thou consecrated Prophet of the Good,  
Whose holy life-thoughts inbreathed from above,  
Burst into deeds, as on the earth thou stood!  
Art thou not with us here, as when of old  
Thy blessing fell upon the thirsty soul,  
Like dew upon the flower, and to thy fold  
The wounded came, and thou didst make them whole?

We seem to lose thee in the dust and strife  
That stifle us to-day, and blind our eyes  
To all the grandeur of thy human life,  
And all the beauty that around it lies.  
The war of creeds, the deafening clash of words  
Heed not the simple music of thy name;  
Our trembling hands no longer strike the chords  
Of thy great soul-lyre, though it lives the same.

We listen! but thou art not; so we deem  
We only hear the echo of a sound,  
Like the dull, muffled bell-note of a dream,  
That tells of sepulchres and death around;  
A sound unearthly, coming from afar,  
A stranger to our sympathies and trust,  
While all our finer senses feel the jar,  
And yet we seek thee, Christ, because we must.

Ay, we must seek thee, for our human lot  
Is lonely and bereft with thee now;  
But oh! thy spirit-touch will reach us not,  
Unless we humbly to thy precepts bow.  
Then help us to obey those precepts clear—  
To love our brother, love the outcasts all,  
Beside the erring, never turn our ear  
From those in need, or who for mercy call.

May we remember that the pure and true  
Alone can see thee clearly as thou art,  
That thy sweet presence will our lives renew,  
But when from sense and sin we long to part;  
That they who strive for perfect righteousness,  
E'er find in thee a helper and a friend—  
For still thou livest to uphold and bless,  
And still thou lovest us unto the end.

Then turn we from the shadows men have made,  
To claim our worship as we speak thy name—  
Such are but mortal, and will surely fade  
With all the vestiges of mortal fame;  
A brighter form arises as we gaze  
Athwart the ages, to that distant hour  
When thou, dear Christ, didst wake in meek  
amaze  
To consciousness of thy celestial power.

There from thy glorious world of youthful dreams,  
Came forth the vision of a life divine,  
And drew thee upward, where the early beams  
Of heavenly light shone on thy work sublime;  
Then, as thy matin-hymn soared on the wing  
Of rosy dawn to greet the coming day,  
Fair angels, hovering round thee, sought to bring  
Most precious gifts to strew thy outward way.

Yes, in that hour of aspiration high,  
Thy young heart panting with its lofty aims,  
Thy thoughts all glowing into ecstasy,  
And strong of will to bear a martyr's pains,  
We see thee as thou wert, thou wondrous child!  
No common pilgrim at the shrine of good,  
No mourning wanderer through a desert wild,  
Repeating o'er life's ills in murmuring mood.

The steadfast courage of thy manhood's years  
E'en then was imaged on thy brow serene;  
The mighty love that steeped thy soul in tears  
For human wrong and misery, was seen  
In beautiful glory in thy earnest eye,  
So searching, pure, and filled with hallowed fire,  
And sympathy that felt the secret sigh,  
And spirit strength that would not faint or tire.

Our brother thou, so tender, true and kind,  
So near us in thy love, yet far beyond  
The reach of ignorance and sin that blind  
Us down to earth—our foolishness so fond  
Of trifles and externals—that we droop  
Our heavy pinions, seeking not to rise  
To heights where thou wouldst lead us, but we  
stoop,  
All soiled with earth-dust, nor discern the skies.

But hark! It is the same inspiring voice  
That spake in music-tones among the hills  
Of ancient Palestine, and bade rejoice  
The poor and lowly. Even now it fills  
The reverent ear with melody and peace,  
And makes sweet harmonies within the breast;  
In accents mild bids strife and discord cease,  
And every passion lulls to quiet rest.

Oh welcome voice! It comes from one who feels  
Our weakness and infirmity; for He  
Lived our own earth-life, and to us reveals  
The lights and shadows of its scenery.  
His life will teach us how to conquer ill,  
To seek less happiness than blessedness,  
With works of loving sacrifice to fill  
Our days, as to eternity we press.

Blest Teacher, Brother, Friend! we see thee now;  
Again thou comest in thy majesty,  
To speak in trumpet-tones to those who bow  
Before the idol of a mystery;  
Thy thrilling speech will enter like a sword  
The masked and hollow falsities which make  
Our social world a sham, and at thy word  
Oppression on his throne will fear and quake.

We follow thy fleet footsteps as they speed  
On mercy's errands to the sad and poor;  
We watch thee as thou goest forth to feed  
The hungry, and the helpless sick to cure;  
We stand beside thee near the couch of pain,  
And see thy gentle hand so fondly pressed  
Upon the fevered brow, which there had lain  
Unsoothed, till thou didst give the sufferer rest.

The scorned of men, the weak and fallen ones,  
Bound, crushed and lone, at thy command arise!

New hopes for them gush forth in richest tones,  
And at thy look the tempter swiftly flies.  
Into the heaven of thy pitying heart  
The sin-worn wanderers thou dost seek to bring,  
While they who bid them in their shame depart,  
Of thy just indignation feel the sting.

Oh Christ! our martyr, prophet, saint and sage!  
Thy life was, as thy death, an offering free,  
Recorded on the scroll of every age,  
In characters that live eternally.  
Thy cross of love is crowned with stars of light,  
Beside whose lustrous earthly glories pale;  
It sheds around our path a radiance bright,  
That almost shows the world beyond the veil.

Thy consecrated cross—we hold it dear!  
Pure emblem of a true humanity,  
Memorial of the life unfolded here  
Into the flower of man's divinity,  
That we might own a world-wide brotherhood,  
And seek the full redemption of our race,  
Believe in one great destiny of good,  
And, through the Son, look on the Father's face.

Not as a slave, to crouch beneath his feet  
And talk of "wrath" and "price" and "scheme"  
and "plan,"  
But with the freedman's heart that bounds to meet  
The grand ideal of a perfect man,  
Transformed to angel in that "better land,"  
Where all will dwell in joy and liberty,  
The strong support the weak, and hand in hand  
Progress to purer life and harmony.

Thus would we know thee, thus believe on thee,  
Blest Spirit of the Universe of Love!  
Thou dost, from thy high sphere, our conflict see,  
And thou wilt ever truth and mercy prove,  
By making lowly souls thy dwelling-place,  
And moving them, with inspiration's power,  
To live thy life, and, by thy quickening grace,  
Infuse thy past into their present hour.

So may we bring the Christ once more to man;  
Reflected in our lives his image bear;  
Make known his God-like ministry; and when  
Our cross grows heavy with its load of care,  
Look on that through devotion's martyr-tears,  
Unshrinking plant in whose glad duff waits,  
Then, Jesus, thou wilt calm our faithless fears,  
And open for us the bright, immortal gates.

## Literary Department.

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### JESSIE GRAY.

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

#### CHAPTER IV.

"There was a malicious smile of triumph upon the face of the foe, for the young man had made a false move upon the chess board and lost his soul. And behold, and lo! the Guardian Angel turned away and was seen no more."—*Game of Chess.*

"If he would only speak, or weep, or manifest some emotion," said Mrs. Perry, "but this stern silence is terrible. Why, he doesn't seem to realize that his wife is almost broken hearted. Poor Anna! she mourns incessantly for her lost child." Such was Mrs. Perry's remark to Miss Gray, as they sat by the fire a few weeks after Birdie's death.

"His grief is terrible, Mrs. Perry; I never saw the like before. There is no submission, no faith in God, and apparently no hope for the future." Alas! it was too true. John Selden's idol was broken, and earth had nothing to offer in return. Desolation was in his heart and home. But he was a proud man still, and reticent and cold; no human being had his confidence, none his love.

As I write, I am reminded by the papers which lie before me of the startling crimes which have thrilled the community with horror during the last three months. The telegraph lines vibrate with the record, and with our tea comes our evening newspaper, so that we almost literally sup on horrors. We stop and wonder that men in high standing and of apparently pure life, should shock the world with a breach of morality or faith that sets God and man at defiance. So, too, are we startled when we hear of the first case of cholera in our street. "How has it come among us?" we ask. "How mysterious!" says another.

A moment's reflection convinces us that there is no mystery in the matter. Far away in the filthy quarters of some Eastern city, where the poor, wretched, half-starved outcasts of humanity herd together in damp, filthy cellars, the miasma is generated, the subtle poison concocted, and wave after wave of the vitiated air is borne onward, and we, who thought the filthy Egyptian and vile Turk separated from us by an impassable gulf, find, by the stricken victims in our midst, that there is in the human race a brotherhood of sin and suffering.

The pestilence never comes without a cause—no great sin ever comes alone. There are few great, solitary mountain peaks in this world, but ranges have their highest points; the Kings among the groups lift their crowned heads to heaven. No man becomes a great villain in a day. The sin which the newspapers chronicle, and which makes us hold our breath in awe, is but the ripened fruit of a tiny seed dropped long ago in a favorable soil. We know the result, but we know not of the long, secret germination. How many have been driven to desperation by the tyranny of the stronger, while others have been hardened by sorrow—the sorrow which should be like the rain of heaven, to beautify and make the soil bring forth fruit for the use of man, but which has only produced the rank growth of noxious weeds.

John Selden was becoming morbid. He had shut up his sorrow in his own heart, and there was stagnation and moral death. Madam Homer had left Mrs. Perry, to remain with her daughter in her sorrow. Anna Selden never had loved her child as most mothers love, but her death had made a terrible void in the house. Silence and desolation reigned. Her little toys had been carefully gathered and put out of her father's sight, for Aunt Hannah had noticed the look of despair, and at times almost angry defiance, which overspread his face whenever any memento of the lost one met his gaze. The difference between the father and poor Peter in this respect was marked. There was no more sincere mourner than Peter. Born a slave, he had run away across the border and was pursued by his master. Judge Perry had purchased his freedom, and the boy had served the family from that time. He knew nothing of his family, save that his mother was dead and his father sold to a Southern planter. Peter had laid up a great part of his wages, and had now a handsome sum in the bank. There were few persons in Dalton who enjoyed life better than Peter after Birdie came, like a bright, tropical bird that she was, to make such joy and brightness for his lonely life. Now that she was gone, he cherished every memento of her. The little throne, as he called it, where she used to sit, was kept carefully covered. A pair of shoes, half worn, were treasured in a box, and a dagger-point of her was always on his table, and he never passed a day without shedding tears over it.

In the cemetery, it was Peter that kept fresh water in the vases, and carried fresh flowers every morning. The father never went to the grave—at least, no one ever saw him there. He ordered a rare and costly monument from Italy, but he avoided the little mound that marked her resting place. Let us look at him with the eyes of the little governess, who is a wonderfully close observer of men and things around her; but you would not think so, to see the demure, patient little body, always cheerful, but quiet and reserved, save when some warm, loving nature, like Mrs. Perry, draws her out, and when her heart is fairly carried. "It was wonderful," his friend said, "what rich treasures there are in the arsenal."

February.—Our dear little Birdie has gone. How much I miss the little pattering feet that used to come to the school-room, and putting her little curly head into the door, would say, "Peace, Miss Gray, may I come; I am very good." And good she always was, and a great help to our passionate Willie, who would yield to her, when it was so hard to give up his will to parents and teachers. She was a sweet singer, and would sit in my lap when I sang, looking so like a little cherub, that I often felt as if she would take wings and fly to her home in the skies. How beautifully she looked when she laid in her casket! Of course there were flowers. Friends far and near sent white roses, and white camellias, &c., &c.; but what touched me most, was a crown of white immortelles, which Peter made himself, and placed above her head. Poor Peter! Strange to say, I pitied him that day more than the father or mother. Some allowances must be made for the warm, impulsive temperament of his race, but Birdie had been fond of Peter, and allowed to be with him; and having little else to love, he had almost worshipped the dear child. It was touching to hear him ask permission to walk beside the carriage that contained the corpse; he could not drive that day. Mrs. Selden was wept herself sick; she talks incessantly of her loss. But the father; not one word escapes him, and no one has heard him mention Birdie's name since she died. Peter ventured one day to ask him how he wished the grounds prepared in the cemetery. His reply was, "Peter, I wish you to see to it; you understand it. But consult Mrs. Perry and she will advise you. Say no more to me on the subject."

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He looked at her a moment very kindly, she said, a softened expression chasing for an instant the dark shadow that now rests upon his face, then turned away without speaking and left the room.

Madam Homer is a professing Christian, and she very judiciously undertook to lecture him upon want of submission to God's will. "It will never do, Mr. Selden, to take on in this way. God sends us trials for our good; you have sinned against him and he has chastened you. If you rebel under one trial, he may send you more."

"I was never more frightened in my life," she said, "when he rose from his seat and came toward me, his face pale with passion, and his voice trembling. 'Madam, I have tolerated you in my house, because you were connected with my child; I would not willingly have given her one moment's pain; henceforth you will find some other home,' and he turned and went out."

The old lady came over to Woodside, and talked and wept alternately all day. "I don't know what will come next," she said; "maybe Anna will be turned out, too." I do not much wonder that it has come to this, for I have some sympathy with Mr. Selden in his dislike of madam. She tries poor little Willie's temper sadly. He is a very timid child, afraid of the dark, and she makes sport of him, which mortifies the little fellow exceedingly.

The Judge and his wife were spending a few days in Cincinnati last week, and she resolved, it seems, to cure Willie of his weakness in their absence. I was absent at a Musical Soirée, and did not return till between eleven and twelve at night. I went in, as was my custom in the absence of Mrs. Perry, to see if the children were

warm and comfortable for the night. Willie's room jolted Nettie's, but I found the door closed, which was not usual; as I opened it I saw by the light of the night lamp which I carried, that the sheet was drawn over his face, and there was a quick movement, as if he drew himself still further down. "Willie, dear, aren't you asleep yet?"

He sprang up, looking very pale, and his eyes wild and staring. "Oh, Miss Jessie! I'm so glad you are come!" and he drew me down toward himself, kissing me again and again. "Hark! don't you hear a strange noise in that closet? I read a story the other day about there being a skeleton in every man's closet, and I thought one had got into mine, and I could hear the old bones clattering. Auntie said I must go to bed without a light, and not have the door open; that it was time I'd learned not to be such a baby; she said nothing would hurt good boys, but bad children must look out. Now, you know, Miss Jessie, I am not always a good boy, I am sometimes very naughty, and I am afraid to go to sleep. Oh, Miss Jessie, please stay with me a little while. I have said my prayers over and over, but I can't get this line out of my mind, 'If I should die before I wake.' When you opened the door, I just got a peep at your long white night-dress and I thought it was a ghost, but when I heard your voice, I was so glad. I have been awake here ever since eight o'clock, trembling all over and trying to go to sleep. Auntie says I must go to bed every night till mother comes home, without a light, and the door must not be open between sister's room and mine."

"Come with me, Willie," I said. "Would you like to sleep in my room to-night?" "Wouldn't I, though! Oh! you are the dearest, bestest little teacher that ever a fellow had," and he sprang out of bed and took my hand. I led him into my room, where a fire was still burning on the hearth. I warmed his little hands and feet—for nothing is more chilling than fear—then I laid him in my own bed, and sat down by his side and read aloud that beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd." Before I had finished, the eyelids had drooped over the weary eyes, and I marked the sweep of the long dark eyelashes, so like those of his mother. Poor little fellow! how much he had suffered that long, cold evening. I determined it should not be so again. The next evening was a lecture which I always attended, and about seven o'clock madam gave Jim orders to harness the horse and sleigh and take me to the hall. I simply remarked that I should not go out, and kept on with my practicing. Soon Nettie came and asked if I would play a game of chess with her. We were in the midst of our game—we played very slowly, for Nettie was learning—when madam said:

"Willie, the clock has just struck; you may go to bed."

He looked very pleadingly at her. "Please, mamma, may I have a light?" "No, Willie; you understand, I am doing this for your good; bid us good-night, and go."

I watched the quivering lip and the palling cheek, then rose, lighted a lamp and said, "Come with me, Willie."

"You need not interfere; I will manage the children in the absence of the father, Miss Gray." "That is my business," I said, "and I will be responsible to Judge Perry for my conduct. Come, Willie."

I led him to his room; I listened to his evening prayer and then sung him to sleep; and when I had watched for a moment the sweet face in its calm, placid slumber, I descended to finish my game with Nettie. Madam was sitting looking very stately and stern; she had a habit, when angry, of holding her head high, which made the two great puffs of her turban seem larger; and her large, regular features almost masculine in their sternness.

"It is no more than I expected, Miss Gray, when I undertook to superintend my brother's household in his absence. No persons are more insolent than hirelings who are too much indulged. I have warned my brother of the consequences of his kindness. You have made mischief enough in one family, you are ready to do it in another."

What did the woman mean? Her insults I could bear, but such insinuations were intolerable. I was too angry to reply mildly, and therefore I said nothing; but all the time I was playing the game a sad feeling was at my heart, a fear that this woman would make mischief for me.

March 10. They are painting the wood-work of the parlor, and I give my lessons, and practice on the grand piano at Greenwood. I like this so much better than our own, that Mrs. Perry promises to sell hers and buy one, the next time she goes east. I always bring over my old German pieces, my dear father's favorites, when I use this instrument.

Last evening I was surprised to see Mr. Selden come in and seat himself on the lounge while I was playing. I had an instinctive feeling that he would prefer to have me take no notice of his presence. I therefore went on with my playing as if he were not there; no, not exactly that either, for I selected some of those grand old pieces that seem to me to purify and exalt. Then I sang; "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I had heard Jennie Lind sing it a number of times, and while I well knew my singing could not compare with hers, yet father used to say that he was satisfied with my performance of it—and he is very critical. I sang it slowly, I think with feeling, because I always enjoy it so much myself. When I had finished it was too dark to see my notes, and I rose to go; but, as I did so, I saw Mr. Selden's hand was on the bell-ropes, just about to ring for lights. I passed out, he bowed. "I thank you, Miss Gray." I was wrong, perhaps, but I spoke upon the impulse of the moment: "Mr. Selden, I will come and sing for you whenever you wish." God knows my heart, that when I said this I

thought only of the stricken soul before me, alone in its bitter grief. "Come to-morrow evening then," he said, and went out with me, walking to the little arbor which was on the boundary line of the two gardens. I was sure that I heard a rustling in the thick lilac hedge upon the right of the summer-house, and had a passing thought that it was Rover after some game.

"If you please, bring Mozart's Requiem to-morrow evening, Miss Gray." "I will. Good-evening, sir." I went into the library, where we were sitting evenings now, while the parlor was being painted. The Judge and his wife were there; she was knitting a soft wool shawl of the finest worsteds—white and salmon color, while the Judge was reading aloud the last Atlantic. The fire burned brightly, but the lamp was shaded, so that there was just that soft, subdued light in the room which soothes the weary. I thought as I glanced at the beautiful face of the wife and the noble head of the Judge, now nearly bald, but showing all the better the lofty brow, what a contrast to the cheerless, stern, sad man I had just left. The Judge paused a moment in his reading, and placed a chair for me near the light. Mrs. Perry, noticing my music, asked if I enjoyed the grand piano as much as ever.

"Yes," I answered, "and Mr. Selden came in and listened, and I sang, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' to him."

"I am very glad," said the Judge. "I wish John would come in here; we might cheer him up a little. I have hoped and prayed that little Birdie might still be the means of making him a better man. Let him have your music, Miss Gray, if he will listen; he has a fine taste and a correct ear. Now we will go on with Gail Hamilton, or 'Abigail,' as my wife calls her, and see, Miss Gray, if you can define the position of poor Hallemaus."

If she means her husband, my wife says she'll have no more of Abigail, and I am inclined to think myself that good old Milton and Abigail would be sadly at variance upon the rights of a husband; and as for St. Paul, if he were living, he would, no doubt, bring out a revised edition of his epistles to suit the writer."

While he was speaking Madam Homer entered the room and seated herself in a large arm-chair which stood vacant in the warm corner, and resumed the knitting which she seemed to have left only a short time before—for her knitting-basket was in the chair.

April.—Eight weeks since I wrote in my diary! So long a time has never elapsed before without some record of my life, since I learned to write. I have had no heart to chronicle the trials that have fallen to my lot—the petty annoyances that are more trying to patience than severe afflictions. At one time I thought I must leave my pleasant home, my pupils and the friends who have made life so bright to me, and all through the malice of one bad woman. When I last wrote, I was practicing on the piano at Greenwood, and Nettie also took her lessons there. I generally went over soon after dinner, which was at four. It was the custom at Woodside to have tea sent into the library at eight in the evening, and I managed to finish my practicing and be at home at that time.

One day at dinner Mrs. Perry said to me: "I have a sonata which I wish you to play to Mr. Selden this evening; don't forget it, please, nor come away until he has heard it, even if you should be detained awhile. Who knows but you may do for this modern Saul what David did for the misanthropic king of Israel?"

"I wish I might," I said, "give peace to that household." When I entered the library Mrs. Selden sat there reading. I asked, "Shall I interrupt?" "Oh no," said she, "I came on purpose to hear you."

I proposed we should sing a duet together. She assented. She has a rich, sweet voice, needing only practice. I said this to her, and asked her to play that I might hear her. Here, also, I found that she had been well taught, and might be a proficient if she would apply herself.

"I have thought I would do so," she said, "but I have no heart for anything which requires effort, Miss Gray. Indeed, I do not care to live. I wish this day were my last."

I felt great compassion for her, and I prayed in my heart, "Lord, teach me what to say to this stricken one." I thought then that the right words were given me, but I must have been mistaken, for they gave offence. "Your husband, Mrs. Selden, is very fond of music. I think if you would give it to him often, it might do him good; and I am sure it would help to chase away the sadness which oppresses him."

"You are mistaken, Miss Gray; my husband would not ask me to play if he knew I could make music like an angel."

"I would not wait for him to ask me, Mrs. Selden. When people are as morbid as he now is they seldom ask for music. Give it to him when you find him here; after once hearing you he will enjoy it more and more."

At this moment Mr. Selden entered; his wife was still at the instrument, and I whispered her to play something which I was sure he would like. She did so, but was evidently nervous and agitated, and did not perform as well as before he entered. No word of praise or blame escaped him. I proposed something else, but she refused and left the piano.

"Have you brought the music you promised, Miss Gray?" "Yes," I said, and performed it. "There, that is music!" he said. "I felt sorry that I had played, for I thought his wife would be pained; but she was not there. I then played the piece Mrs. Perry had proposed, and rose to go."

"Just a little longer," he entreated. But I told him that ten would be waiting, and "There is Willie," I said, "to call me." The little fellow had promised to come for me. As we went through the garden, we noticed Ma-



clam Homer taking an evening promenade on the gravel walk. I forgot to add that when I left Mr. Selden said:

"Your music cheers me!"

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "music is good for us," and I added, though my voice trembled, and I felt afraid when the words escaped me, "I sometimes think that our Birdie must be making sweet music now, she loved it so well here!"

He was evidently not angry, but he was taken by surprise; for so few had dared mention that name to him.

"I wish, Miss Gray, I could believe in a heaven! Good-evening."

He evidently wished to avoid conversation on that subject.

Whenever Mrs. Perry could, she went over with me, and she would persuade Mrs. Selden to stay in the library with us; but she did so reluctantly, and there seemed to be a deeper gulf than ever between husband and wife.

Our parlor was pronounced inhabitable in a fortnight, as usual, long after the time promised by the painters, and I again practiced in my old place. I heard and saw little of the Seldens. Mrs. Selden was over frequently, I believe, but always when I was in the school-room with my pupils. One evening, about this time, I was at a concert where I was to sing some solos. Just after finishing one, I had retired to a quiet little niche near the organ, where I thought I could rest unobserved. While there I heard two persons near me talking, to whom, however, I was indifferent until I heard my own name:

"Yes, most people like to hear her sing; for my part, I think she lacks power. Look! there is Selden down in that corner pew. The first time he has been into the church since his mother's death. I suppose you know what brings him here, don't you?"

"No. What, pray?" evidently with great curiosity.

"Why, the governess—Miss Gray—of course. People are not always so nice and sweet as they seem. They say Selden will be divorced from his wife this summer, and you may guess what will follow. Mrs. Hall told Mrs. Day, and Mrs. Day told me, that Madam Homer said that her eyes had been open for some months. She, Miss Gray, you know, has been in the habit of going in there evenings to sing to him, and he has waited upon her home—you know the gardens join—and a nice flirtation they have had of it! I was half a mind not to come and sing in the choir with her. This evening will be the last time."

"Miss Gray," said the manager of the concert, "we are ready for you. Will you give us that solo from Donizetti now?"

I was faint and sick. I think he must have noticed my paleness, for he said, "Drink this," pouring me a glass of something. I did not ask what it was, but drank it off quickly. It was some cordial, probably, for it revived me, and I sang to the satisfaction of the audience. I conclude, for there was loud applause, and I must return, the manager said. I did so, but my effort was mechanical. I knew not what nor how I sang. It was my last for the evening, and as soon as I had finished, I slipped out behind the organ, and down the gallery stairs into the cool, fresh air. I was a mile from home; the family were all in the church. It was a cold, drizzly, wet April day, the melting snow lying thick in the pathway. I had left my shawl and rubbers. The carriage was standing in the shed near by, but Jim had gone into the church to hear the music. One person, and one alone, probably had seen me go out. Peter had driven Mr. Selden to the concert; Mrs. Selden was not there. I had heard Nettie say that she had not left her room for a week, though she was not ill. I had taken little notice of the remark, for we had become accustomed to her peculiarities. As I was saying, one person had noticed my exit from the church. Peter had been standing alone near the head of the stairs; whenever there was music, he always seemed to get as near it as possible. He saw my paleness, my hurried manner, and I had gone but few steps before he overtook me.

"Please, Miss Gray, stop a minute! I feel thought it was too much for your strength; but yet song was so sweetest of dem all. Oh, Miss Gray, I thought of Birdie all the time! 'pears like she was bending down to hear. Stop, please, Miss Gray, yer have no shawl! I'll have de horses out in one blessed minute!"

I stopped an instant; my thin shoes were already wet through, and the sudden change from the warm house to the chill night air had given me quite a shivering fit. At another time I should as soon have gone in the Greenwood carriage as the one from Hillside, but those terrible words were still ringing in my ears.

"No, Peter, thank you, I prefer to walk," and I hurried onward.

He evidently thought singing had deprived me of reason, for I heard him mutter:

"De blessed little soul! she'll catch de lung disease, and we'll have no more music."

I was walking on rapidly, eager for the privacy of my own room, when I was again stopped by Peter, who, out of breath, was running after me with a shawl which he had taken from the carriage.

"Dere, now, Miss Gray, let me put dis yere over yer shoulders. Master John will not miss it, and if he does, he rather yer'd have his coat, too, than catch cold, and never sing dem yere sweet songs no more."

Some one passed us that moment with a whip in his hand, a boy about fourteen years old—John Day. I knew him well. He had heard what Peter said, and gave a long, low whistle after he had passed. I threw the shawl back to Peter, and ran on, not stopping till I found myself in my own room. Once there, I threw myself upon my knees and burst into tears. Oh, my dear father, I must go to you! I must leave this place at once! What have I done that I should be the subject of such wicked gossip? And then I remembered Madam Homer's threats, and her dislike of me, and I knew now that it was she that hid in the shrubbery the evening Mr. Selden asked me to come again and sing.

[To be continued.]

**SOLD—"DON CHIEF."** An exchange paper says, "A great watchdog belonging to a Philadelphia dry goods warehouse, died recently, and the clerks could not readily get rid of the body. They finally put it in a packing case, nailed on the lid, and marked it 'A. T. Stewart & Co., New York,' left it over night on the sidewalk, first giving a hint to the watchman on that beat. That same night a furniture wagon, with the horse's feet muffled in pieces of carpet, drove up, two men jumped out, quickly and quietly put in the box, jumped in again and drove away. That was the last seen of the remains of that faithful animal."

**A BRUTE.**—A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more risky than all the others put together."

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LUCAS HOWE.)

### THE FOUR GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,  
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Four little girls! they were playing in glee,  
Under the shade of the old arbor tree,  
When an angel swept down from the azure line  
skies,

And the children looked up with wondering eyes.  
He blest them, and said in the tenderest voice,  
"It is mine, little blossoms, to give you a choice:  
So ask for the best which your wisdom may know,  
And mine is the pleasure and power to bestow."

Then she with the black eyes said, "Beauty for me,"  
And she with the hazel said, "Wealthy I'd be;"  
The one with the gray cried, "Ah! fame for my part,"  
And she with the blue, "Give me goodness of heart."

Then the angel smiled sweetly, and said, "It shall be,"  
And floated away in the deep airy sea.

The fleet years flew onward, and brought to the four  
The answering gifts from the angelic shore;  
With each came the shadow attendant on bliss,  
For we cannot taste joy and its bitter side miss.

The beauty was dazzling, but guileless by mind,  
To her faults and her foibles lamentably blind;  
She lived like a butterfly blown by the wind  
Hither and thither the roses to find.

And she who chose riches more wealthy became  
Than Croesus of old; and I say, too, to her shame,  
That she wed with her hand, and no part of her heart,  
And she saw, as her wealth grew, her joy-light depart.

The gray eyes were crowned with the laurels of fame,  
The great world grew hoarse as it shouted her name;  
But sad were the hours and o'erfreighted with pain,  
And furnished the reaper who garnered this grain.

But she who chose goodness, not only was blest,  
But found with that treasure she held all the rest!  
It made the form lovely, it gave every grace,  
And spread the veil Beautiful over the face.

It drew to her friendship and ferventest love;  
Her guardians were angels, most pure, from above.  
Her life was unblemished and worthy of fame,  
And the whole world delighted to honor her name.

Ah! ye who are wanting a magic art  
To make you most lovely, try goodness of heart.

(Original.)

### CECILIA, THE PURE.

A little more than sixteen hundred years ago,  
there lived in Rome a noble family, who had a lovely daughter, Cecilia. Her parents clung to the old Pagan worship, and believed in many gods, whom they served for the sake of the good they hoped they would bestow on them. But Cecilia had heard of the truer and better faith that Jesus taught, and there was in her young heart a gleam of that light that Jesus made manifest to the world, and she accepted the Christian religion of those days with childlike trust.

This religion was very much like the Spiritualism of to-day, and Cecilia was a medium, talking with angels and beholding their faces. No wonder she believed with her whole heart, for she knew, as well as did Paul, that there was a power above her, and that her faith did not depend upon any imaginary beings, as did that of her father and mother.

Her parents loved her too well to oppose her religious beliefs, and she was left to rest freely and to commune with heaven when and how she chose. Her guardian spirit was so distinctly seen by her, that she felt no fear by night or day. In her hours of seclusion she communed with him, and he directed her and encouraged her.

There led from Rome, at this time, a long track called the Appian Way. Its pavement was formed of masses of lava; and even now the tracks of the chariot wheels of the Romans, made more than two thousand years ago, may be distinctly traced. Along this famous Way were the monuments and sepulchres of the Roman families. These tombs extended fourteen miles on each side of the Way. Some of these sepulchres were formed like a tower; many were like a pyramid, and others like temples, with grave or elegant designs. Sometimes a single individual had a monument, and sometimes whole families. In some reposed the body, in others only the ashes, according to the later Roman custom.

Back from these tombs were the superb villas of the wealthy Romans, and they formed a strange contrast to these homes of the dead. Within the places was all the busy life that circulates always about a home. There, young men and maidens, rejoicing in the goodness of life, danced and sung and made merry; and just beyond, those quiet sleepers were always telling how all was to end by-and-by. Underneath the Appian Way the Christians had also excavated burial places, called the Catacombs, and these were often their hiding-places in times of persecution.

When Urban, one of the early Christian Fathers, was banished from Rome, he found a place of shelter in an old Roman temple on the Appian Way. He was thought to be one of the holiest of men, who had power to consecrate others to a holy life. Consequently very many Christians, mostly among the poor and despised, thronged the Way to receive his blessing.

Among those who had learned to love and reverence Urban was Cecilia. She was in the habit of going to him for counsel and sympathy. It was from him she learned how glorious is martyrdom for the sake of principle. She became so enthusiastic in her faith, that she conceived herself to live in close communion with Jesus, and she made a solemn vow that she would ever live the pure life of a maiden.

It is not strange that the Pagan ideas of her father and mother should have influenced her faith; and the holiness of a life devoted to purity was conceived to mean an unwedded life, in which no cares could draw the heart from heavenly thoughts.

But Cecilia's parents wished her to marry. And they chose for her husband a noble Roman by the name of Valerian. He was in every way worthy the beautiful Cecilia, and yielding to the wishes of her parents and the influence of her

guardian angel, she allowed the ceremony to be performed.

She was clothed in a tunic of white wool, and her hair was braided in six long tresses. A flame-colored veil floated over her whole figure. Thus she stood listening to the Pagan ceremonies, but keeping in her heart her holy vow.

According to the custom of those days, she was led from her own home to that of her husband. A procession of friends accompanied her, and torches lighted the way. The portico of her husband was decorated with white hangings and garlands of flowers and of green. When she had crossed the threshold they brought her water, as an emblem of a pure life; then a key, to signify that she had household duties to be performed—and that she was expected to prove a true wife in her care and devotion to the interests of her household. She was then seated on a fleece of unspun wool, to signify that she was expected to be industrious, and perform all the labors that devolved on a wife.

A choir of musicians then performed their finest music; but it was said that Cecilia kept chanting to herself and praying to God. After the supper was served she was conducted to the quiet of her own room, and thence assembly departed.

When Cecilia was alone with Valerian, she said, "Dear friend, I have a secret. Will thou keep it?" Of course he assented. "Listen," she said; "an angel watches over me, and loves me, and keeps me from all harm, and he, too, will love thee, if thou wilt help me to keep my vow."

"But how do I know that it is an angel of God, when I cannot see him?" asked Valerian.

"If thou wilt believe in the one true God and be purified, then thou shalt see the angel," said Cecilia.

"But how can I be purified?" said Valerian, doubtfully.

Then Cecilia declared that down the Appian Way dwelt a holy old man, and that the poor Christian would conduct him to his presence, and through him he should be made able to see the angel.

Valerian loved his beautiful bride so well, that, at the first dawn of day, he went to Urban; and under his influence he believed, and put on the white robe worn by the Christians, and returned to his Cecilia. As he opened the door of her room he saw her kneeling, and near her stood the angel, his face radiant with heavenly light. The spirit held in his hands two crowns of flowers, one made of roses, the other of lilies; and one he placed on Valerian's head and the other on Cecilia's; and they both heard his voice:

"From the gardens of Paradise I bring these flowers," said the spirit. "They will never fade; their perfume will be ever fresh. None but the pure will ever be able to behold them. Now, Valerian, I am commissioned to grant thee one boon, because of thy willingness to devote thy bride to a holy life."

Valerian asked that his much loved brother, Tiburtius, should receive the faith. The angel promised and departed, leaving behind an atmosphere of glory.

Tiburtius just then entered, and he smelt the delicious fragrance of the unseen flowers, and he expressed his surprise. They both told him of the gifts of the angel, and exhorted him to believe. He, too, sought Urban, and was converted.

For a time, these three lived a peaceful life, filled with the enthusiasm of a faith so pure and inspiring. We are not told whether they communed often with angels, but we have reason to suppose they did. But Valerian and Tiburtius were among those that sought to give burial to the martyred Christians, and for this they were arrested and brought before Almachius, who then executed the legal power in place of the Emperor Alexander Severus, who was absent from Rome on account of a war then waging.

Almachius hated the Christians, and determined to persecute them while he had the power. He tortured and killed, but the faith lived and glowed in the hearts of thousands whom no fear could terrify.

Valerian and Tiburtius would not deny their faith to save their lives or to win favor. He ordered them to be carried down the Appian Way to a Pagan Temple, that they might burn incense to an idol; if they refused they were to be beheaded. They had no time to return to Cecilia to take leave of her, but it is said she was able to meet them on the way, and urged them to be steadfast in the faith. They refused to burn incense, and they were beheaded; but their bodies were buried by their friends, on the left side of the Appian Way.

Soon Cecilia was summoned to appear before the cruel ruler. She avowed her faith and trembled not. Fearing that he was exercising more power than would be agreeable to Severus when he should return, Almachius ordered Cecilia to be privately martyred. He ordered her to be shut up in her bath room, and a hot fire to be made in the hypocaust, which took the place of our stoves. It was supposed that in this air she would soon die; but an atmosphere was shed about her by her guardian angels that kept her from death, and she was found patiently waiting, when they thought to take her out dead.

Almachius then ordered that she be beheaded at once, but the executioner's arm seemed paralyzed. Three times he brandished his weapon and attempted to strike her, as she sat calmly waiting the stroke; but each time he failed to take her life. By law, no one was allowed to strike more than three blows; if the third was ineffectual, the victim was left to die. Thus Cecilia was left bleeding from her wounds but not dead. After the executioner had left her, her friends came to her, and a crowd of the poor that she had delighted to aid. She smiled sweetly on them, and bequeathed all her worldly goods to Urban, to be devoted still to the charities that she had always preferred to all selfish pleasure. She spoke hopeful, cheerful words, and not one of complaint. She lay on her right side, her arms drooping one over the other, and her head slightly bent down. Thus she died, and while all the things of earth faded from her vision, her angel appeared with more glory than ever; and there was no fear, as she gave up her earthly life for the more blessed one, to which Valerian and Tiburtius had already gone, and from which they gave to her the strength and peace that she needed.

The history of her martyrdom, and her consecration to a holy life, soon made her sacred to the early Christians, and she was esteemed a saint, and was revered and even worshipped in after years. The day appointed for the commemoration of her festival, is the 22d of November. She is considered the patron saint of music, because of the sacred chants that she sung, while the musicians were sounding forth the gay music on her wedding-day.

It is said that several centuries after, when her tomb was opened for the second time, the sweet perfume of roses and lilies was distinctly perceived. It was as fresh as if the imperishable spiritual flowers bloomed there, an eternal testimony of the goodness and purity of her heart. There is something very beautiful in this history,

coming to us still fresh through the many centuries. It is sweet to know of a fair and lovely girl, thus forgetting all the pleasures that belonged to her noble life, for the sake of a faith that was dear to her, and for the sake of blessing the poor and suffering. We like, also, to know that spirits talked with beautiful maidens long ago, and that they beheld their faces, for in this way we understand more clearly the power that now is given again in as great measure. The blessed angels have never forsaken their holy work of ministering to and aiding the children of earth; but there have been but few in the past who, like St. Cecilia, could behold their faces and hear their words.

A great many young men and women of this day, have full faith in the power of the angels, but they are unwilling that others should know it. It was not so with Cecilia. As she went down the Appian Way, she went far from the fashionable haunts of her friends, and away from the popular crowd. She went among the poor and despised, and then as she carried to them gifts from her own abundance, she listened to the accounts they gave of spiritual vision, and recited her own experience.

Beautiful maiden, may thy influence still be felt in the hearts of our children, teaching them how blessed is the reward of a life consecrated to the pure, the true and the good.

(Original.)

### HOW TO STILL TROUBLED WATERS.

It was noticed by a scientific man that there were spaces that were smooth on the surface of agitated water; that, although the rise and fall of the water was the same, yet there was no breaking of the water into waves. This led him to believe that these smooth spots were caused by oil on the surface of the water. Therefore he began to experiment, and found, if he emptied a vial of oil on the water, from a boat, even when there was quite a breeze and the waves high, that almost immediately the water about the boat was stilled.

Franklin once stilled the sea by stretching his cane over the side of the ship; but the cane had a vial of oil in the end of it. Some men of science, however, declare this to be only a poetical fancy; we hope it is not, for we like to think that, as the waters of the great deep are stilled by a little oil, so the great depths in the hearts of men, when stirred and lashed into foam by passion, may be stilled by the oil of human kindness. Pleasant as it would be to go out in a boat and pour the vials of oil on the waves and see them grow calm, there are experiments that are far more interesting, that we can all try almost any day.

Little children with the laughing eyes and sunny faces always have at hand a vial of oil, that is sweet with perfume, too. Try it, will you? Pour out that love and gentleness when some boy or girl is angry or ill-tempered, and see if the effect is not as great as when oil is poured upon the angry waters and they become calm.

In the fearful riot of New York, when it seemed as if the tempest of anger would destroy everything, a good, benevolent, large-hearted man stood up before the mob. He uncovered his head, white as the snow, and spoke words of brotherly feeling. On his face was a calm, hopeful smile, as if he could see something in that crowd of upturned faces besides the anger and hate and revenge that glowed there. Many thought he would be killed; but no; the rioters paused, listened and then quietly dispersed. He had poured oil on the waters, and they were calm.

Try the experiment. Try it in the street and at school, and, if need be, at home. You will find yourself greater than a magician or a philosopher.

**Answer to Transposition in our last.**

I've something sweet to tell you,  
Then lend a listening ear:  
I dearly love good children,  
They fill my heart with cheer.

Their eyes are brightly beaming,  
Their hearts are gay and light,  
Like golden sunshine beaming,  
They make life's pathway bright.

**Answer to Puzzle.**

BY J. H. P.

The letter U.

Enigma, "Time," &c., is imperfect; it contains a grammatical blunder that spoils it.

**THE POWER OF SPIRITS.**

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

We have many tests of the power of spirits to handle material substances, and have known them to evince anger at any disturbance during "séances." We have also seen the evil influences thrown upon physical mediums—influences that seem to change their moral characters—until the taints of evil, foreign to their previous natures, mingled in the currents of their electrical and magnetic fluids, and the observers were made afraid to approach a promiscuous circle, or yield their organism to spirit-control. We have seen the happiness and worldly prospects of mediums become prostrated, treated with insults and coldness by their former friends, shunned by their ministers, ridiculed by his congregation, until those of delicate mind or feeble faith have resented the spirits and turned in despair from the new religion to seek safety in the old, where they could so easily shuffle off their sin upon the shoulders of an innocent Elder Brother—atoneament bought by washing in his blood.

Investigators and mediums forget that spirits return in just the condition they left the earth; that the process called death has not changed their natures, but expect to find purified, heavenly angels, in their communion; they are, therefore, disgusted when they behold the same views and feelings manifested in spirits that characterized them while on earth.

Much has been said upon the danger of yielding to the invisibles. Spirits do not create conditions; they have only power to cultivate the latent qualities they find in certain organizations. There must exist a rapport and affinity between spirits and mediums ere they can control for good or evil. Those who are sensual or mercenary, attract spirits of like natures, thereby bringing to light hidden talents or latent evil tendencies. Many mediums have displayed extravagant follies after development, where they exhibited innocence before—such as love of money and malice, unaccountable to themselves and others. Even this we are not prepared to say was caused by spirit-power. Other agencies may have developed the inharmonies, for the germs must have been planted and only waited for the proper time to mature.

But to thousands modern Spiritualism has brought light and diving truths; its teachings are of priceless value. "Take away my mediumship?" says a noted lecturer; "rather let me die for spirit-intercourse is my life, my earthly blessing."

The certainty of the soul's immortality, the knowledge that we shall again meet and recog-

nize our dear departed, is a divine revelation, a root from God. It leads us to aspire to a more perfect development and awakens faculties which discern a purer state of existence. Spirits have begun the mighty work of the social regeneration of the world. Their presence is manifested to us clearly; they whisper, in gentle tones, consolation for the present, and hope for the future; they teach the doctrine of individual responsibility to all; that each one should stand forth in the majesty of true man and womanhood, to be against all slavery and unjust commerce, while makes the poor poorer, while it increases the wealth of their oppressors.

Progressed spirits teach us to do good to a man—enemies as well as friends—that just as we live here so we will appear in spirit-life; there is concealment can avail; clear eyes penetrate through every disguise, and the cloak of false religion will drop useless at the feet of the hypocrite; deceitful smiles cannot hide the cruel nature, for the soul is revealed in its purity or deformity.

Let us listen to the counsels of our spirit-guides who, by experience, can lead us up the ladder of progression, which they ascend and descend with messages of love, to prepare us for the change which none can avoid; giving us tidings by which we can assist each other in our pilgrimage. Those spirits who are still in darkness, who come to us for sympathy, we must receive kindly, soften their antagonism and aid their progress until they fraternize with us in aspirations after the beautiful and the good.

(Original.)

### PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

SPIRITUALISTS OF VERMONT,

Held in Montpelier, Sept. 7, 8 and 9, 1866.

(Phonographically Reported by J. Madison Allen.)

**THIRD DAY—SUNDAY.**

**Morning Session—Conference.**—Mrs. A. P. Brown expressed a desire that a tribute of sympathy be paid to Bro. Tuttle, in condolence for the loss of his dear partner.

Endorsed by Warren Chase in some appropriate remarks.

N. Randall felt deeply the appropriateness of the manner in which the conference was being opened.

Song by Mrs. Manchester.

Mrs. Tanner spoke poetically of the power of Spiritualism to sustain in all afflictions. It opens the door of heaven, and enables the loved departed to reënter the home made desolate, and soothe the sorrowing heart with the sweet breath of immortal affection.

Mrs. S. A. Horton paid a feeling tribute to a memory of a mighty medium, of a ceaseless and meeting with her, when from her heart of love she felt prompted to call her "Sunbeam." It was indeed a sunbeam to her husband and to who came within her influence or into her presence. The atmosphere around her was sweet the aroma of flowers. Let us part the clouds lowering above the pathway of our brother, and let him behold once again the face of his loved one.

At this point Mrs. S. A. Wiley was entranced by a spirit purporting to be Mrs. Tuttle, uttering some very earnest and touching words of utterance. Truly did the Convention realize at that moment a baptism of love, and the blessedness and satisfying power of that spirit communion, which binding up so many broken hearts all over land and the world.

Mrs. Rebecca G. Kimball, of Lebanon, N. H., an unconscious trance gave the following poem, for exquisite beauty, sweetness and comprehensiveness, has rarely been surpassed:

**LIFE AND LOVE.**

Out of itself, and into itself, the River of Love runs:  
As clouds to sea, or sea to cloud, all under the summer sun,  
Water is water in cloud or sea, and the sun a distant land,  
Creature is creature in every form, and God is over all.

Out of itself and into itself ever runs the River of Love:  
From Man to Spirit, from Spirit to Man, from Spirit to Spirit;  
From God to Being, from Being to God, in whom the Universe lives;  
From the River of Life flows the River of Love, and it grows as it goes.

Out of itself and into itself, all that ye see or know  
Swims like a mighty pondium, or a ceaseless cloud, and the  
But over it all, and beyond it all, as the sun is beyond the  
Ye can but think there is something else, or all this could  
grow as it goes.

Out of themselves and into themselves run the Rivers of  
Love and Life—  
Mingle and flow in the worlds below, and in all the worlds  
above.  
The worlds of Matter in circles run, but Spirit moves in the  
And sinks to fathomless depths, or soars to topless heights  
divine.

And God, like an all-enclosing Globe, self-poised, uncentered,  
Holds all that ever was and is, and all that ever shall be.  
Not it but in Him is the Universe, and His life is the life  
of all.  
And on His bosom of infinite love for Life and Love ye fall.

It was proposed as a fitting sequel to the beautiful love thoughts and home influences of morning, that the resolution on Home, introduced by H. C. Wright on Saturday, should be adopted which was done, the whole Convention rising.

A collection was taken for the purpose of pressing practically to Mrs. Manchester the appreciation of her excellent harmonizing and inspiring musical improvisations.

The Secretary was instructed to present thanks of the Convention to the officers of the Unitarian Church, of Montpelier, for the use of their commodious and elegant edifice, and to give copies of the same to the press of Montpelier.

Vote was taken the next Annual Convention held on the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday August.

Mr. Wright, 2d, remarked on the delightful character of the conference, and related a vision which he had recently had. He was promised that the vision should be interpreted sometime during the Convention.

Charles W. Walker said he had not designed to be present at this Convention; but a few minutes before the time arrived when he must attend, he came he suddenly felt that he must attend; he was free to say that he had been ten thousand times repaid, if merely this morning's conference be considered, than which, he said, we have not had a more harmonious and excellent one.

A few remarks by G. W. Ripley, warm earnest as usual.

Mrs. Manchester gave a fine musical interpretation of Mr. Wright's vision.

Mrs. A. T. Brown then related another vision, which was also, at once musically interpreted. The Convention adjourned till afternoon, a large portion of the members remaining to attend the Unitarian services.

**Afternoon Session—Conference.**—John Powell Woodstock, gave an interesting narration of personal religious experience and of the progress of Spiritualism in Woodstock, dwelling especially upon the obstacles and opposition with which the first pioneers of the cause in that place had to contend. He was in the cause in 1847, at the time of the first Spiritualist Convention, held in Boston, thirteen years. While in this condition of excitement—when all connected with death was and cheerless, and no hope was indulged of beyond—he visited Mrs. Kendall, the first medium in the State of Vermont; and who returned to his home he made the remark, "he had been to the place where God had his foot in Vermont for the first time." The darkness and gloom were dispelled, his doubts and fears vanished; death was "swallowed up in life."

At the first public meeting in Woodstock was almost a riot. Horns were blown, bells tin pans pounded, etc., etc., all combining hoots and yells to "make night hideous." The spirit was not quenched. We were convinced "Ere the leaves fall a second time we will call a Convention." It was called.

It was fourteen years ago, instead of thirteen, as was formerly concluded, we have met in convention, and our cause has grown beyond most sanguine expectations. The prejudice







## Correspondence in Brief.

## Spiritualism in Oswego, N. Y.

As the Spiritualists of this city have again awakened to life from a sluggish inactivity of several years' duration, and are again, as far as possible, recipients and promulgators of "the great American religion," viz: Spiritualism, we thought we would like to note in the BANNER, and thus present our compliments to the many excellent speakers who in times past have tarried with us, and say to them that we are again on the highway of progress, alive, active, and once more started in business.

During the month of October we have had J. S. Loveland with us, and the interest is on the increase. We consider him one of the best, if not the best speaker among our lecturers. His arguments are clear, lucid, and instructive. He has spent four Sundays with us, (and is to come again), and discussed the following subjects, viz:

"Spiritualism a New Dispensation;" "The Lyceum and the Benefactor;" "The Necessities of the Times;" "The Relation of Spiritualism to the Church;" "The Moral Standard of the Church and Spiritualism Compared;" "The Fact and Law of Progress;" And in our opinion, if the above lectures were put in book form, (with some additional subjects to complete the argument,) it would give to the world the most concise and complete idea and correct statement of true Spiritualism extant. Every lecture delivered by him here, was a most exhaustive fund of information long to be remembered. The oratory was perfect. Without written notes, the language was pure and distinct, and grandly embellished with beautiful utterances. The ideas were replete with valuable suggestions, abounding in historic fact and literary merit, and all most gracefully represented by a master mind. He leaves here to spend a few months in the West, and we can assure our Western friends that all they need ask for in a speaker, is one who will grow less, but always increase; and every hearer learn something to ponder and reflect upon after listening to him. His enunciation of the principles of Spiritualism are sublime in their purity of sentiment. There is some noble object to be attained, some definite purpose aimed at to make men better. His work has been most beneficial to us, and hundreds of hearts and homes among us are ready to welcome him back again many, many times. He has established a Lyceum for us, and its progress, thus far, has been most auspicious, and all that could have been hoped for. Every Sunday new members are received, and unless our friends hereafter become apathetic, we shall again show you a most glorious record for the cause in Oswego. Please express these our sentiments for Bro. Loveland in the columns of the BANNER, and believe us your friends. From and for the Spiritualists of Oswego, Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1866. J. L. POOL.

## A Word from East Kingston, N. H.

We write you from very fullness of heart, asking but little space to claim our individuality, and let you and your broad circle of earnest readers see that our plucky township here, and the woodland hills of old New Hampshire, is alive to the new dispensation which angel bands are now so lavishly showering down about us.

Only a year ago we stood cold and resolute in the faith of Old Theology, with but one—an isolated, but brave old man—to persuade us differently. Now, thanks to his untiring efforts, and the unseen influences which have sprung up in our midst, our ranks can be numbered in scores, and still we are growing—the growth of our form has but just begun. Everywhere we feel the influx of the pure and higher life about us as we grow in the new truth; and each setting sun only adds to the rapidly swelling tide of advancement that makes us stronger and more brave!

Several lectures have already been given here, and more are in contemplation. For our first teacher we fortunately secured E. S. Wheeler—a man of deep and scientific mind, and who, in duty to him, we should add, did his work nobly, being a constructor, not a deconstructor, he took his standpoint far above the common class of speakers and maintained it through the whole, building anew before he destroyed, and smiting theology with a blow of iron, left its supporters in fear and trembling, save to leave the old for the new and more beautiful retreat. Such we found to be the system of Mr. Wheeler, and for the benefit of the cause we would earnestly recommend that better lecturers be needed, such as he should be secured.

We were next astounded by having the great and lionized Miles Grant brought into our presence. What he says, and how he expounds his "fiery ideas," almost every one well knows, and so we will make no attempt to rehearse the "old tale," but judge of the chagrin of his few co-workers, when "Madam Grundy" coolly proclaimed: "Miles Grant did more for Spiritualism than I for its destruction!" And this he really did; almost every one here will affirm the fact. And in other places, too, we have been informed, he has done the same—a lamb in the guise of a wolf—building up where he endeavored to destroy. Immediately after his exit, another lecturer came before us, who was soon followed by Miss Julia J. Hubbard. The hall was crowded to the utmost extent with strangers from afar away, and we are told that several engagements have since been made for her to speak in the adjacent towns. And so you see Spiritualism spreading, other towns are grappling at the great truth, and other hills echoing back the glad refrain. Onward, still onward, is the watchword, and onward it goes!

## From Maine.

We have for some time past been traveling and lecturing for the glorious cause of Spiritualism, and find our way slowly but surely fading away before the melting rays of truth. In Carmel we found a few warm friends of the cause; in Hampton many more, among whom were Bro. Pettegrew and wife, the Emersons, Bro. John Lowe; also Joseph Miller, of West Hampton, and many others too numerous to mention. In the thriving village of Monroe, we also found many friends. Bros. Colson and Chase are doing a good business in the healing art. The Spiritualists have the lead there. I might mention many others who are engaged in the good work, had you space for them. In Camden we found a few strong and tried friends. Judge Alden, one of the wealthiest men in the place, has built a hall, in which meetings are held; and often pays the speaker from his own purse. We spent two Sabbaths in Lincolnville, where we found many anxious to hear the truths of Spiritualism. In South Thomaston there are many friends of the cause. Here Bro. J. Sweetland has also built a hall in the attic of his fine house, where meetings are held. We spent one week in Union, and one in Waldoboro. The cause of Spiritualism is gaining in the last named place. We visited Newport, Plymouth and Troy; and in all those places our philosophy is gaining. We spent one week in Jefferson, where are a few friends. The opposition is very strong, yet the few believers in our spiritual gospel stand firm. From Jefferson we went to Windsor. There, too, we found a few friends to the cause of Spiritualism, and many anxious to hear its truths. We remained with them three weeks, and should have remained longer had we not been so long absent from home, and deemed it best to return and rest awhile.

Kenduskeag, Me., Oct. 31, 1866.  
P. S.—I am now at home, ready to answer calls to lecture.

## Matters in Philadelphia.

I observe by the last BANNER, in the notice of the meetings held at Philadelphia, it is stated that there are "no services in the afternoon" of Sundays. This is a mistake, as we have conferences at three o'clock, the object of which is to elaborate and critically examine the lectures delivered at the regular meetings of the morning and evening. These meetings have been very interesting, and are well attended, besides being productive of good results. Having no funds to establish, Spiritualists have a peculiar interest in developing the truth on all subjects, especially those treated by the regular lecturer before the public, and to this end the conferences are devoted.

We have also another spiritual institution here, denominated the Penetrator, the purpose of which is to cultivate and disseminate a knowledge of the scientific details of the general principles

pleas announced by those before the public as teachers. This institution has been in existence for some two or three years, and is attended by many of the best thinkers of our school. It is regarded as the foundation of a movement which will develop accurate knowledge more effectually than any other hitherto employed, since it not only treats scientific questions from the spiritual point of view, but illustrates by diagrams and experiment accompanying the lectures. After the lectures, the points are submitted to the audience for examination and criticism.

The Penetrator meetings are held on Thursday evening of each week, at the hall southeast corner of 9th and Spring Garden streets, to which the friends visiting this city are always welcome. The institution is supported by subscription, and the meetings are free.

Yours truly, I. BENN.  
Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 3, 1866.

## Wisconsin State Convention.

Our State Convention came off on the 26th, 27th and 28th of October, in Milwaukee. It was a grand success. A State Society was organized, and its officers are: Col. A. B. Smalley, of Oshkosh, President, Miss Elvira Wheelock, of Janesville, Vice President, and Mr. L. B. Brown, of Milwaukee, Secretary, with a Finance Committee of five persons. Able speakers were present from various parts of the State, and some from Illinois. One of the marked features of the Convention was the freedom with which the "Woman question" was discussed. Able speeches were made upon the subject by speakers of both sexes, and some strong resolutions were passed. The Convention was characterized by its earnestness, and harmony of feeling and action, and preaches great good to the cause of human freedom, and the emancipation of souls from the bondage of creeds, superstitions and religious bigotry, as well as from the galling chains of unequal laws and social formulas and fetters. Will send full report as soon as possible. L. B. BROWN.

## Massachusetts State Association.

The following is the address, prepared by a Committee appointed at the recent session of the Association, setting forth some of its objects. This document, together with circulars detailing more minutely the workings of the Association, will be issued this week by the Secretary for circulation. As soon as the sum of \$500 is raised, lecturers will be sent forth into those parts of the State where no regular meetings of Spiritualists are now held. As we stated last week, the objects of this Association are worthy of the hearty cooperation of our friends all over the State. Donations of \$1 and upwards can be sent to the Secretary, Ed. S. Wheeler, Boston, care of this office.

## TO SPIRITUALISTIC REFORMERS AND WORKERS FOR PROGRESS.

Friends!—Rejoicing in the advent of modern Spiritualism and the great awakening it has occasioned, we greet you, in the fellowship of effort, as brothers in reform. The good accomplished, we are conscious, is but comparative when measured with what remains to be effected; but such as it is, we hail it with cheering, as the forerunner of the grander possibilities and significant of the larger splendors which wait upon united and concentrated labors.

The inception of Spiritualism was modest, but the conception grows grand; and the reasonableness of its coming is surpassed only by the naturalness of the agencies it has called into being. The physical manifestations interested the matter-of-fact minds; and trance and inspirational speaking intensified sentiment, while the ministry of art made the objective development of spirit-life "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Simple in the beginning, they have grown a power, until the interrogating raps of unknown intelligences have awakened immortal echoes in the hearts and homes of the world. Millions of minds rejoice in its expansion, for its reforming thought has recast old theologies and materialistic philosophies. Transforming the deformed, it has created a philosophy and literature its own, while retranslating and republishing the *verities* of the ages. Fraternal to truth, conservative of all progressive minds, since institutions founded and sustained for the benefit of society are successful only as they are based upon *divine principles*. These are constitutional to life and fundamental in natural religion. They never quarrel with reason, discard science, nor condemn Nature, as false theologies and superstitious priests do—to the great hurt of progress and the disfigurement of humanity.

The organization of the Massachusetts State Spiritual Association is for the development and popularization of natural religion. It has no party but humanity to build up—no clique but error to put down—its methods being pacific and positive. Tolerance and intelligence unite in making knowledge the servant of religion and science, its motto being: "Publish the truth in love and live in freedom." It accepts the lecturer, the medium and the press as members of its propaganda, and recognizes the individualization of character as correct and the conventionalism of society, its authority is Nature, its best interpreter, Science.

J. H. W. TOOMEY, }  
E. S. WHEELER, } Committee.  
A. C. ROBINSON, }

## Scientific Investigation.

The following letter of Dr. I. G. Atwood, the well known healing medium, formerly of Lockport, N. Y., explains briefly the general purposes for which a committee was appointed by the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, of which Dr. Atwood is Chairman. It is hoped that this effort may prove the nucleus of an organized system of investigation, by which the varied phenomenal aspects of the healing power may be resolved into scientific order, and the philosophy of this department of Spiritualism be better understood.

As Chairman of the Committee on "The Sick and Indigent, and the Establishment of Healing Institutions," I would respectfully request through your columns, that every person now engaged in the healing art as healing mediums, clairvoyants or magnetic physicians, psychologists, &c., &c., would communicate with me, each giving me a brief account of themselves and their doings. I desire information on these particular points:

The name, age and residence.  
How long they have practiced.  
Whether located permanently or otherwise.  
Their manner of healing.  
Under what phase of mediumship.  
How long been in practice, &c., &c.  
I particularly desire to know what success you have. Whether your powers seem to act in apocalyptic cases, or in a general manner; and any other information that may be considered of value to the subject.

I desire each one to give their views as to the laws that govern them, together with their philosophy.

In cases where the mediums are not able to write out their experience, will some one do it for them.

I hope such an interest will be manifested in this matter, that will enable us to establish a firm basis and concert of action, whereby we may act knowingly and intelligently, thus enabling us to take that high and noble stand among men which will enhance our ability to do a vast amount of good.

Committee: I. G. Atwood, J. E. Newton, T. C. Bennett, Elizabeth Merwin, Mary F. Davis, J. P. Greaves, Mrs. Decker, Martin Lewis, William C. Hussey.  
I. G. ATWOOD.  
No. 1, St. Mark's Place, New York, Oct. 1866.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.]

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—Sound moves more rapidly through water than through air. The velocity also increases as the temperature of the water increases.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ROOM NO. 3, 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 a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus a rational and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

## Deceptive Spirits.

A recent communication in the BANNER from Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, on the subject of "Lying Spirits and False Communications," has called forth several answers from esteemed correspondents. It will be remembered that the conclusion at which the Judge arrived was, that "there is no medium who is not a victim of designing and deceiving spirits." "I cannot," he writes, "now point to a single medium—and I have known many—and say that he or she is perfectly reliable."

To which we might reply, *perfect reliability implies perfect infallibility*; and the Judge must seek for that, not among mediums, or spirits, or angels, or archangels, but of the Infinite God himself.

But the Judge goes further. He is forced to the conclusion that all mediums "are unreliable; whether it is their fault or the fault of the spirits, or the fault of those who seek tests or communications through them." Then he quotes the notions of Swedenborg in regard to the peril of consulting spirits; and remarks that the Swedenborgians, while they "all admit that these spiritual manifestations of to-day do all occur as facts, yet they, having the truth from Swedenborg alone, put no faith or trust in them; and consider it dangerous to have anything to do with them."

Now since the great mass of unbelievers and skeptics in regard to a future existence would be entirely relieved of their unhappy doubts and unbelief, if it could be proved to them that there was anything like spiritual agency, good or bad, going on in the world (for the existence of the bad spirits would imply the existence of the good), would it not be more generous in our Swedenborgian friends, humbly and prayerfully, but boldly, to brave the perils which may come to them from natural investigations, and do what they can to help us place these wonderful phenomena, significant of the actuality of spirit, upon an *impregnable scientific basis*? For our own part, we are quite willing to run all the risks of being misled, juggled, duped, or even damned, by these false spirits, if we can be the instrument of conveying light and comfort to one poor human heart, struggling amid the mists of skepticism and unbelief on the great question of questions, which, from the time of Job to the present day, has clouded and exercised so many minds—this, namely, Does the conscious individualism of man terminate with the phenomenon called death?

We are glad that Judge Carter has brought up this subject of deceptive spirits, for it is one in regard to which many candid inquirers have been much puzzled. The assumptions which underlie our position on this question are two: First, we hold that few mediums can be entirely sure as to the identity of a spirit. Even in the high trance state, we doubt if the spiritual sense is always, and in all subjects, so fully developed as to qualify the medium to say infallibly, *This is truly the spirit he represents himself to be*. Spirits have unquestionably a plastic power of assuming different shapes. There are no doubt laws limiting this power and rendering their attempts at imposture abortive under certain conditions. Our own spiritual insight, purity and elevation will probably be the standard of our ability to detect spiritual humbugs. There have been many seers who have claimed infallibility; but this very claim is to our mind the greatest provocative of doubt. Swedenborg, it is well known, claims that while he sat eating in a tavern in London, the Infinite Jehovah came down to him, and talked quite familiarly to him, rebuking him for eating so much, etc. Now, with all deference to Swedenborgians, and with all our reverence for Swedenborg himself, we cannot but think it more probable that he was deceived, than that the Ineffable One was really present in the form of a man to the Swedish seer.

The second assumption we make is this: it would be inconsistent with those laws of our being, making our moral and intellectual freedom the principle of all spiritual growth, for the Creator to allow spirits to communicate infallible directions for guidance to mortals. Lessing, the German poet, once said, that if God would give him the truth, he would decline the gift and prefer the labor of seeking it for himself. A noble saying, the offspring of a profound insight into God's spiritual laws! God gives us *inklings* of truth—yes, more than inklings in confirmation of the great truth of immortality—(what could we, who are acquainted with spiritual phenomena, reasonably ask for more in this life!)—and then by the great facts of life He says to us, Now exercise the faculties I have given you. Study, inquire, meditate, and find out the rest for yourself. The laws of your being require effort and will from yourself to raise and illumine your soul; and good spirits will not undertake to contravene those laws by making you a mere passive, inert instrument in their hands, and taking from you all freedom of choice between good and evil. Man is meant to do for himself; to think for himself; to seek light for himself, not only from his own innate powers, but from all good influences and from all good spirits, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh; and if he thinks to find spirits who will relieve him from this trouble of exercising his own powers of judgment and his own moral faculties, he must not complain if he comes to be the dupe of spirits unscrupulous, false, or fanciful.

We do not believe that it is a spectacle which the highest order of spirits smile on—that of a man dunning a spirit for information in regard to either temporal or spiritual concerns. No wonder the inquirer gets baffled, deceived, disgusted, until he is almost ready to exclaim with Machbeth and Judge Carter—

"And be those juggling fends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense."

The same complaints were made in the times of the ancient oracles; and when John tells his disciples to "try the spirits whether they are of God," he plainly knew that many of his hearers were misled by unreliable communications.

The truth is, that the highest order of commu-

nications do not come from impurity. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," said Christ to the Importuning Pharisees, who demanded when the great event should be. If when Judge Carter says that all mediums are unreliable, he means to say that all communications coming through them from supposed spirits are untruthful, he is greatly in error. We do not think he means this. We think he simply means, all mediums are fallible. There are on record an ample number of cases proving that truthful communications have been received.

The instances of truthful prevision, in which deaths, accidents, etc., have been foretold, are too numerous and well authenticated to require specification, as all persons who have given any study to the subject must testify. We are sure that the Judge will, on reflection, admit, therefore, that all he can fairly say is, that a certain proportion of the so-called spiritual communications are—especially when they refer to temporal and secular matters—untrue. Here we can probably meet on a common ground, and agree. It obviously would defeat the purpose of our disciplinary life in this world if perfectly reliable directions for our guidance in our business, our family affairs, our stock operations, or our political intrigues, could be had from spirits. Even when we seek information for an apparently good and disinterested object, we must still make our common sense the ultimate criterion. We think it is often as much the fault of the inquirer as it is either of the medium or the spirit, that lies are told. The answer is often just what the questioner deserves to get. Judge Carter will of course understand that in this we do not mean to impugn either his good sense or his good intentions. We think that there is a disposition among many persons to expect too much of the spirits; more than a profound meditation on spiritual and moral laws would justify.

Here let us introduce a note we have just received from Judge Carter, supplementary to his recent communication:

"DEAR BANNER—I desire room to say that in my article on 'Lying Spirits and False Communications,' published in your columns Oct. 20th, I did not design to cast any sort of reflection upon mediums, and certainly not upon Miss Lizzie Keel, or her medium-designated. How any such misconception could be possibly put upon my words, I am at a loss to understand. If there ever was a good medium, and a good woman, Miss Lizzie is one. She is well known, and respected wherever she is known for her truthful, womanly character. I do not believe that she would deceive in any particular; if experience is worth anything, I know she would not. It was for this reason especially knowing the character of Miss Lizzie Keel, and the veracity—that I wrote the published communication; for if the spirits speaking through her could not be relied upon, when and where can they?"

I was then 'after' the spirits, and not the mediums, many of whom, I doubt not, are much more shrewd against than sinning. I sought especially to impress upon us all that through the most efficient, gifted and truthful mediums, unmitigated and voluntary lies will come from deceiving and lying spirits, and that no medium, however truthful, is or her normal character, could be entirely exempt from the imposition.

Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 25, 1866.

As the Judge here puts the case, we agree with him fully. The best and purest medium may be made the instrument of uttering mendacious or profane communications. One of the best women we know, and who is not a professional medium, repudiated her mediumship because of the profanity of the communications she was made to write. Similar instances are probably familiar to many of our readers. But this does not in the least militate against the fact that perfectly reliable communications from the spirit-world are given through the instrumentality of mediumistic persons. We have printed in the message department of this paper a large number of communications, the tenor of which we knew nothing of previous to publication, but afterwards tested, and found them to be truthful in every particular. We shall endeavor to elucidate this subject of inter-communication between the two worlds more fully hereafter, by what we consider conclusive evidence.

The following communication on the subject of this article bears date Oct. 18th, and is from Mr. London Engle, of Philadelphia:

"I have just finished reading an article in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct. 20, by A. G. W. Carter, on 'Lying Spirits and False Communications,' and I think his conclusions very hasty. I have received, as well as he, the best of tests, as also the most untruthful, from such mediums as Charles H. Foster and Mrs. Robinson; but I am not disposed to reject all communications, or, as he says, 'To be afraid of these wretched and gawwary of the sun,' because of those few failures. This seems to me to be about the way the subject stands in regard to communications: We receive a 'test,' through a medium, from a dear friend. There is nothing wanting. Identity in every respect is recognized. But, after a while, that element of doubt, that ever is a drawback to progression, even though it does finally culminate in belief, suggests to us the possibility of having something more satisfactory; suggests the notion that there was mind-reading, psychology, or any other 'clew' the active doubt can contrive up. So we seek the medium again with this disbelieving growing strongly upon us, for a better test. Well, what is our condition? Is it of that receptive order to get a truth or a falsehood? Clearly the latter. We know mediums are very sensitive; they become in magnetic rapport with our condition directly, and spirits who have passed a life of deception as mortals, are swift to control the faculties that we have impressed or put in a condition for them, and to let us be amused, shocked, filled with disbelief, when we go away and find how long the communications have been."

Now, it seems to me, Mr. Carter convicts himself by his own statement; for he says, 'Now, Mr. Fox, give us a great strong test, which, if it turn out true, for the good of Spiritualism, &c.' Was he not in the very condition I describe, full of doubting, and making opportunities of deception easy for the lying communication received? My own experience, at least, urges me to say he was."

Another communication, coming as it does from a medium, is worthy of consideration in reference to this interesting topic. It bears the signature of Henry Voorhees, of Lodi, N. Y.:

"As Judge Carter, in giving his experience with deceptive spirits, seems to doubt any and all because some are deceiving ones, I wish to give some of my experience with that class, to show how conclusions entirely different can be deduced from the same premises."

A few months ago I was developed as a medium. I was first controlled by what appeared very rowdy, disorderly characters. They would curse and swear with great volubility, which I had never been in the habit of doing in my normal state. It was a new thing to me, and I became much interested. They gave what appeared to be tests; but before there was time to prove these, I was told that a higher class of spirits had taken control, and I must give up completely to their influence for a time. I consented; was told to go in a darkened room and lie on a bed in a passive state. I did so. I soon felt a magnetic influence strong and stronger. It came with repeated charges, as from a battery, permeating every fibre of my being—so strong as seemingly almost to take my life away. I was thus in almost a helpless state of body for several days, when the charge of electricity was thrown off by the same unseen influence. But during this period my mind was constantly influenced, or conversing with unseen intelligences; and these intelligences seemed very good and kind of characters that we see among mortals here. For instance, what appeared a distinct character would come and show me my sins of omission and commission; show me the way of a better life; and urge obedience to the purest and highest inspirations of our moral nature.

Next would come one and try to coax me with some fictitious story, or give directions as to diet or business, that would be sure to run to some silly extreme or other. In short, all manner of tests before given proved now to be exactly contrary to the truth; so that at this time, when I recovered my strength, I was inclined to give the whole thing up as rather unprofitable.

But since that, I have begun to see more wisdom and system in such a training of my mediumship. My health and tone of mind have been improved, and the objects of life have been placed upon a higher basis. The spirits have now say to me: 'We are glad that lies have been told you, as it was for the purpose of teaching you to be strong and self-reliant; to choose the good from the evil, and accept only that which accords with the higher intuition of your reason and judgment.'

From the credulous tone of Judge Carter's article last May, in the BANNER, perhaps he, too, needed taking down a little. Many readers seemed to think so at the time. But let each judge for himself.

A subscriber writes us from Middlebury, Vt., blaming us for publishing Judge Carter's article, and remarking: "I supposed the BANNER was exclusively devoted to the interest of Spiritualism." To the interest of TRUTH, friend! And we are so convinced of the fundamental truth of Spiritualism, that we do not fear any kind of lifting it may undergo. Be sure that just in proportion to the depth of our convictions is the absence of all uneasiness as to what unbelievers may say or investigators suggest. We think that our friend T. P. will, on mature reflection, justify us in opening our columns to the frankest and most fearless discussions, so long as these are conducted philosophically and decently.

Still another communication comes to us in reference to Judge Carter's remarks. It is signed "J. Kilbourn, Westbury," and is evidently from the pen of one who has given much thought to the subject, and has had much experience with mediums. He testifies in the following terms to the "reliability" of one of the mediums of his acquaintance:

"I resided with Lady some three years. She was an excellent clairvoyant physician. She was also a good test medium, although she did not practice sitting for tests. She was a truthful and I believe, a most conscientious woman, and tried to live up to her highest conceptions of right. In all the communications that I received through her organism, I never had an untruth told me."

Another medium, as good a test medium as Mr. K. ever saw, would occasionally be controlled by spirits "that would tell any amount of lies." This woman, he found, "was untruthful, and would slander her best friends." Mr. K. remarks:

"I believe they had lying spirits in old Bible times. We read, in the First of Kings, xxii, 22, 23, about a lying spirit that got up to Ramoth Gilad to battle, that he might fail; and account says, he influenced all the prophets to lie, and the Lord told him to do so. There was one prophet, however, the lying spirit could not influence."

"Every one ought to use his own judgment in regard to all communications, and not take everything as sacred or true that may happen to come from a spirit out of the mortal form. I have been more fortunate than Bro. Carter, inasmuch as I have seen one truthful medium, and have had many excellent tests and much good advice given through her."

But why, says the unbeliever, are lying spirits allowed to manifest themselves? Is it to the credit of the Creator that such things should be? Alas! it is to the credit of the Creator that so many foolish, undeveloped creatures should exist on this little globe of ours? Years ago, long before the Rochester knockings were heard of, the dilettanti and the savans who put this same question, were thus answered by Justus Kerner, author of "The Seers of Prevozt," which work was assailed even as our spiritual writings are now:

"There they are—those wretched spirits! Beloved! there they are! However thou mayest, in thy notions of the Creator, consider them so unworthy of Him; however in thy intellectual wealth thou mayest struggle against them! There they are, contrary to the systems of all such learned, acute, and intellectual men! There they are, in truth, as real as the helpless caterpillars, out of which slowly the butterflies shall unfold themselves! There they are, and you cannot hinder them; cannot, perhaps, do otherwise than disbelieve in them—and, disbelieving, fight against them with all your dialectic arts, ready writings, wit and acuteness; but which, in fact, do not at all annihilate this spirit-world; but it goes on its way, troubling itself not in the least about all your intellectual skirmishing."

Let us remember that the life that now is, shapes the life that is to be; and that if we go out of this world a lying, undeveloped spirit, we shall probably continue such just so long as we willfully refuse to employ the opportunities which the infinite bounty of God will constantly vouchsafe to us, hereafter as well as here, for elevating ourselves in the scale of being, morally, mentally, spiritually.

## The Western Rural.

This is probably the best agricultural paper published in this country, as its unprecedented popularity fully attests. It has attained a large circulation in the West, and it deserves a like patronage in the East. Its editor is a man of talents and is every way capable of making his paper unsurpassed for the farm and the fields. Bro. Lewis is an energetic worker in our ranks, and is chairman of the spiritual meetings in Detroit, Mich. In another column will be found the prospectus of the Rural, which gives further particulars in regard to price, &c. We can assure our friends that they will not readily find a more interesting journal devoted to agricultural interests and free from all sectarian character.

## English Reform.

John Bright makes steady headway with the Reform question in England, collecting monster audiences to hear him wherever he speaks. There is now a story abroad that the Derby government mean to take up the Reform scheme seriously, but in their own way; being in power, they are naturally averse to going out. This discussion is bound to go on until something results from it. Some pretend to think it is only on the surface, and not at all radical; but time will best settle that doubt. From present appearances we cannot ourselves conclude that there is either falsety or farce in the movement. The English government will have to be popularized to suit the times.

## The Mexican Mix.

Maximilian is finally leaving Mexico, and has made over his rule to Marshal Bazaine, the commander of the French forces. This ends the Empire in that quarter. Instead of taking away his troops by installments, Napoleon appears ready now to remove them all at once, and twenty now are to leave France for Vera Cruz to effect that object forthwith. The young man and his wife who have been made fools of, that an ambitious potentate may be aggrandized, furnish the world with a sad lesson to be learned. Maximilian is a fugitive, and Carlotta has lost her reason.



## Special Notices



## Message Department.

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

**Mrs. J. H. Conant.**  
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

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

**The Circle Room.**  
Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

**Q.** All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

**Invocation.**  
Infinite Spirit of Truth, whose light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not, thou who art our Father, our Mother, our life forever, we would worship thee understandingly. We would lay all our soul-offerings at thy shrine, and implore thee to bless them. We would carry the thoughts, the aspirations of these mortal children, beyond the fading things of time to the lasting things of eternity. And we pray thee, oh Infinite Spirit of Truth, to so baptize them with thine own influence, that they shall feel they are one with thee. Let us lead them by pleasant waters. Let us give unto them the fruits of the kingdom, so that they hunger and thirst no more. And unto thee, who art our all, this day and forever we will utter songs of praise. Amen.

Sept. 17.

**Questions and Answers.**

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—If you have propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

**Ques.**—By F. M. C.: Is the imagination a creative or a reproductive faculty?

**Ans.**—It is both, in one sense, and in another sense it is neither. As far as this world, or the things—the tangible things that are seen by mortal senses—are concerned, it is a reproductive and creative faculty. But when divinely considered, as spiritually related, it is neither.

**Q.**—By the same: Will you inform us what constitutes a good moral character?

**A.**—There are so many standards of morality, that it is exceedingly difficult to determine what constitutes a good moral character; or it is difficult to determine for another. We may be able to determine correctly for ourselves, but for others we may not be so clear. As an individual, I may believe in the impersonality of God, consequently may worship a principle, doing this by virtue of adherence to my own moral law. My neighbor may be honest in believing in a personal God, and will feel that it is exceedingly immoral to step aside from that belief. Now who shall determine between the right and wrong of these two standards? They are both, we believe, equally right. There is a certain rule or law of right—if we may so express ourselves—in existence among men. That law changes according to the customs of the race; for the manners and customs of races are subject to change. As races change, so change all the laws governing among them. What your ancestors considered a moral law, or your forefathers of a hundred years ago, you do not think much of to-day. Why? Because you and the law have advanced; grown, not stood still. It is always well, when asking ourselves concerning moral law, concerning what is right and wrong, to keep in view the golden rule. It is a most excellent rule; there never was a better one. It is as old as eternity, yet it is not gone into decay. The freshness of spring-time still lingers around it. It is declared by some very hard to follow this golden rule. And if we ever approximate to this rule, we shall do very well; we shall obey the dictates of a moral law that is sufficiently high for all.

**Q.**—Can the eyesight be cultivated?

**A.**—That depends very much upon what you mean by cultivation. That is a term which does not seem to apply very strictly to the eyesight.

**Q.**—I read a great deal, but cannot recall what I read; and it is only with great difficulty that I can remember that which I have gained by study. How can memory be improved?

**A.**—By action only. It can be strengthened by forcing it to all it is able to bear; but never beyond that point.

**Q.**—I have ideas, but cannot find words to express them. How, in a measure, can I overcome it?

**A.**—Develop the organ of language, if possible. We believe that it is possible for organic life, in all its departments, to be improved upon. As you improve upon plants and all nature, so you can improve upon these organs, if you only know how to.

**CHAIRMAN.**—A lady who is a member of a Presbyterian Church in the city of New York, requests the spirit to explain the following passages of Scripture: Luke iv., 25th and 26th verses:

"And there were great multitudes with him; and he turned and said unto them, If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

**A.**—There has been a vast amount of discussion concerning the said passage in Holy Writ, so called, and we believe that certain investigators have arrived at this conclusion, as a result of their investigations: Namely, that the passage has not been truthfully rendered. There are many things laid down in your sacred volume called the Bible, that in themselves are true, but their external expression is not true. This is one of them. Jesus was a lover of law, all law, and particularly of the law that belonged to nature; of that law that binds us to those we love. And if he loved it, would he teach his followers to break it? By no means. Would he say, in the face of it, with all nature reproving him, it is well to hate those who love you? We cannot think he would; we do not believe it. We honor and love Jesus as a divine intelligence manifesting through the human, and as such, we must believe that he gave utterances that were in accordance with laws both human and divine. Therefore it is that your speaker, in common with others who have investigated the subject, is led to believe that this passage has not been truthfully rendered.

**Q.**—Please explain the following: Mark iv.,

10th to 12th verses: "And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve, asked of him the parable. And he said unto them, unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive; and hearing they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted and their sins should be forgiven them."

**A.**—Suppose your speaker were talking with a band of followers, who should question as Jesus was questioned concerning the ways and wherefores of the blindness, the spiritual blindness that existed among those persons who had seen the light of the kingdom; had seen the manifestations and so-called miracles performed by Jesus and his followers, what answer would he give them? Why, in all probability, a similar answer to that given by Jesus. They saw; but it is one thing to see and another to perceive. Perception is the sight of spirit. They saw externally, but internally, spiritually, were blind. The manifestations to them were mysterious, but to those whose perceptions were unfolded, active, they were not mysterious. The things of the kingdom were plain; these manifestations were no miracles. But the things done by natural and divine law, Jesus saw they were blind to. Your mediums of earth often speak as Jesus did; namely, in parables. And so it is often charged upon them that their answers are vague, indistinct, mysterious. But if your spiritual sight, your perceptions, your intuitions were clear, these parables would be plain, common sayings, and a way to guide them aright. But because your spiritual intuitions are clouded, are not open, they are vague, mysterious and uncertain. You may ask why is it that we talk to you in parables? Why did Jesus? Well, it is often done, that your spiritual perceptions may be quickened, that you may rely upon your own powers, not upon another's. If you were told a thing were so, in the plain alphabet of common life, you would perhaps take it for granted that it was so; would not say nay, nor stop to weigh it in the balance of your own discretion. Jesus knew this, and they that come to you to-day know it; so he sought to impress upon them that the road that leadeth to heaven is a narrow one; wide enough only to admit of one walking therein—and that one is yourself—that each soul must go to heaven in its own way, by its own perceptions, own spiritual unfoldment. The inhabitants of the unseen world come to you, declaring that they are situated thus and so. There are some who perceive that they give truth in this respect. There are others who say, I cannot understand it. I know you say so, but I do not realize it. That is because they have only heard the language, and perceived not the life beyond it.

Sept. 17.

**William F. Long.**

Being an entire stranger to all these proceedings, I beg leave to ask how it is that you transmit what you receive at this office to friends or strange parties that come as I do? [We publish what we receive in our paper.] Can I ask what paper? [The "BANNER OF LIGHT."] Do you circulate in Louisiana? [Yes, sir.] Send any to St. Louis, Sierra County? [Probably.] Not positive? [No; but we will direct a paper to any one you may designate.]

Well, it is but recently that I learned we could come back this way, straightening out any matters that we might have left crooked. There are some things which I would like to straighten out. There are others that I prefer should remain crooked, covered, out of sight.

I suppose it is but fair, just, and perhaps it is also necessary, that I should state in what manner I made my exit from this world.

Well, I took it into my head one day to cut my throat, believing I had a perfect right to do so, as the throat was my own. And as near as I've been able to learn, it has caused a great deal of wonderment among my friends, although it has been kept very private—and they say it is the greatest mystery why William F. Long should have cut his throat.

While the teacher was answering one of your questions this afternoon, you will recollect he told you there were some who could not perceive a straight line. If they had been able to perceive why I did it, it would not have been a mystery; because they could not, it was a mystery.

There are others of my family who believe that no suicide can ever enter heaven, consequently I'm cut off from any sort of happiness. They feel very badly about it, for of course they are kind hearted.

The truth is, I'm not in heaven or hell. I am not in heaven, that I know of; and I probably shall know it as soon as any one, and the knowledge of it will add much to my happiness.

I could not make things come round right here—God knows I tried hard enough. My business was good; there were some good things in my life, and there were some very bad ones also, and I fought the bad ones, and tried in vain to overcome them. So I said, "I'm tired of this, I'm tired of that, and I'll just cut my throat and put an end of it." I didn't cut my throat because I cared particularly to know what things were like on the other side, for I don't think I gave it a thought; and I don't know as I thought there was any other side. But I did it; and I'm determined to gain heaven, too. I shall, I know I shall, because a man's cutting his throat does not exempt him from the law of progress by any means. It only clearly shows a man how great a fool he made of himself by doing it; probably it's more clear to him, too, than to any one else. And because I do see it, I shall be pretty likely to try to become wiser.

As for being crazy, I was not. I was perfectly sound in mind. Oh, you may say, "You were crazy, William, or you'd never cut your own throat," if you like; but I never was more sane in all my life, than I was then.

Seeing that the way is open, if any of my friends would like to know whether I'm comfortably situated—or any of the folks in St. Louis—just let me come to them; I don't mean come here, but let me go there; find one of these subjects through whom I can communicate direct. I don't know as I'll tell them why I cut my throat, for a man has some secrets, you know, that he don't care to tell all the world—don't you know that? But I'll do something toward settling the case in my friends' minds in regard to my death. [How shall we direct your message?] Well, direct it to, oh well, let me see, I'd like you to direct it to the friends of W. F. Long. [That is hardly definite enough.] To the postmaster, then; how will that do? [At St. Louis?] Yes; not your St. Louis out West. [California?] Yes. Oh, if I were there just as I am here, I should like very much to have about half an hour's talk as fast as I could, then I'd cut my throat if I could not leave any other way. Wouldn't recommend the operation to any one else, but I got used to it, so don't mind it. [You wouldn't want to cut the medium's throat?] Beg your pardon, didn't think of that. I might be tempted to, if I could not get out any other way; but I'd try all other ways first. Shall I call on you again, if not successful in reaching my friends? [Certainly.] Farewell.

Sept. 17.

**Edward Stevens.**

Stranger, will you be kind enough to say that Edward Stevens, of the 1st Michigan Cavalry, reports himself here?

I have a mother, a brother, and two sisters, and quite a variety of old friends, and I should be very glad to get a chance to talk to them. So I thought, stranger, I would report here, and see what it would come to. You're in the habit, I suppose, of receiving folks you don't know. I reckon you must. Why, stranger, there's an army of spirits that will reach to the stars, who desire to communicate.

Well, stranger, you see how it was reported that I was wounded and taken prisoner, and went through a heap of trials, when I didn't do any such thing. I died on the field, and was buried there. The only trouble was, I was chucked in a little too soon, before my spirit had got wholly free from the old shell. That's what the matter was. I want taken prisoner! Oh, not a bit of it. My folks are feeling bad to think how much I suffered, and how long I was obliged to lie in prison. But it wasn't so at all. So you'll report me ready for duty, or to come back and talk to my friends, will you? I'm alive, and I'm very well off in the spirit-world; and as for suffering—I experienced very little in dying. The folks, you see, feel very bad about it, and I want to relieve their minds a little.

Oh, by the way, tell Phil Herbert's folks—he's in the spirit-world—that he's with me. Wait, I'll do the business for both you and myself. [Turning aside and speaking to the spirit of Phil.] He wants a chance to speak; wants the folks to send him a card of invitation, and he'll come home and fix up some matters; that is to say, will straighten out some things that he left crooked. His folks do not believe in this thing, he says, but they know about it. He wants them to give him a chance to straighten out things. He went out in the same regiment and company that I did, and was killed about the same time, so I thought I'd do the business for myself and him, too.

We find ourselves on good, sound terra firma on 'fother side. Oh, yes, it's a very good place after you get used to it, only it isn't best to take too much truck along with you. I went out with Uncle Sam owing me all I was worth, so did not have much trouble of it. If I'd had it, I might have thought some reb would have been putting his hand in my pocket, and, as Uncle Sam had it, I presume the folks have got it before this time.

Stranger, if there's anything to pay for me and my friend, why, charge it, and I'll fire the next time I come. I'll be sure to do you a good turn, if I can.

Sept. 17.

**Séance conducted by John Pierpont.**

**Invocation.**

In the name of that Infinite Jehovah who guideth the destiny of souls, of nations, and of worlds, we are here assembled. And, while angels chant the glad Te Deum of the soul's release, we would pause upon the threshold of Time, seeking to lend some mortal to a knowledge of thy truth and thy wisdom. Oh thou Eternal Spirit, whose ways are past finding out, but whose wisdom encompasses all of life, and recognizes no death, unto thee this day, oh God of our souls, we pay our vows. And while Nature looks out from ten thousand times ten thousand eyes, and beholdeth thy beauty everywhere, so our souls, too, would look out from the prison-house of ignorance and behold thy beauty and worship thee in spirit. Oh Holy Spirit, like little children we come to thee, prostrating ourselves before thine altar, asking thy blessing. Oh, teach us to guide those unto whom we come, unto all ways of wisdom and peace. Teach us to lend them out of the valleys of Superstition and Ignorance unto the mountains of Wisdom and Knowledge. Oh, teach us to unbar the prison-house of Bigotry, and let the soul go free, even while it shall dwell on earth. And unto thy name, oh Wondrous Jehovah, we will render the deepest homage of our souls. Amen.

Sept. 18.

**Question and Answer.**

**Ques.**—Will the spirits please give their views of the Bible history of Nebuchadnezzar's image of

the golden head, and its destruction by what is represented to be a stone? and if we can make any application of it to our benefit at the present day?

**A.**—The story referred to is simply an incident of old time, that can, we believe, in no way be applied to the people of the present day for good. Much that seems to lie shrouded in mystery within the lids of your "Holy Book," is indeed no mystery, but simply a record of what has been; and that record belongs exclusively to the source from whence it came; therefore it cannot belong to you. If you are successful in coming nigh unto the divine truths, as taught by our brother, Jesus, you will have accomplished a very great work. If you shall seek earnestly to fashion your lives by his life, you will have done all he could ask of you. There is no need of your poring over the musty fables of the Ancient Record. It can do you no good, furnish no food for your souls. But if you turn your attention to the living word, as taught by Christ, your souls will be fed by it; and instead of wondering from whence the record comes, you will perceive the truth within the record and within yourselves also. Sept. 18.

**B. T. French.**

I occupy rather a singular position in coming here. It is now a little more than six years—six years last month, I believe—since I wrote an article which appeared in several papers, viz., the "New York World," "The Richmond Examiner," and, I believe, was copied into several Eastern papers, denouncing your Spiritualism and yourself in no very fair terms.

To-day I am here occupying a place that I then declared never existed. But it seems it had an existence, and I am availing myself of it at the present time. I have been looking this matter fair in the face ever since I died, as you call it, and at first I was very much inclined to remain out of sight. I said: Well, it is true, there's no questioning it. It is true, but I will have nothing to do with it. I got into a bad scrape, and I'll back out as best I can. But the more I thought of it, the more I thought what a coward I was. The more I looked at myself, the meaner I appeared. So I said I would come back, would occupy this platform, and would speak here; and I am here. [I'm glad you had the courage to come.] Well, I assure you, my dear friend, it required a good deal of courage to come; but to return and own up to being a fool, is rather a tough dose to swallow. But bitter as the pill is, I shall swallow it, and I hope its operation will be for my benefit.

It is no use for me to attempt to overthrow all the skepticism there is in the world, for such an attempt upon my part would be entirely futile. If I succeed in awakening an interest in even one of my friends, I shall do a great deal, and I certainly hope to do that much. I am not here to declare in words, specially, that your Spiritual Philosophy is true, is what you declare it to be, for there is no need of it. The fact that I am here, speaking, proves it to me and to all.

Perhaps it may be well to state why I was so very severe in my charges against Spiritualism. I, like many others, had seen the roughest side of yourism; and one of my oldest and best friends, in embracing Spiritualism, had been financially and morally injured by it—for it seems that he, too, had come in contact with the rough side. So I was very much out of tune on account of my friend's bad usage, and I determined to overthrow the whole thing with one simple, miserable, ignorantly got-up article. But Spiritualism lived and flourished, and I don't know but that very article of mine did something toward stimulating it to newer life. I very much believe it strengthened your cause; at any rate, it seems to me; for, instead of overthrowing Spiritualism, my article only tended to help it along, to lift it out of the mire. So your opponents are, in that sense, very good friends to you. Consequently, I style myself your friend. It is said by some, and believed by a great many minds here, that God overrules all the manifestations of life for good. It matters not which way we, the seeming creators of things, intend they shall turn, the Great God turns all in the direction of wisdom.

I'm very much inclined to believe there is great truth in that. I had a very dear friend, who I believe to-day is as much opposed to Spiritualism as I was. He came to me shortly after my article appeared in print, and he said, "Well, that was a very good bit you made. You had better make a good many more of them. This Spiritualism is the most cursed of all things; is the greatest delusion the world ever struggled against, and it's high time that the world rose en masse to put it down."

Seeing that I have changed my base of operations, I would ask that dear friend very sincerely and very earnestly to come and have a good social chat with me, as he used to in other days; not to convince him that Spiritualism is true, by no means—oh no, nothing of the sort—simply to talk over old affairs. And if he happens to feel that I am the intelligence I purport to be, he will have lost nothing, and will have gained something. I'll do him no harm, at any rate. I am aware that he, like myself, pays particular attention to all spiritual literature that is thrown out to the world; so I am quite sure that this, my present article, will meet his eye, and, I hope, insure his attention.

I was delighted beyond measure to know that I existed after I was free from the body. Nothing could have proved this to me before death; nothing whatsoever. Oh, I have many things thought I would give all the world to know whether the soul, the thinking part, survived the body. I know it now, and there is nothing that can make me believe that I shall ever lose my individuality, identity, or personality. I believe that I shall exist always, exist as a conscious intelligence.

I ask no pardon of you Spiritualists for whatever I may have tried to do against you. I was honest in doing what I did, therefore was right. I bid you good-day. [Did you reside in Washington?] No, sir; I was from Richmond. [Have you given all you wish, so your friends can identify you?] I have. I cannot fail of being known, unless it be to those who do not want to know me.

Sept. 18.

**B. T. FRENCH.**

**Margaret Trayer.**

I come, sir, to see if I shall be permitted to say something to my brother, John Trayer, in St. Louis.

My name is Margaret Trayer, and I was on board the *Lady Elgin*. I have waited a long time for a chance to come here. I only want to say that I wish to speak to him. He don't know that I can come back. That is what I come here for—to let him know that.

[Was the *Lady Elgin* burnt?] Oh, I don't know, sir, what happened; something dreadful! Oh, there was a terrible accident, anyway! I died by it, anyway. Died! yes; well, it's died, as some folks call it. [Lost your body.] Yes.

Oh, it is very hard to reach our friends, when they don't know anything about our being able to come back in this way. It is so hard!

Father Fitz James helped me here. He's very kind; yes, sir, he's very kind to show me the

the golden head, and its destruction by what is represented to be a stone? and if we can make any application of it to our benefit at the present day?

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Perhaps it may be well to state why I was so very severe in my charges against Spiritualism. I, like many others, had seen the roughest side of yourism; and one of my oldest and best friends, in embracing Spiritualism, had been financially and morally injured by it—for it seems that he, too, had come in contact with the rough side. So I was very much out of tune on account of my friend's bad usage, and I determined to overthrow the whole thing with one simple, miserable, ignorantly got-up article. But Spiritualism lived and flourished, and I don't know but that very article of mine did something toward stimulating it to newer life. I very much believe it strengthened your cause; at any rate, it seems to me; for, instead of overthrowing Spiritualism, my article only tended to help it along, to lift it out of the mire. So your opponents are, in that sense, very good friends to you. Consequently, I style myself your friend. It is said by some, and believed by a great many minds here, that God overrules all the manifestations of life for good. It matters not which way we, the seeming creators of things, intend they shall turn, the Great God turns all in the direction of wisdom.

I'm very much inclined to believe there is great truth in that. I had a very dear friend, who I believe to-day is as much opposed to Spiritualism as I was. He came to me shortly after my article appeared in print, and he said, "Well, that was a very good bit you made. You had better make a good many more of them. This Spiritualism is the most cursed of all things; is the greatest delusion the world ever struggled against, and it's high time that the world rose en masse to put it down."

Seeing that I have changed my base of operations, I would ask that dear friend very sincerely and very earnestly to come and have a good social chat with me, as he used to in other days; not to convince him that Spiritualism is true, by no means—oh no, nothing of the sort—simply to talk over old affairs. And if he happens to feel that I am the intelligence I purport to be, he will have lost nothing, and will have gained something. I'll do him no harm, at any rate. I am aware that he, like myself, pays particular attention to all spiritual literature that is thrown out to the world; so I am quite sure that this, my present article, will meet his eye, and, I hope, insure his attention.

I was delighted beyond measure to know that I existed after I was free from the body. Nothing could have proved this to me before death; nothing whatsoever. Oh, I have many things thought I would give all the world to know whether the soul, the thinking part, survived the body. I know it now, and there is nothing that can make me believe that I shall ever lose my individuality, identity, or personality. I believe that I shall exist always, exist as a conscious intelligence.

I ask no pardon of you Spiritualists for whatever I may have tried to do against you. I was honest in doing what I did, therefore was right. I bid you good-day. [Did you reside in Washington?] No, sir; I was from Richmond. [Have you given all you wish, so your friends can identify you?] I have. I cannot fail of being known, unless it be to those who do not want to know me.

Sept. 18.

**B. T. FRENCH.**

**Margaret Trayer.**

I come, sir, to see if I shall be permitted to say something to my brother, John Trayer, in St. Louis.

My name is Margaret Trayer, and I was on board the *Lady Elgin*. I have waited a long time for a chance to come here. I only want to say that I wish to speak to him. He don't know that I can come back. That is what I come here for—to let him know that.

[Was the *Lady Elgin* burnt?] Oh, I don't know, sir, what happened; something dreadful! Oh, there was a terrible accident, anyway! I died by it, anyway. Died! yes; well, it's died, as some folks call it. [Lost your body.] Yes.

Oh, it is very hard to reach our friends, when they don't know anything about our being able to come back in this way. It is so hard!

Father Fitz James helped me here. He's very kind; yes, sir, he's very kind to show me the

way to come. He is very kind. He is working very hard in the spirit-world, and he is very busy, too.

Farewell, sir; I won't trouble you any more, you'll only publish what I have said. And hope, won't I, that he'll get it? [Yes.] Sept. 18.

**Annie Connors.**

[This spirit, after gaining control of the medium, coughed for several seconds.]

I tried not to cough. I am Annie Connors, lived in Lowell, Mass. I was twenty years of age in my twenty-first year. I was a spinner on Massachusetts Corporation.

Three years ago I took cold, sir. I had a fever, and the doctor called it consumption, coughed so terribly all the time, they told me I came here I mustn't think of how I and I tried not to, but I found myself coughing fast as I could before I knew it.

I have a mother and sister here, sir. They are Catholics, and I was; but I hope to be able to tell them. My sister Mary, I think, would be very glad.

We were American born, sir, we were, but parents were born in Ireland. I want to say my mother and sister, that I have met with great many Catholics and priests, and they say it is right for us to come back; all say we shall be much happier than by staying in spirit-world all the time. They all say that should come back and teach our friends that can come—that there is life after death.

I went to school here until I was fourteen years old, and then went into the mill.

I have many things to be very thankful for, one is, that I was a Catholic. If I had not been Catholic, I might not have been so fortunate coming back; at least, I might not have been able to come to-day.

Father Fitz James says that if my mother goes to her priest and tell him honestly that she is a sinner, if it is possible, to communicate with him, will tell her what she shall do; and so I find a ready access to her.

My friends on earth, sir, are poor; but I suppose that makes no difference about my coming, the slightest! I can thank you, sir; that is all. Sept. 18.

**Henry C. Clyde.**

I am here, sir, with my four brothers, and all fell while fighting for the Constitution and Union.

No one of us knew anything about this message of return. But since we learned we could come back, we have been doing our best to make way here.

We have a mother and sisters left, about we are very anxious. I don't know, sir, as it is possible for me to do a great deal toward lightening my friends on the earth, but I hope let our dear old mother know that we are not that we are well situated, and that not one of us would come back to live on earth again, if we could.

She mourns very much over her loss, and at times very hard against the Government, the way that the Government seems to be going with regard to those persons who were in mental in bringing about so much misery. I only a few days ago I heard the dear old saying that if she could only have the privilege hanging Mr. Davis, she would







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