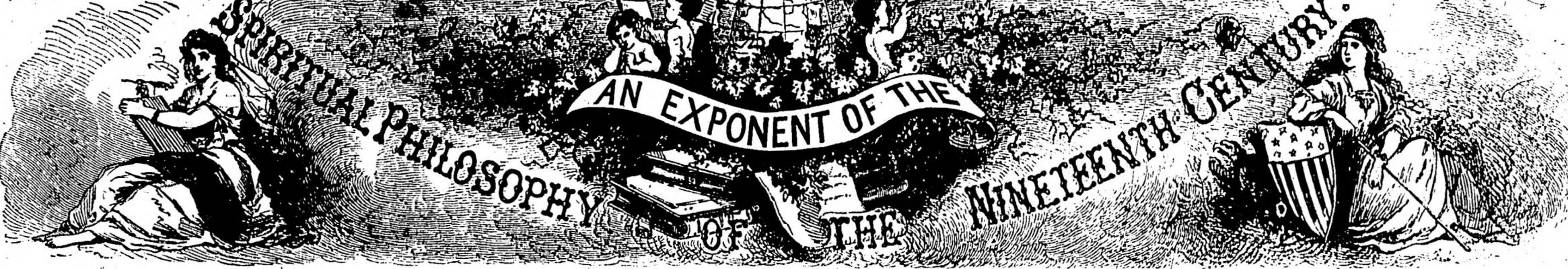


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Literary Department.

THE OLD ORGAN;

OR, THE WHITE SWAN'S DYING SONG.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.—TENNYSON.

Come, for the wild, free solitude is sweet,
And far below shall lie the world of care;
No sound of strife, no tramp of restless feet,
Can ever reach thee there.
Come, for each breath inspires some lofty thought,
When the pure mountain air thy spirit fills;
The lessons that the ancient sages taught
Were learned among the hills.—SARAH DOUGNEY.

I little thought I should ever give it to the world—that rare experience of nine years ago. The choicest dreams of a June evening were afloat on earth, in air, and on the starry heights. The perfection of that twilight hour was the grand finale of one of those day-poems of beauty which we can make our own in proportion as home presences the better home above, and the heart gives shelter to angel guests. I was spending some months with sister Edith in her happy home on the banks of the Housatonic—a home of beauty, hallowed by a perfect conjugal union existing between my sister and her husband; a union such as seldom exists on earth, but which we have reason to believe is one of the privileges of angelhood. In this sunny home, this miniature paradise, baby Ned, who had the honor of installing the relationship of grandparent, uncle and aunt in our family, formed an important part. Biddy, the little housemaid, with her simple heart and droll ways and skillful hands, was a treasure of her kind; and I filled my own niche in the household, the most contented "auntie" in the world, of as I believed, the most wonderful baby in existence.

I had gone out upon the piazza to enjoy alone a little while that holy twilight hour. The air seemed tremulous with the thoughts of angels. The benediction of heaven was resting upon the day, ere it took its place in the great silent past. The landscape was growing dim around me. At my left rose a high hill, from whose summit could be seen the Catskills and the Hudson. In the valley between it and the hill from which I surveyed the scene, was a wild, romantic glen, through which meandered a stream whose labyrinthine windings I never wearied of tracing. Great willows dipped their branches into its surging eddies, or traced their image upon some smooth corner where its waters found a resting-place. Directly before me lay the village, with its queer specimens of rural architecture, taking its order somewhat from that of the early Dutch settlers, and a little beyond rushed the impetuous Housatonic, with its great falls uttering their tireless thunder over the giddy precipice. The mist which rose about them gleamed white in the dusk, almost as beautiful as the radiant bow which hung there in the day's sunlight. On the further shore I could just discern, in the waning light, the tiny, rude cabins of the Irish laborers, which gave a peculiar and varied beauty to the scene. There are some things in life, as you know, which possess a certain poetic beauty of their own when looked upon from a distance, but which lose all their enchantment when we take a closer view. So, in their own way, these cabins added picturesqueness to the landscape. Just beyond, directly before me, rose high and grand the range of hills called Canaan Mountain. And Canaan Mountain was my especial delight and study. It possessed as many moods as there were hours in the day. Now it seemed to palpitate in a golden mist of almost heavenly glory; now it took on deeper tints as beautiful; now it looked dense and dark as a magician's spell; now bathed in freshest green; now lying in slumberous blue; now resting in a violet haze; now dreaming in deep, royal purple. That mountain was like an inspiration, answering it would seem, to every thought of the day-god as he poured his radiance along his daily course. Now it lay, slumberous and calm before me, filling my soul with its deep, strange, magnetic spell. At my right high hills stretched further in the distance, each stamped with its own individuality in outline and in color. The air was fragrant with roses and syringes, which, mingling with the beautiful home atmosphere of love, with the charms of the landscape before me, and with the deep tones of the Housatonic Falls, softened a little by distance, formed a spell of beauty which almost made a heaven on earth. The far-off hum of my city home was forgotten, but the loves of that distant home seemed to mingle with the magic of the present hour, till the beauty and wealth of life filled my soul, and I could only worship and love the Divine Source of all this good.

In all this beauty, was there room for more? Could this spell which bound my soul be deepened? Soft, yet strange and wild, crept upon the still air another far-off sound—beyond the dreamy hum of insects, beyond the rushing waters of the

Housatonic, beyond other hills and valleys and rivers—from some far, unknown spot, that shared in this same blissful baptism of love and beauty! From whence, I knew not; yet clear and sad, deep and thrilling, rose those wild, unearthly, yet strangely sweet strains, which my full heart expanded to receive. The keys of an organ seemed to be swept by fingers which could only have been moved by an inspiration not of earth. I listened—how long, I knew not. I could not tell whether it were moments or hours; for the music, though soft, and so far away, seemed to hold worlds of meaning, which I could half interpret, yet could not express in the grosser language of words. Its burden was Love—Love whose purity and depth and fullness I could feel, but no words could express. The sounds died away, but echoed strangely in my heart for many a day; and now, as I write, looking back through the vista of years between the Now and the Then, I catch again the baptism of those thrilling strains, and I know that such music never dies, but reverberates ever and ever through the arches of the eternities.

This was in 1863—nine years ago. I must give you one or two more facts as an introduction, before I pass on to my story.

A year and two months later, the sultry heats of August found me in another pleasant country home, in an inland town of the old Bay State. Laughing and chatting with young friends, my thoughts intent on a matter of needlework which just then was occupying our minds in an animated discussion, suddenly, like a flash, I was transported to the seashore. My actual surroundings vanished; and, instead of the company of laughing girls in that pleasant, old-fashioned parlor, I was alone, and the great ocean lay before me. I gazed on its vast expanse with feelings of awe and delight. I saw the breakers as they rolled up the beach and then slid quietly back, only to form again the foaming crest of a moment's duration. I heard the deep, mysterious voice of the sea; I discerned the white sails dotting its blue; I felt its cool breezes fanning my forehead, and the salt, pungent odor of its breath refreshed me. It was only a moment, and I was again with my friends, who, in their busy talk, had not observed my momentary absence in spirit. It was only a moment, and yet so full of reality and of joy that it never has slipped from my memory. I entered the date of that afternoon in my memorandum book, with the question, "Who is standing on the seashore?"

Again, in another loved sister's home, with the bleak December blasts sweeping over the fields. It was a home of beauty and of love, saddened only by suffering and disease. We had passed through hours such as write age upon the face, while in their stern discipline they bring out the hidden forces of the soul. The crisis was past; moments of leisure came. With my physical and mental strength seemingly spent in the nerving up of body and soul to meet the ordeal just past, and perform its duties, I went out to gain new strength from the cold, bracing air. I passed up the road and entered the field, so pleasant in summer, but now bleak and bare and cheerless. The view from the hill was a pleasant one, and the distant villages gleamed white in the clear atmosphere. I saw an old oak-tree, and it seemed to draw me to it with a resistless fascination. I stood beneath its broad branches, and listened to its whisperings as the wind toyed with its crisp, dead leaves. I placed my hand on its mossy trunk, and looked with streaming eyes up into its labyrinth of branches. The strong tree, thus bravely so calmly the rude winter blasts, gave me of its strength, and I walked back calm and brave for the duties which awaited me. The old oak-tree had performed one of its missions well. It had infused its own strength, its own life, into a needy human soul.

Sometime, reader, I will give you a glimpse of my happy city home; but this story takes us away to another household; so we only enter a moment to see busy preparations for my departure thence to the home of my Uncle Joshua, up country, where I was to spend the summer months.

The old homestead, where my father's boyhood and youth were spent, had, owing to pecuniary reverses in the family, passed into other hands many years before. My father's success in business had at last enabled him to repurchase the property; and, not wishing to give up his business in Boston, he had caused Uncle Joshua, his eldest brother, to remove thither, where his talent for farming could find ample scope for action. I had often visited Uncle Joshua and his wife, Aunt Ruth, in their home in Vermont; but the old family homestead, of which I had heard so much, and which I had learned to love, I had never seen, for my uncle had lived there only one year. It was not strange, therefore, that I looked forward to this visit with more than my usual anticipation.

A pleasant June morning finds me ready. The large trunk has been sent to the station, the loving good-bys have been spoken, and, with my little traveling-bag on my arm, and parasol in hand, I hail a Neek car, and my sister Belle accompanies me to the Fitchburg Station.

A street-car is a good place in which to study human nature. The real self there is often shown unconsciously. As we entered the car it was full, and some were standing. Soon a seat was vacated, and sister Belle, unselfish as always, obliged me to take it. Father Cleveland, that noble old patriarch, whose white locks were a glory to his years, whose serene face bore token of the pure Christian heart within, and of the true Christian life he had lived, and whose memory will live in many grateful hearts—old Father Cleveland was there, and noted the circumstance.

"I admire to see such politeness!" he said to my sister, in clear tones that drew the attention of those around him; and added, "True politeness will never go unrewarded." My sister, although unconscious of doing an act at all uncommon, yet appreciated gratefully the good old man's approval.

We stop and enter the new and spacious Fitchburg station. I get my baggage checked, and find

the right car, and enter. A few words more between us, and, at the first warning bell, my sister rises; one more "good-by," and she is gone. A few moments and we begin to move slowly. I give a parting look at the granite finger of Bunker Hill, pointing upward to the glorious home of its saluted heroes, and sob the busy town is left far behind.

And now "the conductor with a flower in his mouth" enters, and I still wonder, as I wondered years ago, what the story truly is of that mysterious flower. I am always glad to see his fine, manly face, and I rank him with those model conductors to whom we are so deeply indebted for their faithfulness and their many kindnesses. Truly we too seldom think of our dependence upon others, and they often strangers.

Now Wachuset's bold outline rises before me; I greet it with pleasure always, as the forerunner of great and good things awaiting me in the up-country whither I am hastening. On, on through pleasant towns, till we reach Fitchburg. Were you ever here, reader? It is a charming spot to me—this busy, thriving village, set in its beautiful casket of high, green hills. We have not time now to walk through its busy streets, nor roam over its romantic hills, for the train waits not.

On, still rushing on by the magic power of steam, till at Ashburnham we turn our seats, to the surprise of the few uninitiated, and the still greater amazement of little ones who wonder if they are going home already.

Thus far we come in company, reader. I cannot tell you now what train I take, only that we go northward, while the forests grow denser and the hills rise higher around us. If you can find your way with me through winding, wooded vales and towns whose names I shall now give all wrong to mislead you, I shall make the best of it, and bid you welcome to all you can discover. The stations become less frequent, and I gaze with delight on the noble hills which seem to be peering into the mysteries of the far blue ether; and now and then I almost clasp my hands with joy at the sight of the mountain hills as they dance over rock and steep and mossy bank. I say so much I wish to tell you of, but it would make my story too long, and I wish you to hear the old organ.

I leave the train at Ashton, and the impatient locomotive speeds on with its freight of human life, and I single out from the several stages the one bound for Westbury, which passes through Bradford where my uncle lives. Mr. Newell is a model stage-driver, and his horses and carriage promise us a comfortable ride. Now his name is not Newell, but he would not wish his real name to appear in a story; neither should I wish to shock the sense of propriety of the inhabitants of Bradford, for whom I entertain the highest respect, by giving their true names and that of their native town.

I am thus cautious, too, in deference to the feelings of my good uncle and aunt; for, after reading my story, such would be the rush of the scientific and curious to their quiet domicile, as would greatly disturb the equanimity of my aunt's famous cheeses and stores of golden butter, and the quiet and orderly home arrangements generally. I will just whisper to you, however, that if you should chance, notwithstanding my precautions, to find your way to that charming little town nestled among the hills of the old Granite State, you can go quietly to my good aunt with your request, and, if you are careful not to disarrange in any way the quiet household-matters, you may yet be so favored as to hear a strain of wonderful harmony from the strange old organ.

As we pass through the few villages on our way I cannot fail to notice the appearance of true manliness and noble womanhood which characterizes almost every person we meet. There is a certain self-respect and a degree of culture in these quiet country-people which would surprise one from some sections of our land.

Now we turn up the mountain road, and the sturdy horses bravely climb the rugged steep. Dense forests on either side seem filled with a weird power of fascination, and I give myself up to their magic influence. Giant ferns and strange forest plants peer out from their shady retreat, and I would like to spend a day, in searching out the hidden treasures of these deep, dark woods. Now and then we emerge from the wood, and find ourselves high in air, while the valley below seems so full of rest! We catch no glimpse of the surging of that vast life-life which never rests, but which ebbs and flows forever and forever. Proud Monadnock rears his lofty crest at the north of us, standing like the huge sentinel of this vast domain. At last we begin to descend, and a long, steep declivity is before us which would startle the nerves of sensitive persons unaccustomed to a hilly country. Now comes a harsh, grating shriek, which causes one or two ladies from "below"—who are for the first time among these hills—to start with terror. A word explains to them the precaution of our driver in applying brakes to his carriage for the safety of its occupants.

I have been watching for several miles the welcome form of Mt. Tamar as we approach, till at last we see the white spires and neat houses which cluster at its base, and soon we enter the quiet village of Bradford. As we stop, and the mail-bag is thrown out at the post-office, I can discern in the distance the cemetery where lie the earthly forms of my ancestors for many generations back. My place of destination lies beyond the village, and we move on. On through "the Gulf," as it is called, where the road winds around the base of the mountain, whose wooded sides seem to aspire to the very clouds. Beside the road dances the mountain stream which flows through the township, now this side, now that, ever murmuring sweet songs of its native forest home, and aspirations for the far home in the sea to which it is hastening—its eternity, as Heaven is ours! On the other side rises a range of high hills, so that in this deep ravine, or mountain pass, there is only room for the winding road and its busy compan-

ion, the brook, as they appear side by side. Finally we emerge, and a mile further on through fine farms and by pleasant houses, appears the dear old homestead. Yes, I know it from the description given of it by my father, and already I discern the tall, straight form of my uncle in the piazza; Aunt Ruth joins him; they are looking for "their girl," as they always call me now. They call me so, because the last of their six children five years ago went to the happier land beyond the sunset.

It is refreshing after a tiresome ride by rail and coach to receive such greetings as my good uncle and aunt give me as I emerge from the stage. Now for three months of romping, racing, and a good time generally!

"I suppose, Florence," says Aunt Ruth, after a few mutual inquiries, "you want to go right up to your room, and get rid of some of this dust. I'll show you the way," and passing across the great hall, and through a large room into a smaller hall, we ascend the old-fashioned, winding staircase.

I cannot refrain from clapping my hands, according to my old childish habit, as I enter the chamber.

"Oh, Aunt Ruth! this is charming! What a view! How grand Mt. Tamar looks from here! I must sketch it. That shall be my first attempt at sketching the natural beauties of Bradford. That old mill yonder, how picturesque! And those woods! Aunt, I start to-morrow morning, as soon as the dew is dried, for that gigantic forest! It holds wonderful secrets, I know, and shall yield me of its treasures."

"Yes, Florence, and I should not expect to see you from morning till night if I didn't know the horn for you at dinner-time. Well, I'll go down now, and when you get ready you'll find supper waiting. You must be hungry, child, after your long ride."

In a short time I find my way down stairs. It is nearly five, and already the table is spread for tea. I enjoy the quaint, homely style in which my uncle and aunt live, although I might tire of it after a while. They have always adhered to the primitive customs in which they were reared. The three substantial meals of the day are served promptly at seven, twelve, and five. There is little silver on the table, and the dessert at dinner appears with the meats; yet the steel of the knives and forks is of the finest quality, and is kept well-polished, and the table-cloth and napkins of homespun linen are white as snow. I might descend on the light, white bread, the lumps of golden butter, the rich cream and fresh milk, all of which I duly appreciate, but I have other things to tell you of.

It seemed to me that never day dawned so gloriously as on my first morning at the old homestead. I who could sleep in my city home undisturbed by the rattling of coaches and heavy teams over the pavements, and by the monotonous sound of horse-cars, was entered as if by magic from dream-land by the gushing melodies which filled the great elms and maples around the house. Surely the day must be beautiful and rich that is ushered into existence with so much pagentry and pomp as I saw displayed in the glowing east, and by such inimitable floods of music as those that greeted my ears.

I was down stairs ready for breakfast at seven. After breakfast I assisted my aunt in some household duties till the dew was dried. Then donning my hat I started out with a basket for the woods. Tiger, the old mastiff, went with me. I found the flowers and the mosses, and he found the woodchucks. I hardly know which of us was the prouder, as, in answer to the shrill notes of the dinner-horn, we hastened back—I, with my basket well-filled with forest treasures, or he, dragging with his strong teeth the unwary woodchuck which had fallen a victim to his canine skill.

My love of sport prompted me to suggest to my companion, in terms which he could understand, the propriety of his escort into the house; accordingly, we strode gravely side by side with our burdens through the great hall into the dining-room, where, as we filled the doorway, I suddenly discovered, to my dismay, a third person awaiting dinner. The three looked up at our approach, and I— notwithstanding my discomfiture at finding myself thus in the presence of a stranger—joined in the hearty laugh which made the old room ring. Poor Tiger would have laughed, too, if he had known how. He enjoyed the joke according to his limited capacity, and testified to his appreciation of it after the fashion of the canine race.

Then my aunt introduced the stranger. He was her nephew, Chester Lynne, an artist, who was to board with them through the summer for the purpose of sketching, and who had come a few days earlier than they had anticipated. She had not told me of his expected arrival. Indeed, it was after they had received my note accepting their invitation to pass the summer with them, that they had received by mail his application for board, as my aunt afterward told me.

I hastened to my room. A very hasty toilet sufficed, for I would not keep them waiting, and as I reentered the dining-room my aunt was giving her finishing touch to the dinner-table arrangements.

I had probably been one of my besting sins I should frankly have been somewhat disconcerted at my flushed face and hastily arranged coiffure, in the presence of the elegant stranger opposite me, for a glance showed me that he was a gentleman of taste, refinement and culture; but I was never more at my ease. Somehow he did not seem like a stranger to me. I found myself wondering where I had known him before. It seemed to me that we had known each other long.

I was surprised, that afternoon, to find myself, while arranging my flowers and mosses, chatting as gaily with him as if we had been acquaintances of weeks instead of hours. He assisted me in arranging leaves and blossoms in my herbarium, and promised to assist me in sketching.

While wiping the dinner dishes for Aunt Ruth, previous to this, she had entertained me with such glowing accounts of her nephew, that I felt sure I might trust to my own natural perception of character, which had shown him to me as worthy of

my esteem. The afternoon passed pleasantly and rapidly in conversation with my aunt and Mr. Lynne. This was Wednesday. Saturday morning Mr. Lynne left, with the intention of returning after some days.

A week passed swiftly and delightfully. Each day I discovered some new treasure—a strange wild-flower or wonderful fern, a hidden spring of water, a new bird's-nest, or, if nothing more, a carefully-hidden hen's-nest, where some calculating fowl had thought to escape human eyes, that she might rear her young according to her own ideas of independence. Then there were dishes to wash, and rooms to sweep, and a thousand things that came up in the household economy, and I gladly took a share in them. My aunt was well and strong, and wished to have her work done in her own nice way; hence she did not trouble herself with servants, "who would be sure," she said, "to do the very way she did it wish them to." And my aunt was about right.

Letters from home came often, with their sweet words of love and remembrance; the pure mountain air was bringing a new and fresh color to my cheeks, while in my very gladness of soul I drew nearer to the great, palpitating heart of Nature, receiving thus a baptism which was fitting me for coming events. Those were bright days and busy days—days in which I was laying up treasures for future years. I knew not then how rich they were, though I knew they were very bright and sunny.

CHAPTER II.

What is this mystery? Methinks the air
A conscious dread doth in its bosom bear;
A nameless secret shivers through its dark
It holds strange meanings that I fain would mark;
I feel its every atom move with fear;
It fills my soul—oh, tell me—what is here?

I had planned for Saturday morning a new tramp in the woods with Tiger, my faithful companion, but as I awoke that morning, the rain-drops pattering against the windows seemed to say, "We'll keep you in to-day!" but aside the curtain. Mt. Tamar had vanished. Had Mother Earth in one of her strange freaks swallowed my old friend, and so easily, that her act of degradation had not been perceived by us so near? Had Mt. Tamar been only a fancy, an optical illusion, and had I awakened from my world of ideas to one of reality? Or, rather, had she withdrawn for a little seclusion and quiet meditation into her wrap of fog and cloud, of mist and rain, precluding to come out with a brighter face and a greener robe to-morrow? I gave a nod toward the impenetrable mist, with, "Good-morning, friend Tamar, I wish you a pleasant nap, and shall be glad to see your old face again by-and-by." She did not condescend even to peep through her cloudy curtains, and I turned to the east window. Beyond the meadows lay the great forest, and it seemed to whisper roguishly, "I'll keep my treasures safely hidden from that lawless city girl to-day!"

As we cleared the breakfast-table Aunt Ruth said, "Florence, I'm afraid you'll be homesick to-day. You must entertain yourself the best way you can."

"Never fear, auntie, for me!" I rejoined. "You told me the other day to go all over the house, just as I pleased; so to-day I take a ramble, first of all, over this ancient mansion. The old garret has been calling to me with its mysterious voices ever since I came; but I resolutely reserved the pleasure of an exploration of its secrets till the first rainy day."

Before nine o'clock my portion of the morning household duties was finished, and I walked back and forth a few times through the great hall, pausing at each end to look out upon the storm. At the south, Mt. Tamar was still fast asleep in her cloud-wraps, and the piazza—"sleep" they call it—was wet with rain. The garden was at the north side of the house, and yet it was so situated as to get sunshine enough to make it quite thrifty. I looked out upon it through the rain, thinking how my father, in his boyhood had raised vegetables and fruits there by his own industry, and Aunt Mellicent, his artist sister, had cultivated her roses and pinks and pansies. Long ago she went to her home of beauty among the flowers of the Spirit-land, but many of her pictures and pieces of fancy work of various kinds remain to remind us of her taste and skill.

I opened the door into the great parlor, which overlooks the garden, and which is seldom opened. There was something forbidding to my free nature. In its closed blinds and dropped curtains, its prim carpet and chairs rather too stiffly arranged. I thought of our own sunny rooms at home, with their pictures and statues, their birds and flowers, and the contrast was striking. It is true that in this great house there must be some closed rooms. They cannot all be used. But may I never be one of the "company" who shall be destined to pass an afternoon in this stiff, inhospitable room. I passed out into the hall, and through the north room, which used to be my grandmother's parlor. The room seemed pleasant with its old-fashioned chairs and tables, and with no carpet on its shiny floor.

Passing into the smaller hall, on the east front of the house, I stopped to look through its windows on the marigolds and petunias which my aunt had planted, and which had started finely. Then into the other large square room, with its wee bedroom, which was once the "living-room" of my grandparents; out again into the large hall. I didn't stop to ascend the front staircase, for it led only to my chamber and the one opposite, which I had already examined.

For the first time, I ascended the grand staircase from the main hall, which led up to the hall above without a turn. The first door from the upper hall opened into a pleasant bedroom which had formerly been used as a guest-chamber, but for some reason unknown to me, had not been occupied for many years. The next door was locked. I knew the room was directly over the parlor. Much surprised at finding it locked, I passed on. I next opened a door leading into a large hall or chamber, at each end of which stood an old-fashioned bed. In this room slept the hired men when

my uncle employed on his farm when he boarded them. Those whom he at present employed lived at their own homes.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "this should be the art gallery! It is so pleasant, with its splendid view outside, and I do not believe those hired men could appreciate it." The next moment, I was startled by the sound of a door opening. "How can I know?" I asked myself, "how can I know of beauty may be hidden in a commonplace object? Our nature is adorned with this sense. Mr. Tanager may whisper to him the same secret, secrets that give to him the same pleasure and joy."

I had passed a door which I supposed led to the garden, and I turned now, up the steps, and then I stood in the hall and dimness of that strange old room under the roof, the only sound, the patter of rain overhead. The air was close, and I opened the window at the further end. I looked still a few moments, looking around on all sides taking in glimpses of past years, even to a century back. Struck with awe as the strange influences of so many ancient relics swept over me, I turned with a chill, and a shiver to descend the steps, and then, with a forest laugh, I exclaimed, "What! Florence Kingsley, you a desecrator? I am, as you say, no desecrator. Here are only the relics of friends dear to you and yours."

So I turned resolutely back into the dimness, and began searching with a good will for the forgotten and time-stained treasures of the old gallery. Ancient bookshelves, under whose ample shade had often been hidden smiling faces and clustering influences, were drawn from their dark corners, and, between my smiles and tears, I think their former owners would have been satisfied with my appreciation of them. Then, tumbling among old chests and drawers, I drew forth queer, three-cornered hats, slippers with pointed toes, long hose and short coats, ancient buckles, rich belts, an antique sword which had done service in revolutionary times, and other curious things too numerous to mention.

I espied in a dark corner a spinning-wheel, whose dust and long hair had been past. What a mystery it might be to the modern nation and to the modern housewife, whose spinning industry would shame the idle and useless lives of too many young ladies of the present day. True, we no longer need these implements of labor, but the mighty present of old times, of occasions, of fields of labor and of usefulness, for which the laborer's day is all too few.

One strange thing attracted my attention, to which I could not give a name. What its use had been, I could not imagine. It was a large, heavy cushion, with a deep, broad, curved hanging from either side. I laid it aside after much wondering, thinking I would ask my aunt to gratify my curiosity concerning its use.

There was a queer old, broken chair in one corner of the room, that looked much like that in the Massachusetts Historical Rooms, over the Suffolk Bank, which was brought over in the Mayflower, but my poor old chair had but two legs and one arm, and its back was rickety.

I will just tell you, passing reader, for fear I should forget it, by the way, that if you will call and see me in my own home, at 104 Warren Avenue, I will show you some of the relics found in the old gallery, which my good uncle gave me; and among them, this queer old, dilapidated chair. I cannot, however, ask you to sit in it, for it would surely tumble down, and you with it. It stands feebly leaning against the wall of my little "curiosity shop," as brother Ned calls it, but which I call my "museum," and as we all pay it the deference due to its age, and are very careful never to hit it rudely, it seems quite a full.

But to return to the old gallery. I don't know how long I was there. It must have been nearly an hour; and then I ran down to find for my strange prize a name.

My aunt opened the door from the dining-room into the hall with a delighted face. I had forgotten that I was a well-bred girl of twenty-three, and was rushing down the staircase like a locomotive without brakes, at the same time astonishing the atmosphere of that still house with unheard-of vocal operatic gymnastics. No wonder my aunt was frightened.

"Why, child!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were falling down stairs." "Oh, no, auntie," I'm sorry I startled you. But do tell me, what is that strange, heavy cushion up-stairs, with a curtain hanging from each side?"

"That? Why, that's a pillow! Many's the time I've reposed myself on that, behind your uncle. We always went to meeting on one horse, the first few years of our married life."

"Then it was put behind the saddle?"

"Yes."

"But how did you keep on?"

"Oh, that was easy enough. That came natural. If the road was rough, or the horse started up, I just held on to your uncle."

"What a comical way to ride! It had one advantage, however; while he looked in one direction, you were looking in another, so you had a good look-out in case of danger. Oh, auntie, you and uncle must ride some day; will you? It will be such a nice glimpse of old times!"

"Oh, I'm getting too old for such things. You may ride with your uncle some time."

"Oh, that will be charming! I'll ask him to go the first pleasant day. Aunt! I found such treasures in the gallery! Why, I don't believe you know one half of the strange things there. You could fit up quite a museum."

"Well, your uncle and I have n't time for such things; and we have n't such a taste for them, either, as you city-folks have. I daresay your uncle will let you pick out from them what you want, if you would like any of those old things."

"What for my own?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how much I should prize them!"

"Well, we'll see about it."

"Aunt, I found a door which I could n't open. I think it was locked. I have remembered every other place in the house."

My aunt looked suddenly serious. I was puzzled.

"Would you like to go in there, Florence?"

"Certainly, if you have no objection."

"No, I have no objection, on this condition—that you will be careful not to move anything out of place. That room has not been disturbed for over forty years. Once a year it is opened, aired, and dusted."

There was something in my aunt's face and manner, which checked the inquiry on my lips, and I took the key from her hand, and ascended the stairs slowly, and thoughtfully. Before I had reached the upper hall she called to me:

"Florence, you can roll up the curtains of the north windows, and open the blinds, while you look around."

"Yes, aunt; thank you."

As the key grated in the lock, which seemed unwilling to be disturbed, a feeling of awe crept over me, and I opened the door noiselessly and very slowly, half expecting to be greeted by some grim king of the deserted realm. The room was

large, and dark, for blinds were closed and curtains down. Something prompted me to close the door, and I stood for a few moments in the dark, trying to analyze my emotions. My heart gave fearful bounds, and I trembled violently, and yet it was not from fear. A strong tide of feeling rushed over me, an emotion of indescribable sadness, followed by an intense desire to administer comfort to some sorrowing soul. Tears came to my eyes, and I went to the windows and rolled up the curtains. They were of thick, green paper, and as I rolled them up with my unaccustomed fingers they slipped more than once, with a strange rattling sound, that echoed clearly in the lone room. At last they were up and tied, and I opened a blind. I looked around. A strange, gloomy room indeed it was. The paper was dark and dingy. On the walls hung a few old-fashioned pictures, a worked sampler, and a map of the United States, when they numbered thirteen, neatly drawn in red ink. The high-backed, mahogany chairs were ranged stiffly, side by side, around the room. In one corner was an old-fashioned couch, a table stood between the north windows with a table on it; and—what else?—was it a secretary?—an old organ! It surely was an ancient parlor organ!

Forgetting for a moment my aunt's injunction, in my delight on finding anything in the shape of a musical instrument in the house, I attempted to open it, when lo! I found it was locked. It was safe from my sacrilegious touch. But it must be opened! I must try the queer old instrument! Handing, and Peterboro', and Danbury should echo through that strange old room!

Again I fastened down stairs, but not as hastily as before.

"Oh, aunt! the old organ! you forgot to give me the key to that!" I exclaimed almost breathlessly. "I am so glad to find this music!"

"I haven't the key, Florence; and if I had, I could n't give it to you."

I opened my eyes wide in astonishment. "Your kind aunt, would n't give me the key if you had it?"

"No. That organ has not been unlocked for more than forty years. There is a sad story connected with it, which you shall hear sometime."

"Yes, aunt; you must tell me sometime."

I thought at the time how strange it was that I was not impatient, as I usually am, when my curiosity is aroused. I seemed to know, intuitively, that this was not the time nor place to hear about the old organ.

"Did you lock the door?" my aunt asked.

"No, I only closed it, for I am going back."

"Go quick, then, child; for we do n't leave it unlocked!"

How strange! It was so different from my quiet, practical Aunt Ruth, to speak in this excited way! I hastened back, and the child this time seemed to reach my very heart. What strange mystery were its words there I could not tell, but I bowed before its mysterious spell. Tears fell from my eyes. For what? For whom? I could not tell. "Some one has suffered here," I said to myself, "perhaps has died here. That old organ, if it could only speak, might tell the tale, might solve the mystery; but it is forced to silence. This deserted room seems full of something—I know not what of something—I know not whom?"

Just then a cool breeze swept over my forehead—not a momentary one, but a steady, electric current. The curtain tassels did not move; the air could not come from the window. I was far from it, standing near the organ. I seemed to feel rather than hear a rustling as of trailing robes beside me. Then suddenly, instead of the stifling odor of the damp walls, so long shut in from air and sunlight, the room was filled with the fragrance of jonquilles. In my surprise I went to the window, forgetting that my aunt had no jonquilles in her garden, but could scarcely perceive it there.

I returned to my station near the organ, to find it as perceptible as at first, and delightfully fresh. For perhaps two minutes the air was laden with this beautiful and mysterious fragrance, and then it was gone.

I gave one more look around the room, and at that strange old organ seemed to perpetual silence, then closed the window, lowered the curtains, passed out and locked the door. I went slowly down stairs, and returned the key to my aunt. Neither of us spoke. I went up to my own room, and throwing myself on the bed, I had what we girls call "a good cry."

I could not analyze my feelings. They rushed over me in a sort of blinding confusion. I struck out into chaos—a sad, bewildering chaos, without light, without music, without beauty. Chaos never is beautiful, because it is ever without order, and "order is Heaven's first law." There is beauty in the wild confusion of Nature, as we sometimes find it, for even here there is a certain order which never fails. Nature works by law, and she never builds in truth a chaos. The human mind sometimes creates chaos out of its own inharmonious elements, and it is only dissipated or changed into harmony by some flash of light and beauty from the inner or the outer world, by some heavenly echo ringing through the spaces, or by the "still small voice" which speaks to every soul.

This for a time my spirit seemed to lose itself in this inner babel; or was it roving over an arid desert, peopled with demons and phantoms?

I was, however, startled at last, and mortified, too, to find that, from the depths, my soul was sobbing, sobbing for one presence, and he, Chester Lynde, whom I had known only so lately! It was no new thing, in seasons of my mental excitement, and sometimes in calmer hours, for me to long thus for some soul, the counterpart of my own; for mine was a true woman's nature, yearning for companionship. I had never felt ashamed of this longing for love. God had implanted it in my soul; its nature I knew was angelic. But the surprise and mortification lay in the fact that this being ideal, which had, as yet, dwelt in my imagination, wholly apart from thoughts of all men with whom I had met, had suddenly merged into an individuality, and he—almost a stranger!

(Continued in our next.)

PROTEST OF A CHRISTIAN HORSE.—During the recent Sunday school convention held in this city, one of the delegates, hitched his horse in front of S. H. Luther's, at an early hour, and that horse stood there in the hot sun, from eight o'clock in the morning until after five in the afternoon, (nine long hours) without food or drink. It was a small black pony, with one white hind-foot, hitched to a black-gold-mounted top buggy, in which was a white blanket trimmed with red. During the afternoon, some one placed a card on the horse, on which was printed: "I belong to a Christian; have stood here since morning without food or drink."—*Bulletin (N. Y.) Democrat.*

It is a very evil epoch, when the necessities of life, in our tortuous world, first get the better of us so far as to compel us to attempt throwing a cloud over our transparency. Simplicity increases in value the longer we can keep it, and the further we carry it onward into life. The loss of a child's simplicity, in the inevitable lapse of years, causes but a natural sigh or two, because even his mother feared he could not keep it always; but after a century has brought it through his children, and has still worn it in his bosom, not as an early dew-drop, but as a diamond of pure, white lustre—it is a pity to lose it then.—*Haeckel.*

TRUE LIVES.

BY CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

A few years ago Mrs. Tappan was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tappan, and Mrs. Post, at Rochester, N. Y. Their history was familiar to her, and she appreciated and admired their heroic devotion to the right, and their kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Upon leaving their hospitable goodness, she addressed to them the following lines:

For two I see a golden sunset gate,
And purple, pillared clouds, that rest on earth,
[pleasing massive steps ordained of Fate,
And rising from a pathway of pure worth.

They meet this rounded orb, then upward lead
Through the clear, amber sea, whose peaceful
waves
Wait quietly to bear each kindly deed
To that bright shore which it forever haves.

Still on that stairway guides, reaching the face
Of a grand temple—not yet quite complete;
But backward turning to this home a space,
I see these walls divide the two worlds meet.

The eaves and shadows which oftentimes have lain
Upon your spirits, now arise and part;
The struggles, doubts, and every pleading pain,
Ascend like white doves in their airy start.

The early toll for daily, hourly needs,
The prayers and hopes, and sometimes almost
fears,
The doubtful planting of the youthful seeds,
The search for Truth through every, waiting
years.

Patience in all, though friendships oft betrayed,
And falsehood's honeyed voice sought to
lead,
And upward labor, clouds which stayed,
Even though sunshine always glimmered through.

For somehow love and faithless trust were there,
Keeping your hearts still fresh and warm and true,
And though earth was not always bright and fair,
You've kept the clear heavens ever within view.

Taking the years for all in all, there's more
Of joy than sadness in their record now,
And every line of care which sorrow bore,
Hath placed a gem of thought upon your brow.

Thus looking through the film and mist of time,
Toward the crimson day-dawn drawing nigh,
Down bends the heavenly temple so sublime,
I sweep the human pathway to the sky!

Transfigured seems each act and scene of earth;
I reach the marble stairs—the temple gate;
The corner-stones are Faith and Worth,
And Hope, and Love divine, than all more great.

The walls are wonderful! Stone upon stone,
Varied as all the hues and forms of thought,
Yet blended each, and perfect every one,
As though one hand had guided, one mind wrought.

And every block is carved and fitted well,
By different workers, who their own names trace,
And each inscription doth a record tell
Of their kind deeds, on earth your dwelling place:

One is a fugitive, whom law pursues,
With bounds of power, and stern religion's
laws;
Your gentle words the monster force subdues,
Or falling, you find refuge for the slave.

One is the orphan, sheltered in your home,
And fed by your warm fire, and warmer hearts;
Or a poor pilgrim, fated to roam,
Each found a rest from sorrow's stinging darts.

And woman, with a weight of burning wrong,
Fleeing from pain and guilt of legal shame,
Within your presence grew so bright and strong,
That love and virtue seemed a holy flame!

All breaking hearts and famished souls who came
One day to ask a boon, or respite find,
Now bring their tribute, grateful with their name,
The deed performed, the word so true and kind.

Within are all, fair shapes and forms of art,
Those sterner loves and tender sympathies;
The pictured walls are symbols of the heart,
The living statues are sweet prophecies.

There are the hopes which, tender and most true,
Have ever dwelt within the soul's pure shrine
Of married love, as morning's crystal dew,
Within the rose's cup doth purely shine.

Each dream of heaven, each aspiration grand,
Is hinged in some living tree or flower,
And at the breath of thought (that magic wand)
These forms repeat their own familiar power.

Your cherished hopes, like white birds, hover
round,
And song have plumage like the sunset gleams,
While all the air is filled with waves of sound,
The blended melody of your young dreams.

And every hope finds its fruition here,
A recompense for all your earthly woe;
Truth, dim to sense, becomes most bright and clear,
Solved, every mystery of life below.

The chambers vast, the spacious halls, adorned
With grand creations of the perfect mind,
And all with Love's rich glory ever warmed,
Through all your lives, your glorious future home.

For two there is a golden sunset sky;
A shining pathway rising fair and clear,
A loveliness and hope which cannot die,
A home of beauty ever drawing near.

Napoleon the First.

A writer says: On the pedestal of my book-case is a small bust of Napoleon the First. Biographers have written his life by the score, yet hardly have they comprehended his nature. God often uses a whole city or an entire country to accomplish his work and fame. But in Napoleon he placed a mind which would overshadow millions of the common mold combined. Historians may attempt to injure his name, his fame, his great mind, his words and deeds. But they do not succeed. Like the iron graver on the diamond surface it makes no impression. The tool is blunted. The diamond remains unharmed. Napoleon's fame, as one being a mind of stupendous mold, will tower to the skies for ages. The shallow-minded who understand not God or his plans, have attempted to defame him, but when they and their works are lost and forgotten by the world, his name will shine out brighter than ever.

And yet Napoleon was not a perfect man, nor has the world seen such, but he carried in his bosom a heart that had the true ring. God's spirit was there in the heart as it is in every heart. His stamp is upon us all, but each has its separate variety.

Napoleon loved his fellow-men as far as they would allow him so to do, and they loved him. He was a great worker for God. No man before his time, or since, ever labored as he labored, and as we are all God's children, and are in his vineyard as laborers, the great souls and the little souls will have their reward.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MANIFESTATIONS.—R. M. SHERMAN, MEDIUM.

DEAR BANNER.—On the 13th of Feb., 1872, I received the following letter, directed to "Mr. Bailey, (Spiritualist) Alliance, O."

Carleton, Feb. 12, 1872.
MR. BAILEY.—The presiding spirit of the band holding control of spiritual scenes at my house, have directed Mrs. Ewing and myself to take our physical medium, R. M. Sherman, and visit your place. I was told to address "Mr. Bailey, Spiritualist." I have no knowledge of you or any other person in your place. Yours truly,
T. M. Ewing.

P. S.—Perhaps I should have stated further, that the presiding spirit told us that a lady spirit, calling her name Sarah, about thirty-three years in the form, came with the request that we, in company with our spirit-band, go to Alliance, where we were assured a cordial reception and good results await us.

I replied to the letter, and on the 19th, Bro. Ewing and the medium arrived here.

In the evening some twenty of the friends met at the house of Bro. J. R. Haines, for a private séance; when the medium became entranced, he passed around among us until he came to Bro. Clem. Rockhill, a perfect stranger to him, and said, "You are the boy I am looking for," and laying his hand upon him he added, "Your wife, Sarah, directed us to come here." (Sister Sarah Rockhill was one of our most earnest workers, and took great delight in witnessing physical manifestations; she passed to spirit-life some four months since.) Other excellent tests were given, after which the medium was firmly tied, both hands and feet, the former behind, then placed in a sack, which was securely tied over his head; in that condition he was seated in the cabinet; the manifestations, such as playing upon musical instruments, and speaking through the trumpet, were very fine indeed. Spirit-hands of different sizes were shown many times, and persons in the room were allowed to grasp them. Bros. Ewing and Sherman were with us eight days, and some two hundred tests were given, and I have yet to learn that any were incorrect. Thirty-two were admitted into the cabinet with the medium, where they were addressed by their spirit-friends, and carried by their hands; every one of the number, both believers and skeptics, pronounced the manifestations to be genuine, and beyond human power.

One of the number was the "Buckeye, Broad-axe," (Henry Chance), Ohio's champion temperance lecturer, whose name and fame have spread throughout the land, an unbeliever, and a Methodist preacher.

While in the cabinet a little voice said, "Papa, your little Frankie is here," and after he came out it also said, "Papa, tell mamma, for sister and me, that we love and are happy; we are always with you." No wonder that the old man's voice uttered, and tears bedewed his cheeks. I afterwards asked him if there was any more, saying in the world to buy the recollections of that hour? and he replied very emphatically, "No, sir, nor anything else." At another private séance at Bro. Haines' house, the manifestations were remarkable, and very satisfactory. Bro. Clem. Rockhill was present, and his wife Sarah, entered and kissed him repeatedly, speaking to him words of love; she also kissed several ladies present, putting them with her hands; to Mrs. Bailey, who was very intimate with her, she assumed quite a playful mood, pulling her nose and ears, shaking her dress, &c. I was sitting beside my wife, and she gave my hand such a pull that I could almost "see stars." I cannot begin to enumerate the manifestations given while they were with us. They have done a noble work here; converted the unbelieving, confirmed the wavering, strengthened the feeble, and added power to the strong. They have endeavored themselves to all with whom they came in contact. Spiritualists in other places will do well to prevail upon them to sojourn with them for a time. We have received a letter from Bro. Ewing since his return home. On the way home he met "Broad-axe" at Crestline, and said of him, "Bro. Chance is quite enthusiastic on the subject, and is willing that his name be used in verification of the fact that spirits can and do manifest their presence and power."

The great wave of progression is rolling onward—and upward—with mighty power, and will sweep all opposition away. How we pity the puny arms that are trying to push it aside, all "for Jesus' sake,"
A. BAILEY.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Benjamin F. Clark, writing from Hamilton, Ohio, says:

Not a long time ago I sent the Banner of Light a few items regarding a séance held at Daniel Currier's, who resides a short distance east of our city. I now wish to relate something regarding another séance in that immediate vicinity, at the residence of Mr. Smith, in order to show you that the glorious light of Spiritualism is breaking in upon us. Prof. Bellange and myself made a special visit to Mr. Smith's, June 27th, to witness a séance and report whatever felt under our notice. It was early in the morning when we drove up to Mr. Smith's, in company with Mr. Currier, who introduced us to Mrs. Mary Smith, the medium, whom we found to be a very pleasing young lady. We were conducted to a large room where the séance was to be held. After the medium was tied firmly by the hands, and to the chair in which she sat, a large tin horn was placed on the floor, in the centre of the room, and ourselves formed into a large circle as the room would admit. The room was darkened; then Mr. Currier sang a few good old-fashioned tunes which made us feel as though the year of jubilee had come. At the close of the singing, Mrs. Smith went into a trance and spoke under the influence of an Indian spirit. The voice and pronunciation were Indian-like. After this the horn passed rapidly to various parts of the room, in the meantime occasionally touching each of us on the hands and face, and at times hand talking was then heard in the horn, and voices recognized before the name was given, one of whom was my father, John Clark, who passed away a short time ago. He called me his son, and related an incident entirely foreign to any one in the circle except myself. One spirit by the name of Worley, told us he was a Methodist minister while in the earth-form, and was honest in his views, but lacked a demonstration of this nature to set him on the right path. He said that now all Methodist ministers do not preach what they believe to be true. A lady then talked to us, who was a lecturer while on earth. She told us some beautiful things regarding progression. The séance closed by the spirits bidding us all good day and expressing a hope of soon meeting us again.

Rev. Mr. Star, a Methodist minister of this city, has become quite uneasy about this kind of meetings, and has called his congregation together to tell them that it is the work of the devil. As agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, we regard Mr. Star a useful instrument in behalf of the spiritual cause.

Free Thought.

THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, OR WHAT?

The spiritual movement is incomplete without a line of advance which takes the children along with it. Why should the children be left "out in the cold," when there is that in the spiritual philosophy which is specially adapted to them, and by which they can measure themselves and their relations? The churches are compassing hand and sea to gather over the youth. They gather them in their Sunday schools, which are nurseries where they are to be trained for the church; not for the duties of life, but to become the adherents of a system of dogmatic theology, and count on the roll of the sects. We know that the principles they instill into their young minds are erroneous, and the pabulum their souls receive is as bitter herbs. We know that error is an unsafe starting-point, leading into paths paved with sharp flints, and lined on each side with prickly thorns. Yet we have not devised and put in operation a general system auxiliary to the cause we profess to espouse.

Our teachings have mostly been for the adults, and not for the children. We cannot but admit that this is wrong. We are neglectful in duty by thus leaving the young to grope along in the fog of old theology and its sects. We have duties in this direction which cannot be excused on any plea. As well might we refuse shelter, food and raiment to our children, and leave them to the tender mercies of the community, to be provided for in the poorhouse. The mind is more valuable than the body; the soul and its deathless faculties the most precious objects we can conceive of. It is our duty, therefore, to see to it that this germ, which has its start in earth-life, shall be nurtured properly, so that it may unfold naturally, and reaching the spirit-spheres, be in the best possible condition to expand and fructify. The dogmatic theology of the Sunday schools is cramping, dwarfing and stunting. Why, then, put children under its influence?

It was hoped the Progressive Lyceum, introduced by Bro. A. J. Davis, would fill the void, and afford means to educate our children on a proper plane. There is a vast potentiality of good in it; it may be made an energizing power in unfolding children and opening up to them the pleasant paths of knowledge. Its scope is wide, comprehending religion in its fullness, morals in their entirety, and general knowledge in all its forms. It aims to perfect the child, looking both to the physical and intellectual—understanding the latter to imply all spiritual elements. The education of the Lyceum is dual, as all true education should be; why, then, not improve it, and reap its great advantages?

There is mystery. The Lyceum is beyond the education and growth of a large mass of Spiritualists; they are not developed up to its plane. It is too high, too ethereal, too intensely spiritual to be comprehended by those who are in the abys of Spiritualism. This may seem harsh judgment; but let us look the thing square in the face, and see if, indeed, it is unjust or untrue. In saying that many are in their abys, I mean that they are satisfied with what they receive at a circle—the simple communication from some one in the beyond, under, in many cases, most imperfect conditions. They are contented with this single phase. They have only a pint cup, which is quickly filled. Such cannot see the beauty and grandeur of the Lyceum. Spiritualism comprehends something more than a circle and a mere communication from the spirit-world. We are environed by spiritual laws, and there is need we should investigate them all. Our essential selves are spiritual, and constitute a vast volume to study.

There is a significance in the Lyceum in all its parts, because they are based on spiritual principles. The movements, marches, banners, and many-colored badges have beneath each a spiritual principle. Hence it is that its broadness and comprehensiveness have proved a stumbling-block to many, and explains why so many Lyceums have "filled," and the difficulty encountered in sustaining those which are kept up. Let us broaden ourselves, widen the range of our vision, study spiritual law and unfoldment in all their phases; then shall we be able to appreciate, utilize and energize the Lyceum movement, make it a blessing to the young, a handmaid of progress, a stimulant to moral energy which shall elevate man, mitigate evil and promote harmony, thus opening the gates to the spiritual kingdom, partly to be realized on earth, but fully when we shall have passed the river by the bridge of death.

Providence, R. I. WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS' CHARGES.

I cannot help making a brief reply to your remarks in the last Banner, in relation to fault-finding with the very high price exacted by the mediums, Mr. Foster and Mr. Mansfield, and I am quite surprised that you view it so indifferently, saying, "It is none of our business what his charges are; that is a matter to be settled between Mr. Foster and his customer. If the latter does not wish to pay the fee charged for a sitting, he is obliged to do so."

In a strictly business point of view "it is none of our business," and in another sense it is our business. I think it a matter justifying criticism, and have often wondered that the Banner has not expressed an opinion on this subject as an overcharge. Of course no one is obliged to have a sitting. No one is obliged to take the Banner of Light, and but few could afford to if you charged ten dollars a year for it, which I think you would be more justified in doing than J. V. Mansfield has to charge five dollars for being used in answering a letter which consumes but ten to thirty minutes, or for Mr. Foster or Dr. Slade to charge each person five dollars for a sitting of less than an hour. They are blessed with one of God's gifts that they never bought nor cannot sell. There are hundreds, I may say thousands, that are anxious to avail themselves of this wonderful power these mediums have, if they could afford it, but they cannot. Five dollars is as much as many honest people make at hard work in a week. So I beg to differ with you in this matter, and claim, humanely speaking, that we have a right to complain of their charges. I have had a sitting with Dr. Slade, and letters answered through Mr. Mansfield, and the amount of five dollars was exacted without asking me if I were rich or poor in this world's goods. I never heard of their making any exceptions in price. I would have repeated my sitting, and written to other spirit-friends, but could not afford it on account of the very high price charged. It is right they should be well paid, but not beyond a fair consideration.

I often read in the Message Department of the Banner a warning against the love of money and avarice and its sordid effects; so I do not think the prices in question are directed to be made by the spirit-friends of Dr. Slade, Mr. Foster, or Mr. Mansfield. Yours truly,
T. A. WITTE.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 26, 1872.

Men, in general, are but great children.

A Salutatory Offering.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

To All Banner Brethren—Greeting!

An Oriental singer said: "He that goeth forth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Having been in the grainfields of the New Dispensation almost thirty years, since the first of December, 1843, it is my privilege and happiness to come again "with rejoicing," to testify of a beautiful harvest, and to bring to you some "sheaves," laden with the precious seed of both fulfillments and prophecies, concerning an era that is

"Sweet to the world and grateful to the skies." Again I come to speak of a Dispensation, whose very "entrance gleeth light," which, while leading me to "a rock that is higher than I," has lifted the reason of millions to a just and reverent contemplation of the admirable and the wonderful; a movement which has exalted the idea of education above the senseless round of materialism, which perpetually lives and dies forever among visible things; a revelation which has opened to the common understanding of mankind, the harmonious beauty and magnificence of the physical universe, and has beautifully brought to the whole world reliable knowledge concerning human life both temporal and eternal.

My first sheaf. Under this new departure (which, in contradistinction to the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, might appropriately be styled "the first century of the Harmonical Epoch,") every individual becomes a free and independent sovereign. The direct and irresistible tendency is to drive every person out of dependencies, and into himself. Every mind is compelled to take upon itself the tremendous responsibility of personal being. Hitherto man has been secondary to his Master; a humble candle in the tabernacles of priestly authority; a modest part of some centralized system of pride and money. But, under the new epoch, every individual is sublimed into an eternal fact. He is himself, she is herself, now and henceforth. To be, not to belong, is the cardinal virtue. A man may be widely and justly known for "his many virtues," just as a pedlar's pack may be called "a bundle of excellent goods;" but a man, who has become a man, is the crowning wonder of the world. He is redeemed from the tyranny of things. The truth makes him free. He enters like a prince into the possession of a higher freedom; and the joy of being is realized in the spontaneity of a living soul. This is my first sheaf from the field.

My second sheaf. The new epoch is doing a mighty work as a discriminator. As a sower it has neither wisdom nor audacity. It is conventional on the score of sentiment, fraternity, and universal good will; but, as an element in the world's progress, Spiritualism is an unconquerable foe to the harness of flesh and blood. It touches and fires the life of the individual. The end of its aspiration is beautiful and good; and in this proportion it withdraws from and declines all organized force. Its inspiration, its philosophy, its untrammeled ways, and its privileges, are boundless, and free alike to all. Organized efforts for "doing good" may be possible in a thousand excellent fields; but not in the unlimited, unfenced, fleshless field in which the new epoch exists and works for humanity. And this is my second sheaf.

My third sheaf. The new era, as an agitator, is radical and revolutionary. It meets fearlessly and mingles ruthlessly with every question of the hour. In society, in manners, and customs, in codes and forms, in laws and politics, in religion and creeds, in the beginnings as well as in the endings of earthly careers, it enters without invitation, looks with both eyes, analyzes remorselessly, pronouncing judgment, either approving or condemning, and then proceeds to exercise the supreme functions of an executive power. "Behold the fowls of the air!" it exclaims, pointing to proud clergymen, who refuse to move forward; "they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns." Yet the heavenly blessing is not withheld from them! The beautiful harvests of the New Epoch are for all. The celestial hosts are cheerful givers. They fear not to "cast pearls before swine." They know that the swine cannot "turn again and rend them." And so, elementally and radically, the new era enters into all earthly vessels, and either cracks and breaks them into pieces, or else enlarges them and washes them through and through for the universal good. And this is my third sheaf.

My fourth sheaf. Not only as an agitator, not merely as an elemental reformer, but as a downright image-breaker, the New Epoch is justly energetic and preeminently acceptable. To the fearful ones I quote Paul's counsel: "Take unto you the armor of God [truth], that you may be able to stand in the evil day;" that you may be able to affirm, the New Era commences to deny. The infidelity of secularism is offset by the affirmations of scientific truth. Altars fall before the strong arm of this lionelast. It rejects the "old bottles" which the churches kindly offer to give for the "new wine." It offers the sanctuaries of error and overthrows the idols which have stood grinning idiotically for eighteen hundred years. It is no respecter of either persons or places; it treats and retreats, gives and takes, makes and breaks—because its two wings are built on justice: one to affirm, the other to deny—positive and negative, both swinging at once and with energy everywhere.

The clergymen are naturally everywhere angry, or alarmed; and they know not what to do or what to say. Professor Huxley has analyzed their present situation. "The clergy," he says, "are divided into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant, and speak out a small proportion who know, and are silent; and a minute minority who know, and speak according to their knowledge." Among the clergymen of all denominations, this new epoch performs the ungracious dual functions of a policeman and a breaker of their sacred images. It is on the one hand a detective in the employ of ideas and the principles of truth; on the other, an iconoclast in the temples of popular superstition and error. And this is my fourth sheaf.

My fifth sheaf. In the new epoch, we have at last obtained a universal solvent, which like water runs everywhere into and through everything, liquidating respectable solids, and distributing the intrinsic element of growth wherever mankind exists with wants and needs. The established respectabilities of church and state, with all their partition walls and solid towers of defense, cannot withstand the incessant poundings of this rising and falling tide. Spiritualism is to such institutions what the mighty Atlantic is to mountains of sandy deposits. All around the old ship Zion rolls the dissolving tide of this universal solvent. In her glory of the shipwrecked, Miss Jones, in musical measure, described what the passengers on Zion's ship might have said years ago:

"Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea,
None the sea, rolled the sea,
None the sea, rolled the sea."

For, to all believers in old creeds, Spiritualism is a threatening storm in the religious world. To

those who dread it, to all honest souls wedded to fixed creeds and old habits of religious thought, it is a terrible cyclone of elemental conflict. It is filled with floods of rain, and with tempestuous wind currents. Nothing is quite certain of exemption from solution and change. Tables and chairs, pianos and pictures, prayer-books and bibles bound in leather and gold—not even human will and human muscle, not even private brain and our best blood—are beyond the disturbing energy and floating power of this New Dispensation. This celestial flood of influences, which is now rolling upon the human world, is laden with substantial truth and consolation for humanity. Human natures in the Summer-Land flood our earth with new glories, which burst—

"From their overcharged hearts like blessed showers,
Which leave the skies to come from bright and holy."

It is this essential impersonalism, this aerial presence and impalpable energy, which so stirs the solid systems of the world; and explains, at least to the thoughtful mind, why the phenomenal equality of the new era will neither take the shape of any leading mentality, nor conform to any authoritative code of organization. Its special truth may be caught and locked up in some cooperative movement; just as carbon is stored up in a diamond, or as sun-heat and light are locked up in vegetation and animal life; but all attempts to incarnate the living spirituality of this era, will result in mortifying the prime movers, and in the development of personal antagonisms among the most faithful and warm-hearted. And this is my fifth sheaf.

My sixth sheaf. The new epoch is emphatically a giver of science. First of all, it is a philosophical revelation of man to himself; and, second, it is a practical discovery and awakening of new mental powers. It has brought to light new spiritual attributes, to which, hitherto, all have alike been strangers and unbelievers. "Amid the dissolution of old beliefs," says Dr. Bartol, in *Radical Problems*, p. 200, "Spiritualism has rescued millions from the skeptical gulf into which, as by a reaction-wheel from irrational systems, they were plunged."

But how were these millions rescued? Our answer is, by exhibiting to them new powers of mind; by demonstrating to them the fact of seeing and hearing without the outward organs; and by bringing to them the manifestation of wisdom suddenly torn in brains both ignorant and idle; thus demonstrating man's interior to be independent of bodily senses, and so establishing his existence as a personal spirit, here on earth, long before the death of the body. And what more rational than the belief that, once freed from the bodily organs by the death-process, the interior senses, being exactly like the visible organs, would come forth, together with all the better attributes of mind, in full-orbed development? "Oh, metaphysician!" exclaims the before-mentioned author, "are the Spiritualists coarse and you refined, or are they substantial and you yagave in your speculations on the transcendent theme?"

In the gospel according to Matthew we read: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them that sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up!" And this is my sixth sheaf.

My seventh sheaf. The new epoch requires a consolation—a sympathizing and intimate friend—a loving monitor, a revealer, a comforter, to all who sit in darkness, and to all who sorrow and mourn for their lost "I" in the region and shadow of death. It is natural and beautiful to indulge the spiritual emotions of sorrow, to mourn the departure of a friend or a darling child, in whom the sweetest affections are profoundly centered. But what can save your fond and loving heart from breaking? What can repeople the desolate home? What need and destroy the king of terrors? There is something called "Christian hope," which thousands try in great trial; but "hope" does not fill the vacant place; it can at best only soften the blows imparted by the rod of affliction, which so many believe, the hand of Providence is ever and anon holding over our heads and hearts.

Consolation, which can save mankind, comes over the paths of knowledge. The other world, so long a beautiful subject of speculation, so long an indefinite object of faith, has opened itself upon our glad eyes; and death, so long a king of terrors over the world, so long whispering to the Christian's hope that the darling departed is "asleep in Jesus," is now no longer the end, but the commencement of existence in a higher state of being. The sweet, sentimental poetry of the Christian believer has become wholesome solid prose; the red man's hunting-ground and beautiful rivers in the skies have been discovered; poets have for ages sung of the Elysian fields, and now their tenderest songs have become stubborn realities; sweet dreams of a celestial heaven, the home of saviors and angels, have turned into substantial facts before our very eyes; the spiritual ladder seen by the slumbering Jacob, on which angels were ascending and descending, has changed, as by the wand of a chemist, into a shining stairway for the feet of our little children, and the return of our beloved ones from the land of substantial existence in the spiritual universe. This is my seventh sheaf.

And now, good friends, tending you this brief account of the beautiful harvest, and hoping we may each be fed with the bread of life, and meet often at the true communion table loaded with good things, I remain, fraternally,

A. J. DAVIS.

Helpful Methods for the Psychopathic Retreat.—A Fair in Prospect.

Recent indications show a growing sympathy with the purposes of this institution, and a disposition to adopt practical plans to aid in its support. For this purpose some of the Boston ladies are projecting a fair; others are circulating subscription papers in their respective circles of acquaintance. A New York friend suggests the issue of a circular to be placed in the hands of lecturers and mediums, inviting them to become workers.

Cooperation is needed throughout the country, in order to achieve the highest success. Nearly nine-tenths of the afflicted ones, for whose admission application has been made, are either entirely destitute, or have but limited means, so as to be unable to pay more than the minimum rates charged by State institutions. With these we cannot compete.

A fund is needed wherewith to purchase a place and erect a building of our own, to be held in trust forever, freeing us from rent and taxes. Then the current expenses will be so much diminished that patients can be received at the lowest practicable boarding rates, and some altogether free. I am ready to aid by giving lectures on insanity, with in a practicable distance, and devote the proceeds to that fund.

We solicit donations from the prosperous. What nobler deed can they do than to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted and restore to happiness and usefulness the victims of blighted intellects? The widow's mite is equally acceptable, for its moral effect is potent in stimulating others to noble deeds. We are in earnest in this work, and design to agitate its claims through the length and breadth of the land, until success rewards our efforts.

EDWARD MEAD.

Contents of this Number of the Banner.

First Page: Story—"The Old Organ;" or, The White Swan's Dying Song, by Grace Leland. Second: Same continued; Poem—"True Lives," by Cora L. V. Tappan. "Sapiential the First;" "Manifestations," R. M. Sherman, Medium, by A. Bailey; "Physical Manifestations," by Benj. F. Clark; "The Progressive Lyceum, or What?" by William Foster, Jr.; "Public Mediums' Chances," by T. A. White. Third: Banner Correspondence: New Jersey: Quarterly Meeting, New York: Spiritualist Meeting; "The Moravia Manifestation;" "Mrs. Josephine Ketchum," by Cephas B. Lynde; "Our Own Publications;" List of Spiritualist Lecturers. Fourth and Fifth: "A Salutatory Offering," by Andrew Jackson Davis, editorials on current spiritual topics, etc., etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department; Poem—"An Improvisation," by Mrs. E. L. Watson; "Public Meetings;" Obituaries; Prospects; Sermons; Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Wisconsin Publishers," by A. G. Barrett; "San Francisco Calamities," by Mrs. H. F. Brown; "From Geneva, O.," by W. F. Jaudesson.

Banner of Light.

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Volume Thirty-Two.

This number opens the Thirty-Second Volume of the Banner, a fact which entitles it to the name it enjoys of a veteran in the service of Spiritualism. We improve the occasion to proffer to all its readers and friends our sincere thanks and congratulations. It is with the profoundest satisfaction that we look back in review over the past of Spiritualism, since it began from notoriously humble beginnings to be a power in the land, and venture to speculate on its future as a revolutionary and reconstructive power in this country and the world. It is quite unnecessary for us to indulge in any remarks on the service which was allotted us by the invisibles from the first, and which we have undertaken to perform with such ability as is our gift. With that Spiritualists are sufficiently familiar. Their hearts likewise tell them best what the Banner has done for them. Every volume makes up its own faithful record, and upon it every reader frames and settles his own individual judgment. We may, however, speak with something of freedom of the cooperation which has been solicited and engaged in the past for the columns of the Banner, to which it is so largely indebted for its usefulness and the share of success it has enjoyed. Some of the finest and brightest minds of the country have expressed themselves from week to week on our pages, we believe to the edification and lasting profit of all readers. A mere list of our contributors would be a manifest of the wide and powerful influence which the Spiritual Philosophy is today exercising upon one of the most successful, unbiased and noblest exponents of truth the world ever beheld—the great medium for the free agitation of thought opening up its columns not only to the denizens of this earth, but also to the exalted inhabitants of the blessed Summer-Land. At its head are wise men looking well to the true interests of all.

After saying that those who carry on the publication and preparation of the Banner are aided through daily communion with the bright intellects of years gone by, he remarks: "Thus highly and divinely favored, these wise men are not to be intimidated—can neither be bought nor sold. * * * I have never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the editors of the Banner, but have become advised concerning them—psychometrically—and through their work. I am no great respecter of persons, and have but little veneration save for truth. Truth wears no make; bows at no human shrine; seeks neither praise nor applause. She only asks a hearing. By their fruits ye shall know them."

In concluding his communication, Dr. Daké counsels an exercise of charity among Spiritualists as one of the most necessary things for the benefit of their faith; for "faulty" he says "is written upon the life-line of our very best mediums: perfection is not attainable in this crude, earth-life." Petty jealousies he would have banished among the brethren, that the great cause of humanity's best hope may be advanced by the united efforts of all.

"Love One Another"—"Bear One Another's Burdens."

That is Scripture language, and sound spiritual doctrine. It is the essence of the law. Love overcometh all things. It includes all the virtues, for it begins with humility as its first condition, and ends with practical perfection of the human character. Whenever the Orthodox pulpit wants to preach from this text, we are with them heart and soul. There never can be genuine love enough in the world. Where it does exist, how it illuminates everything around. How exalted appears the character of the individual who trusts to its influence. There can be no fighting, no falling out, no envying, no jealousy, no wrath, no unhappiness of any sort, where love is. It is the creator of blessings. It inspires to truth and purity, to charity, to good works, to happiness. Enmity itself is compelled to share in its blessings. Who can hate the person who in sincere kindness offers to bear a part of his burden for him? How singular that people do not more readily detect the secret of its power, if only by its effects, and at once fall to appropriating it as their own. It is the simplest of all recipes for happiness; and it is not a selfish happiness, either, for both giver and receiver feel the warmth of its blessed influence. Who that loves another, and shows it without ostentation, can possibly be wholly miserable?

The silent and steady practice of helping others to the full extent of our ability, always looking out for fresh objects of our beneficence, if it fails to be felt favorably by the recipients of our kindness, cannot fail to work in ourselves a change of character which we should theoretically deem impossible. It is an excellent discipline for the heart, and may at all times be had without any special effort in going far to seek for it. "We might go so far as even to say, that selfishly considered, a kind and sympathetic regard for others is the best thing for ourselves. Especially is this true in the case of enemies, that are better calculated than all others to make our charity stand, lasting and freighted it with what none others could. In fact, from the moment when we resolve to go out of ourselves to carry fresh and free gifts of our thoughts to others, we begin imperceptibly to expand and become exalted. The basis of it all being humility, that furnishes the reason for the desirable change. So that the Scripture has wholly the right of it in the matter, and has really taken hold of the very roots of the mystery. A persistent habit of beneficence implies humility; and when the human heart is content to be low in the lap of creation, crucifying all self-seeking, all conceit, it has commenced an career that will end only in its largest exaltation. Love is the true solvent for all troubles and crosses. It makes men over anew sooner and surer than anything. It is a perpetual renewal of the spirit's youth.

In Commendation of our Course.

Dumont C. Daké, M. D., well-known to the public in his capacity as healing and analytical physician, writes us under a recent date, bearing witness of his appreciation of the work accomplished by the Banner of Light in the field of reform. From his letter we present several extracts, that our readers may perceive the views entertained upon the subject by the writer:

"You may number me among the host of friends and supporters who look upon the dear old Banner as one of the most successful, unbiased and noblest exponents of truth the world ever beheld—the great medium for the free agitation of thought opening up its columns not only to the denizens of this earth, but also to the exalted inhabitants of the blessed Summer-Land. At its head are wise men looking well to the true interests of all."

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The Brain of the Journalist.

Where there is any brain, and it is vitalized with energy, the events of the era so task it by their rapid and exciting succession that it is not to be wondered at that the cord snaps and suddenly and often as it does. The suicide of Provost-Paradol is a good illustration of what we mean. He had worked twenty years continuously at the journalist's profession, and his mind must have been greatly strained by it. Such extreme and incessant tension could not always be endured. His position was a high and prominent one in his profession, and his views and opinions were sought after as those of a superior mind, whose penetration was equal to the topics that came under review. At the expiration of his score of years of work, he took office as a diplomatist, and came to this country as the representative of France. But it was the work of his profession—hard, unceasing and exacting, yet filled with the highest satisfactions—that absorbed his strength and exhausted his life.

The Banner Free Circles.

The circles for spiritual manifestations which have been held periodically at this office for many years, were resumed for the season on the second instant. There was a good attendance, and it was a noteworthy circumstance that many aged people were to be seen among the audience. The invocation by Theodore Parker was pertinent to the occasion. The answers to questions were terse and to the point. Seven different spirits subsequently communicated, and gave characteristic messages for publication. The audience seemed well pleased with the séance, and several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the establishment of these public circles was of the greatest importance to the world; and had no doubt they would be fully appreciated by mankind generally in the immediate future.

These circles will be continued regularly (except in case of sickness) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and are free to all.

The Banner having donned a new suit, starts off on its mission of love with renewed zeal. All it asks, in return for its great outlays, is the kindly aid and assistance of the friends of the cause it advocates. It sends its blessings to all the peoples of earth, and prays that wisdom and truth may be its guiding star through the varied vicissitudes it may be called to pass in its future career.

Mr. Peebles in California.

August 25th, J. M. Peebles lectured in San Francisco, afternoon and evening, at the Mercantile Library Hall, to a large and respectable audience. The Daily Morning Call says: "The afternoon lecture consisted of a general exposition of the principles of Spiritualism, and was sufficient to demonstrate that Mr. Peebles possessed an ordinary ability as a lecturer, his style was energetic, forcible, and earnest; his gestures effective; his command of voice good. He opened the proceedings by reading a poem, the subject of which was the 'progression of the soul,' and by offering up a short prayer, petitioning for communion with all that is noble and pure in heaven or earth; thanking God for 'every vision and trance and spiritual manifestation' that had been granted them; and concluding in these words: 'And to God and the good angels everywhere will be ascribed the praise, amen.' He introduced his lecture by saying that it was twelve years since he had been in California. At that time he had been in very bad health and suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. Those who walk the sunny slopes of the summer-land had told him that climate would benefit his health, and he had come in obedience to this desire. When he came his doctors told him he could live but two years longer; instead of which he had lived twelve of the most active years of his life. Since he came he has given up his point of view, and he has done them. They were eloquent and telling; to speaker frequently and with a confidence that gave assurance that the spirits of the departed hovered around him and guided all his actions for good."

We also make a brief extract from The Call's report of the evening lecture: "After a few preliminary remarks with regard to the Deltic Mr. Peebles proceeded to defend the doctrine of Spiritualism, upon the ground of the opposition experienced ever since the beginning of the world to all great truths; in fact, truth had always been and was up to the present time persecuted. To prove this point he lectured upon many illustrations from ancient and modern history, being several times interrupted in his disquisition by bursts of applause from the large and intelligent audience that had assembled to hear him. Mr. Peebles stated, with regard to his own conversion to the doctrine, that he, in conjunction with his brother ministers in religion, had done all in their power to combat the belief, but that, in spite of their earnest opposition and prayers, the great truth had triumphed, and that where believers in Spiritualism some years ago could be counted by hundreds, they now number millions. He had been compelled to accept the truth from seeing men and women, members of his own congregation, grown up from the babies he had baptized, become mediums, and who, in his daily intercourse with them, had caused him to investigate the subject. No sooner did he do so than he became a fervent believer himself."

The Ninth National Convention of Spiritualists.

John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, will be on September 10th, 11th and 12th, the scene of the ninth annual assembling of the Spiritualist Association, and it is to be hoped also the birth-place of new resolves, coupled with acts, for the good of our heaven-sent cause. From various quarters information reaches us which seems to indicate that the present Convention will come together with an earnest desire to work for the right, and its delegates will represent the solid, practical men and women of their localities.

In an article headed "Retrospection," in a recent number of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Dr. H. T. Child sums up the history of the preceding convocations, as follows:

"There have been eight annual sessions of the National Association—a few in numbers, yet in some degree representatives of Spiritualism in the various sections of our country. The American Association has never claimed to be an authoritative body. Its members realize that they are responsible for their acts and utterances. Having attended all except the first, which was a mass-meeting at Chicago, we are satisfied that there has been a progression in the progress of the cause, and that the institution, without assuming any authority or dictatorship over any, is doing a work; and while those whose only knowledge of it is from hearsay, may pronounce it 'a failure,' and inform the world that 'it is dead,' it will move steadily on, and continue to do its work."

We earnestly hope, whatever may be the action of this Convention, as regards that sharp-drawn individuality which characterizes the spiritual movement, that in and through all, the golden thread of progress be held by Dr. Child in the past history of the movement may run, and that its members—even if involuntarily—may "drift toward the angel side."

The following delegates to this Convention were chosen Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 4th, at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, by the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association: Lyander S. Richards, Quincy; William Denton, Wellesley; I. C. Ray, New Bedford; Edwin Wilder, Hingham; A. E. Newton, Arlington; I. P. Greenleaf, Medford; Dr. H. B. Storer, John Wetherbee, A. E. Carpenter, Boston; A. C. Robinson, Lynn; W. W. Currier, Bradford; Calvin Haskell, Chelsea; Hebron Libby, Cambridge; Abbie K. T. Rounselle, Middleboro'.

Spiritualism in Troy.

We learn from the Troy Daily Times that Andrew Jackson Davis addressed a large audience in that city on Sunday morning last, at Lyceum Hall. Subject: "Religion from a Harmonical Standpoint." The editor says:

"The discourse was a description of the different stages of religious faith, and through which people pass. The first stage, according to Mr. Davis, is spiritualism. In this the Christian first feels a love, devotion and idolatry of his religion, a reverence for his creator, and an aspiration to go higher in the spiritual scale. Second, manifestation; having formed a love for religion the subject desires some show and sign of power, some miracle or supernatural attestation, a proof that his belief is true. In this stage the speaker said too many were apt to content themselves; and for this he blamed Spiritualists, many of whom have no desire to pass into the last condition, where religion becomes a principle of life and is looked upon as a moral duty. The believer wishes to be doing as well as being, and suggests a yet higher love and kindness, and a desire to see exercised justice and mercy in all cases. In the evening Mr. Davis spoke on the subject, 'The New Dispensation, its Causes and Significance.' Mr. Davis is styled by Spiritualists as the father of Spiritualism, he being among the first to stand out boldly for that belief; and he is to-day one of the ablest speakers who uphold that doctrine. He will remain in this city until the first of October, speaking every Sunday at Lyceum Hall."

The Lake Walden Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

We are in receipt of a missive from Dr. A. H. Richardson, Charlestown, and James S. Dodge, Boston—Committee of Arrangements, under whose auspices the third yearly Spiritualist camp-meeting at this lake, near Concord, Mass., was so successfully carried out—in which they desire to tender their thanks to all who in any way aided them in their arduous labors, and to the Banner of Light for its services as a vehicle of information to the public concerning the enterprise. These gentlemen, in further proof of their appreciation of the services of this paper, forwarded us enclosed a donation of twenty dollars, which we have applied to the fund in aid of our public free circles, and for which we return them our grateful remembrances.

New and elegant seats, we understand, have been placed in Music Hall.

THE WEST.

REV. ISAAC KELSO.

PHENOMENA.

There is an increasing demand for physical phenomena; especially like those of Moravia, and a probability that many other places will have similar manifestations before long. We, in St. Louis, have at least one medium through whom spirits do materialize themselves so as to be seen and conversed with, but as yet no person has recognized a relative, or friend, but no doubt this will

BY J. O. BARRETT.

SAVING SOULS.

EXTREMES MEET IN REVOLUTION.

A. J. FISHBACK.

HOW IS IT?

STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—On the morning of Aug. 30th, 1872, the steamer "Metis" of the New York and Providence line, collided with a sailing vessel on the Sound, near Watch Hill, and soon after sank. Her crew and passengers at the time numbered some one hundred and fifty, over thirty of whom were drowned.

WHITE WATER.

BLACK RIVER FALLS

Over the country; Monday morning—Bro. A. J. Prindle and his Mary, the missionary and Mrs. Levee—over land, down in valleys, up the hills, along the rivers—grand, I tell you. Here's a Winnebago Indian squaw sitting on the bridge, her cheeks painted red, equal to the daubs in her pale sisters' faces. I threw her a bit of money, and the love-love she gave me with that Indian courtesy! Next an old white-headed Indian chief, a patriarch of the forest, a wild man that I never saw at his very look. "*Bon jour! bon jour! bon jour!*" I said; and he said, "*Bon jour! bon jour! bon jour!*" Gave him money—all of us did—the wild fellow bowed with an independent air, as if it were his right to have that scrip. Of course it was; son of the forest, elier of departing

IN NELLISVILLE.

SAN FRANCISCO (CAL.) ITEMS.

Y Your "humble servant" has held three debates with him, so that I must be a living example of the doctrine of the "Resurrection" If I am a "ghost" I have had the felicity of confronting Elder Burgess three times, which proves that he Elder is a seeing medium."

The "Journal" proceeds to state that he debates because he believes that the truth will be advanced by it. Spiritualists believe the same thing. I am informed by the Elder that he is on his way to Boston, and expects to debate with Bro. Denton. I know that William will give him some shots that will make him dizzy, although I beg of Bro.

New Books.

HERE SPEAK

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