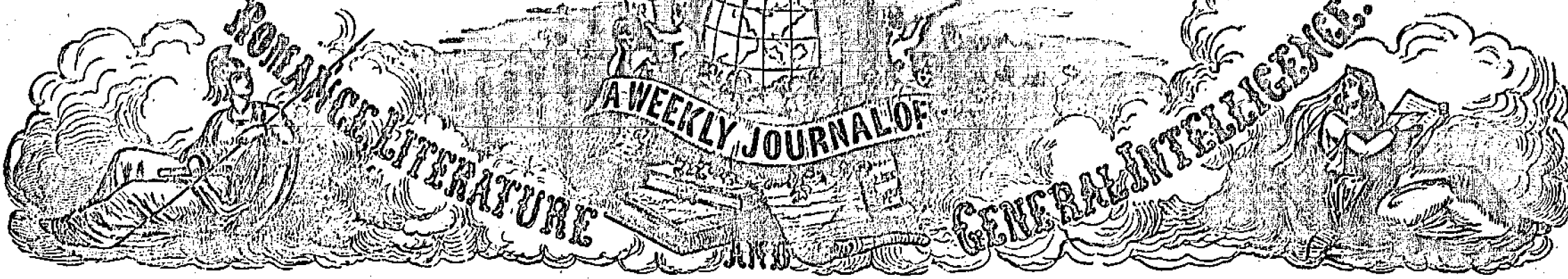


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
IN THE CITY.

BY ENOLA.

Oh, 'tis magnificent—splendid!
These are the parlors, you see;
Yonder 's the drawing-room; and that soft sound,
Like the distant hum of a bee,
Is the tune of the guests' low voices
Through the open door. By the way,
'Tis Mrs. McFlinty's reception,
In her beautiful home to-day.
How softly each foot-fall is smothered
In the carpet of velvet down!
How brilliant in all its appointments
Is this wonderful house in town,
Where I lie on the sky-blue divan,
With its delicate pillows piled,
And talk till my brain grows weary,
And think till my heart is wild!
I hear them discussing the fashions;
I see them on shopping tours;
I watch the white hands of the sempstress;
And guess at how much she endures!
I pity the poor little children,
Warped in velvet and silk to go out,
While mamma laments 't is too early
To get darling's furs about!
There 's wine at the three-o'clock dinner,
That laughs at its own release,
And fruits that were bought in the market
At the rate of a dime apiece;
But though they have fashion and splendor
In parlor and bazaar and hall,
There 's a wee little cot in old Essex
A thousand times dearer than all!

THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES. A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELEANOR STRANDBERG.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

The Knight assisted Gertrude to dismount, and she declared that the change to terra firma again really rested her. He secured the horses to the plant bought of the overhanging trees, and aided his fair charge to a seat of moss, under the shadow of a high rock that, by some convulsion, seemingly, had been cleft suddenly in twain. Pretty flowers lifted their bright little faces up to them, greeting them with smiles, and seeming to welcome them to the spot.

"We could not find a more secluded spot in all this wide, forest," suggested the Knight. "No, nor, as it seems to me, a more beautiful one. Here nature invites us both to unveil our hearts to one another. You have known trial and disappointment, and I have had my share of both, though by my vow I am bound to all those attractions the vain world has to offer. Now, my fair lady, let me obtrude upon you a bit of advice—no, let me call it nothing, but a very friendly suggestion. You had best make up your mind at once to give over this passion."

"What!" she almost shrieked, pushing off from his side—for he had sat down and drawn up very near to her—"do you tell me this? Why? Has anything come to your ears?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, sweet Gertrude—only I have entered into the chambers of your heart with my own, and I tell you frankly what is altogether best for you. I sit here by your side, my dear girl, and talk to you only for your own interest and good. What other possible motive in the wide world could I have, pray? And I say to you again, my lady, give over this blind passion—it will be a fatal one."

"And he brought up along with me—almost like my own brother!" she half cried out. "Oh, I cannot, Sir Knight—I cannot!"

"Harder things than this have been done, and by as fair and frail natures as thine!" he returned.

"Oh, Heaven! must it come to this?"

"Think on your father's reasons—the stern, and far more to be heeded because they are so mysteriously secret! Remember that the will of a father is a hard thing to overcome, too, and by a feeble girl! He can see further than you in this matter. He knows what neither you nor I can know. And just now it occurs to me, too, that this Wilhelm may have betaken himself with a swarming host to a foreign land because it was his own wish that it was time to desert you! He may have been too cowardly to remain near your father, and dare not attempt to withstand his unrelenting opposition. It is an easy matter, Gertrude, to run away from danger; and you say he gave you no warning of what he was about to do?"

"Oh, I can never believe this of Wilhelm!" she persisted—"It is not at all like him. He never treated me thus before, and I cannot believe he would do it now! Oh, Sir Knight, what am I to do? I would have you tell me what to do. Go to my father with this trouble, I cannot. There is no living soul in all the castle with whom I may divide my wretchedness. I must needs carry it about with me, wear it next my heart everywhere, from morning to night, and from night to morning again! If only some good and kind friend would offer to share with me this heavy woe!"

"Gertrude," said the Knight, moving as closely to her side as propriety would allow, and gently lifting her hand from her lap into his own, and holding it there—she apparently unconscious the while what he was doing—"let me counsel you, first of all, to be calm."

"With this tumult, this riot, in my heart? It is impossible!"

"But, still, it is hopeless to think of viewing anything in its proper light, unless those very perturbations are quieted with an effort, and oftentimes a stern one, too, of the will. I can understand what

your sufferings are, and I can from the depths of my heart pity them. Oh, sweet lady, if you would consent to know enough of the wealth of your own nature, to refuse to risk it on this single throw!"

She groaned aloud at what he said.

"He has gone, left you, perhaps forever—who can tell? He went without so much as a farewell. He cannot have loved you as you say, and as you have already proved to me that you love him; for if he had, he would have been the last one living to peril your happiness in this way!"

"Oh, Sir Knight, I must not permit myself to believe what you say! I must not sit and hear you speak thus of him! He is true, he is good! Poor Wilhelm—is it possible that he would in the least consent to deceive me? I must not think him false! He must ever live in this poor heart of mine as he always has!"

"Limpure you, dear Gertrude, not to suppose that I would prejudice you wrongfully against this absent one. It is farthest from my wish to do any such thing. I have no motive for it. Wilhelm is a perfect stranger to me, and probably will be as long as he lives. I can neither help nor hinder him. But you, my sweet Gertrude—pressing the soft hand he held—"I know you well enough to offer you all the aid I can, in your extremity. And what can I do, even at the best? Perhaps nothing."

"Oh, you have shown me kindness—you have offered me sympathy—and that is everything!"

"It came from her heart. She felt even more than her words could convey."

"Gertrude," spoke the Knight, dropping his voice to a very low tone, while it still was suffered to lose some of its volume, "you ought to let this Wilhelm go! I tell you this, because you need that some good friend should say it to you!"

"What! Do you tell me that?"

"I tell you what I think, Gertrude, and what you assuredly ought to know."

She was dumb.

"He has not shown himself worthy of your precious heart; and therefore baffle it not for anything of the kind. Your father is right. He could not go far astray. Undoubtedly he seems harsh to you in his conduct relative to this matter, but what less could a man of his nature do? He could not come out into a secluded spot like this, and, like myself, sit down by your side and talk calmly, and even sympathetically, about it. No, he was born to command his castle, and all who are in it; and it is absurd to suppose him capable now of changing his nature. He can make his will known to you only in his own way; and he no doubt thinks it as absurd for you to wait upon him for a reason in what he does, as if you were to question the winds that blow around the high turrets of his own castle!"

Still Gertrude sat silent. Not a syllable from her lips yet.

"You may esteem me selfish, my dear Gertrude," continued the Knight, "in what I have taken the liberty to say to you."

"No—no—no!" she interposed, hastily.

"Or perhaps you will in what my heart compels me to say further. From the moment my eyes lighted on your fair face, so continent of all the grace and beauty of woman, I was awakened inwardly with a new experience. Never before had I known what life was capable of being. A load stone attracted me, and the thoughts that crossed me caused a fluttering of my heart that was altogether new to me. Shall I say, dear Gertrude—need I say that my meeting with you opened to me altogether new and strange possibilities? That I felt novel sensations, taking hold of the very depths of my nature? That I was stirred by a power that would give me no rest, till I should impart to you the whole secret?"

"The red and white exchanged places on her cheeks more rapidly, while the Knight was thus talking, than can be described."

"Sweet Gertrude," said he, with the words throwing himself on his knees at her feet, "no power on earth is sufficient to prevent my avowing to you that sentiment with which my heart is full, and overflowing—I love you! Were the sun to be blotted out of my sight this moment, these should be the last words whose sincere—nay, whose passionate avowal I should witness! You are henceforth the star of my life! I must hereafter live, if it is permitted me to live at all, only in you! You draw me as the moon draws the tides of the sea! In your sweet and gentle nature do I live, and in no other can I live—no, never! never! I am here at your feet, most gentle maiden, suing for your favor. I lay all things before you. On your single word hangs my happiness. My heart is altogether enlisted in your being, your welfare. And what is more, my dear maiden, your father would not refuse to favor such a suit as mine, for as much as that have I from his lips already. He would lend us his blessing—and what can a maiden ask more than the last blessing, and not the curse and anathema, of the one who begot her?"

He paused for her to make some sort of reply, no matter how brief.

She hesitated, as almost any maiden would, under a like occurrence of circumstances. He watched her every motion with the closest scrutiny, and with a heightened anxiety; for, while he professed the fervor of passion to whose avowal she had just listened, he was still collected enough to calculate all his chances as he went along.

She found her tongue at last.

"I confess," she answered, with a great deal of composure for one compressed within such unpromising circumstances, "that your avowal, Sir Knight, which I can ascribe to nothing but your perfect frankness, takes me altogether by surprise. Forthwith was it from me to suspect that you entertained for me such sentiments as you have seen fit to express, since our acquaintance has been so short as this. Had I thought it within the range of probability even, I should most preposterously have declined your

company on this day's excursion. As it is, nothing that has already transpired between us can be helped. But I owe it to myself, and scarcely less to you, Sir Knight, to tell you as frankly as I may, that your suit is entirely hopeless. I could never permit myself to harbor such a thought as the one you have just now suggested, while my heart remains what it is, and aspires only for union with another. I must not allow myself to do so. I should do a cruel wrong to myself in the first place, but oh! so much more cruel a wrong to another!"

"Dear Gertrude," he was about to go on, still keeping his position of a desperate suitor at her feet, "I would that you would hear me further—only a little while further. Tell me if you can cast away a love such as this I offer! I, a man who has been over the world and beheld all people, and now coming and throwing the entire wreath of my nature and experience at your feet! Will you spurn me from your presence, as you would spurn an outcast? Will you render me wretched—nay, an insane man for the rest of my objectless, my worthless life? Tell me, upon your soul, if you are prepared to take this responsibility upon yourself, and if you will condemn me to misery forever? Oh, Gertrude, you can in no way estimate the depth and the strength and the intensity of the love I bear you!"

CHAPTER XVII. THE END OF IT.

It would have been the maiden's undoubted right, in the light of all considerations, to have refused any further talk with the Knight after what she had already said, and the persistence of his affectionate demonstration; but better feeling ruled her heart. Circumstances, too, were altogether in the Knight's favor. He was now the only person with whom Gertrude had ventured to exchange confidential words respecting the absent loved one. Her father had absolutely interdicted all allusion to him whatever, and it seemed to be a perfect Godsend that even a stranger had been thrown in her way, in whose company her long pent-up feelings might find relief. Therefore she exercised more patience than the Knight might otherwise have counted on. She was not ready to fling him off, or to rise and abruptly desert him. Her only alternative was to remain, preserving all the while an appearance of calmness, and try to argue him out of his passion and his unreasonable behavior.

So she commenced and made answer to him yet again.

"Even if my heart were not pre-engaged," said she, "but were free and ready to be impressed with the sentiments which you have seen proper this day to express to me, I should still be able to raise one vital objection to your making such a proposal. In deed, I conceive it to be criminally wrong for a man in your position even to harbor such a thought as one of love to any lady!"

"What, my fair one!" he exclaimed. "What is it you tell me? Wrong? Criminal? I confess I do not understand you!"

"It will not occasion you a great deal of trouble to do so, then," returned she. "You cannot but know to what peculiar circumstance I refer."

"I am, on the contrary, entirely in ignorance. I cannot know."

"I will inform you, then. When you took upon yourself the sacred vow of your order, as a Knight of the Temple, you knew full well that that vow precluded forever the very thought of your marrying! Did it not?"

"That may be as you say, fair lady," he reluctantly replied. "But what of it?"

"Much—everything. While such is the fact, does it become you to profess sentiments to a wretched and friendless maiden—such an one as your vow itself should constrain you to pity and protect—sentiments that you know may never be made realities? Is it not cruelly tampering with the most precious gifts of woman? Does your heart now cease and upbraid you, as you think of the position into which you have already forced me, certain to degrade me, in the end, as well as yourself? Can you reflect upon this, and feel that your nature is unaltered?"

"My dear lady," he gently protested, with a deprecating gesture of his hands, "for all this my mind has made abundant and ready provision. Do not charge anything like deceit, or even what is worse, upon me, until you are assured that I am doing so."

"No, I would not do that," interposed Gertrude, moving her seat somewhat farther from him. "It would trouble me to accuse any one wrongly."

"But, dear Gertrude," he continued, "I am ready—I have been ready—in fact, I had made up my determination to it—to retire from the Order to which I am even now proud to say that I belong! I will throw aside all my hopes of honor and promotion, all the bright prospects that cluster about my future, for the sake of that love which would be a boon and a blessing to me forever! Everything else shall be removed out of the way!"

He looked anxiously in her face to endeavor to read her answer.

"He who, having once assumed vows so sacred as these," responded the maiden, in a tone of voice that best bespoke her perfect calmness, "can make up his mind so readily to break them, certainly should not think to make a maid believe that he would not forget his vows to her as quickly!"

The answer out the Knight to the quick. It was the home-thrust in the argument, from which even his wonted ingenuity could invent for him no escape.

But his experience suggested to him the need of rallying without delay under such a retort; and he essayed to do so forthwith.

"It would be no new thing to my thoughts," said he, putting on great assurance of manner; "for I had determined long ago to take such a step, the

moment I fell in with one whose heart I could share. There has, for such a length of time, and a weary time indeed to me, been a sense of loneliness and desolation within me, which I would fain supplant with something healthier and better. I have in vain endeavored to drive off the feeling by travel, by active exertion, by flinging myself almost recklessly into the mad excitements of the hour. For this I have traveled strange lands, and become more familiar with the faces, the language, and the manners of utter strangers, than with those of my own kind and kin. For this, dear Gertrude, I have bivouacked in shelterless solitudes, and pillowed my head alone in friendless places. I have dared the free winds of heaven everywhere, and defied the breezes that come laden with the heavy poisons of disease and death. But nowhere else has my soul found rest. Not until now have I known what it is to find the treasure which I can, from the depths of my heart, call my own. I hope I met and have loved you, for I have poured out my heart like water at your feet. Here I have signified my willingness to throw aside the worth and wealth of that high vow which will protect my honor wherever, on the face of the earth the name of honor is known, for the sake of securing that return of love which is the polar star of all my hopes and my life! And what do I receive at your hands in return? Shall I be taunted with having thought too lightly of my vows, and being ready to give them up whenever I thought it might be for my selfish interest so to do? This is cruel, too cruel, fair Gertrude; and I only hope your heart did not indeed experience the whole meaning of its utterance in those harsh and unwelcome words."

"I have already assured you, Sir Knight, that cruelty was farthest from my nature, and that it would be an impossibility for me to visit you with anything that had however slight a taint of revengefulness. It has rather been mine to suffer, than to practice cruelty and revenge. I bear you no ill will, Sir Knight, and certainly would not be thought capable of it. But still I cannot listen to your words of passion. They are not for my ears. They should never have entered there at all. I would not do wrong to another. I must not forget myself. Oh, if I felt that I but had one friend—and true friend!"

"My dear maid, let me be to you the friend you so fervently pray for! Let me come to you, and bind up the wounds from which your heart suffers and bleeds so sorely!"

"It cannot be! I tell you nay, Sir Knight! There must be no more said upon it! My determination is altogether made up! I shall pursue the course my own nature marks out for me! Let us drop this matter forever! Let us rise from this place, and return to the castle!"

He instantly prostrated himself with still greater abjectness before her, and began to reiterate his old petitions and pleas.

"No—no—no! Not a word, not a syllable more will I hear of all this! I have had too much of it already!"

"And still I love you," exclaimed the Knight.

"And I can only lament it," returned she.

"Then you would thrust me down into the pit of wretchedness as long as I live! You would do that, and still feel no sorrow!"

"At least," said she, "I would not do what is untrue to myself, even were it to make another happy. I could not; and no real man could be happy, either, knowing that his joy cost nothing less than the entire life of another."

The words were well and fitly spoken. The Knight should have been satisfied; but like all other men whose passion has blinded, he failed to see what was most palpable before him.

"Alas! alas!" he murmured, in the style of one indulging in soliloquy, "then where goes my life? Till now I have been vainly in search of its great and glittering prize; and now when I have suddenly come upon it, and would fain reach out my hand, even with the trembling of doubt upon me, to grasp it, the colors all are dissipated, the treasure vanishes, the hopes shrink to nothingness, and ashes are strewn everywhere—everywhere!"

There was a considerable period of silence after this speech from the lips of the disappointed man, during which Gertrude sat with her eyes cast down upon the ground, and the Knight sat with his fixed upon her. He was certain he could read her thoughts in that interval of hesitation, and that they did not incline toward himself with any fervor.

At length the spell was broken. She lifted her eyes; they met his. She caught just a foretaste of that mysterious power of fascination which was locked up in their depths. And feeling what was in store for her resolution if she faltered, if she permitted his eyes for even a moment more to hold her own, she made a sudden movement and rose to her feet.

"We will leave this place," said she.

The Knight rose also.

She advanced from the spot where they had been sitting together, and approached the place where their steeds were secured to the boughs of the trees. The Knight was behind her. On his face sat one of the most peculiar, because mixed and puzzling, expressions it is possible to conceive. Had Gertrude herself caught it at the instant, it would assuredly have furnished her with cause for instant alarm.

The Knight seemed to be reasoning within himself, and reasoning as rapidly as thoughts would pass and re-pass in his mind. The process, however, was swiftly concluded, for in the next moment he darted forward, wound his powerful arm around the slender and beautiful waist of Gertrude, and drawing her form close to his side, breathed, rather than spoke the startling words in her ears—

"Gertrude! by all that is holy, you shall be mine! I will not let you go! You are mine now, and I will part with you only with life itself!"

It was a crisis.

Had this unfortunate maiden never been thrown into the very jaws of the most terrible dangers hitherto, she would not have scrupled to make matters still more unpromising by calling out—though it would have been entirely in vain—at the top of her voice; but her self-command had been admirably developed by the severe discipline through which she had been forced to pass, and she immediately threw herself upon the powers of her own single, unaided nature.

She turned slowly, and resolutely about, therefore, and confronted him.

There was that mysterious eye again, however, piercing her through and through!

"What does this mean, Sir?" she demanded, thus breaking the spell.

"It means, dear Gertrude," answered he, half relaxing his hold even at this critical moment, in the hopes that she would relent herself if he showed signs of it—"it means that I love you wherever you go; that I must follow you; that I cannot let you cast me off in this way; and that you must be mine!"

"Take off your hand!" she added, with promptness.

But one of two things was now left him to do; he must either relinquish his purpose altogether, or he must make a fresh start and follow it up with greater vigor than ever.

He was but a twinkling in deciding upon the latter.

"By the Evangel!" swore he, tightening his grasp; "I will have you for my own, my dear, if I risk life and everything else in the endeavor!"

Forthwith he proceeded to employ all his strength, which was indeed almost prodigious, and clasping her in an embrace to which that of a vice might well be compared as tender, he bore her away as he would a trophy, by sheer violence alone, to the spot that stood waiting impatiently for its rider.

"Where will you carry me?" she at length questioned him, though still betraying no symptoms of a weak alarm; "what would you do with me? Is it not a scandal upon your honored profession, and will it not forever remain a word of reproach in the mouths of your companions as long as you live, that you thus took advantage of a frail and unprotected maiden, who had herself made a confidant of you in her weakness and wretchedness, and sought to force her away into a servitude more hateful than any you must have learned to hate in the far East?"

"For shame, Sir Knight! This is unworthy of you! It is a disgrace to your high profession!"

"No matter for all that!" said he, "you will mount your horse here, and ride before me!"

"Whether?" asked she.

"Wherever I choose to direct. Only obey me now, and break loose from the thralldom with which you are oppressed at home, and my word for it as a Knight that you shall learn to love me as you never loved before! Come! mount as fast as you can. Here is my hand for you to place your dainty foot upon. I must needs seem rough just now, but fair maiden, it will not take you long to learn that, hard and cruel as I may seem to you to-day, I shall prove myself all love and devotion in the end."

She fixed a piercing look upon him, as if she thought she could with that transfix him as with an arrow. But the perfect calmness of his face threw back that glance as readily as a shield throws back an arrow that is idly shot from a bow.

He would have placed her on her steed, even against her will; but, upon second thought, it occurred to him that he would set her—by main force, if need be—on his own saddle in front of him, and thus compel her to go with him wherever he might choose to travel.

This resolution he had already taken the first steps towards carrying out, having released her horse from the bough to which it was tied, and set its head homeward. Just as he was lifting Gertrude, however, to the place he had designed for her, she uttered a wild shriek, in her fearful extremity, that went flying through all the aisles, vaults, crypts and chambers of the forest. It was not exactly a scream of terror, but rather of desperation and defiance.

It was the all-powerful woman's weapon—the last to which she can generally resort. In the present case, it was really surprising with what a volume it went searching its swift way through all the secret places of the forest round about. So sharp and shrill was it, as she gave it forth from her lips, that even her cowardly captor, accustomed as he had been to all grades of sound in the course of his experience as a warrior, was partially paralyzed for the moment by its penetrating power. He held her tightly in his giant's grasp, but said nothing.

As he proceeded, however, in spite of this startling appeal for help from whatever quarter, to force the maiden into the saddle whereon he was himself to ride, a responsive voice suddenly broke from the forest glade, so wild and unearthly, that he fairly set down his unhappy victim upon her feet, and prepared to defend himself against the aggression he thought to be thus sprung upon him. At the same moment, the gentle palfrey belonging to Gertrude, came back toward her whispering with marked affectionateness, and seeming to desire his mistress to come and occupy the empty saddle he bore. One would have supposed, from his betrayal of sagacity, that he understood the nature of the trouble in which his mistress found herself, and would fain have proffered her his timely assistance.

Upon the instant a loud and skinny figure emerged from the thicket, and posted itself directly in front of the Knight. Then commencing to brandish its arms and utter menaces of every kind and variety, it was finally able to speak.

The figure that thus started out from the shadows like a specter upon the vision of the astonished Knight, was that of Old Mahala. She was generally on the spot when mischief was afoot. On this day

and before the Knight's forth-coming with Gertrude, and with her own intuitive knowledge of character, had a suspicion that his intentions were not such as would rebound to Gertrude's interest and happiness; therefore she concluded to follow after them at a safe distance, sitting along from one place in the woods to another, like an owl in the night. Ever since the event of Gertrude's reckless and intemperate escape from the tower window, and her subsequent reconciliation with and return to her father, the old woman had kept a watchful eye upon her; for well did she lay to heart the last words spoken by her in the presence of the Lord of Rosenheim, that she should surely visit punishment upon his own head if Gertrude was harmed in any way by her return.

Standing thus before the Knight, he was at length prompted to ask her who she was, and what she wanted.

"I am a flaming brand in the way of your violence, wicked man! This crime of yours is thus brought to an end! You thought to disgrace your name and prove yourself untrue to the solemn vow of a Knight; but let me tell you now, sir, that I am here to put a stop to this just where it is!"

"You!" he sneered, moving to complete the work of violence he had begun.

"Nay, I tell thee touch her not! Lay not so much as a finger upon the maid again, or your life will not be worth the trouble of saving!"

"And what art thou, fiend, who presumest to thrust thy hideous self between me and my purpose? Speak, and say what is the name by which so frightful a spectacle is known among men—or rather, among the wild beasts of the forest! I do pretend to hinder me! Ha—ha! there never was so laughable an occurrence in all my varied history! I have lived till today; only to get a new sight of things!"

"This is idle, monster," answered the hag. "Return home with this gentle maiden as quickly as you came here, and venture not to abuse the sweet confidence she mistakenly reposed in you! I shall know, if you do as I tell you!"

"Ha—ha!" laughed he, scornfully. "Get out of my way here! Away into the shadows with you, or, by my halidome, I will thrust you through with my sword!"

"Aha! is that the game you would play at, then? Here, Fangs! Here, Bull!" and as she called, she put something like a whistle to her mouth, and with half-averted face, blew so shrill a sound that it pierced the ears of the Knight with its painful echoes.

Forthwith, at this single blast, out rushed from the dark heart of the forest a couple of wolf-like-looking dogs, of a breed that must remain indescribable, but so fierce and wild in their nature, so powerful and impetuous, and withal under such complete control of their belligerent masters, that for an instant the iron nerves of the Knight experienced a shock, and his heart fluttered to think how completely he was in the power of this wild, weird woman. She could see, with her quick and piercing glance—fully a rival for his own—that he qualified as these powerful creatures bounded forward from the covert so unexpectedly, and stood with bristling necks, and emitting a low, thunderous growl, at the side of their mistress.

"Now then, Sir," said she, her eyes emitting sparks of fire as she spoke and gestulated, "I order you to recede, at a slow and deliberate gait, that maiden safely home! Help her into the saddle, Sir, and then mount yourself! There is no time to be lost in parrying, and I have none to lose in any way. Ride slowly, I bid you, for I myself am going to follow at a considerable distance; and it is not for an old person like me to try to keep up with the rapid feet of a horse. And as I follow, and these faithful creatures along with me, I tell you now once for all, Sir, that the moment I hear the voice of that maid calling for succor, that moment I shall let loose my dogs upon you! There, Fangs! There, Bull! I want you to take particular notice of the man. Look at him so that you may know him without any trouble again!"

She pointed at him with her skinny fingers, to instruct the creatures in their lessons.

For the first time in his life, perhaps, the insolent Knight was completely vanquished. He had at last met his match, and more too. He had found little trouble thus far in deceiving the absent and trusting Wilhelm, but here was a power which it was quite beyond his skill to devise.

He proceeded to comply, though ever so sullenly, with the woman's demands. He dared not, in truth, do otherwise. He eyed, first, herself, and then her dogs; and finally he concluded the fight, if entered upon, would result altogether to his disadvantage. Therefore he reasoned that discretion would prove the better portion of valor, and did as she requested.

As he proffered his assistance to Gertrude, she peremptorily declined the same, assuring him that no longer should she remain indebted to him for his aid, or protection, or sympathy. She vaulted lightly into her seat, and her little palfrey immediately turned about and began to carry his precious load homeward again.

The Knight followed closely after, without venturing a word. And finally came along Old Mahala herself, attended by her canine escort, her keen eye fixed upon every movement of the Knight, like an arrow at its whirling aim on the bowstring.

It was all a strange tableaux. To Gertrude, it proved to be relief indescribable; but to the Knight, it was a blow from which it would take even his boundless coolness and assurance a long while to recover.

After a time, they reached sight of the castle, Gertrude at once urged forward her steed, and the Knight came after, putting the best face on the matter he could wear. He had all his plans concocted, in case the girl ventured to tell the story of the day to her father. He feared nothing for the result, already knowing the relations subsisting between the two, and understanding his own power over the mind of the father. For the present, certainly, he was safe.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

That very night, while supper was spread in the hall, and after Gertrude had taken her seat at the table—though apart from the Knight somewhat—it was announced by one of the men-at-arms at the door of the dining-hall that a poor minstrel waited at the gate without, and desired of the Lord of the Castle permission to pass through and share his hospitality.

"Who and what is the stranger, that he should presume to interrupt us at this hour of the day?" demanded the lord, in his usual passionate manner.

"He says that he is a minstrel!" responded he who had presumed to make the announcement of his arrival, "and that he is weary and foot-sore with travel."

"Yes, so are they all!—a miserable, vagabonding

crew! Each one who comes is more tired and more than the one who left just before him. A poor creature, at the best, and it were better far that starvation laid his hand upon them while they are out at their travels, and make quick work with them!"

"But, master," plead the men-at-arms on behalf of the wanderer, "this one says he came a great way, and has traveled all the while on foot. Unless you take him in, he declares he will lie down and die in the moat that encircles the castle walls."

"Oh, if he is so far reduced as that, then, let him come in! Bid him welcome on our behalf. Never let it be said that the Castle of Rosenheim sent away a weary soul empty or hungry, while we possess the fat of the land ourselves within. How far did he say he came, sirrah?"

"From Palestine," answered the vassal.

An involuntary exchange of glances at once took place around one end of the board. The color rushed like a flame into the face of Gertrude, and then left it again. As for the Knight, he could not conceal the rising interest he felt in the announcement just made.

"From Palestine, hey?" repeated the Lord of Rosenheim, haughtily. "Very well. Perhaps he has something to tell us, in his own peculiar way, about that far-off country. You know somewhat of that land yourself, Sir Knight?" he added, turning upon his guest; "and you can tell at once, therefore, if this man is an impostor like the others that frequent hospitable castles for the sake of the crumbs they may pick up, and can say whether he has indeed come from the Holy Land or not."

"Ay, that indeed can I, with great readiness," he eagerly answered. "And I promise you that I will look sharply to him, so as if I can detect a flaw in his story."

Gertrude heard these words but mechanically, so to speak. Her thoughts were elsewhere already. It was very difficult for her to disguise her interest in what had already transpired in relation to the stranger minstrel, and she was more than half inclined to doubt if her father should not perceive the state of her mind, and instantly order the wanderer away from the gate.

While this conversation, and these fears and surmises, were going forward at the upper end of the supper-hall, the object of them all was ushered in at the other extremity of the same, following in the wake of a torch-bearer who fully recognized the importance and dignity of his office.

As he entered and stood in plain view of the master of Rosenheim, he made humble obeisance; afterwards directing his eyes to where the beautiful Gertrude sat, with her own gaze riveted upon him, he proceeded to proffer as respectful and tender a salutation as he was able at that distance. The wandering minstrels were in the habit of pouring their songs into the ears of ladies chiefly, for they were invariably the most eager listeners; and hence they had the sagacity to know that their salutations were, first of all, to be rendered to them.

"Sit down wherever you can find room for yourself," commanded the haughty lord. "Eat of what the table will furnish you, till you are perfectly satisfied. You are welcome here."

They all fell to, and made among themselves a hearty meal of it. When at length there was something like a pause, or rest, in the exercises of the table, and earnest drinking had begun out of the fountains of silver at the upper end of the table, and out of capacious drinking horns at the lower, the Lord of Rosenheim began to put questions to his new guest—who, by the bye, had speedily finished his repast—respecting the lands through which he had traveled since he came from Palestine. To all the answers of the latter, the company listened intently.

"And what, pray," pursued the lord, "was going on when you were in the country? When you took up your march hitherward? What was the fray, and who were engaged in it? You were there, and of course you can tell us what we have all a great anxiety to know."

In response to these questions, the minstrel commenced his monotonous musical recitation, in the form of a chant, of what was transpiring when he turned his back from necessity upon the land. To the ears of the listeners it was poetry; it certainly was poetic, not less from the regularity of rhythmic beat in its recitation, than from the ideal modes of expression in which the intelligence was sought to be conveyed.

He told them, in his song, accompanying his harp-music, that Conrad, the Emperor, had pushed his way quite to the walls of the City itself; that his army was brave and hopeful, having already made several vigorous assaults upon the enemy at different points, and with brilliant success; that the army was led by men who knew how to command, and in whom they felt the greatest amount of confidence; and, chiefest of all, that there was one youthful soldier who had so distinguished himself for impetuous bravery, that he had been received into the personal companionship of the Emperor, and always rode with him at the head of the army, as if he were his body-guard.

The Knight ventured to ask who such a young soldier could be, for he said he felt assured that no such person had ever come under his notice there, and would hardly be likely to reach such a prominence by so rapid steps.

The minstrel could even tell him who the youth was, for his name was on every tongue, and he was the pride and envy of all. It was Wilhelm, who owned a castle somewhere this way on the Rhine.

The Knight became dumb.

The Lord of Rosenheim tossed off a long and powerful draught of liquor that stood at his hand, to hide the confusion of his face.

As for Gertrude, the violence of the beating of her heart led her to fear lest it might be overheard, and she herself betrayed.

The moment was one of peculiar excitement to each one of the three.

"What was his name?" asked the Knight again, hoping thus to gain time to recover himself.

Gertrude's eyes flung him a look of unexpressed contempt, as he put the needless question.

"Wilhelm," answered the minstrel, "his praises were everywhere. Never before had man so immortalized himself, unless it was Oscar-de-Lion's own self. His presence by the side of the Emperor attracted all eyes. And then his youth made him more conspicuous still. His manly beauty created a profound impression on the hearts of the whole army, and those who admired him learned very soon to love him also. In the few onsets the Emperor had made against the enemy in the intricacies of their cities and towns, no veteran in the Crusaders ever bore himself so gallantly and with such lofty courage as had Wilhelm from the Rhine. And the elements of a true hero and great military leader shone out in his conduct. He could have marshaled an army at any moment himself, and persuaded them to follow him on the most desperate undertakings."

The Emperor was not backward, therefore, in extending all sorts of favors to him, in presence of the hosts that he commanded."

The minstrel evidently felt the glow of his subject, and was becoming enthusiastic in the praise of the youthful Wilhelm, thus self-exalted. The whole table was literally engaged in listening to him, nor did they desire to have him stop. Any intelligence from the grand army of Palestine—that far of dream-land to so many who heard and talked about it—was over most welcome to them; they would have sat all night around the board, and listened to the wanderer's tale without feeling drowsy or weary. This the minstrel knew; the race of minstrels well understood how welcome they were in tower and hall, and what marked favors were certain to be extended to them wherever they went.

"Do you know this Wilhelm hereabout?" inquired the new-comer, directing his glance at the Lord of the Castle himself, who sat at the head of the table on the elevated dais assigned to the family and chosen guests. "For it were an honor indeed to be a friend of such a man, whose fame will ere long pass round the world. To be distinguished in the Holy Land against the infidel is a long claim against immortality, you may be sure."

As he asked the question of the Lord himself, and appeared to wait for a reply, the latter turned round upon the Knight, and looked at him in such a way as to convey the idea that he wished he could take up the unwelcome conversation now, and carry it out to the end.

The Knight took the hint in an instant, and saw that he could not presume to disobey. But then again, there sat Gertrude near him! She understood the situation he was in, though as yet she, nor any one else present, knew not that the Knight had any acquaintance with Wilhelm; but it was within her knowledge that he was now familiar with Wilhelm's tender relation to herself, for she had on that very day informed him of it all.

"Yes," at length responded the Knight to the inquiry of the minstrel, "we have heard of this youth whose praises you sing so glibly here to-night. But it occurs to me, who have been in Palestine myself, that you are making great things of him for so young and fresh a warrior. Why, he can have but just vaulted, or rather climbed, into his saddle; and here you are now, declaring from a heart overflowing with admiration for him, that even the Emperor's self hath not become more distinguished! It is preposterous!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Dancer of Light.

"LET IN THE LIGHT!"

—Dying words of Goethe.

Oh, God! how many hearts do hunger!
How souls from eyes have spoke,
With a sad and woeful wonder,
And anguish such as woeke
The inner life of those whose sense
Is keener than the mass
Whose spirit-pulses tell from whence
To where our souls do pass.

Oh, Eyes! filled with sad beseeching,
Loving, looking, longing,
Yet not knowing ye are reaching
Far off, whence no wronging
Brings the holy, hallowed hours,
Such sweet blessings cheerful,
As make moments winged with flowers
In Love only fearful.

In those dreary, darkening dens
Where hides that vice and want
Which in the city's fetid fens
With aching life do haunt—
On all the pavements, bare and bleak,
Amid its wretched throng,
The spirit out the eyes does speak,
In ever-mournful song:

"Oh, give us Light! let freely in
The Father's holy love!
Oh, give us faith, that we may win
The angels' home above!

Oh, why thus scorned and spit upon?
Why is this world so stern?
Cannot Life's blessed prize be won
But by such blessings learned?

Oh, Father, hark to the groaning
Lives on the shores of Time!
Eternity's waves are moaning
In answer to the chime

That mournful rings in every soul,
Like a slow-pulling knell,
Till its widening circles roll
Out where Death's mysteries swell."

"Let in the Light!" thus said the cry
Amid the silence falls.
While the untamed hearts that sigh
With quiet weeping, call

For more of Love to bless the world,
And more of joy to smile;
That hate and scorn may down be hurled,
And hearts be freed from guile.

Oh, this world might beautiful be,
If man to man were true,
Shimmering like a summer sea,
When sunshine o'er it dew:

The Golden time that poets sing
Would gladden all the earth,
And life to life fraternal ring,
While noble deeds have birth.

"Oh, give us Light!" from all the ages
Goes swelling o'er the spheres,
From earth's poor worn ones and her sages,
Still it comes with many tears:

Blindly groping with a yearning
Sense of such glories bright,
That all manly speech is burning
With the words, "Oh, give us Light!"

Oh, let the light of Love to shine
On every darkened one;
Give unto them Affection's wine;
Let all good deeds be done!

Oh, let the light of knowledge beam—
Be every fetter broke,
Till earth, through Faith's most gorgeous gleam,
From Circum dreams be woken.

Denton, October, 1860.

Beauty Unadorned.

Why don't the world take a hint, occasionally? Simplicity may be preached forever, and to little apparent purpose; but once let somebody be odd enough to come out with a living example of it, and what a dust of talk and wonder is raised! One lady at the Prince's ball in Cincinnati was distinguished from the rest of the women by wearing no jewelry. Baron Rouffrey observed that the lady was barren of *bijouterie*, and selected her as a dancing partner on that account. Over dressing is the crying sin of our American women, and the lady who, on so notable an occasion, had the courage, self-reliance, and good taste, to dress with elegant simplicity, deserves immortal memory. Somebody says—"Let Miss G. be illustrious forever as the woman who danced with the Prince and did not wear jewels!" and so say we. Jewelry is a tawdry mode of augmenting beauty; and barbaric, at the best.

PAY FOR SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

The words of A. B. C. have been the subject of discussion at many a meeting, and the result of a recent one, I have to report.

Spiritualism, or that which comes of it, is having already an influence upon the world that is unmeasured. Literature begins to be filled with its bright beams; sermons begin to be influenced by its inspiring power; the social world feels it to its finger-ends, and more than all, the hearts of humanity in unspoken affection, hold it with unflinching grasp, mostly, in silence. All men are Spiritualists behind the curtain, while but few are so when the curtain rises.

Spiritualism tells us that religion is a different thing from what we have been taught it was; that it is feeling rather than facts; that it is desire rather than philosophy; that it is love rather than resistance. Spiritualism springs up through the religion of material darkness, which has been necessary, into new straits of life; it turns over a new leaf in the great volume of nature's serial pages. But words and sentences convey no just or adequate idea of what Spiritualism is. All that we can say of Spiritualism is but schoolboy twaddle. And those who hear us and feel it not are like the boy who has not studied Latin; he hears the boys recite who have. He hears the sound of words he does not understand the meaning of—"Amo, amas, amat." "What in thunder is that?" he says.

Over this new page of nature, Spiritualism is written, and the man who does not know it yet, hears others read, and the sound of this reading is meaningless to him, like the sound of Latin to the boy who had not read it, and he calls it wishy-washy. *Amo, amas, amat* have meaning to be felt that eternity cannot wipe out—I love, you love, he loves. On this new page of life in spontaneous development, in unspoken feelings, we read I love, you love, humanity loves. God is love, all life is love, and love is the basis of this new development. Love is unseen, and it mostly exists without the utterance of words; it cannot be bought and sold; it cannot be dealt out by human hands or human lips. Who can tell what Spiritualism is? No one. Behind the shadows of matter every one feels it—and a few recognize the feeling.

Explanations belong to books, not to souls. Definitions are the lines of limits and do not belong to the limitless shores of spiritual infinity. Philosophy measures matter and tells the quality, the causes and the effects of relations—while spirit produces matter and its philosophy, and after a time shakes it off to dust, and rises ever fresh above its products that change and perish, for the spontaneous development of all truth for which the soul has a desire. Accountability is for the ledgers of time, not for the undulating waves of spiritual progression. Responsibility is for the safe keeping of lumps of clay, not for spirit that wings its flight away in freedom.

Virtue is for the earthly man, not for the pure soul. Evil, which is resistance, is the necessary antagonism of matter, not the unresisting atmosphere of Spiritual existence.

Our physical demands are answered by our physical efforts. Our spiritual demands are answered by spontaneous desires, by spontaneous development, which development commands spiritual influx. For spiritual growth there is no human effort. The growth, and continuance of our physical beings, command the individual and combined efforts of men and women. This is right—eminently right in matter. For our physical being, commerce is used; pay for good deeds and for devilish deeds; rewards and punishments. Compensation is of antagonism, not of love. Pay belongs to matter, where conflict is—where opposites exist. The balance weighs opposites. Justice is the dividing line between equal antagonisms. Justice sits between the rewards and punishments. Virtue is in her right hand—vice her left. Justice is of the material world, not of the spiritual world; virtue and vice are of the same.

Spiritual lecturers, it is claimed, deal with spiritual things. And it is also claimed that pay, measured by the value of earthly goods, should be given for spiritual truths, dealt out by spiritual lecturers. Does Spiritualism teach this? Let us, in our silent moments, think of this.

The paid priesthood have been a favorite theme for condemnation by reformers. The priesthood of the past and the present have claimed to deal out spiritual truths for the people, for which a certain amount has been annually paid in money, or in some material goods. Commerce is exchange of commodities for pay, for an equivalent in matter. Where does it belong? To terrestrial things where opposition, conflict and bondage is—not to spiritual truths that are spontaneously produced; that are ever as free for us as the air of heaven that we breathe. Commerce in spiritual things is incompatible; commerce in earthly things is lawful. Commerce with the whole category of religious technicalities had birth in matter, and with matter will find its grave.

A spiritual manifestation, a spiritual truth, never was paid for and never can be, no more than the sun's rays are paid for. Even the sunlight that is physical, is above the clutches of commerce; and spirit is lighter and brighter than the physical sun. Earth holds commerce to her own bosom, and nurses it. Commerce is her lawful child. I do not mean to say that spiritual truths do not pervade all earthly things, but to think that we can handle and hold a spiritual truth as we do an article of merchandise—a bale of cotton, or a hoghead of molasses—and sell it to one or more persons for a stipulated amount of money, is a phantom that belongs to the shadows of the past.

Public speaking is an article of commerce, given for payment in some other article of commerce. Every soul has the sunshine of truth in itself, and for itself developed. No spiritual truth ever will, or ever did find a lodgment in a human soul from the tongue of a spiritual lecturer or a church minister. External education, to the soul, is a pretence, not a reality. External education belongs alone to our physical being, to the philosophy and the religion of the material world, which world is but the baby-play-house of the soul of man, and which soul is spontaneously, incessantly nourished by the unseen streams of God's truths that flow everywhere throughout his universe, free, unspoken by words.

The first recognition of truth in the soul is its development from within, outward—never from the outward world to the interior soul. Soul truths never were and never can be developed in others by spiritual lectures, books or writings. You may say that the Bible is full of spiritual truths; that it cannot be made without pay; that it is an article of commerce. Admit that this is so. Every spiritual truth therein revealed comes externally, second hand, to the soul that reads it. Every spiritual truth recorded in the Bible is in the air, everywhere, free for every soul that has a capacity developed for its reception. And no soul receives the truths of the Bible sooner, for their external presentation, for fingering the Bible and reading it. Spirit-truths,

when ready, are always received first-hand, always fresh, coming from an unseen source, coming from within the soul. Without a single exception, every truth that feeds and nourishes the soul for eternity is a truth of intuition, is a truth of the soul's own best production.

The idea of driving truth into people's souls by the Bible, sermons and lectures, is the idea of ages that have been full of conflict. It is nothing more nor less than the misty idea that commerce may be carried into pulpits, that the church has cherished as an indispensable passport to future happiness. The whole idea claimed in Spiritualism, that spiritual lectures, considered as being of moment to the soul, is a tinge lugged out of orthodox, that will soon be bleached white by the sunlight of Spiritualism. Sermons and lectures have no influence upon the soul; have no influence upon the spontaneous desires of the human heart; have no influence in advancing the soul's progress heavenward. Sermons and lectures are well enough for materialism, for amusement and recreation. But Spiritualism must claim that they have nothing to do with the soul's eternal progression. You will probably say that this is assumption. I say it is not assumption, for the reasons—first, sermons and lectures, almost without exception, are made articles of commerce—are bought with material substance, and paid for with material substance; second, no truth uttered in a lecture or sermon finds a response and approval in the soul of the hearer, except it be already developed in that soul; third, men who don't hear lectures and sermons, contribute as largely to the support of the happiness of humanity, without the crazy feeling that they are better than others, as those who hear lectures and sermons, who preach lectures and sermons. The man who has preached forty years may fall from grace, and does.

The treasures that good folks lay up in heaven by religious devotion, as we say, are lost by a single word away. Years of labor added to years of labor in what the world calls religion, in laying up treasures in heaven, which treasures are the rewards of good deeds, are liable to be lost by misdeeds, after. Are the treasures of our eternal existence so precarious? Rewards are of the material world, not of the spiritual world, and so are punishments.

All the treasures that men or women gather into their souls by hearing lectures, and transferring the fruit to the store-house of heaven, to there await their coming, are but phantoms of time, that in time, or after, will fade away.

Then what is the use of lectures, if their claims to benefit the souls of men and women are fictitious? Lectures may benefit our material life, which is of little count; they help to while away the hours of our material existence; they may serve for amusement and recreation. I fail to find the lecture-room and the meeting-house of greater moment to the soul's well being in the hereafter than is the dancing-room, the play-house, or the house of merchandise, the work-shop, the corn-field, or the kitchen hearth. Dr. A. Paige has suggested that it is better for Spiritualists to carry bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked, than go to hear sermons and lectures on Sunday.

Spiritualists claim to be reformers; so do men who are not Spiritualists. It is true of both Spiritualists and opponents to Spiritualism. But where does reform belong? To the physical world—to its philosophies, its religions, its morals and its virtues—all of which are visible to senseless perceptions—are products of the soul that pass away and perish—not one of which is an attribute of the soul's indestructible existence. Reform is not an attribute of the soul—it is only a term that can be applied to changes that take place in its products.

A palpable recognition of the soul's immortality places it paramount to all its productions. Reformers are the changes of matter—not of the soul. When we feel and recognize the real pulsations of the soul's actual existence, all that the soul produces seems like falling leaves of autumn, compared with the life that produce them. Morals, virtue, philosophy, and what has been called religion, are to the soul what falling leaves are to living trees. Falling leaves change, crumble, decay, and re-form. So it is of morals, virtue, religion and philosophy.

The alliance of reforms with the soul's progression, as has been claimed, is a fiction of the necessarily darkened past—not of the light that Spiritualism brings. The bright and beautiful light that Spiritualism in truth power sheds now in the hearts of millions drives away, or will, this fiction—and the soul's intuitions stand triumphantly above the trash of effects that re-form; the pretences of religion that are material; the axioms of philosophy that change as matter changes; the frailty of virtue that evaporates as the dewdrop; the tribunal of justice that is weighed only in scales that men make; morals that alone are the sweeter fruit of material existence; and what men have called evil, like the refuse of matter, corruption and decay re-form, and come forth in fragrant flowers. I say that the soul imbued with the *eternal* influx of Spiritualism, rises above all these trashy things, which alone belong to the physical world, into the clear light of soul-reality, when lecturing and preaching cease to be of use, where truths are developed and recognized by the soul's spontaneous growth, unspoken, unwritten.

Men and women who have been long in the ranks of Spiritualism, who have been earnest devotees to the silent influx that makes us Spiritualists, cannot be called out to hear sermons and lectures. Nearly all our best mediums throughout the land read but little, if any; and Spiritualists, as a body, give little heed to the utterances of others. Why is this? It is because the soul has come to that condition where it recognizes the spontaneous development of truths for itself; of every truth for which the soul has need. The capacity for a soul, truth is born simultaneously with the development of that truth. Material things, I know, apparently differ from this axiom. The hunger and the thirst for spiritual truths are never answered by words, but are always answered by silent soul development; by unseen spiritual influx, that is not material, like lectures and sermons.

Thus it is that mediums and Spiritualists are little or nothing for external teachings, which teachings belong alone to the external world of material intelligence. This body of lecturers care but little for what each other says, but in each one is a mighty development of feeling, of kindness, of love. In each one there is a flood of silent thought, the whole of which no one dares to utter yet. Were I to speak my soul's persuasions right out in full, could I, the great ugly boot of materialism would crush and kill my animal life. Miss Fanny Davis says: "Our best feelings we never utter, for tongue is too feeble and pen too weak to transmit them. When the divine comes, there is nothing in mind and spirit to express it." Love is the basis of Spiritualism. Love is the great river of God, from which immediately comes our desire, our longings, our affections and our feelings. These are nearer allied to Spiritual existence; while

colt philosophy, fasts and feasting, lectures and sermons are further removed, are but the scales of matter, from out of which the soul's life in spiritualism is departing. With the knowledge that I have of spiritualism, I am forced to the conclusion that it would be better each one should, during the week, have a regular and substantial business, able from lecturing, to supply the demands of physical wants. Because, first, the income from lecturing alone is hard earned, is precarious; it is generally insufficient for a good support. Second, it has the semblance of, and it is in fact the old style of paid for pulpit eloquence. Third, it does not accord with the beautiful teaching of spiritualism. Fourth, a lecturer, as a lecturer, can better meet the demands of a working people, by working himself, or herself.

A man that speaks or writes for the people, must be with the people in their daily avocations—in their dealings and notions. Thoughts must be sifted through acts—they must be wrought out through actual experiences, to give them telling force when uttered. Physical labor is the mill that prepares the seed grain of thought for intellectual food.

Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY A. P. COCHRAN.

Who'er bows at Nature's shrine,
And wanders forth at Autumn time
Among the forest trees,
And gazes on the golden throng
Of spangled leaves all o'er them hung,
His soul will surely wake to song,
And rapturous melodies.

Peach, plum and orange tints all lend,
And with the ambered crimson blend,
Along the wooded ways,
Of all the gorgeous varied hues
October's breath o'er nature strews,
None rivals the rich mellow views
Of leaves in Autumn days.

The saffron dappled poplar high—
Blends with the oak's rich purple dye,
And gems with rosy stains;
The softened yellow hickory's seen,
The scarlet maple right between—
The beech, still to its faded green,
A stubborn hold retains.

And far off, in the dusky blue,
The dim speckled hazels glimmer through,
A humble tribute bring;
While o'er the river's silvery stream
The darker blue still waves its green,
And casts o'er all the shadowy scene
A gleam of dying spring.

Then hailing from his chilling lair,
The frost-kissed breathes on night's still air
His icy dews around,
Sol, rising from his Orient fold,
Then floods the woods with liquid gold,
The leaves then lose their slender hold,
And mournfully drop down.

The fitful wind then swaggers comes,
And whirles the leaves from out their homes,
In wildest tumult race,
In panic tossed, they frightened look;
In every cranny down the brook,
In every hollow, sheltered nook,
They seek a hiding place.

Original Essays.

A FEW WORDS ON AN OLD THEME.

Perhaps the inserted in the BANNER of an article the main object of which is to bear testimony against the old dogma of endless punishment, may at first be judged as quite behind the times; but I would ask you, earnest reader, whose mind has long been at ease on this point, have you not among your acquaintances, in your neighborhood, in your own family, even, some one upon whom this "blackness of darkness" yet casts a shadow? Then, while the greater light goes sweeping on to illuminate the beauties of a higher unfolding, bear with me if with my feeble taper I seek to throw one flickering ray upon some poor wanderer still entangled in the weeds and brambles of a lower path, that he too may by its light become free to press onward and upward.

That the people as a body who profess this belief do not betray in their lives a profound conviction of its truth, is very evident. Do not most members of orthodox churches live quite at their ease, accumulating this world's goods with as much apparent eagerness as those whom they style heretics? Is their equipage more humble, their style of dress less expensive, are their faces more careworn—in short, is there any appearance of the great wear and tear of their doctrine? If deep down in their very souls they felt the import of their profession, would not their zeal as much exceed that of "Peter the Hermit" as the worth of an immortal soul exceeds the possession of a city, where only is deposited the earthly casket that enshrined that soul for a few brief years?

These people are not inhuman, they are not monsters; as a being from some other planet might infer, who should overheat their words of belief, testifying to the possibility of an eternity of torment for all such as thought not as themselves, and then witness their indifference, in deeds, to avert such a calamity. No, they are simply unreflecting, perhaps believing it a matter of duty to allow their priest to portion out their thoughts and reasonings—people whose intuitive receptacles of truth have become closed to celestial teachings, from disease and false instructions.

If thus with the people, how is it with the pastor? That there are those among them who take in sincere the poetic fictions of Milton for Bible doctrines, is quite evident; but that there are others more deeply learned in the early history of men and things, who dare not tell all they know, is pretty evident, likewise. Bearing upon these points let us take the testimony of one among them, eminent in experience and research; one versed in all the theologic lore of their most renowned schools of divinity; one whose life gives evidence of the good one man can do when his intellect continually expands and blends with desire for progress, instead of being cramped into the tortuous windings of upholding a creed, which no amount of endeavor can ever perpetuate. This man is the Rev. Theodore Clapp. If the light he bears aloft has, as yet, thrown but a few gleams upon that upper pathway, it has power to dispel the dark shadows from the lower one. Let us trace his progress for awhile after he has attained that position where the most highly educated among them generally settle down upon their school-taught creeds, and strive not to get beyond. He says: "When I entered the ministry many of my opinions, though sincerely held, rested only on the principles of implied faith or authority. In New Orleans I had to encounter just, wise and noble men, belonging to each of the different denominations in Christendom. For some years after my settlement I was invited almost every Sabbath to preach on some particular

subject. This fact imposed upon me the necessity of looking into the foundation of many doctrines whose truth I had always before taken for granted. Hence I became a very hard student. One day, I must prove that Haman actually lived and performed the extraordinary feats recorded; the next Sunday I was called to explain the cherubim and the four wheels, or the deluge, or the destruction of the Canaanites, or Jonah and the fish, or the case of Simeon, Malchus and Abimelech. Every Biblical difficulty was brought to me for solution, and it was my especial privilege to elucidate all the dogmas which have been professedly derived from the sacred volume since the days of Tertullian. These efforts changed and recified many of the opinions which had been imbibed from venerable teachers, and opened to me wonders and beauties which I never should have seen had my life been passed in the regular, quiet, prescribed routine of ministerial duties in a New England parish."

In illustration of this he relates the occasion of his becoming acquainted with an English gentleman of splendid talents and acquisitions. This gentleman (Judge W.) came to hear him preach one morning—not that he cared for his religious tenets, but to judge of his abilities as an orator and scholar. The subject that morning, by special request of a member of his congregation, was upon endless punishment. At the outset, he told his hearers that this doctrine was inexplicable to human reason; so he confined himself simply to a rehearsal of those texts which he imagined taught the eternity of future woe. After the audience had dispersed, Judge W. remained; they were introduced, and walked home together. The Judge remarked to Mr. Clapp that he had once studied the subject upon which he preached, with especial attention, thinking to fit himself for taking holy orders in the Episcopal Church; but, it being out of his power to find that, and several other doctrines, he abandoned the idea, and became a student at law.

"Judge W. was a superior linguist, and well versed in the original Scriptures. When we parted that morning, he said: 'Mr. Clapp, I have a particular favor to ask. You told us in your sermon that there are hundreds of texts in the Bible which affirm, in the most unqualified terms, that all those who die in their sins will remain impotent and unholy through the ages of eternity. I will thank you to make me out a list of those texts in the original Hebrew and Greek. That some of such an import occur in our English version, is undeniable; but I think they are mistranslations. Two, five, or ten will be amply sufficient.'"

"I replied, 'It will give me great pleasure to grant your request. I can furnish you with scores of them before next Sunday.'"

He smiled, saying: 'I do not deny it.' I was perfectly confident that he had most egregiously misinterpreted and misunderstood the word of God, and rejoiced in his speedy discomfiture.

The very next day I made the best arrangements for collecting the proof texts—setting a table in one corner of my study well furnished with the appropriate books—lexicons, Hebrew and Greek, concordances, commentaries, English, Latin and German, with standard works on the Pentateuch, the history and antiquities of the Jewish nation. I had no authorities but those of the highest repute among authorities of every denomination. With the help of Gaston's Collections, and the references in the Larger Catechism of the Presbyterian Church, access was easy to all the passages of Scripture relied on to prove the doctrine of endless sin and sorrow. I began with the Old Testament in Hebrew, comprising it as I went along with the Septuagint and English version."

Each day he devoted a portion of time to this thorough investigation; and constantly meeting Judge W., the latter would frequently inquire if he had yet discovered those proof texts.

He replied: "No, Judge, I am doing my best to find them, and will accommodate you as early as possible. During that and the succeeding year, I read critically every chapter and verse of the Hebrew Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi. My investigations were as thorough and complete as I could possibly make them. Yet I was unable to find therein so much as an allusion to any suffering at all after death. In the dictionary of the Hebrew language, I could not discover a word signifying hell, or a place of punishment in a future state. *My utter astonishment, it turned out that Orthodox critics of the greatest celebrity were perfectly familiar with these facts.*"

And yet to this very day we are surrounded with priests who, either in the innocence of ignorance, or with the craft of trade, palm off these delusions for truth.

"Still I was ransacking that the New Testament would furnish me with the arguments which I had sought for. I scrutinized, time and again, whatever in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles are supposed to have any bearings upon the topic, for the space of eight years."

Thus ten years in all were given to this most thorough research.

"The result was that I could not name a portion of New Testament Scripture, which fairly interpreted, affirms that a part of mankind will be eternally miserable. But the opposite doctrine is taught in scores of texts, which no art of disingenuous interpretation can explain away."

Mr. Clapp affirms that up to this time he had never read any of the writings of the Unitarian, or Universalist divines, and that the conclusion he was forced to arrive at was "counter to all the prejudices of early life, of parental precept, of school, college, theological seminary and professional caste."

Quite to the point is the following quotation from the lips of Thomas Carlyle, during an interview enjoyed by Mr. Clapp, while on a visit to England: "I enjoy an extended personal acquaintance with ministers of various denominations in England and Scotland. Neither in or out of the pulpit have I ever heard one argue in favor of the doctrine of endless evil. I am satisfied that no intelligent clergyman among us embraces it. How inexplicable that educated men, closing their eyes against the irresistible evidence of unbounded goodness and power in the natural world around and within them, should make themselves believe that final, hopeless, remediless misery is the grand, sublime consummation of the Creator's moral achievements! The horrid doctrine is not to be found in the New Testament."

The world is full of testimony, would men but seek it, in disproof of Divine revelation to sanction this dogma—indeed, the evidence is, I believe, within each man's heart, could he but look within and read its workings—its native goodness instead of depravity. Could his far-sweeping vision take in at one comprehensive view but a small portion of the great out-workings of the Divine mind, how beautiful and harmonious would appear that which now in his blindness casts a sombre shadow over the fair creation. Let us therefore commend our brother's

workings of vision, and rejoice that the radiance of Heaven's own light, which now flows upon humanity, will become to him a source of strength, until he, too, can hear its approaching angel.

A. C. B.

IS IT RIGHT?

While our public and legalized charities have been greatly extended during the last four years, in the cause of education, until most of the cities and large towns of the nation have free schools, open to all of the white children, as the ballot boxes are to most of the white male adults, and with a highly commendable zeal the coffers of the rich are being still opened by taxation to establish and extend the free school system through an academical course, too, and into a collegiate, scientific and classical education; let us turn for a moment to another side of the subject. In our large cities are thousands of children who are not able to reach these schools, not even the lowest grade of them; they have no clothes fit to wear, no food fit to eat, no homes fit to live in, no society fit to be with, no parents fit to own them—poor little sufferers, half starved and whipped into the streets to pick up rags, bits of paper, bits of fuel, crumbs of food; peddle papers, black boots, sweep streets, beg for pennies, etc. Is it not time to inquire into the rights and interests of these "beirs of salvation," or damnation, or the duties and obligations of society to them? Must they be left forever to depend on single handed charities, or the meagre pittance of overgrown and wealthy Societies? Four-fifths of them are forced into this world by authorized, legalized and christianized institutions through the gates of marriage, in which the parents have long been falsely taught that "the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Ignorant, stupid and degraded beings are being constantly sealed into pairs by wedlock, and thus authorized by law and gospel to fill the streets with beggars, or the poor homes with victims; and yet the power that legalizes and Christianizes these unions, and by them forces thousands of innocent beings, annually, into this life, involuntarily on their part, unwelcome to parents and society, makes no provision for the helpless and innocent sufferers, when the fact is constantly staring them in the face, that parents do not care, or provide for them. Is there no voice in the land to be heard as an attorney for these helpless beings to demand their rights, and insist that every child which is legalized into earth-life shall be legally protected, housed, fed, clothed, and educated, at private or public expense? If society has power to authorize persons to bring children here, it certainly has power to see that they are sustained and cared for, and if those authorized to bring them here, do not, or cannot do it, society should, until it regulates and educates its subjects so as to suppress or lessen the importation to the demand. At the present time, even under all the scorn and contempt heaped upon illegitimacy, children born out of wedlock are better protected by law, and receive recipients of private charities, than those who enter life through the law and gospel. Little children come here entirely dependent on those who have the start of them, and it is inhuman and worse than brutal in us to neglect and disregard the wants of our own species, while we are potting and caressing horses, dogs, cats, birds, etc. The first duty of life is to help and innocent children—to hold them up and direct them, and prepare them to take our places, as we take our staves and travel to the other country, where we may be as helpless as they are here, and where we may find that "inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Let us join in an effort to get up homes for the poor, homeless children, and have them all educated, so society will have no dregs in the future, and vice and crime come to an end, and the sinks of pollution dry up as fountains without water.

WARREN CHASE.

Chicago, Sept. 28, 1860.

HOMAGE.

BY LITA H. DARNLEY.

I bend me not to the world's power—
To a prince's crown, the pride of an hour;
I reverence not the gilded state
Of those whom fortune alone makes great;
My neck is stiff 'neath the tyrant's sway,
And I envy him not his short-lived day;
But where Liberty lies doth on Tyranny frown,
And show its true grandeur, in country or town,
I bow me down.

I bend me not to the gorgeous sheen
Of bubbles that break and die when seen—
To the vapory tinsel bearding strife,
And the thousand falsehoods that chill our life;
With the hosts that follow in Error's path,
I join me not in their hollow laugh.
To the glorious Truth, wherever 'tis found,
On land or in ocean, the wide world around,
I bow me down.

I bend me not to the noisy display
Of self-will, potent, with wordy array;
But to that which the Poet's bosom swells,
To all that is noble that History tells,
To the Souls that with thrilling eloquence shone,
To the Patriot's blood on his own hearth-stone,
To the genius of Wisdom, to Knowledge profound,
Bequeathed or begg'd, in coat or in gown,
I bow me down.

I bend me not to the flashing eye—
Its passion will bring its own death full nigh;
And quell not under the lordly tone—
'Tis only human, and—so is my own.
To the heart for our down-cast humanity stirred,
To the kindly deed and the generous word,
To the Love that o'er all shades its pitying down,
And asks not, nor thinks of its Godlike renown,
I bow me down.

I bend me not where the many kneel,
Where Mammon hath pompously set his seal,
And worship not at the ringing of bells,
As forth on the air their melody swells.
With beast, bird and tree, and eloquent flower,
And water-fall's dash, comes the wished-for hour;
In Nature's Cathedral, 'neath calm azure dome,
To God, the kind Father, the Infinite One,
I bow me down!

Providence, R. I., 1857.

The Duke of Newcastle.

We get it from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser—and surely it ought to know, that the above named gentleman, who accompanied the Prince in his American tour, in his early manhood, when bearing the title of the Earl of Lincoln, married Lady Susan Harriet, sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. But the lovely innocent one took it into her head one day to elope with a handsome officer of the Guards, leaving children, husband, and the prospective rank of a Duchess, in her infatuation. Lord Lincoln obtained a divorce, and plunging more ardently than ever into political life, has ever since remained single, dividing his affections between his country and his children.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
MISS LIZZIE DODGE, AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday, Oct. 23, 1860.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The choir sang the beautiful hymn from Adams's Collection, commencing:

"Brother, is life's morning clouded,
Has the sunlight ceased to shine?
Is the earth to darkness shrouded,
Wouldst thou that it lay in gloom?
Cheer up, brother, let thy vision
Look abroad on life's bright gleam!
Behold the sun's light in heart!
Behold the dawn of a new day,
'Tis God, and perseverance."

Brother, all things round are calling
With muted voice, 'be strong!
Through the wrongs of earth be gallant,
Thy must live thy strength ere long.
Yes, my brother, though life's trouble
Drive thee near to dark despair,
Brother's will vanquish a battle,
'Tis God, and perseverance."

He, from his high throne in heaven,
Watches every step you take,
He will see each after-noon,
Which your face in anger make;
Cheer up, brother, he has power
To dry up the bitter tear,
And through darkest tempest lower
'Tis God, and perseverance."

The medium then followed in an appropriate invocation, after which the choir sang another hymn.

The subject of the Discourse, as before announced,

was "The Physiology of Sin," and based on the text

from Ephesians, "And you hath he quickened, who

were dead in trespasses and sin."

She said: In this age of intellectual thought and

daring, when man has stretched forth his hand like

his thought, and tamed the hidden powers of being,

and caused them to do his bidding—in these days,

too, of absolute republicanism, when every man is

taught to govern himself—we feel impressed with

the thought that nothing save what is of the Deity,

can remain eternally. You have admonitions of

this truth every day. As you worship God of your

own part—independent of any creed or race of men,

you walk directly to the throne of God, and ask Him

who you are, and what you are, and what He will

have you to do, now you have come of age, and must

act for yourself. The old bugbears of humanity

are losing their interest and influence, and the blood

of the lamb is losing its efficacy also. Under the

consideration of these circumstances, the question

that was asked of old is asked more pointedly to-

day; and since man is responsible for his own sins,

more essentially should he ask: "What shall I do

to be saved?" The church has tried to answer the

question, but her words are so ambiguous that hu-

manity has looked up into the face of mother church

and said, "You don't know quite as much as you

might, and a little more freedom would do us no

harm." Romanism, Protestantism, and younger-

born Spiritualism have tried to answer the question,

but all have failed, when they tried to limit their

vision to a few truths. The facts either alone con-

tribute are not enough to lead men to salvation. If

you trust either, you will soon enough backslide

from it, and find yourself still responsible for all

you do.

True Spiritualism will try to answer the question.

You will be with me, when I say no answer will

cover the entire ground, though we can at least

make some approaches to it.

In the past time, men went to work with scalpel

and dissecting-knife, to find the soul's abode, but

failed in their attempts to find its secret dwelling-

place. When we trace the relationship of the spirit

to the body and its nature, we perceive that which

is imperfect and rebellious; and we say, "Why has

God given me those passions and desires which if I

gratify I am punished? Whence came sin, and

why is it I have those desires which torture my

being? Can I escape the punishment, or am I born

for iniquity?" Oh, this question of original sin!

Humanity has beat its head against this rock, and

at length has wisely concluded that the rock is

harder than the head, and so has drawn back, and

succumbed to the idea that

"An Adam's fall
We should all."

But this is not satisfying. The Doctors of Divinity

have endeavored in the best way they could to re-

move this obstacle from the stomach of humanity;

but it has been utterly impossible, and sin has

seemed to predominate over the good in the lives of

mankind.

Saint Paul felt this great mystery struggling in

his soul. He sought some high vantage-ground,

where he could comprehend the whole problem; and

he said: "For the good that I would, I do not; but

the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do

that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin

that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when

I would do good, evil is present with me." Paul was

a wise man, a profound scholar, a true theologian,

but a poor physiologist; for it is not true that there

is sin dwelling in the human body.

The theologians of the past find their extreme in

a class of metaphysical philosophers of this latter

day, who sweep the same ground, and say there is

no sin, but that "whatever is, is right." Both of

these extreme views may be maintained by meta-

physical disquisition, but every pulse of the soul

tells you that there is that which is sin; and your

philosophers who have soared so high come back to

earth, and sit down before the problem of existence,

and say, "I don't know what it is." When they

say there is no sin, you point them out the drunk-

ards, the tyrants, the gamblers, the thieves, the

adulterers, and those who live on the substance of

society, and are willing to give no recompense. You

are not content with the assurance of your philo-

sophers that such men commit no sin. You behold the

drunkard, who defiles the temple of the holy ghost;

the tobacco-chewer, the smoker, the opium and

hashish-eaters, who roll sin as a sweet morsel under

their tongues; the sensualist, who sins not only

against himself, but against all that is social and

conjugal in society—behold these, and you cannot

doubt there is a physiology of sin. Paul did not

understand the combinations of his own nature.

The body is, believe us, free of all blame. Your

physiological body is related to the animal kingdom

and the animal kingdom is governed by instinct.

There is a physical instinct or unconscious feeling

which governs it, and sin can exist only where there

is an imperfect control. The father says to the son

when he is of age: "I have given you a house to

live in, and tools to work with; go forth and provide

for yourself."

The mind, as compared with the body, is

like a bright Damascus blade, which, with sharp

edge and flashing point, is continually wearing

away the scabbard. This blade is written all over

with the characters of the Zodiac, and from the

lesson man turns away, and says, "I cannot un-

derstand it." It is as difficult for the soul to weigh

itself as to lift oneself by the ears. It is not neces-

sary for you to do it, either. You must see that

your body and soul are in harmony, or there will be

a continual warfare going on, and you will present

the spectacle of a house divided against itself.

In the first place, there is a conscious and an un-

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21.

QUESTION.—"What effect can intoxicating agents have upon the spirit or soul of man?"

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—As this Conference has, during its recent sessions, repeatedly called for my views on the question before it, I deem it but proper to accede, and remark that I firmly believe that the moderate use of stimulants and exhilarants are not injurious to man, but that they, as well as narcotics, have a positive sphere of use. Amongst other "intoxicating" agents, I see that hashish is included. I also see that a deal of misapprehension exists in this country as to what this substance really is. Most people think that it is the ordinary extract of cannabis indica. A greater mistake was never made. "Hashish" is a slang term, used in the Orient, just as we use the term "rum," in a generic sense. We say "rum" when we mean alcoholic stimulants, of whatever shape or form; and just so does the term "hashish" stand for a whole class of exhilarants, although in European lands, and here, it is mainly given to the insipidated juice of India hemp, which juice, as well as the common "extracts," are better calculated to make those who use them, under the delusive hope of making half-hour trips to heaven by the "hashish express," repeat their folly, than even our modern forty-foot whiskey, which will know well in all tortle roads. All these mongrel extracts of hemp are on a par with that staple article extract of American commerce. Not so with the higher preparations, which, while coming under the general term "hashish," or exhilarants, are as superior to all the "extracts" as is pure grape juice to New England "R. G." There are three preparations of which hemp is the basis, used in Oriental lands. First, alfayoni, the common "drunk," second, dabreeh, the grand sexual invigorator of the harem. It is one of the perpetuators of polygamy, inasmuch as it keeps up the vigor to a greater length of time; and without it, one wife would suffice one husband. I think some of it must have been imported here, judging by certain signs in the body politic, and its operation on both body and soul, are almost miraculous, and I have no doubt but that it constitutes the base of Phipps celebrated invigorating cordial. Its effect is to increase the vital energies, make a beggar feel himself a lord, calm the nerves, provoke mirth, and transform a downcast scowl into the very picture of wholeness. The third preparation is downamashk, or Alla-chiohi. It is made in Egypt, and is, beyond all question, one of the most remarkable things on earth. It has been used, probably for ages, by the Orientals for the purpose of producing an exhilaration, compared to which, that produced by any other means falls into insignificance. (I speak from experience.) Downamashk leads the soul to glory, ineffable, and imparts a rapture and bliss not to be measured by mortal standards. It is the royal road to a kind of "mediumship," whose magnificent revelations are as superior to those of the so-called "state," as is the blazing sun to a common candle; and I have no doubt but that the clairvoyance it induces is as far superior to the ordinary sort, as gold is better than block tin for jewelry. True, it will not produce this holy state in all, but will in a majority of cases. It not only affects the body, but the very soul itself, and produces an ecstasy, and mental and spiritual illumination, whose unutterable glory, superlative grandeur, and awful sublimity, transcend my powers of description.

By its aid Alphonsus Cabagnet, myself, and others, have been enabled to pass through eternal doors, ever closed to the embodied man save by this celestial key, and passing through them, in holy calm, to explore the ineffable and serene mysteries of the human soul, and attain unto a conviction of immortality, stronger than that derived from the "manifestations" for two reasons. First—because these last leave cruel misgivings and doubts behind them; the proof being secondary; while by the former, the proof is personal, direct, actual, and therefore positive and absolute. Second—while under the influence of Downamashk, we never lose consciousness or common sense, and are able to draw the lines directly between the human and the spiritual lives—being perfectly aware of both existences at the same instant of time; and the last, lingering doubt of immortal life is swept away forever into a black and fathomless sea. Is there a mystery on earth, in heaven, or in hell, the solution of which is not too great for the human soul to bear, which Alla-chiohi will not enable us to explore and solve? On my soul I do not believe there is! Says the legend: "Downamashk in Mosch (key of mystery) is a gem, with whom are the keys of all secret things; of all might, power, mystery, and knowledge; none knoweth them but him, and he knoweth whatever is on the land, and what is in the sea; what is in the grave, and all that lies beyond it. No knoweth and noeth all things; is lord of all secret things, and none, save Brahma alone, limiteth his energies, or boundeth his power." I believe this legend. Few men on the Western Continent have studied this thing more faithfully than myself, and I candidly confess that its miracles are of so stupendous and sublime a character, so transcendent and mighty, that I feel utterly incompetent to describe them. I have known a libertine and two harlots, all three, hard swearing persons, completely melted down, rendered soft, gentle, and human, by the effect of a single portion of this wonderful drug. Why? How? Because, as in my own case, it opened the doors of heaven, swung wide the gates of hell. It is a thing that will make a man religious, if there is any devotion in him, for it stands alone as an illuminator of the soul. Its action is positive, and oh, how startling! Under its influence a man sees clearly the complete insignificance of all things earthly, transitory and circumstantial; nor do I believe it possible for any sceptic to remain such after the full action of one single dose of Alla-chiohi. Of course I dissuade all people from its habitual use. If this be disregarded, the violator must pay the penalty. What is it? Why, you will become permanently clairvoyant, and be all the while seeing through people, hence will discover so much human meanness as to make you realize that ignorance were bliss indeed. It will render you susceptible to spiritual influences, and to magnetic transes, which, perhaps you would not like, besides which you would be apt to grow discontented and disgusted with people and things about you, and become too greatly enamored of the solid music of the upper land—the tone-paved courts of glory.

Drugs that have been in use for ages all serve a purpose of God, and subserve a purpose of use and goodness. All national beverages subserve a purpose, for good. God has not made a mistake in giving these things to humanity for use. No, I dare not say this use of drugs is wrong; but I do say that it is the abuse of these things that is the mistake of humanity. Exhilarants, oppose them as you will, have a direct influence in developing the human be-

ing. These should be used—not abused. They are keys that open doors to lead us into future majestic spheres.

Dr. CHILDS.—Men talk about the soul as they talk about something that is made up—a house, a suit of clothes, a watch, or a diamond pin—as if it could be damaged. Earthly things, made up in varied form, may be damaged, broken, injured and destroyed. Organized lumps of earth may crumble—do break, and fall to dust. But what is the soul? Is it coarse organic matter, subject to the laws that govern coats and pantaloons? Is it subject to wear and tear? Is it subject to injury and destruction? We have ever been taught that it was immortal; and if immortal, what is its immortality? Can immortality be influenced and injured by time? Is immortality measured and governed by limits? Is immortality susceptible of injury? Is immortality subservient to time? Is matter that is made into forms, and crumbles again, the governor of the soul that produces these forms, and grows up through them into the regions of eternal existence? I broadly affirm that if the souls of men and women are immortal, these souls must, and do, in unseemly silence triumphantly defy the influences of time, of earth, and of all earthly things; they ever have been, and ever will be, impregnable to the floating influences of time, to the puny efforts of this terrestrial, physical existence. Man cannot injure or even influence the sunlight, which light is not above, but is far below the beautiful light of man, both in power and in durability.

The agitations of life's waters are to the soul what the waves and tides are to the mighty ocean—they give the bubbles of time a chance to break, and the gassy fumes of earth a chance to escape. The soul is a mighty deep; it is an awful, a beautiful reality. The surface waters of this awful depth of beauty are only agitated yet; its deeper depths are unmoved, are unknown by any external evidence. It is only the ripples of the external waters of the soul that make the waves and tides of human life that we see. The ocean is not injured by its undulating waves and flowing tides; no more is the soul injured by its earthly commotions. We cannot measure the ocean, its depth and breadth, by the ebbing and flowing of its tides, by its lashing, breaking waves that foam upon the surface of the peaceful deep below; no more can we measure the depth, the power, the peace of the human soul by the bubbles of life, which is all our senses eyes see, or can see, of the soul. If the soul of man be immortal, what has earth to do with it? what has the fleeting breath of time to do with the indestructibility of eternal existence? A single breath of the soul covers the whole arena of our earthly existence. Time is but a second of the soul's eternal years. To the soul, time is a thing that is born, and dies the same minute in which it is born. We breathe a breath, and it has gone away forever. It is the spontaneous production of animal life; it is of nature; it is involuntary; it was necessary; it was useful and good. The soul breathes the manifestations of human life, and to the soul they are spontaneous, natural, involuntary, necessary, useful, good. These manifestations of life are what the soul sends off, and can have no more effect upon the soul's life in the future than the breath we breathed last year can influence our life to-day. The breath of temperance, and the breath of temperance, and the breath of the soul through its animal life, upon the soul can have no influence.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER.—I do not see that Dr. C. has spoken to the subject. We have already commenced the life that shall never end; its immortality is here begun. Time is but a drop of the ocean of eternity. Hashish, I conclude from Dr. Randolph's remarks, has no influence upon the spirit of man. We cannot speculate on that which lies far off in the future; it is on the immediate future that we have evidence that alcoholic drinks have an influence upon the spirit of man after he leaves the body. Narcotic stimulants do influence the physical system; and what influences the physical system, must influence the spirit. The spiritual portion of man lies in a torpid state when the physical is injured and cramped by narcotic influences, and the spirit, for aught I know, by such influences, may be retarded for a thousand years. Those who have passed to the spirit-life, come back and tell us that the greatest evil they have to overcome is their morbid habits and passions. Every power of good, when reversed in its action, becomes proportionately bad. If stimulants stimulate to greater action, there must result a corresponding *lessened* action, that is abnormal and injurious. All spirits that communicate are unanimous in declaring that intoxicating agents are injurious to their progress.

Dr. LEWIS.—I am satisfied that the soul element cannot be injured. What I eat or drink cannot injure my soul. The worst narcotic man has to deal with, is the perverted organ of acquisitiveness, that bugs money. All Bibles, except that of nature, are to me humbug. It is not the Bible of Nature that teaches man to use narcotics and stimulants; other Bibles make the perverted use of these substances. The soul is a substance; it is part of all creation; is ever active.

Mr. BROWN.—I think that we should be prepared to be practical. A condition may be induced by alcohol, as Dr. Randolph has said, that may open a view to the future conviction of man. But I cannot see that this is useful and necessary to our being; but, on the contrary, is injurious. Dr. Randolph was very clear and beautiful on this point. A natural, induced condition that does not break down animal life, is far more for our advantage in the future—alcohol, opium, and hashish, I believe should not be used at all. Let us study the species of causes and develop a harmonious body and help one another on the road, forward, in a normal condition. If intoxicating agents can be used with any degree of safety, let some of our scholars and metaphysicians tell us how this may be done.

JAMES LADD.—I perceive there are trained minds here, whose investigations have gone beyond me. Yet it may be well to say a word. In some phases of this subject we all agree. All we can know of the soul, is by its manifestations. The great class of facts, open now to all men that will see them, make the only basis upon which an argument can be established in relation to the influence of intoxicating agents. What effect will intoxicating have *here*, upon our lives? It injures our private and public life; our conjugal, social and fraternal lives are disturbed and injured by it. The condition into which man is brought by the use of stimulants, affects and injures a man's usefulness as a neighbor, a friend and a citizen. Stimulants used to excess injure and destroy a large amount of happiness, and produce a great amount of evil. I do not know that immortality is earlier born by the use of drugs; but the effect of these drugs, I believe, is like that of disease—which is a condition that is superinduced, and is, as disease is, objectionable.

Mr. BACON.—The question implies, justly, that

intoxicating agents have an effect upon the soul of man. If the soul is a substance, everything that goes to make up the man must affect the soul. I believe that the progress of the soul is retarded by intoxicating agents. [The speaker quoted and criticized Dr. Childs—claimed that he made contradictory statements, and had consequently "run himself into a snare."] He thought that because Dr. Childs made a respectful bow of assent to the beautiful remarks made last week by Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, and then followed, without treading in the same tracks, exactly, and without criticism and condemnation of views, that to short sight appear contradictory, he falsified his own assertions. I believe that the state of the soul here before determines its condition hereafter.

Mr. TYRRELL.—I must conclude, after hearing the remarks on this subject, that I agree with the views of Dr. Child. Dr. C. is not understood. He does not deny that drugs affect our external existence. His claim is that drugs do not affect the future destiny of the soul. No act of a human being was yet ever committed that did not further each individual on his or her progression. Can alcohol affect the human soul? It affects our external life, but we cannot say that it affects the soul in its interior nature.

Miss LIZZIE DOTEN.—[Spoke entranced; and, by her request, we do not report what she said.]

Dr. WELLINGTON.—There is no article of human food from which alcohol may not be distilled. Alcohol is essential to human life; but the excessive use of alcohol I believe is wrong. I do not believe that man, in opposition to God, has separated alcohol from food, but that this is done in accordance with his designs. Take stimulants, and appropriate them properly, and they will not be recognized as stimulants in their effects. It is harmony between the soul and the body that we want. We want stimulants in appropriate doses, not in excessive doses. The misuse of any of God's blessings is a wrong. The uplifting of the whole human family demands appropriate food of a stimulating character.

The same question next Wednesday evening.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A Saxe-Gotha newspaper supposes that the only daughter of the Duke Saxe-Weiningen, just turned seventeen, is the destined bride of the Prince of Wales.

In its leading article of the 15th ult. the London Times says:—"Victor Emmanuel will, a few days hence, if the Fates are not very adverse, hold the Kingdom of Italy by the same title by which Napoleon III. holds the Empire of France. If, as there can be little doubt as matters now stand, the question to be put to the population of the Kingdom of Naples, on the 21st of October, be answered in the affirmative, Victor Emmanuel will be seated by the grace of God and the will of the Italian people."

The French Bishops and clergy continue boldly and vigorously to defend the Papal cause.

It was believed that the Papal Nuncio at Paris would not return.

The departure of the Austrian Embassy from Paris is confirmed.

It was reported that a fresh attack by the Royal forces upon the Garibaldians had been repulsed.

According to the Paris Patrie, the English Minister had received an intimation that the Emperor of China would be disposed to conclude a peace if the allies succeed in capturing the Peking forts.

The Revolution in New Granada is now considered to be ended. At the action of Ovarito, six hundred men out of the three thousand engaged were killed; and at Masuquera, Mosquera lost three hundred men out of two thousand engaged.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLISON HALL, DUNDAS PLACE, DUNDAS.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2, and at 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten, first two Sundays in Nov.; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, the third; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the fourth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the fifth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the sixth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the seventh; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the eighth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the ninth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the tenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the eleventh; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the twelfth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the thirteenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the fourteenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the fifteenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the sixteenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the seventeenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the eighteenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the nineteenth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the twentieth; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the twenty-first; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the twenty-second; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the twenty-third; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, the twenty-fourth; Mrs. E. A. 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the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 85 years of age or older is projected to increase from 2 million to 4 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 90 years of age or older is projected to increase from 500,000 to 1 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 95 years of age or older is projected to increase from 100,000 to 200,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 100 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10,000 to 20,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).

Written for the Banner of Light.
SPIRITUAL CALL.

BY C. L. BURNBIDE.

Worthy the innocent!
Witness our tears
For the joy that is waiting
From upper bright spheres.
For the worlds are around us,
And hold us in trust
For the God that is gracious,
And mighty, and just.
We trumpet the winds
And we trouble the waves,
But they sigh back our sorrow
From all the bright caves.
From the beach of the ocean,
From the bourn of the wind,
An answer is waited:
"We nothing can find
Of the God of the world,
But the glow of his love
In hearts that are holy!"
Then welcome the dove
Of the innocent light
In the beauty of eye
And the grace of the neck
That is heeded to sigh
For the sorrows of others.
And join us in song—
Oh, gracious and innocent,
Let it prolong!

Correspondence.

Fatal Accident to a Spiritualist, Funeral, &c.
PORTLAND, Oct. 23, 1890.—About ten days since, a sad accident happened to one of our respected and worthy citizens, which resulted fatally on the 20th of October. The authorities were engaged in moving back a building belonging to Mr. Jason Wilson, on the corner of Lime street, for the purpose of widening the street, when Mr. Wilson and another man, having occasion to ascend a ladder, which proved too frail, it broke, and they fell a distance of eleven feet, Mr. W. striking on his back across a timber, while the other man fell directly upon him, striking upon Mr. W.'s stomach, and was but little injured. Mr. Wilson was taken up senseless, and conveyed to his residence, where he lingered till the 20th.

One of the papers, speaking of the sad event, says:—"Mr. Wilson was highly esteemed in Portland, where he had lived for many years. By a life of industry, and the performance of the varied duties pertaining to a good citizen, he won the esteem and enjoyed the respect of the people generally. His death is regarded with general sorrow, and I may add, he was a man of strong mind, free and independent thought, and a great reasoner. He was formerly a Universalist, and very naturally found a haven in Spiritualism—a belief he accepted a few years ago, and has ever since firmly maintained. He leaves a large and interesting family, who are by this sudden calamity, thrown into the deepest grief, and they should receive the heartfelt sympathies of the community."

Owing to the large number of friends who wished to attend, the funeral ceremonies were performed at the Methodist Church, which was filled with the Old Fellows, members of the Mechanics' Association—of which Association he was a member—and other friends. Previous to going to the church, services were held at the house of the deceased, where Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, in a trance state, made one of her heaven-inspired, nobly elevating and heart-consoling addresses, so characteristic of this eloquent medium and lecturer. Her words carried consolation to the hearts of the afflicted family.

Mrs. Middlebrook has been lecturing here during the month, most successfully, to large and appreciative audiences. The Spiritual cause in this city has obtained a sure foothold. The number who believe in the beautiful theory, now count up thousands, instead of tens and hundreds, as a few years ago.

Yours,
W. B. Lewis.

Response.

To my dear friends, in the article entitled "A dead spirit!"
Just now, when the morning took place of the night, There came to my vision a "Banner of Light,"
All covered with motives, devices in type, And many a star, but never a stripe.
Among the devices was one that I knew,
Dear friends of the Prairie, was placed there by you:
I read it, responding to what was there given,
Then hung out the Banner to the four "winds" of Heaven.
I am glad you have found this "express of the wind,"
This "express" for sending these letters of mind,
And beyond all express-ions, best, I've no doubt,
For they never "got opened," nor "lost on the route."
Go look in its office—a beautiful grove,
All filled with the letters from those that you love:
Each book is a letter, a flower, a place,
And the clerks, though so verdant, all bow with a grace.
And every green leaf and bright flower that you see,
When touched by "East winds," 'tis a letter from me.
Each breeze is a new story, and always can boast
Of a Herald, a Messenger, Courier, Post.
And how if you lose them, you're really to blame;
For when I address you, I'm sure of the name;
Here is the office, and this is the way—
Pray tell me how many I've sent you to-day?

But, bless me, do not speak of the subject aloud
I fear now that "Banner" was seen by the crowd.
If our mail can know it, all that shall I do?
They say that I smuggle my letters all through.
And send them by hundreds, and do not pay the Post,
A species of "franking," which one might boast;
They surely would stop such a contraband line,
Or, failing in that, would talk of a fine.
And then what a stamping, might it raise the dead,
If one could believe in their "Washington head,"
But when I write letters, though that is divine,
I pray, but to stamp them with this head of mine.
Then away with the letters I write with a pen;
I almost resolve not to send one again.
But, instead, froth and foam from the brain, heart
And mind,
Thought-letters, by thee, "God's great express," the
wind.

Then "take out these letters," and know I am true
As the stars to the pole-star, dear friends, unto you;
Let all your impatience and doubts be at rest,
For the stars that rise East always set in the West.
And how may this "Banner" on which I indite
This note to a friend, have its motto "the Night,"
May it never strike colors to friend or foe—
No ever seen waving where brave hearts can go.
Be the signal of freedom, the white Banner given,
Of truth, hung on high by the angels in heaven;
May its standard be lifted, its banner be brave,
Hasten shine more brightly, than "long may it wave!"
A. W. S.

Scattering the Clouds.

It has not been eighteen months since I commenced the investigation of the Harmonical Philosophy, but in that time it convinced me of the immortality of the soul, and drove the terror of death away. In short, it has made me a happy man—which the study of old theology failed to do in fifteen years.

Now I am determined to have a good test medium here, and a good trance lecturer (Mr. Forster for example); get some good books, and establish a circle; and get up a club for the Banner.

The work goes bravely on in La Harpe, Illinois. The good folks of that town, called a few firm friends of the work, "cray fish," etc., but after Mr. Forster's lecture, they have changed the tone to something like this: "Your Philosophy is very beautiful. I hope it is so, but I am afraid that it is the work of the Devil!"

Oh, when will man be honest with his own soul?

Respectfully yours, O. B. MOORE.

Sardinia, Ohio.

Labour and Appreciation.

The cause of Spiritualism never was more prosperous than now, in this part of the country. Our meetings are large, and the people are indulgent. The many grove meetings we have held during the past summer, have been profitable in every sense, both to the speakers and hearers. It has been my good fortune, in company with Bro. Cooper, of Bellefontaine, to hold mass meetings in quite a number of places, and I returned from every one wiser, and happier in a knowledge of the soul's future destiny.

The Banner feeds many a hungry soul, that has long pined for spiritual food, and I know full well if your printers and writers, shut up in the dark rooms of that great city, could hear the blessings pronounced upon you that I do, by great hearts who enjoy the blessings of their country-homes, where birds are singing, brooks murmuring, and all nature smiling so beautifully, you would never despair in your good work.

O. B. FARNON.

Clyde, Ohio, Oct. 1.

An Industrial Congress.

To be held in City of New York, Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1890.
Sons and Daughters of toil. "Come let us reason together." As our interest is identical, it is our duty to devise means for fraternal action, but we may not only arrest our downward tendency, but enfranchise ourselves in the rights of nature and the blessings from labor that belong to us. We have too long been estranged from one another and the division of labor, the easy prey of cunning sharpers who have plundered us of our rights and despised us for submitting, which imposition will continue to increase in intensity so long as we remain apart. Therefore, let us forget our local professional pride and prejudice, and unite as brothers and sisters in a sinking of the barriers of our struggle to be free, and emancipate ourselves from the impositions practiced upon us by a swarm of bankers, brokers, landlords, employers and traders; for under their influence, though we live upon a boundless territory, shrouded with mystery, and teeming with untold wealth, yet the working classes are without homes, and oftentimes labor in the labor market hungry and depressed for the want of work. We are citizens of a government whose character may be fashioned by the workers for their protection, if utilized, as the great key in the hand of the laborer, who yet we are oppressed by partial, unjust laws. Though art, science, and the power to produce wealth rapidly advance, yet the independence and comforts of the toiling millions fearfully recede. Labor-saving machinery is multiplied, which should lighten the workman's burden, and increase his store, but it has only directed in compelling the laborer for the privilege to toil. While by luxury our oppressors are bloated with corpulence or waisting from disease, poverty disfigures the land, generating intemperance, crime, discord, and premature death. Brothers and sisters of toil and suffering—associations of Laborers, Land-reformers, Protective Unions, Progressives, and Humanitarians, let us meet in congress and digest a remedy for these appalling, increasing evils.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements, A. T. Deane, A. W. Smith, T. J. Thompson, William Whitte, R. B. Davis, H. O. Baker, J. Meach Henry, Justus Chollar, Samuel Adams.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscribers to the Banner, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. STONE will lecture in

Cambridgeport, 6 Sundays in Nov.—Philadelphia, 4 do. in Jan. Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb.—Trenton, Sundays in May. Address, 400 South 4th St., New York City.

Mrs. EVELYN HARRISON will visit the West this winter

postponed, she has the month of January 1891 free, and will be happy to receive applications for that month from cities in the East. She lectures in Chicago and St. Louis during the month of December, and in December in New Haven, Conn.—The two first Sundays in Jan., at Portland, Me.; and two first Sundays in April at Providence, R. I.

JOHN H. HARRISON, announces to the friends of reform and

the West, that he will visit the West, and lecture in the Western States the coming fall and winter, and would be happy to communicate with the friends wherever there is an opening on railroad routes, to get abroad. Address, 100 West 10th St., Portland, Me.

Mrs. J. W. GORDON will lecture in Nov. at Cincinnati, O.;

at Dec. at Milwaukee, Wis.; in Jan. at Lyons, Mich.; at Feb. at Elkhart, Ind.; in March at St. Louis. She will return to the East, and lecture in the West, and in the East, to be made out. Address, 100 West 10th St., Portland, Me.

Mrs. ROSA T. AMERY will lecture in Troy, N. Y., during

November, after which she will return to Massachusetts. Other arrangements to be made, Mrs. A. would prefer passing most of the winter south. All letters addressed her will receive due attention.

Mrs. E. E. WATKINS will speak in Toledo, Ohio, the four

Sundays of November; in Elkhart, Ind., five Sundays in Dec.; in Detroit, Mich., four Sundays in Jan.; and in Buffalo, N. Y., and Springfield, Ill., will address her as above, or at Milan, O.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Lyons, Mich., through

Nov.; Chicago, Ill., Dec. 20 and 21; Detroit, Mich., 22 and 23; Jan., 24 and 25; Milwaukee, Wis., through Jan. Applications for good openings made in advance will be attended to.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FRITON will lecture in Buffalo, O.,

Nov. 4th and 11th; in Leominster, Mass., Nov. 18th and 25th; in Portland, Conn., Dec. 2d and 9th; and in Bedford, O., Dec. 23d and 30th. Address as above, at Northampton, Mass.

MR. MILLER will speak in Portland, Me., Nov. 4th and 11th;

Tuesday, Nov. 18th and 25th; in Bangor, Me., Dec. 2d and 9th; and in Waterville, Me., Dec. 23d and 30th. Address as above, at Northampton, Mass.

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BOYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED

DR. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

No. 7, DAVIS STREET, Boston, Mass.

Will be an Institution having for its basis the alleviation

of the sufferings of our common humanity. It claims no

sanctity over its co-religionists. It does claim equality

with all, sick or well.

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of

Cholera, Typhoid, Typhus, and

Blood Purifier, Pulmonary Stasis, Diabetic Stasis,

Nervine Drops, Golden Tincture, Lion Pills,

and all the latest and best

Remedies.

Persons intending to visit the above institution for

treatment, are requested to give a few days' notice, to avoid

inconvenience on their arrival.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00,

a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address

plainly written, and state what ailment they wish to be

examined for, and the Doctor will call at particular attention to his invaluable

DIARRHIC CORDIAL.

A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

July 31

MRS. RACHEL LUKENS, Clairvoyant and Writing

Medium, Rooms at 601 North Tenth St., above Wallace,

Philadelphia, Oct. 13.

GRACE L. BEAN,

TRANCE AND WRITING TEST MEDIUM, No. 8 La

Grange Place. Public Offices for Tests on Wednesday

and Friday evenings. Admittance 25 cts. Oct. 13.

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THE INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND SPIRITUAL

CHARACTERISTICS.

Terms.—Two dollars, fully written out. Address with au-

thograph, R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass.

Oct. 13.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS AND COMMUNICA-

tions, by Mrs. R. H. Scott, assisted by Mrs. F. H. Scott,

Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, from 9 a. m.

to 4 p. m., at 155 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 3.

MRS. O. A. KIRKHAM, Seer and Trance Medium, No.

140 Court Street, Boston. Hours from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

and 2 p. m. Terms \$1 per hour. In Nov. 2.

PROF. DEEYOU,

SCIENTIFIC AND RELIABLE PRAC-

TITIONER OF EGYPTIAN SCIENCE AND IMPRESSED

MEDIUM, Baltimore, Md. All letters faithfully replied

to. Life, Health, Wealth, Success, Science and Spirit-

ual Impressions, \$3; thirteen years, \$21; one year, \$1. Bond

of cure of birth, sex, and whether married or single. Ad-

dress, PROFESSOR DEEYOU, Baltimore, Md. 3rd Nov. 3.

PROF. LINTEN, ASTROLOGER,

No. 25 Lowell Street, Boston.

25¢ per hour—60 cents. A Circular of Terms for writing

Mediums sent free. Nov. 3.

MRS. J. T. FORREST, of Providence, R. I., Independent

Clairvoyant, Homeopath, Test and Developing

Medium, has engaged rooms at No. 5 Emerald Street—a

few doors from Castle Street, Boston, where she will sit for

the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on

of hands. Acute pains relieved by Spiritual power. Will also

cure Spinal diseases and Liver complaints. Contracted limbs,

Nervous prostration, Neuritis and Nervous headache cured

in a short time. All diseases of the Blood, such as Scroph-

ulous Consumption, and all its connected diseases, which

have tested her extraordinary natural powers, combined with the

aid of spirits to make an accurate examination in all dis-

eases, and to find the cause of the disease, and to cure it

without any aid from them, and those who have tested her

talents and mode of treatment, to be far superior to any they

have ever known. Charge moderate. References given, if

required, in Boston, New York, and other cities. Address,

Mrs. J. T. Forrest, 5 Emerald Street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 3.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK.

FOR both sexes, "Medical Diseases," prepared

by an experienced Physician of this city. It

contains, first, a full description of the various

forms of Chronic Diseases in general; second, of Dis-

eases of the Sexual system of both sexes, their symptoms

and treatment; third, the various forms of Rheumatism,

and all the latest and best medical knowledge, and

an exposure of advertising quacks. Sold by W. V. SPENCER,

Bookeller and Stationer, No. 94 Washington Street, Price,

50 cents; three stamps extra, if sent by mail.

August 15.

NOTICE.—PROF. A. H. HUBB, the Prophetic Medium,

may be found at his residence, No. 12 Osborn Place, lead-

ing from South Street, Boston, at 10 o'clock, on Tues-

day, for the purpose of testing the power of his

medium, and to give him an account of his past, present

and future as may be given him in the exercise of those

powers with which he is blessed. Charge moderate. Refer-

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The Sacred Circle.—By Judge Edmonds, Dr. Dexter, and
O. G. Warren. Bound. Price, \$1.50.