

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of the Light.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

CHAPTER IV.

DREAMS.

Toward morning, a singular dream (that Arthur and she were one no more) visited Aurora. When she awoke it weighed upon her spirits. Perhaps this weight was never to be wholly removed, for, until she again beheld Arthur, a quiet, thoughtful dignity had taken place of her timid, playful, or queenly moods. Madge looked at her in this new phase of character in great surprise. Madge almost feared that her mistress had in one night leaped from her fifteen to sixteen years of age, and was really troubled in consequence. And in this dream, Aurora, indeed, as in a glass, her future. It made her long for her grandmother's presence, for she felt the need of comfort, and reiterated assurances that dreams are only idle fancies. A day passed, and then another. Aurora and Madge counted the hours, anxious and impatient.

"The court business could not be dispatched in a single day," wrote Arthur, in seeming haste. Few as were his words, Aurora lingered and dreamed over them.

"Come Orne, attend the ball to-night. It will be the best affair of the kind the county ever got up," said Belmont, as, for the purpose of speech, he a moment removed his cigar.

"Impossible. I must go home."

"Home? Excuse me, I forgot. Madame is strict then!" laughed Belmont.

"How, sir?" demanded Arthur, angrily starting from his seat with a return of his love and jealousy in all that pertained to Aurora.

"No offence intended, my dear fellow, I say so," said Belmont.

"I'll answer for him he did not mean to rattle you in the least," added Belmont, gently forcing Arthur back to his seat.

These young men had made a bet that they could keep Arthur away from Aurora a month. They had no object in doing this. Sport, "or idle moment," made them think of the thing. And truly "idle moment" was never more likely to prove the "devil's workshop" than now, and with them.

It is true, Belmont had once seen and wooed Aurora, whose rejection of his suit did not move him to revenge in this plan of keeping Arthur from her.

To show that he had entirely forgiven Belmont, Arthur consented to attend the ball. Many beautiful forms were present, but none could match the absent wife awaiting his return to her and home.

Bess Selwyn was at the ball.

"How daintily beautiful she has become since I last saw her. Heigho! How these women alter," thought Orne. After gazing unceasing (as he imagined) upon so much loveliness as long as he dared, he hurried to her, and begged her hand for the next set. With very becoming hauteur she regretted that she could not favor him. So Orne, with no little disappointment, watched her as she danced with his fortunate rival.

Aurora sat at home thinking of the absent one. How often came up each tone and look of his, and with so sweet a face as to send a deeper blush to her cheek, and a brighter gleam to her eyes.

A month had flown, when Arthur at last sought Aurora, who sprang to meet him, with only kind and gentle words upon her lips. For a moment he felt reproached.

"Aurora," he said, when he had partaken of the refreshments speedily placed before him, "Aurora, how should you like to live once more with your grandmother? The nice old lady is lonesome, I suspect."

"Cannot she come here? This home is pleasant, rather than here," said Aurora, raising her astonished eyes to his, then dropping them suddenly upon her now tightly folded hands.

"Not very well. You know my father has certain aristocratic notions."

"You never mentioned them before, my love, came calmly, but with intense pain.

"No, I wished to spare you. He has somehow discovered my marriage, and therefore I thought if you would consent to go back to your old home awhile, until he'd got over his resentment, I could manage to reconcile him to it at last. He has so many notions about caste—foolish perhaps, but excusable when one has always been accustomed to them, my dear."

The change was made. The gates of Paradise were closed on Aurora. She tried to feel that her husband's statement of the case was fair and just. Thus does every true wife seek to throw the most favorable light upon the doubtful doings of her husband. Aurora felt as she drew near the humble home of her unwedded youth, the value of the one she had left—forever left, some secret intuition kept assuring her. How small and poor seemed the little cottage, where, in childhood's sunny time, her careless laugh resounded; her childish sports were enjoyed; her thoughtless heart drank in unconstrained pleasure; her embryo fancies revealed and joyed in the world.

of woe, and innocent of guile; where, for fourteen bright years, her life had been one sweet, unbroken dream.

She opened the little gate, for though her eyes were dim, and her fingers trembling, she indicated by a piteously pleading look that she did not wish her husband to follow too closely upon her meeting with her aged parent. The gate carefully closed behind her, with Madge outside wistfully watching her, she slowly ascended the little sagged path leading to the door, around which waved in wild disorder, luxuriant vines, whose rare and generous beauty clothed richly the whole front of the diminutive domicile. She turned the knob, half-opened the door, then drew it softly to, fairly unable to enter; then and there driven to ask strength where she had scarcely thought of seeking it before.

A moment more, and she stood in the old room, whose four sides looked paler than ever to her, and whose bare, unpainted floor, and almost furnitureless space, struck a chill to her very heart. Beyond her, through an open door that led into a sleeping-room of the smallest size, her grandmother sat in the same arm chair that had held her many and many a well-remembered year. The bed, though scrupulously neat, did not look as if it could give rest to aged, aching limbs. She moved nearer, to gaze more fully at the meanness everywhere seen.

She lingered a moment on the threshold of this contracted inner room, to contemplate the poor old relative who had ever been kind and faithful to her, and her heart ached for her having neglected her so long. Everything about her and her humble home bore the unmistakable marks of loneliness and poverty-stricken old age. In overpowering thought, Aurora murmured:

"He told me often that grandmother was happy and well cared for. Oh, Arthur! how this proof of an unkind falsehood wrings my soul! What had this dear old friend done, that she should receive at your hands such cruel neglect! Me you might wrong, and I would forgive you as often as you injured me; but thus to treat grandmother—how can I overlook it in you?"

"Madge!" she called, and stepping lightly to the window, she looked out.

"And the latest word from the old lady in a moment stood at the former's side.

"Help me off with my things. I don't want her to see me until I am more composed."

"The Lord her mercy on yer," thought Madge in despair.

In a short time, Aurora's impatience overleaped the bounds she vainly set upon it.

"I shall die if I do not speak to the dear old soul." And almost flying, she stood more like a criminal than innocent before the arch-bishop.

"I am come back to live with you," she gasped, rather than spoke.

"Back to live with me!" cried the quivering tones of grandma, whose mingled wonder and happiness formed a ludicrous expression upon her wrinkled face.

"Yes, grandmother," answers Aurora, kissing frantically the thin, dark cheek, and then with one hand wiping away a tear that doubt would drive from her own young eyes, and with the other drawing evenly grandmother's mob-cap upon her head.

"Le, child, it's well you've come home," said grandmother, after a little more enlightenment—"though I can't quite make it out why you have, especially as you say Arthur is not going to stay here all the time with you, for my things get on squy, often, I expect. How you've altered; don't weigh half so much, do you?"

And thus grandmother rambles, unconscious of the pain she causes the gentle being bending affectionately over her, and whose eyes are heavy and damp with unspoken grief. Arthur pretends to be unobservant and innocent of all intention to wound. Yet his handsome face flushes with alternate pain, remorse and shame. And he feels, if he never did before, that his character is not the one of perfection that his fond mother and doting sisters often assure him it is. Ah, fond mother and doting sisters, how often your love blinds you to faults dark as Erebus!

"He thinks he's married!"

How those words grew into favor! At first anger and indignation met them; then half-reluctant favor; now increased and increasing pleasure.

Ten months passed, dragging away in their toll some length the hopes of a blighted youth.

Aurora was bending over a wicker cradle, in which slept her babe. Bitter were the tears that fell on its unconscious face. Never had its infantile pharynx called forth exclamations of delight, or hearty joy from its father. Never had its downy cheek blushed beneath the kiss of this erring and neglectful parent. Its young eyes opened and closed upon the tears and grief of its child-mother, who yet had a part to act—to seem happy while slowly and steadily her hopes were dying out.

Her grandmother sat near in her arm-chair, that seemed a world too wide and deep for her now. She had grown thinner and far more imbecile, and spent her waking moments in wondering and moaning because Arthur did not come.

"He used to say he liked me," she murmured through imbecile tears.

"He will come soon," comforted Aurora.

"So you say, yet he does not," and the aged head moved restlessly from side to side, and the dim eyes filled, while her pinched and purple lips repeated feebly, "So you say, yet he does not come."

At last a new thought came.

"Didn't Arthur know we were poor, when he married you?" queried the old woman, sitting more straightly in her chair.

"Poor?" absently repeated Aurora.

"Yes, child, poor."

"I do not know," she said, in the same absent way.

"Speak up, child. You must decide him?"

Aurora, now fully apprised of her grandmother's sharp tones and suspicious manner, looked slowly around the humble room.

"There was no chance for the poor old soul—no chance for that."

"Then what makes him so queer?"

"Dear, dear grandmother! Don't speak of this to me again. I—I cannot say that keeps my husband away, and tears made the last words very indistinct; yet her listless, sharpened hearing caught them up, and with a shrewd look she asked:

"Your husband? Are you sure he is your husband?"

This was the drop too much.

"Oh, Father, pity me!" cried the wounded creature flew to her bedroom to indulge in alternate prayer and suspicious horror to be endured.

"What'll support you, child, if he never comes back; this place is n't of much account now," said grandmother, cruelly persistent.

"Go back to your room," cried Aurora, as she buried her face deeper in the bed-clothes.

"I'm old, and poor," moaned the former, resting against the door—"old and poor." Yet it seems as if I could do something to help us all along."

"We shall be taken care of," grained the persecuted.

"Dat we shall," interposed Madge, forcibly leading the old woman away, who yet would pause to ask:

"How?"

"Don't yer know we're a heap of money, jewels, and things—just as good as gold? My! I reckon we shall live rich!"

"Oh! Why didn't I know that?"

"You don't think I'm a fool, do you?"

"Dress you, no! As if such a worse than a real baby could work!"

And Madge settled the satisfied imbecile back among the cushions of her old chair, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing gentle snoring from the same source.

"Now, missis, s'posin' yer write to him? I'll fly right down to the post with it."

"Oh, Madge, good, faithful Madge!"

"Don't stop to tell me dat! On'y write; dat'll do him up, I reckon!"

But this proposition, although carried out to the extent of Madge's wishes, and against the wavering hope and trust of Aurora, brought not a single response from the erring and absent.

Want came more pressingly near, but the feeble old creature, so helpless and loved, must not know it; her few remaining days should be free from the cares that pressed the other sufferers to the very verge of despair. So Aurora, amid tears, wrought with the needle, while Madge, house-servant, gardener, and confidential adviser, turned her faculties to the best account, and seldom, excepting for her mistress, lamented aloud the brighter days flown far out of sight.

And the baby!

Poor thing! little it knew why and whence the tears that watered its young pillow! Sometimes its little fingers busied themselves in wiping softly away such burning drops as only a heart wrong to its inmost core can yield. As its infantile graces developed, Aurora daily recognised more fully the richness of the blessing, that, in the midst of her despair, had come smiling down to her.

"Isn't it time to name the baby?" asked Madge one day, when Aurora seemed unusually peaceful and softened.

"I did hope—well, (with a deep sigh) we will give the little creature a name."

"What shall it be?" asked Madge, dancing the little being until it crowed and laughed with all its might, the only happy thing for many an acre.

"Madge, for you."

"Name it for me!" and the astonished speaker dropped into a chair, where she sat in overpowered silence.

"Certainly. You are the best friend it has."

"Now, missis!"

"Well! And Aurora beat the bare floor with a very impatient foot.

"But you know, I ain't its color."

"No matter." And the baby's mother looked as if she would brook no opposition.

"But it is! I feel black. Look at our faces in this yere bucket of water. Yer's white as a lily, and mine jest like mud. Think of dat!"

"I do n't mind color," expostulated Aurora, surprised at such unexpected firmness.

"I do. Now of it was n't yer poor white folks' baby, I'd think about it, though I should n't care how have such like named after me! 'T would n't be no honor nor pleasure, yer know. But this yere! Why, what had it's father say to have it called Madge, for me, my mistress?"

Little room as Aurora had for pride, this last argument of Madge settled her against her proposition. The child must not be named for an inferior, worthy as that inferior might be. Now of it was n't yer poor white folks' baby, I'd think about it, though I should n't care how have such like named after me! 'T would n't be no honor nor pleasure, yer know. But this yere! Why, what had it's father say to have it called Madge, for me, my mistress?"

willingness to deprecate the worth of a friend so firm, true and invaluable.

"Madge, do you want it to be Lily?" And Aurora's hands clasped both of Madge's as she spoke, and her sweet eyes looked tenderly and tearfully into the no less beautiful orbs of the one she addressed.

"I do, missis," said Madge, with her usual humility and fervor.

"Then it shall be so. And Madge, dear girl, matchless friend, will you ever care for it as now? Will you watch over it as if it were your own?"

"I will! But sartin, missis—"

"Hush, Madge; keep still!" whisperingly. "I must seek him!"

"Oh, now, do n't!"

"I shall die if I do not learn my fate. I have sometimes thought he may be dead, and then, although my indignation might have been very deep before, I could not help blaming myself, and mourning him as gone. Oh, Madge, do n't urge me to stay, nor say again that he deceived me till I know he has!"

"Yer'll learn dat yer soon enough," muttered Madge, pressing the sleepy baby to her breast, and, although saying no more at present, resolving to be heard at no far distant time on that subject.

"I'm going, Madge," whispered Aurora the next morning, as she stooped to kiss her sleeping Lily.

"No yer aint!" And Madge laid a detaining hand on Aurora, then pointed to the helpless and almost defenceless charges, both asleep, and ignorant of the projected journey of one so necessary to them.

"Oh, blessed missis, stay wild us!" implored Madge, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes.

"It cannot be," said Aurora, sadly yet firmly.

"It cannot be. I must know my fate, and then—and then—" she paused, unable to finish.

"And den you'll settle down calm agin, and we'll be happy as de world'll let us," added Madge, hopefully.

"The world is dark," murmured Aurora, looking into vacancy—"so dark."

"And you, nothing but a baby yourself. Oh, do stop. I'm afraid you'll never come back."

She then kissed the baby, and, with a last, imploring blessing upon its innocent head, left parting with her aged relative was scarcely less tender, yet neither of these dear charges were awakened by her gentle caresses.

"Now, Madge."

And those pure lips met the forehead of that true friend, whose strength and affection had been unwavering from the first, and had given her hope and trust, when either had seemed like cruel mockery.

CHAPTER V.

Darkness in all Things.

Should not Aurora be forgiven for pressing forward to that never-forgotten home in the woods, where life had taught her its sweetest, and alas, its most bitter lesson? The road was long and tollsome. She scarcely knew how and where to move, and often went far out of the way when thinking her journey nearly ended. But every rebuff of this kind only gave her increased desire to reach the loved spot.

At length, weary, dusty, with aching head, a sore heart and bleeding feet, she parted the clustering vines from the lattice, and gave a timid glance into the little room treasured in her heart of hearts. It looked lonely and forsaken. Withered flowers drooped from dusty vases, or lay in scentless bouquets upon the floor. Cobwebs hung in fantastic festoons from every nook and corner where rich lace-work usually appeared.

"He is not here!" was murmured like the direst lamentation. And with a sense of cruel despair, increasing weakness and utter loss of hope, Aurora dropped upon the sward and wept in uncontrollable grief. Yet she had hardly hoped to find him here. But her feelings defied description, and the idea that he was somewhere else she utterly rejected as impossible. In short, he must be dead; that was why she had been forgotten. Her husband could not be living and neglect her.

"I will find his grave and water it with my tears. Dear, dear Arthur, forgive the dreadful thought that would rise in my weak mind against you. I could not well help it. It was wrong, but I was so feeble!" came brokenly, amid heavy sobs and gasping tears.

The sound of wheels was heard. Merry voices rang joyously on the clear air.

"Orne, is n't your 'Birdnest' somewhere near?" and Selwyn winked roguishly.

"What does the tease mean, Arthur?"

"Nothing, Bess. His jokes are always coming up."

"At the wrong place, you might have added," laughed Selwyn, mightily amused at his sister's curiosity, which he had aroused for the sake of sport.

"Now I know it is a secret between you. But I'll discover it."

Bess Selwyn shook her queenly head in sportive determination. But a glance at Orne made her shiver. His handsome face was positively black with ill-suppressed rage, if under no keener influence. His eyebrows met, while he gnawed his under lip till the blood came and trickled in an unnoticed stream down his cheek.

"Mersey!" gasped Bess, fainting, and falling upon his breast.

"Pshaw, silly girl!" exclaimed Orne.

"You will please be more respectful, sir," cried

Selwyn, in great indignation. "You may remember the young lady is my sister."

"Why did you bring up the past?" demanded the other, dropping Bess's head upon the cushion, and springing to his feet.

"Simply for sport. Only two of the party seemed lively, and I could not stand being the forgotten one in a trio. Rather dull, you may believe."

"Never do that again, upon your peril!"

"So sorry, then!" sneered Selwyn.

"Ah—"

Orne could say no more. Precipitating himself from the carriage, he left Bess's chance of recovery to the care of her brother, and plunging into the thicket, parted the verdure to make a path for his feet. His tearful eyes could not see one. Blindly he reached 'Birdnest', scented the fragrance of the clustering vines; longed, but hardly dared to peep into Aurora's boudoir, when his stumbling feet touched something on the crumpled grass beneath. With a cry of mingled joy and agony, he threw himself beside it.

"Oh my wife, my little wife, say you are not dead! Speak to me those precious words!"

And his arms clasped the slight little creature to his breast, and his hot tears fell like rain upon her sunken cheek.

"Poor, poor child! how you must have suffered! What mean garments! My wife, so really loved, to endure poverty? My wife driven to greater need than my slaves ever knew! God forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself!" And he set about to restore her to consciousness.

"Aurora?"

But no answer came. He took her to a bubbling spring close at hand, and bathed her face, caressing her and calling her pet names all the while, but she could not answer. Fresh efforts, however, had the desired effect.

"Arthur!" said the wondering voice of Aurora, now fully aroused. "Arthur!"

He did not answer, but smiled upon her and caressed her as in the golden days remembered now by both.

As if the happiness of being with him, of resting with his breast, if allowed in his arms, of feeling his hot tears on her cheek, had been too much, she sank into a deeper swoon than the other, looking so like death, that Arthur gave loose to the most frantic despair.

"Where is Arthur?" asked Bess, opening her eyes, astonished that only her brother was near.

"Gone," was the laconic reply, as Selwyn, with much impatience against the truant, turned his face from his sister's gaze.

"Gone? Where?"

"Do n't know. I saw him dive into the thicket, a moment ago."

"Probably to get me help."

"Humph!"

Have I been faint long?" asked Bess, not minding her brother's expressive ejaculation.

"Yes, endlessly. I thought I never should bring you to. The horses grow restive. Slop, you see, has hard work to keep them still. Come, are you quite well, now? You look as if you were."

"Did Arthur leave as soon as I fainted?"

"About."

"Ugh! What a stream of blood was pouring from his lip! Goodness! What made him go into such a passion?"

"Nothing."

"Be sensible, Tom. Tell me before he returns, what this 'Birdnest' story means."

And Bess rearranged her dress and sat up to listen.

"Nonsense!"

"Now, Tom, how ugly in you. I must know. I won't tell him that you told me. I won't, sure."

"Could any man do such as she, my sister, harm?" mentally questioned Selwyn, placing his arm affectionately around her waist.

Yet purer and better than she, had that same Selwyn not hesitated to crush beneath the vile will of an evil nature.

"Well, Tom."

"Nonsense, Bess. The truth is, women should never try to find out these mysteries!"

"Ah, then it is a mystery! Now I won't rest till you've told me all. But why don't Arthur come?"

"How fickle your fancies are," laughed Selwyn.

"Well then, one thing at a time. Birdnest, first."

"If I tell you, Bess, it is only that you may not mention the affair to Orne. He won't bear it. You see he took a notion to a pretty girl, further up the country. She was beautiful. He thought he'd married her. When he found he had n't, he didn't mourn much. You see, I saw the girl first, but she would not notice me. So I was resolved to pay her off for her scorn. And I did. (Between closed teeth.) He got me to hunt up a minister to officiate upon the occasion. How do you think I'd look in sombre suit of black?"

"You did n't, Tom, did you?" in tones more of surprise, than indignation.

"Not exactly; but I got some such fellow to."

"Where is the girl, now? If you did not get the parson."

"Don't know, I'm sure, where she is."

"Don't Arthur care a bit for her, now?"

"Woman's curiosity."

"If I thought he did!"

And Bess mused.

"Not give him up? The girl is mad! Bess, every fellow has fancies of this description. Noth-

ing but the solemn truth. But it don't hinder their making capital husbands!"

"Let us hunt up Arthur," said Bess, jumping to the ground, and taking by mere chance the very path broken just before by the one she sought.

"Bess, come back. Just as though you could find him that way. Silly girl, come back!"

"This way is as well as another," laughed the wilful girl, looking back a moment, then bounding on.

"Then I must follow her," groaned Selwyn, fearing some trouble, scarcely knowing why, and in his fear not hurrying, but rather halting and hesitating.

Like a snowflake the inanimate Aurora lay upon the breast of Arthur, whose exclamations of despair were fearful to hear.

A crackling among the bushes, a smothered groan, a cry of surprise and anger, a ferocious gleam from eyes baleful and forbidding, a step or two nearer, and a vision that filled Arthur Orne with quaking stood before him.

"What now, wretch—miscreant—heartless deceiver!"

Thus shrieking, rather than speaking, Bess stamped violently, foamed at the mouth, and looked the fury she was when temper held uncontrolled sway.

The same moment poor Aurora was dropped upon the sword, while Arthur, under an influence he could not resist, rushed to Bess, seized her quickly withdrawn hand, and humbly begged her forgiveness. She turned loathingly away. Her fine figure, in its robe of rich purple, towered above the abject wretch cowering before her. Her full lips breathed only anathemas; her large eyes gleamed forth fire and scorn.

He made another effort to take her hand, but she struck his violently off, crying:

"Dare but touch me, and I'll have you castigated as I would a rebellious slave!"

"Bess! my Bess!"

"Bess! Mr Bess!" she scornfully repeated, "My Bess! Oh, the mockery there is in man's heart!" and she strode with nervous steps back and forth in an agony of feeling far from describable.

Nay, sweet Bess, do but hear me!" interposed Arthur, moving toward her, and again essaying to take her hand, and place about her queenly form a caressing arm.

"Away, monster! That vile arm! Oh, the assurance of these wretches, that we fond, trusting women will love!" And she burst into tears, continuing her walk, and lamenting her folly in believing the charmed words of one who had so wronged her.

Inexpressibly moved, Arthur again approached and placed the offending arm around her; loving her more—if such as he could love—for the passionate attachment she evinced toward him. But with a force that pained him, his arm was once more beaten off, as Bess, with inimitable scorn hissed between tightly closed teeth:

"Dare you come so near me? That black arm about me that was but a moment since supporting this creature!" and she spurned with her foot the motionless form of Aurora.

"Back, rash girl!" cried Arthur, "Touch not that pure young thing, whose only fault was loving me too well, and that—in justice to her do I declare it—she could not from the beautiful purity of her nature have done, had she suspected whom she trusted!"

"Ha! ha! Now we are coming at the truth!" sneered Bess, facing him, and pushing back her disordered hair.

"We are! Do you wish to hear me say that I loved and still do love this wretched little thing (kneeling beside Aurora) better than any other that my foolish eyes have ever seen? Ah, madam, it is even so. Had I been as pure as she, and as worthy of happiness as I might have been, I should never have left her side for any allurements that wealth and fashion could have offered. Now, madam?" and he arose and stood with folded arms before Bess, whose brilliant face, during his confession, had shown every possible variety of feeling.

"Would it not be well to restore your mistress to consciousness? Strange that I could distract your mind from your best love. Come, rouse the creature; I want to see her."

"My mistress! Rather say, my—" But suddenly recollecting himself he added, "By heavens, Bess, you go too far!"

"I do? Ha, ha! What manner of man is this, that expects forbearance at such moments?"

"Have mercy, Bess!" And once more in her power, he fell on his knees before her.

"Mercy? Was that what you had for me when I came upon you unexpectedly, and heard you sob forth to one pillowed fondly in your traitor arms: 'Sweet love, awake! Speak to me, Aurora! If you are dead, then has life lost all charms for me! Then shall I wish mine to cease?' Strange words—remarkable words to use to another than your wife. Have I not repeated them correctly? Ah! my memory 's too good for you! Ah, cower and shrink; you shall feel the weight of this crime! It shall be constant poison in your life-cup!"

"Bess!"

"Begone!" and she pushed him away, then wiped, as if fearful of contamination, the small whitehand that touched him.

"Not gone?" she demanded, in fierce tones, turning around the next moment, "not gone? Will you add insult to injury?" And she moved with strange feelings toward Aurora, and proceeded to take means to restore her to consciousness.

"What do you intend to do?" demanded Arthur, following her quickly, misunderstanding her efforts in his alarm.

"To be more kind to your best love than you have been," was coldly said, with a momentary glance at him, and curl of her proud lip that he had never seen before.

"Let me help you," he pleadingly replied.

"Go! or I will not be answerable for the safety of this half-waking being, nor myself, if you remain here! Hush! Not a word! The past hour has shown me the worthlessness of prolonged life! Go!" And she imperatively motioned him away. "Be quick, or I may not long have speech to bid you depart!" she added, seeing him hesitate.

"I go, Bess, you will send for me?"

"Never!"

"Where are you going, Orne? Bless us, what tragedy queen have we here? Ha! a quarrel, by the powers! and in the honeymoon, of all things!" laughed Selwyn, appearing at this juncture, and severely cursing his tardy approach.

Orne's face lighted at this ally. He cast an imploring glance at Selwyn, who, with a wink, assured him he would make all things straight.

"Who is this?" Selwyn asked, going to Aurora.

"Arthur's—Mr. Orne's best loved!"

"Jealous, Bess? How silly!"

"Not that, brother. Foolish in loving whom I should have scorned!"

"Tragedy airs again! Be a woman! Let Orne see what a wife is!"

"Once I could have done so," moaned Bess.

"Who are all these?" asked Aurora, opening her eyes, and lifting her head in great surprise from the lap of the beautiful being whose earnest gaze was fixed in unaccountable scrutiny upon her.

"Friends," replied a proud yet sweet voice.

"Yes. But where is Arthur—husband?"

"Husband? Repeat that word if it be true!" cried Bess, seizing the hand of Aurora.

"It is true. I sometimes doubted it when he stayed so long away; but I don't now, for he was kind to me, so kind, when he found me here alone and ill to-day. Arthur!" and her sweet notes rose on the quiet air like purest music. "Ah, I see him. How strangely forbidding he looks. But I will go to him; his little wife will doubt him no longer."

As if spell-bound and fastened to the huge tree against which he leaned, Arthur, half-frenzied, surveyed the group in front, nor looked at the expectant Aurora as she flew in glad haste toward him, not anticipating this rebuff.

"Dear, dear husband, what ails you? Have those people been injuring you? Could they, when they had such strangely kind eyes for me?"

"Go home!"

"Home? I have none, unless it is with you," and her hands were raised imploringly before him.

"Now, Aurora," speaking low and rapidly, "go to the home you recently left. Go. It is my wish, little pet."

"And you?"

"I will speedily join you there. No coaxing, I cannot go now. I have business—"

"That called and undoubtedly kept you away from me. Don't let it detain you so long again. I cannot rest without you. Besides, you have never seen our baby—our Lily!"

"Our baby!" and Arthur's face lighted at once with the love of a father.

"Yes, ours. Won't you go now to her?"

Arthur caught a gleam from attentive, vindictive eyes in the distance that settled his wavering will.

"No!"

This single word gave the knell to rekindling hope. With a cry Aurora covered her face and wept.

"See, Tom, the distress of your poor young thing!"

"That comes of plebeian eyes wandering out of their sphere," replied Selwyn.

"Not that, Tom. I know, but blush for your sex, why she and others of her class thus suffer."

"Too knowing, that, Bess."

"Ah, Tom—"

"No matter, let it be either way. But I will say you are a great fool to let that little chit deprive you of such a husband as Arthur Orne!"

"He has wronged me," murmured Bess more softly, and looking furtively at Arthur, whose eyes were seeking hers.

"Say, rather, your temper and jealousy has wronged him. That's it. Make up with him. Be quick about it, or he will desert you and take that pleading little wretch before him! Shouldn't I blame him if he did. She looks like an angel, and not a fury—homely and hateful—as I am sorry to say my sister does."

"I do n't look so awfully! She look like an angel! Humph, I should think she did!"

"She does. Now, look at her!"

And in truth Aurora never more truly deserved the epithet *angelic* than now. But her tender beauty, gentle pleading and soft caresses could not move again the heart she so recently thought, after long and heart-aching doubts, her own—her own.

"I will go, Arthur. You say you do not love me, and that—that I am not your wife. God pity you for that deep wrong, and forgive you as even I can now in the midst of the deepest sorrow I have known. Still, still, though you may deem it presumptuous since I know what I am, I must say, come to me if ever you find yourself deserted and alone," and, with a longing, lingering look at the author of her misery, she disappeared so noiselessly that you could scarcely hear a single rustling of her dress, nor the faintest footfall as she went.

And did Arthur Orne view her departure as indifferently as one might be excused for thinking he would?

No. In his secret heart he cursed his fickle disposition, and wished himself at an impenetrable distance under ground. Such wishes are usually the offspring of inefficient and criminal men. But these moments of remorse were evanescent. Time came when he rejoiced that he was not the husband of the gentle being whose appeals he had so heartlessly disregarded. His fancies grew daily more enchaind. Bess's anger had passed off under the compliments, coaxing, praise, deprecation and rallery of her brother, and the preference Arthur had so decidedly shown her. She was dazzlingly beautiful, and her social position equal to his own. His proud family had joyfully welcomed her to its bosom. Basking in her favor, not a feather of caste was ruffled, and he at length regarded his union with Aurora as a dream rapidly fading from remembrance. Even the offspring of that happy time he wholly ignored, imagining the story to have been a ruse to win him back.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT FRICION MATCHES.—The value of the friction or lucifer match will never be realized by the coming generation, for they will know nothing of the difficulties of obtaining and preserving fire, previous to their invention. So rapidly do we move on, that persons that remember the tinder box are getting old. Then matches made by hand were valuable and carefully preserved; now they are as abundant as dew drops of an autumn morning, and almost as cheap. An English writer says that one firm, Messrs. Dixon, in London, constantly employ four hundred workmen in making matches, and make twenty-two hundred millions in a year. The average consumption in England is two hundred and fifty millions a day, or eight to each individual in the kingdom. It is as large or larger in the United States. There are two manufacturing centers in Austria and Bohemia that turn out forty-five thousand millions in a year. The friction match is therefore one of the institutions of modern times, and one that, having once known and employed, we could no more do without. Move on at the rapid rate we are doing, than we could live without air or water.

O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown!

Written for the Banner of Light.
LADY ALICE.
A l'Opéra (Pierre de Medicis.)

BY J. ROLLIN M. AQUILA.

Though I saw her but once, though the vision was fleeting,
And though I may never behold her again,
Yet the memory which pictures with pleasure our meeting
Refuses to drop this one link from its chain.

It was strange that my soul in that scene of commotion,
Surrounded by melody, tinsel and glare,
Should have turned from the altar where all paid devotion,
Delighted to centre on one object there.

Though around me the murmur of music was stealing,
Unmindful I stood, of its soft witching power,
Isolated from all while the currents of feeling
Flowed forth unto her the bright Queen of the hour.

She was haughty and fair as the first light of morning
Which glows ere the sun pours his full radiance o'er,
And the grace of her beauty, so rich and adorning,
Was that which once seen is forgotten no more.

But I bend not to splendor the knee of submission—
It dies in the calm as it raged in storm;
But that beauty of soul which can know no transition,
Commands my devotion unchanging and warm.

As her words from her lips fell with modest infection,
Like fruits of the South falling ripe from their stems,
They were seized by the hand of the ghost Recollection,
And laid in the casket of Memory's gems.

Ah! the mystery of feeling defies our expression,
It lives like a sense from our being apart,
And though reason may choke back its purposed confession,
The sentiment is not the less in the heart.

Shall I meet her again? Ah! our life's surging ocean
Unites and divides as our destinies will,
But the thrill she called forth from its depths of emotion
Shall throbb in my heart till its pulses are still.

Be it thus, be it thus, if so will Lady Alice!
This joy shall be mine where'er I rove,
To have drank from her presence as from a rich chalice
A draught richer far than the nectar of Jove.

Paris, 1861.

Original Essays.

INSPIRATION THE CHIEF TEACHER AND VIVIFIER OF MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF
FINANCE AND POLITICS."

There has long been a tendency to deny the reality or the worth of all Inspiration that brought no grief to the dealers in that commodity, or that could not be made a profitable adjunct to priestcraft. But we might as well narrow down the universal principle of Justice into an exclusive attribute of county courts and pettifoggers. Inspiration is as universal as love or life. Some have much more of it than others; but, as all who live have some degree of life, so all who possess ideas and thoughts are more or less inspired. Confessedly men can, persistently study the works or cultivate the society of great minds, without receiving something of their inspiration and life.

The professional dogmatist may brand this as dogmatism; but I speak from experience, and believe that the experience of all devoted and truly catholic scholars confirms my own. So close is the relationship between Inspiration and Genius, that some say the poet or man of spiritual insight and the prophet were, in ancient times, denoted by one and the same title or word.

Self-taught I sing; by heaven, and heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poetry are sown.

[Homer, *Od. 18, xxii.*

Inspiration is a universally recognized necessity among all cultivators of the liberal arts. Even the mechanic is sometimes inspired; indeed, the mechanic who makes excellence his first object while at work, and who is absorbed in efforts to embody his ideal of perfection, raises himself above the sphere of mercenary drudgery, becomes, as it were, an inventor or creator, and fills the work of his hands with fitness, grace and character, if not with life. Every trade has its inspired men; every well-ordered workshop its bards of handiwork, its effusions of genius or of soul.

Inspiration is the inbreathing of spiritual life and wisdom and goodness from one's spiritual superiors. Sometimes it is a direct interior influx; sometimes it accompanies the sensuous impressions that are made upon the external man by noble qualities or excellent works. The spirit of God, or something of it, is in every creation of God; the spirit of the finite author is also more or less in every finite author's productions; the absorption of such spirit or spiritual qualities is Inspiration. When contemplating the qualities or the works of God with godly aspirations, I become, according to the strength and purity of my perceptions and aspirations, divinely inspired; and the same law governs in regard to the reception of inspirations from poets and thinkers and heroes, who are finite.

Aspiration, however, though it may suffice to kindle the fire, cannot sustain it alone. Words—good works—works of use, are indispensable to this end. Neither divinity nor genius can long pour its spirit into a stagnant soul; neither can the soul that is too lazy or too niggardly to give, long muster the kind of energy that is requisite for it to receive. Accordingly, all experience shows that the current of Inspiration flows steadiest and most strongly toward the man who is most industrious and persistent in the work of embodying and diffusing his inspirations, and that a man's capacity for comprehending and doing great works, increases according to the number and excellence of the works he has achieved. All experience shows, that Inspiration was never designed to supplant industry; that the souls which have been buoyed highest by its power, have been most noted for the exactness of their observations and the intensity, or else the constancy of their application; and that all great or inspired works have cost their authors an amount of spiritual devotedness corresponding to the amount of spiritual aid or influence they have received. For proof of this, see the works and life-history of Michael Angelo, Tasso, Milton, Burns, and every other inspired worker whose life-history is known.

It will be said by some, who fancy themselves matter-of-fact men—men whose aspirations, like squash-vines, run along the ground; and cause them to forget or deny the existence of heaven and heavenly things—that Inspiration, as I define it, is all

morbid, or something worse; and that its chief professors and victims are a set of lunatics, whom men of sense do well to avoid. Inspiration, I admit, is a curse and a snare to those who take it for more than it is; just as religion is a curse and a snare to those who worship a false God. But in the case of those who adopt any man's inspirations as infallible, or who use the word-inspired visions of priestly mummies as a substitute for living eyes. It is the office of Inspiration to dash out and blast great ideas, which Reason and Experience must analyze and demonstrate. Even the greatest prophets give but glimpses of the truth, and are differently understood by different minds, until fulfillment makes all clear. The unfulfilled portion of Daniel's prophecy of the Course of Empire is still a mystery to our statesmen; we merely know that a system of absolute Justice is soon to prevail on earth, but we know not how. His prophecy is merely an anchor to sustain our hopes, not a guide to direct our action. Inspiration can only speak to the yearning soul; can only reach those who meet it half way; can lift no heart that will not lift its eyes.

It is irrational to assume, that because the insight which Inspiration induces is imperfect, the things felt and seen are therefore unreal. Inspiration always brings us nearer to the truth of things, though it may always come short of its aim. The man who, in passing through a grove or in looking at a waterfall, sees only a certain amount of fire-wood in the one and of mechanical power in the other, is wider from the actual condition of things than is the poet who embodies a spirit of life in every tree, and who hears utterances of the wisdom and glory of God in the roar of the torrent. Inspiration is a success, and, in one sense, a verity or truth of God, whenever it raises the soul, even for a moment, above the mire of selfishness, or imparts to it, though but in fancy, a single pulsation of spiritual life. Human fancies and sympathies are entities no less real than are the multiplication table and the axioms of Euclid; the poet who presents the one is no less a minister of Truth than the mathematician who presents the other; and the poet may often do the most good of the two; for a man may be a devoted arithmetician without ceasing to be unjust and cruel, while no one can truly read or imbib the spirit of The Cotter's Saturday Night, without having an increased regard for the right, and a livelier sympathy for mankind at large, all the days of his life.

Not only is Inspiration a faculty whose germ, at least, is implanted in all men, but it is a blessing which all must accept and acknowledge, a light which all must open their eyes to, under penalties whose justice none can gainsay or elude. Every man must either open his soul to the influences of the true and noble, or surrender it to the tyranny of the false and base. To reject the inspirations of the former, is to invite the obsession of the latter, and become the slave of Impudence or of Fashion. He who refuses to elevate his aspirations to the moral plane, and to enter into its freedom, must inevitably be borne onward and downward by the eddies of custom or the slave-compelling winds of Popular Opinion. To resist the inspirations of one's genuine superiors, is to resist the order of Nature, and so sacrifice one's natural freedom. Thus genuine Inspiration is synonymous with heavenly spontaneity, the loss of which makes man a slave, as the loss of reason makes him a madman.

We should be careful not to confound Inspiration with the vehemence that is induced by one-sided contemplation; by bribed advocacy, or by the exaltation of the passions. In proportion as Inspiration is pure, it partakes of the impartiality of sunshine and the calmness of God. The poorer it is, the freer from all tendency to awaken pride, or Pharisaism, or hatred, in any human being. (See the Sermon on the Mount. See, also, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, and all the choicer productions of the choicer bards.) True Inspiration is always the offering of innocence to sympathy—is always born of loveliness and fitted to excite and strengthen human love. As vision comes from the unforced opening of healthy eyes, so Inspiration comes from the mutual and spontaneous opening of truthful souls. It is coextensive with the prevalence of true fellowship, vivifying infancy with its angel-visits, and carrying healing on its wings, so far as it can gain admission, even to the bosom of repentant guilt.

Doubtless the simplest and most general form of Inspiration is that which each man derives from his special guardian spirit; a relationship of which Socrates was externally conscious, which the Catholic Church fully recognizes, which is confirmed by modern clairvoyants, (see Dr. Werner's "Guardian Spirit"), and which every one can either strengthen or weaken by leading a good or an evil life. This seemingly constant relationship does not, in my opinion, prevent any of a man's spirit-relatives and well-wishers from imparting occasional breathings of life and love, according to circumstances, opportunities and needs. And when a man becomes strongly devoted to any noble purpose, or work of use to a whole nation or to mankind, (as was the case with Joan of Arc, with Washington, with Bonaparte, &c.) then I suppose he may receive aids, impressions and inspirations from a national or patriotic circle of spirits, or from a multitude of spiritual co-workers. This view is strongly forced upon my mind by a singular personal experience, extending more than thirty years backward, which I deem it my interest and my duty to make public.

In 1829, having resigned the management of a country newspaper for the less engrossing tasks of journeywork, I was led to devote my thoughts for a long period to the cause and cure of Artificial Poverty. After many months' study, (which I never allowed to interfere with my bodily labor) I attempted to reduce my thoughts to writing. While thus engaged, late at night and alone, just as I had penned a great general truth, my mind suddenly received an influx of most pleasurable forces or emotions, which seemed to instantaneously double its ordinary vigor and volume, but without confusing it in the least; for I was cool enough to notice and remember that the thrill extended to the nerves under my toenails. The exalted state of life and thought which thus commenced, continued without much abatement for weeks, but never interfered with my strong habits of industry. I leisurely finished my essay, and sent it to a newspaper. The editor printed it, not only in the usual way, but in a pamphlet form, and it was widely circulated. The doctrines which it broached were as revolutionary as Truth itself, yet I heard of no attempt to refute them by argument. Meanwhile, I quietly minded my own business, worked hard, saved my wages, and wrought no man.

I have since had some other of these "Spiritual Torrents," as they are called by Madame Guyon;

though mingled, perhaps, to the peculiar stoniness of my nature, with curiosity and joy, rather than religious enthusiasm. I was thus led to add the study of Psycho-Dynamics to that of Political Economy; both which sciences I studied, and tried to reduce to first principles, not by reading books, but by cautious personal observation and laborious thought.

The last three years have been to me a season of enforced idleness, of depressing influences from the political and financial worlds, and of exalting influences from the higher powers. I have employed it in reviewing my previous reasonings and studies, and in preparing a summary thereof for the press, under the title of "The Honest Man's Book of Finance and Politics," which, with very limited facilities for publishing, I have just published. Its excellencies, in my opinion, are mainly the result of the spiritual influences above adverted to, or of normal (not theological) inspiration. I think that many spirits who take an interest in the same truths that I do, and who desire their diffusion among men, have helped me to see such truths by "spiritual impression," while I have helped them to put the same on paper. Such is the testimony of my own consciousness, and it has been repeatedly confirmed by the more doubtful testimony of unseen minds speaking through rapping and writing mediums. Once, while conversing with a spirit through the medium Redman, I chanced to remember a singular vivification of my musical powers, and an irrepressible fondness for certain songs of Burns, which accompanied one of my "Spiritual Torrents," and wrote in pencil, "Was I ever visited by R. B.?" Answer.—"Yes, he calls you his *alma matris*!" Through another medium, I once asked, in writing, "If I had received a certain idea by impression from the *Corporal*?" And my response was signed with the name of "Napoleon." I give these little incidents from a double motive; they serve to corroborate my theory, and I hope they may impress the reader with a proper idea of my consequence.

I abstain from any further statement of my spiritual experiences, partly on account of the difficulty of describing them in words; partly because they ought to be made to my intimates, rather than to strangers, who know not how much weight should be given to my testimony; and, also, because they would be incredible or unintelligible to persons who have not known similar experiences, and superfluous to persons who have. Suffice it to say, the result has been to make me feel that Inspiration is as orderly a part of the system of Nature as is Respiration, and to make spirit as real and familiar a thing as air. As we get our first ideas of Gravitation from exceptional manifestations of that power—the occasional falling of petty objects to the earth, while the constant gravitation of all things ponderable escapes unnoticed—so our first ideas of Inspiration are mainly derived from abnormal, instead of normal manifestations. But, to exclude the idea of Inspiration from the soul's free movements, and confine it to cases of trance, abnormal possession or mediumship, is like restricting our idea of a horseman's traveling, to those rare occasions when his beast becomes unmanageable and runs away with its rider. The soul of man inspires spirit, or meaning, continually, and from objects of every kind; its power of inspiration increasing with its knowledge, with the amount of wisdom that it has acquired. The fly can crawl over the pages of Homer without catching any of the inspiration of Homer; the child of prejudice can dwell in the universe of God without inspiring much of its author's wisdom; while the wise ones of heaven can, no doubt, breathe in more soul and thought from Homer's *Odyssey*, than Homer had himself.

Our Inspiration may always be more or less quickened, or opened, by simply opening the spirit's lungs in prayer, provided that it be done in love and modesty, with a desire that superior spirits should truly guide, or help us, and not a desire to sway, or govern God.

The most effectual kind of prayer is *work*; work being an application of the deer's own powers, and of the relevant powers of Nature to the accomplishment of the good desired, and thus a *practical*, though too often inconsiderate invocation of the Author of those powers.

It seems natural for the heart to invoke the Great Spirit—the Infinite—the Power of Powers—though such prayers, no doubt, are only answered through the agency of spirits who are subordinate to, and in harmony with, the Great Spirit.

In proportion as a man prays persistently with heart and hand, he seems to influence the world around him with his magnetism, and to stamp something of his own nature, or character, upon everything he possesses, including not only his family, but his domestic animals, and even upon his household goods and his fields.

Every Inspiration is followed by some form of Expiration; and Expiration, or the efflux of spiritual power, is very apt to produce, in weak and selfish mortals, an inflation of their self-conceit. This latter tendency grows less, however, in proportion as the soul's goodness and power increases.

We should beware of assuming that any man's Inspirations, however high their source may be, are infallible. Reason, equally with Inspiration, is from God; yet we do not therefore assume infallibility for our reasonings. Perhaps the least fallible inspirations on earth are those few simple ones which animals receive for their direction; brutes seldom allowing their instincts to inflame their spiritual pride, or self-conceit, or to intoxicate them in any way.

Although the term Inspiration may be applied in a general sense to all kinds of spiritual interchange, or commerce, including even the transmission of ideas by arbitrary signs, or language, it belongs more strictly to the highest kind of spiritual communion and transmission; which results, it seems to me, from a direct interblending of harmonious spirits, or at least from a common pervasion of two or more spirits by the same noble love, and a common devotion of their life and strength to the accomplishment of the same noble use, or good work. This I take to be the secret or *raison d'être* of that *spiritus corporis* which always prevails among co-workers, causing clannishness among the base, and heavenly union among the noble. I suppose, that Inspiration is but a manifestation of the principle of impregnation or conception on the spiritual plane; as a single male fish can fecundate thousands of eggs at once, and, as the pollen of a single tree may be borne abroad on the wings of the wind and impregnate millions of germs, so may the powers of a great stimulative soul inspire positive multitudes; while a vital intercourse still deeper and more sacred takes place between a mutually adapted human pair,

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we go from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no further, the cares that have had successors, and the follies, outgrown to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.
OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 3, 2d Floor.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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The Work for Spiritualists.

It is no more play that now presents itself to the attention of all Spiritualist-minded men. The times are changing very fast—are so changed already as to challenge the guesses of the coolest and shrewdest to say where they really are. What was wont to be done in the old time, is going to be of not much further use among the people. The old parties are gone; the precedents are taken away; the men who used to pilot us are either absent, or else confess that these are not the times that demand such services as they have it to give. Multitudes will be overtaken with panic, in spite of themselves; this will be owing to ignorance, want of self-discipline, and faulty temperament. But there must be some few, whose minds have long been in course of training to read the laws of Nature in their present operations, and who will not suffer from confusion, or the least lack of faith, while offering their public interpretation. The wise men are going to be called for soon; the men who have been nursed in the calmness of solitude, who have been giving the fullest possible play to their spiritual perceptions, and teaching their sympathies how to reach forth and grasp objects widely remote.

Financial systems will suffer first. Then will come the woes of battle and sickness right upon the heels of the other. Passion will in due time exhaust itself; prostrating those who have indulged it, and relied on its always treacherous power. They who are worth the most in lands and money, will actually be the poorest; for, by reason of taxes and other responsibilities, the very grasshopper will be a burden. To be rich, will be to be poor. The new epoch is so very near to the door, that we shall soon witness for ourselves, and hardly think to confess ourselves astonished. Miracles are not to be wrought, for none are needed; but the relentless and logical order of events will bring about a state of things which men soberly engaged about their money-making would not have dreamed of a handful of years ago, and then there will be awakened a new determination to take advantage of all they have to offer.

The world, or this portion of it, at least, is just about to reach an experience which will positively demand a new order of men to master and manage it. Are these men ready for their work? They cannot be summoned on a sudden from the mass of those whose thoughts have been steadily turned in another direction, and expected to perform a service altogether foreign to their education, their habits, their tastes, and their capacities. Certainly not. What then? It follows that the new men who are to come up must come where have been going through a course of preparation and training for what they are about to do. They may have been kept in entire ignorance of it themselves, and probably have been; but that makes no difference. All this while, since the fountains of the great deep commenced breaking up, years ago, and when the period of positive mental activity for them shall arrive, they will be astonished to find what an array of well-trained powers they have folded away in their natures, and with what energy they are all capable of working when the right inspiration seizes them and makes its restless demands.

What are Spiritualists expecting for themselves? What are they waiting for? Is it their hope that they are merely going to have the privilege of shearing off a pretty good margin from God's bounty for their own personal gratification, and thus feel good because they are about to get what others have been possessing and enjoying all along? Is it their highest idea and aim to build up some sect, creed, party, or power, that shall only testify to the world without what a force they are able, after these years, to muster? Is it expected that Spiritualism ever came to the world, of modern days with its promised blessings, to turn one class of men out of their places and put another class in, merely? Would any plan or end like that be worthy of the high thoughts that accompany spiritual experience? If we are to keep on grovelling, just as the others have been content to grovel before us, making a mere scramble for spoils, and jostling and crowding for favored posts and places, what particular advantage is to be gained to the world by the mysterious influx of this new force into the hearts and minds of men in this present generation?

No—no; there is work enough to be done, and it must be done thoroughly and well. They who are awake to its necessity are the favored ones who will receive early calls to service. There will be others to come into the vineyard at the eleventh hour; but we who serve from early morning must be just as hearty in our welcome to them when they come. Is it of any importance at all, considered in and out of itself, that organizations of this sort and that name be established among Spiritualists, just to keep the thing going, and to challenge that outward respect from men which is paid to masses and numbers only? Clearly not. We are all to work for the sake of the world; not for our single selves at all; we shall receive benefit enough in the process of bestowing service, and, if we have faith and insight, we shall see, too. We are every one to lose sight of himself and herself entirely; to learn modesty, first of all things; to think nothing of sacrifices, save to welcome them; to be patient, as well as brave and persistent; to seek to advance principles, ideas, truth, and to care nothing for organizations and arrangements except so far as they are needed to help forward the propagation and establishment of the same in the popular mind.

Are you, sir, a banker—and a believer in and receiver of the great truths that pervade the universal laws—the spiritual laws, whose operations cannot be stayed or averted? Then, in the new time which is at hand, you will keep your place where you are, and exert all your inborn power, with the advantage gained by a long discipline of your faculties, for the practical spread and wider working of the spiritual laws in the field of finance. Currency is a most important matter to the welfare of the human family; in the change that is coming, if we have financiers of skill, united with, or guided by spiritual insight, the new system is going to do us good for the human family, that could be wished. Are you a lawyer, and a Spiritualist? The advantage you have, then, is, that you have hold of the long arm of a lever by which you may unsettle injustice everywhere about you, and restore the rule of Right and Justice among men. Are you a merchant? Ah, if off our merchants were but men of some profound and real spiritual experience—and who

saw how they stood as mere agents between producers and consumers, and were not privileged to eat out the actual substance of both—what a different basis would not our social structure stand upon!

Financier, lawyer, merchant, author, artisan, agriculturist, politician, teacher, citizen—whatever, and whatever you are, or wherever you may be placed, know of a certainty that your work is just where you are, and that there you can do the most for the race and for yourself. You may organize whenever your wisdom teaches you that organization and greater compactness will effect what unaided exertions will not achieve; but be sure not to mistake the means for the end, and to organize merely for the sake of complacently surveying your numbers and power. In the streets, in business places, in the shops, in the cars, at the hotels, in public assemblies, wherever there are men to be reached and measures relating to reconstruction and renovation to be discussed and set forth—there is the place of duty, there you are to labor and work, giving as you receive, and at no moment forbidding the stream of inspiration to flow uninterruptedly through your nature.

Men and brethren! whatever your hands may find to do in the new order of time, do it with all your might; but never with vanity in the heart, or for ambition. Selfish ends only interfere with divine ordinances, so far as the individual cherishing them is concerned; and he is then of necessity set aside as useless. The problem is only how to cooperate to the best advantage with superior powers and influences, which must have some sort of human agencies, or means, with which to work on human souls and human interests. Stand not in the way of the law; let that run on, silent and swift and blinding as heaven's lightnings, if it must—but set up no claim to a petty private advantage. If you are to work in bodies entirely, then so will it be made plain to you; but wait not, when it is already plain enough that so much is to be done, and you are individually capable of its performance. The old notions on which our social system has been based are to give place to sterling ideas; these ideas are to be soon adapted by shrewd men, because they will soon see how events will make them most practical and proper, in finance, in statesmanship, in education, in marriage, in business of every kind. And all men who are spiritual minded, and continually receptive to the pure influences from heaven, can perform a service for the world now, which the centuries have been patiently waiting for.

An Article to be Read.

We beg all our readers to turn to the calm, candid, and comprehensive statement made in an article we have extracted into the present number from the Monthly Religious Magazine, an Unitarian publication of this city, edited by Rev. Edmund H. Sears and Rev. Rufus Ellis. The title of the article is "Modern Spiritualism." It contains another proof—and they are offering all the time and in almost every way—of the fact that belief in Spiritual truths and Spiritual laws is continually increasing, that the faith is working silently and effectively in the churches, as well as outside them, that the factious and ignorant and ill-tempered opposition to the ordinary manifestations of spirit is practically died out in our midst, and that we are on the beginning of a new and grand epoch in the history of man, when the spirit-world is brought into immediate contact with the earth-sphere, and results are to flow out of it such as living man never dreamed of in the body. The article embodying all this evidence, besides a mass of clear and convincing statements on the topic itself, deserves a very wide perusal. And we ask our readers, after perusing it themselves, to be thoughtful enough to hand it to others, who merely want the scales to fall from their eyes, that they may see like other men who see as in broad day. We commend, too, an Unitarian Magazine that is not afraid to publish so good an article.

The Popular Feeling.

It is astonishing by what frail threads popular opinion hangs. People are not overmuch inclined to make up minds for themselves, but either trust their feelings blindly or follow somebody who has more than the common share of emphasis or independence. The reverses of the Potomac army under McClellan have put a damper upon everybody we meet. The common mind seems to be enshrouded in gloom. And yet it ought not to be so, if the cause in whose interest that army is engaged is as sound and commanding to-day as it was yesterday. What is a reverse? What are obstacles for? Manifestly, they are but challenges thrown down to us, daring us to persevere and strive long enough to surmount them, if we would have the victory which is beyond. Looked at in that light, we see at once that this depression of the popular feeling argues anything but that indomitable fixedness of purpose which gathers up new energies from its very defeats, and compels even obstacles to turn around and cooperate in working out the high result desired. We need many such reverses to discipline us, and to compact our fibre, if we are such babies as to give over a noble cause because it has the bitter along with the sweet in its getting.

Silver Change.

The most intense local excitement appears to exist on the subject of making silver change. Where it is gone, and what it is gone for, and who is going to have the use and benefit of it after it gets there—are all inquiries a good deal easier to put than answer. The sudden scarcity of change seems almost unaccountable. Of course, it is owing to the high price of gold, originally, the gold going abroad to pay the dues of our merchants and railway and other corporations in London. That brings silver up to a premium, and paper money depreciates correspondingly; for if silver and gold are worth more than paper issues, it follows that the latter are fallen practically so much below their nominal value. Prices of all sorts of goods, especially of imported goods, go up to match; and hence the higher the price of almost everything that can have a price affixed to it. Postage stamps, as soon as generally used for change, may bring the silver out again; for none of this is shipped abroad, being so much below the standard value, and it must come forth from its hiding-place as soon as it ceases to be worth buying and selling by the brokers.

Particular Notice.

Some of our subscribers still persist in renewing their subscriptions at club rates, the papers to be sent in single scale to different post-offices. If they will read our advertised rates, they will see that we state explicitly that we shall charge two dollars per year for single scale. When a club of four or more goes to one post-office, we charge one dollar and fifty cents per year. Those who do not comply with these terms will receive the paper for nine months only, instead of one year. We are disposed to let the paper go at a very small margin of profit; but not at a loss.

Massachusetts Commanders.

We have just received from the publisher, B. B. Russell, 615 Washington street, an elegant lithograph of the Massachusetts Commanders, grouped together in a skillful manner—twenty-eight in number—all mounted. The likenesses of each are remarkably correct. Everybody should have this fine picture.

A Sunday School at Lyceum Church.

The subject of a Sunday School, for the benefit of the children of Spiritualists, will be considered at Lyceum Hall, next Sunday, in the afternoon.

The Emancipation Scheme.

President Lincoln, before the final adjournment of Congress, had an interview with the Border States representatives on the subject of compensated emancipation in their several States, with the special view of getting the expression of their sentiments on a topic in which he has himself betrayed so deep an interest. They did not, in the main, agree with the sentiments and propositions which he advanced; yet they promised to consider them, and, without endorsing, to suggest them for the consideration of their several constituents. It is pretty evident that nothing practical will come of that scheme, at present; for the public mind in the localities chiefly interested is not, just now, in a condition to discuss a proposition which is so closely related to its largest interests. All will be wrought out in time; even this proposal of the President, perhaps, is one of the methods to be employed. A good many matters are to be cleared away, before we arrive at that stage. The Constitution—what it means—its real obligations—and how it shall be interpreted for the future—these questions are first to undergo a thorough discussion. Many new and glorious and liberal results are certainly to follow afterward.

A True View.

Rev. Mr. Bartol, of the West Church, of Boston, has recently delivered a discourse, in which occur many striking and enlarged thoughts on the subject of this melancholy war. He views it philosophically, and from a spiritual standpoint. At its close he breaks out—"This nation of ours has of late been growing old very fast. May our juvenile vanities and precocious excesses drop from us, and sobriety, humility, temperance and justice, as the fit clothing and accompaniment of our boasted, but yet so imperfect freedom, come instead! This must be the moral result. Such a drinking of the cup of the Lord's indignation, which is only his deeper and spiritual love, cannot be in vain! May it be for the healing of the whole land! May the bitter drops which the North has tasted, and the drops emptied on the lips of the South, be sanctified alike to both, and to the great West, that is with us in a common lot!"

Out in the Ocean.

A trip to the Isles of Shoals, in pleasant weather, is one of the most delightful excursions a pleasure-seeker could make at this season of the year. We have just tried it—and know. There are a cluster of seven islands in all, the chief of which is Gosport, where most of the fishermen reside. It belongs to New Hampshire, and sends a representative to the General Court, so of course it is an incorporated town. Here we spent several days last week very agreeably at the Atlantic House, which is kept by Mr. L. B. Caswell. The Appledore House, another hotel on the island by that name, is a very commodious establishment. These houses have not been so well patronized the present season as formerly; owing to the distracted state of the country, we suppose. A vessel runs daily to these islands from Portsmouth for the accommodation of visitors.

Announcements.

The Spiritualists, during the vacation of their regular services, continue to hold Conference meetings every Sunday afternoon at the usual hour, in Lyceum Hall. The subject for consideration next Sunday is, *Sunday Schools*.
Next Sunday, Mr. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday, at N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Marlboro'; Miss Laura E. A. DeForest in Chelmsford; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Portland, Me.; Miss Emma Houston in Bucksport, Me.; Isaac P. Greenleaf in Glenburn, Me.; W. K. Ripley in Stillwater, Me.; M. Taylor in Troy, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Somers, Conn.; Warren Chase in Stow, Vermont; Miss Emma Harding in Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell in Binghampton, N. Y., and James G. Clark sings on the occasion.

A Still Harbor.

Boston harbor is not exactly deserted of sailing craft, but in a passage around its numerous green islands one misses the brisk little steamers, such as the Nantasket, the Nelly Baker, and others, which used to ply so many times a day, for the comfort and delight of our citizens, between Boston and its coastwise outskirts. All these pretty little steamers have been gobbled up, or down, by the greedy War Power, that seems to want almost everything now-a-days, from a noble soul to a pretty steamer. We miss the trail of their smoke, as we go up and down the bay, and listen vainly to hear the musical echoes of their distant bells. When will they come back to us again, to take us on our coveted summer-day jaunts along the shores and in and out among the islands?

A Worthy Plan.

The recent demise of Mr. H. W. Fennor, the popular treasurer of the Boston Theatre, and long known to all old theatre-goers in Boston as a genial man, has very properly suggested to the minds of the various members of theatrical corps at present in the city the plan of proposing to the public a benefit for his family, in token of the respect and esteem in which all alike held him, from the least unto the greatest. We understand that the arrangements preliminary to such a practical combination of dramatic talent have been completed, and that the affair will come off on Wednesday evening, July 30th. We need not urge all our town and suburban readers and friends to contribute personally in giving such emphatic success to this testimonial as its real character merits and will receive.

Horse-Running.

We had four days of real horse races, near Boston, last week; and everybody went, and his wife and daughter. These races were between Kentucky blood horses chiefly, which were brought here by parties interested in making good sport for the lookers-on and a little something in the pocket for themselves. The horses run—they do not go the square trot, as we have been accustomed to see the horse business performed hereabouts. A race is by no means a trot. In the former, the horses are strong out from the stand and starting-place, and come up to the final scratch as nearly in a complete huddle as they can get. It is highly exciting; and although the track was what horse-men call more or less, "heavy," the spectators enjoyed it just as much as they possibly could.

The War Meetings.

On the Common recently have served to stir up anew military ardor among our citizens, and enlistments are going on steadily. This is as it should be. Let there be no desponding voice at this time. All we need is energy in the right quarter to put our quota in the field rapidly. The different towns in the State have responded nobly. Old Massachusetts has always been in the van in every emergency, and she will not be behind her sister States in aiding the General Government to vindicate the laws of the land.

Spirit Portraits.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT: My Dear Brother—In answer to inquiries of many of your readers who anxiously await the moving of the spirit, hoping thereby to obtain some glimmering outline of a near and dear loved angel, one who has long roamed the Summer Land of Souls, please bid them wait a little season; until my surroundings will harmonize with those fine conditions requisite for taking portraits by letter, when they will be served with the whole heart and soul of yours most sincerely, W. F. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NEVERMORE AND EVERMORE.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

During my illness the past winter in Oswego, N. Y., the home of the friends where I was entertained was upon the banks of Lake Ontario, only the street intervening between their residence and the waters, and I used to lie and listen to the rushing of the waves, until their wild unrest seemed almost a part of my own. Night after night, when the storm has swept over the waters, dashing them against the rocks until they moaned and shrieked like my childish idea of lost souls, or sighed and sobbed themselves to sleep after the fury of the storm had passed; when I lay burning with fever, my brain scorched and tortured with intensest pain, I used to mingle the sound of the surges with my own agony, until I could hardly tell whether it was the wave, or me, that was thrown upon the rocks and then sent back only to return again with the same wailing tone, to meet inevitably the same fate.

One night, when much worse than usual, although I was watched with the kindest care and affection, and although I was perfectly conscious of the presence of my friends, and of being in my room surrounded by every comfort, yet this fancy kept wandering through my tortured brain, and at last became almost a reality. It seemed as though I was lying out in the grounds, wrapped in the thinnest possible covering, with the cold rain falling heavily upon me, and the winds howling in every direction through the trees, while now and then the great waves rolled over me, and then swept coldly back, as if in scorn at my sufferings. There are no words to tell the strange painfulness of the sensations that crept over me, mingled with a thousand nameless fancies. Only those who have wandered in a fever to the very brink of a loss of consciousness, and live to remember their vague, shadowy visions, can have any idea of their wild, fantastic agony.

A few days after I commenced my recitations, the following poem was given, embodying that peculiar state or phase of mind more nearly than words of mine can. Doubtless some who read it may recognize their own feelings, though given in the words of another:

O, that hour of darkest midnight,
When the storm burned my brain,
And its fiery, molten lava,
Leaped and throbbled through every vein,
While I yearned for health and strength
That never could be mine again.
O, the dreary midnight darkness! O, the anguish of my soul!
As I lay, listened, listened to the surges in their roll,
As they beat, beat, beat upon the shore,
Sobbing, sighing, wailing, "Nevermore."
O, that hour of midnight blackness,
When all hope seemed ever fled,
When my days and hours were numbered,
Numbered, reaching toward the dead;
When I heard Death's heavy footstep,
With its muffled, solemn tread,
Pass, and enter at my threshold,
Nearer come beside my bed;
As if he knew, rejoicing,
All my hopes in gloom had fled;
Had he heard my wails of sorrow?
Had he seen the tears I shed?
That he came so iron-hearted,
With his visage dark and dread,
Sitting closely at my bedside,
While my midnight vigils sped?
Did he listen to the echoes deep within my anguished soul?
Did he hear the sleepless surges, while they never ceased to roll?
Did he hear them beating, beating, beating ever on the shore?
Sighing, sobbing, wailing, moaning, "Never, nevermore."

Still my fever grew and deepened,
Deepened with intensest pain,
Till my fancies wandered wildly,
With my mind's wandering brain,
And I thought no longer feverish
In the room where I had lain,
I was lying cold and dreary
Out amid the storm and rain.
Far from friends who watched in kindness,
Far from each familiar strain,
That I never more should meet them,
Never hear their voices again.
While the darkness gathered deeper, through each recess of my soul,
And I listened, listened, listened, to the surges in their roll;
They were sobbing, beating, beating ever on the rocky shore;
They were sobbing, sighing, wailing, "Nevermore, ah, nevermore."

Still I thought I lay in darkness,
On the cold and silent sod,
With the wild winds howling round me,
All alone, and even God dead;
When I thought I was in the midnight
Where no foot had ever trod,
With the rain still falling, falling,
Falling like a chastening rod,
And the trees forever bending
With a taunting, mocking nod.
Far from friends who watched in kindness,
Lying lonely on the sod,
Cold and wet, and sad and dreary,
Far away from friends and God,
While the phantoms round me flitted and the anguish filled my soul,
Deeper, deeper, ever deeper, like the surges' awful roll,
They were mocking, mocking, mocking, as they beat upon the shore,
Taunting, scolding, howling, shrieking, "Nevermore, ah, nevermore."

Was I mad? 'T was but a vision
Of the dark and rayless night;
But I thought, I'm often thinking
When I sit in morning light,
That I was in the midnight darkness,
All its hours of strange afflict;
And what seems its greatest sorrow,
In the future shall be right;
Rising like a sudden rainbow
On the soul's astonished sight,
Lifting all the past to beauty,
With the sun's strange, strangely bright,
Waking deep and true devotion
And a mystic, wild delight,
Giving trust in that Great Father,
In whose grand, eternal Might
All earth's sorrows turn to gladness,
And its seeming wrong to right.
And I think when darkness shrouds me, like a specter haunts my soul,
That I listen, listen, listen to the surges as they roll,
That I hear the beating, beating of this life upon its shore,
Waiting, hoping, ever trusting, with its watchword, "Evermore."

So I say, roll on thou surges,
I can hear thy eerie tone,
For I feel no more deserted,
Nevermore alone, alone;
For I know that God has claimed me,
Claimed me ever as His own,
And His glorious light above me,
O, how brightly has it shone!
Till the awful midnight darkness
Like a bird of night has flown,
And my spirit never utters
Now a single wail or groan,
And to songs of hope and gladness
Has been turned its every moan,
And the angels watch around me,
And I sit no more alone;
And the Father's glory crown me
He has claimed me as His own,
And a flood of glory brightens, brightens ever in my soul,
While I sit, I sit and listen, to the surges as they roll,
As they're beating, beating, beating, ever on life's mystic shore,
Rising, falling, surging, sweeping, with their anthem,
"Evermore."

Plymouth, N. H., 1862.
[The above singularly prophetic production was sent to us by its author several weeks previous to her death; but its publication was necessarily delayed on account of the press of other matter.] It will be perceived with interest by the numerous friends of the deceased—

H. Melville Fay in Boston.

At the private house of a gentleman of this city, on Thursday evening, July 24th, the unaccountable and peculiar manifestations of this medium were produced in the presence of about a dozen persons.

The room was made dark, and in about five minutes the hands of the medium were tightly tied upon his knees, the rope—about the size of a clothes line—being also drawn tightly around his wrists, and then fastened there with three or four hard knots; then fastened tightly around his knees, separately, and together; confined again with hard knots, then around the rounds of the chair, being there made fast by several windings and hard knots, going around his wrists, knees, and chair rounds many times, making, in all, over a dozen hard knots. This tying, it was claimed, was done by spirits. Mr. Fay said that spirit hands, which he felt distinctly, did the work. The gas was lit, and the tying was examined by all present. It certainly appeared impossible that the tying could have been done by any other than the agency claimed, for all the hands of the spectators were joined together during the tying. Mr. Fay sitting in a chair by himself alone, some six feet from any one; and for Mr. Fay to have tied himself as he was tied, seemed to be impossible.

A sheet of white paper was placed under his feet, and a pencil mark made around each foot on the paper; so if they moved, the movement could be easily detected. The lights were again put out. Two bells which stood beyond the reach of the medium, were then rung long arm held them and rung them over the heads of the spectators. A violin was also thrummed and rapped upon, seeming to be in the air—first in one part, then in another part of the room. A light was struck, and the violin was found in the further part of the room on the floor, the bells were under a chair, the medium was still tied exactly as he was before the lights were put out, and his feet were exactly on the marks made upon the white paper. The rope was now untied by the spectators, which occupied over five minutes of hard work, and the medium set free.

The lights were again put out, and the medium again tied as before, only with more knots, and, if possible, more securely. The gas was re-lighted, and the tying examined. A silk vest was called for. A gentleman present took off his vest and laid it on the table. The lights were put out, and in about five seconds the medium screamed, "Light! light!" A light was instantly produced, and the medium's right arm was in the right arm-hole of the vest. How was this done? To all the company it was a "miracle," for the medium's hands were tied tightly together with many knots, and his hands were securely fastened to his knees, and his knees to the rounds of the chair. These knots, it appeared to every one present, must have been untied to have got the medium's arm into the arm-hole of the vest. But how could all these knots have been untied and tied again exactly the same as before, in the space of five seconds? Impossible! The vest was whole and perfect on his arm. How this was accomplished human philosophy cannot tell. The lights were again put out, and the vest taken off in as short a space of time as it was put on. While this was being done, the medium groaned as if in intense agony. The gas was again lit, and the vest examined, and found whole and perfect.

While the medium was being held by parties present, and the circle joining hands, the violin was taken by some invisible power and rasped a number of times upon the heads of different persons, and spirit-hands were distinctly felt by many.

The manifestations throughout the evening, only a few of which are here recorded, were unaccountable, and with all the effort made by the company to detect deception, there was no appearance of anything that could favor such a conclusion.

The medium is young, vigorous and intelligent, and gives, in our opinion, overwhelming evidence of being perfectly under the control of spirits. When asked why it was necessary to have darkness for these manifestations, he said: "Darkness renders material influence negative, while light has the opposite effect. The time will come when these things, and greater, shall be done in the light. These manifestations are produced through natural laws—laws that our present development do not yet understand. The occult laws of the spiritual heavens are hardly yet beginning to be unfolded to man's consciousness." A. B. C.

Gone up Higher.

From Augusta, Me., July 17th, Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, wife of W. Arnold Knight, aged 32.

The departure of Mrs. Knight demands something more than a passing notice at our hands, since, while with us, she was the means of convincing hundreds of the truth of our glorious and inspiring faith, of raising the curtain that concealed from their minds a state of existence beyond the tomb, toward which they and theirs had gone and were going. Our readers cannot fail to remember, with pleasure, a series of communications over the signature of "E. A. K.," which appeared in our columns a few years since. They were peculiar in their style, and brought the spirit-life so vividly to our comprehension that they charmed us, while at the same time we recognized their truth. Very many date the dawning of their interest in spiritual things at the time of the publication of these articles. In addition to the communications that were given to the public, she had a large number which were circulated in private, and from which consolation was derived for those that mourned, and conviction for those who doubted.

The private walks of Mrs. Knight were replete with all those beauties which adorn human nature, and which, more than everything else, underme and destroy the dogmas of the old creeds. Though a wasting disease was upon her for years, she murmured not at the circuitous and weary path through which she was led, but through all her hours of sunshine and of shadow exhibited a spirit of cheerfulness and resignation, having a smile and a kind word for all her friends.

She died at thirty-two. That number of years spent in the broadcast bestowal of kind words, and of good deeds, do not pass without their great reward. And when, from the lofty mounts of spiritual life, our friend heard a voice, saying unto her, "Come up higher," it was not with fear and trembling that she made ready to answer the call. She drew her friends to her side and told them she was going—going home, going to that land whose "shining shores" she had so often pointed out to those around her.

The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was read over her grave, and the voice of singing was the final tribute of her friends to her memory.

In her departure it would seem that we lose much; but could we see as God sees, it might appear that we do not lose, but gain. The beautiful truths which, while living on earth, she was the means of introducing to many minds, she now beholds with increased distinctness; and we cannot doubt but that the interest she manifested in a dissemination of a knowledge of them is still increased, and that she will henceforth be a messenger of love and truth to many waiting souls.

"God calls our loved ones; but we lose not wholly." What he has given!

They live on earth in thought, in deed, as truly as in his heaven.

THE CLOUD IN EUROPE.—Garibaldi has been making an immense sensation. At Palermo he declared that "Napoleon, the conqueror, the powerful tyrant of France," was not the friend of a united Italy, but the enemy of the French people; he did not blame for them, like the Italians, have themselves need of liberty; but, unfortunately, they are dragged down by despotism.

To Bee Keepers.

Much time and money have been expended for many years to ascertain, by experiment, the best method of keeping bees; and various essays have been written upon the subject, from time to time, without producing any very satisfactory results. But of late, K. P. KIDDER, Practical Apiarian, of Burlington, Vt., has succeeded in producing a hive, which he thinks, as well as many others versed in such matters, superior to anything of the kind extant. It is called Kidder's Patent Movable Comb Bee Hive. He considers it superior to any other, from the fact that the apiarian can have perfect control of the combs at all times. It can be removed from the interior part of the hive—or the queen can be picked out in a few moments, the honey removed and the comb exchanged, &c. The entrance to the hive is also supplied with a Regulator, wherein any size of entrance can be given from one-fourth of an inch to four and a half inches; or it can be so arranged that the drones can all be destroyed as soon as they hatch.

The BEE SPRINKLER is a device he has lately invented, which should be in use by every bee-keeper who allows natural swarming. It is well adapted to sprinkle a new swarm, whether they alight near the ground or high upon a tree. By having a handle or pole of the right length, the swarm can be reached at most any height, the operator standing upon the ground, as the following will show:



This process for hiving a swarm of bees from a tree, the operator standing upon the ground, without either cutting a limb or climbing the tree, is fully explained in directions for using the BEE SPRINKLER. The process is very simple and quick. It is always advisable when a swarm is thrown off and fairly lit, to sprinkle them thoroughly with three or four quarts of cold water, which will partially chill them, thus preventing their flying; making them perfectly docile, so they can be easily and quickly hived. This process will not injure the bees in the least, as their own animal heat will soon throw off all dampness. It is got up in a condensed form, so it can easily be packed inside a hive; or it can be filled with Books, Protectors, Fixtures for Hives, &c., and sent by express if desired. It is marbled, making it weather-proof, and will last for years.

The FUMIGATING PIPE for bee-keepers, is an instrument Mr. Kidder has lately invented, which is said to be far superior to anything now in use, to render bees good-natured and manageable in a very brief time, and will not injure the bees in the least, as punk (rotten wood) or puffball can be used. [The annexed cut illustrates the method of fumigating the hive.]



A swarm of bees can thus be thoroughly fumigated in less than ten seconds in any box or hive, rendering them perfectly docile. The hive can then be turned bottom side up, or surplus honey-boxes removed, or the bees even shook out of the hive and handled in the roughest manner, should it be necessary, and not one of them will use their stings. The pipe is well adapted to the use of the Apiary, or in taking honey from a tree in the woods. It is so arranged that it can be carried in the pocket the same as a pencil, and can be sent through the mails with safety. Any further information upon this useful subject can be had by addressing Mr. Kidder as above.

Grove Meeting of Spiritualists. There will be a Grand Grove Meeting of Spiritualists, at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, July 29th, 1884, on which occasion the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity invite all their friends to meet them as above for the purpose of a "Grand Social Union." Eminent Speakers are expected to take part in the exercises on this occasion. An excellent Band will furnish the music for dancing. No refreshment stands or exhibitions of any kind allowed upon the grounds, except such as are furnished by the proprietors of the Grove, and of these there will be an abundant supply.

A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 and 11.30 A.M.; returning, leave the Grove for Boston and Way Stations at 4.30 P.M., or in season for the friends from Lowell, Waltham, Woburn, Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, Stations on the Worcester Railroad; Readville, and the South Shore Railroad, and Stations between Boston and the above-named places on the different Railroads connecting therewith, the same evening.

On the Old Colony Railroad, between Plymouth and Hanson, one half the usual fare, by the regular trains.

On the Fall River Road, from all the Stations between Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at one half the usual fare by the regular trains. The friends in New Bedford, Fairhaven, and Taunton, can make their own arrangements upon favorable terms, thus preventing confusion.

Fare from Boston to the Grove and return, by Special Train, Adults, 55 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tickets for sale at the Depot.

Friends from all the Way Stations between Boston and South Braintree, will take the regular train that leaves Boston at 8.30 o'clock, A.M., just in advance of the Special Train. Fare from the Way Stations, to the Grove and return, will be as follows: From Harrison Square, 55 cents; Neponset, 50 cents; Quincy, 45 cents; Braintree, 40 cents; South Braintree, 35 cents; for Adults; Children, half price.

The whole to be under the special direction of Dr. H. F. GARDNER.

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Mr. Fay, the medium for physical manifestations, who will give public sittings in this city for a short time. He challenges the most rigid investigation. We published in our last number a communication from Bro. A. H. Davis, endorsing the genuineness of Mr. Fay's mediumship; and, in another part of our paper, we print a communication from a Philadelphia correspondent, taking an entirely different view of the manifestations purporting to be given through him. Mr. F. will reply to the latter in our next issue. Also a communication from Dr. Child, in his favor, appears in another column.

A London (Eng.) paper, opposed to Spiritualism, says: "In the days, statesmen, authors, journalists—men who claim to be the chief instructors of the people—and even clergymen, are among the disciples of the leading mediums."

Gunboats should be stationed in Boston harbor forthwith, of the most powerful armament, to operate speedily in case any emergency should arise needing their services in our waters. We are now in a perfectly defenseless condition to repel the advance of an enemy by sea, whether foreign or domestic.

The people of Jamaica are in a wretched state from the want of food, the failure of trade having led to this privation. All kinds of domestic produce are sold at exorbitant prices, till at length the poorer classes are resorting to plunder for the means of livelihood.

Gebolamo Garibaldi, a nephew of the liberator of Italy, arrived in this country a few days since, whither he has come to offer his services to the government. His sword was given him by his great uncle, with the remark that, if the cause of liberty requires, he will come himself.

Women are fond of telling us that they hate handsome men; but you may be sure that it is only to ugly men they talk thus.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BOOK.—This little book is just what Spiritualists have needed. And every one should have it in his family, because it will aid in a proper enlightenment of the juvenile mind. It fixes no bounds of belief or creed, leaving the child free to accept or reject, as he sees proper. The spirit it exerts is Christ-like.—*The Rising Tide.*

The English Parliamentary Report on Drunkenness says:—There are upward of 600,000 drunkards in Great Britain, 60,000 of whom die every year.

"Captain Silk! What a name for a soldier!" "The finest name in the world for a captain," said a lady, "for silk will never be worried."

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Daniel Webster once remarked:

"Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember that a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

The President's Order, appointing Gen. Halleck as General-in-Chief of the whole land forces of the United States, is dated July 11th—the next day after his return from his visit to the army of the Potomac.

The rebels, when they evacuated Nashville, says Prentiss, left a large quantity of grape-shot behind them. The Federal troops are anxiously waiting for a chance to return it to them.

The Anniversary of British West India Emancipation will be celebrated in the usual manner at Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, August 1st, in Mass Meeting, under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Man has no authority over posterity in matters of personal right. All hereditary government is, in its nature, tyranny.—*Thomas Paine.*

Maine seems to be alive for the good cause. A large number of towns have raised their quota of volunteers.

Whatever in all God's Universe is needed to promote any individual or aggregate well-being, is ever developed at the moment it is demanded.—*Hinc.*

Ex-President Martin Van Buren died at Lindelwood, his residence, in Kinderhook, N. Y., July 24th, in the 79th year of his age.

The Internal Tax is to go into practical operation on the first of September next. Assessors and collectors will be appointed before that date.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have contributed \$50,000 to provide a bounty for volunteers in that State.

As the law stands touching the new levy of troops, the army may in the aggregate amount to within a fraction of a million of men.

The strategists of war to men of peace are all a mystery.

Not so the strategists by which rogues fleece the Public Treasury and their wealth increase. But take—thank God!—an everlasting lease Of Shame in History.

The Atlantic Monthly truly says:—"Slavery is a continual conspiracy. Its life depends upon intrigue, aggression, adroit combinations with other forms of human selfishness."

An old sailor passing through a grave yard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and, shifting his quid, he ejaculated:—"Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may live; but if I was dead I'd own it."

If it is important for you to know whether a man will cheat you if he can, sound him as to his willingness to help you to cheat somebody else.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gale. Ven you see one coming 'dodge.' Just such a critter as that young'un' cleaning the door-step on 't'other side of the street; fooled yer dad, Jimmy. If it had n't been for her, you and yer dad might have been in California, hunting dimes, my son."

Region of life and light! Land of the good, whose earthly joys are o'er! Nor frost nor heat may blight The very blissful, fertile shore. Yielding thy bounteous fruits for evermore.

"Pat," said a "builder" to an Irishman engaged in carrying "stone" to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?"

"Yes, McMillen's cabin." "How many rooms has it?" "There was the sitting-room, the sleeping-room, the kitchen-room, and the pig-pen—four rooms."

"That's a story," said the builder. "Yes, four stories," said Pat.

A SMALL TOWN.—A place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think. This is Victor Hugo's latest, and we think, the best definition of a small town.

The editor of the Louisville Journal ought to be ashamed. Hear him! "Hear him! we rebel women, let the force be in your hands, let a blaze of cotton in the same charming region."

Here is a crinoline story reported by an African traveler: "A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home, he said to his wives: 'What strange creatures these French women are! Would you believe it? they absolutely carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!' Such was the idea formed of crinolines by this son of Mahomet."

Letters received from Rome, at that the bishops who have reached that city have handed over to the Pope a sum of five hundred thousand Roman crowns, collected as Peter's pence.

A precocious youth being asked in his geography class what they raised in South Carolina, replied: "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil!"

Mr. Blinger, the manufacturer of sewing machines, has left this country, with the intention of spending the remainder of his days in the Holy Land.

THE LAW CONCERNING POSTAGE STAMPS.—There appears to be a very general misapprehension with regard to the act authorizing payment in stamps and to prohibit the circulation of notes of less denomination than one dollar, which was approved July 17 last. Under the provisions of this act the Secretary of the Treasury, and not the Postmaster General, is directed to furnish postage stamps to the Assistant Treasurers and such designated depositaries of the United States as the former may select, to be exchanged by them on application for United States notes, and from and after the first day of August such stamps shall be received in payment of all dues to the United States less than five dollars, and shall be received in exchange for United States notes in sums not less than five dollars to any Assistant Treasurer or designated depositary selected as aforesaid. Hence this law does not make postage stamps a legal tender, nor does it require postmasters to receive them in exchange for United States notes.

It is expected that the Secretary will furnish postage stamps to be used as a circulating medium under the law in such form that they cannot be attached to letters or other mail matter. Such stamps will be exchanged by postmasters for the regular postage stamps, besides being redeemable in Treasury notes by Assistant Treasurers and such designated depositaries as the Secretary of the Treasury may select.

No postage stamps can be exchanged at Post Offices or redeemed by the Treasury Department unless furnished through the agency of that department. Postage stamps now sold by postmasters are not exchangeable or redeemable by them; as, if such stamps are given to postmasters or other paper, which will be found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter, they will be rejected for postage, because when so sold they cannot be distinguished from stamps which have already been used for postage.

Already defaced postage stamps are being bought up and passed at their actual value after having been the defacing ink extracted and being pasted on paper to conceal the loss of the gum.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book. This little brochure is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, etc., see advertisement.

Died, in Salisbury, Mass., July 21st, of consumption, Mr. WELSH FLANDERS, aged 55 years 5 months.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 6 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

MR. H. MELVILLE FAY,
THE CELEBRATED PHYSICAL TEST MEDIUM,
Will open Rooms 233 Washington street, near Marlboro' House, under Lowell Institute, FOR DAY Sittings, on Monday, July 29th, for the benefit of those desirous of witnessing the remarkable Phenomena that occur in his presence. Sittings at private residences. He can be consulted during the day at 75 Beach street.

PHENOMENA OF PHENOMENA.—The feeling of musical instruments; the tangible touch of spirit-hands; spirit-voice heard, &c.

Terms—\$1 per hour; for entertaining private parties, \$5. Aug. 2.

NEW ENGLAND CLAIRVOYANT INSTITUTE.

24 1-2 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.
ESTABLISHED for affording individuals the means of securing the benefits of clairvoyance, presents the following specialties:

MEDICAL LETTERS, comprising a synopsis of the disease, prescription of remedies and treatment, \$1.00.

SEALED LETTERS to spirit-friends answered and returned to the sender, \$1.00.

PROPHETIC LETTERS, comprising a summary of the leading events and characteristics of the life of the applicant, \$2.00.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF SPIRIT FRIENDS, \$1.00.

ALLEGORICAL VISION of individual conditions, \$1.00.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION of character, \$1.00.

TEMPERAMENTAL CHART presenting an outline of the leading characteristics of the individual, defining that of the person best adapted as a partner in conjugal or business relations, \$2.00.

Requests for the above must be made in the hand-writing of the applicant.

CLAIRVOYANTS IN ATTENDANCE for those wishing to obtain personal communications from spirit-friends, or advice respecting health or other matters. Interviews of one hour, \$1.00.

No guarantee of accurate responses can be made, further than the assurance that the best means will be employed to obtain personal communications from spirit-friends, or advice respecting health or other matters. Interviews of one hour, \$1.00.

Appointments, accompanied with the price and terms, will receive attention, if addressed as above, or to GEORGE L. STAFFORD.

COME AND BE HEALED.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND MEDIUM for the HEALING POWER, No. 293 Washington corner of Bedford street, Boston. Open day and evening. Magnetic Remedies furnished. Aug. 2.

MRS. D. S. CURTIS,
CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Absent persons examined by the aid of a Lock of Hair. Especial attention to Family Cases. No. 14 Ninth street, between L and M, Sacramento, California. Aug. 3.

EMPLOYMENT! Agents wanted in every county to sell the best (Two-throated) Sewing Machine ever offered to the public. Liberal salary, or commission allowed, with expenses. Circular sent, by addressing, with stamp, ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., NEWBURYPORT, MASS. Aug. 3.

A Pleasant Summer Home.

THE undersigned has rented, for the season, the place known as Blackwood, about 7, fourteen miles from New York. Communication with the city frequent and at little expense. The situation is retired, extremely healthy, and every way attractive. The house is large and airy; the grounds (some ten acres in all) are chiefly in lawns, or lawns and lawns beautifully shaded. The place abounds all the choice fruits of the latitude, together with fresh vegetables, milk, eggs, &c., in abundance.

The undersigned could accommodate several general boarders with very desirable apartments; and if required, would receive invalids who desire his professional services as a Electrical and Magnetic Physician.

Address S. D. BRITTON, New York City, or Irvington, N. Y. July 18.

A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING OF
S. B. BRITTON, JR.,
Aide to Capt. W. D. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Essex, at the taking of Fort Henry, February 1, 1862, is now sold at 50 cents.

It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and cost of postage. The price of the sale of this engraving is to go to the aid of the sufferers from the late war.

For a full description of this engraving, see the notice in the Boston Herald.

New Books.

NOW READY.

THE Sunday School Class-Book.

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.

Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.

June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE,

DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in a style the work merits.

The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed, and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

June 23.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c.

THIS BOOK, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

This book, three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains valuable matter that is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston.

Dec. 31.

A PLEA FOR

FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in new township adjoining Kidder, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Dr. J. D. Smith, who is now residing at Kidder, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.

The whole work is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions.

Sent post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for \$3 cts. April 23.

I STILL LIVE.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES!

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent.

May 17.

BULWER'S

STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES,

Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with Steel Engravings,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

(Postage nine cents.)

This is one of the most entertaining works of its world-renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with great satisfaction.

We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage. Address

April 23. W. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington Street, Boston.

GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH

OF SPIRITUALISTS,

WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

Embracing the following subjects: Objects of the Society—Articles of Belief Commonly Accepted as Truths by Spiritualists—Basis of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme Being—Of Religion in General—Of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings—Of the Character of the Addresses—Of Speakers—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Membership—Designation of the Society.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very recently printed pamphlet, being the Report of the Committee on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. It is a document which will interest Spiritualists all over the country.

For sale at this office. Price 5 cents; by mail 6 cents. June 23.

A NEW BOOK.

A N extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:—

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity; by Zera; a curious and interesting work, entitled, LA BAYE, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language.

When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. Charles Gordon, &c.; the works and carriage ways are fine and the laws beautifully shaded. The place abounds all the choice fruits of the latitude, together with fresh vegetables, milk, eggs, &c., in abundance.

The undersigned could accommodate several general boarders with very desirable apartments; and if required, would receive invalids who desire his professional services as a Electrical and Magnetic Physician.

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New Books.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* was written by the spirit who communicated it to the writer. The messages are published on account of literary merit, but as they are of spiritual origin, they are not to be regarded as the property of the writer. These messages are to be read with the understanding that the spirit who communicated them is not to be regarded as the property of the writer. These messages are to be read with the understanding that the spirit who communicated them is not to be regarded as the property of the writer.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spiritism in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression is much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the *Banner* Office, No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular columns of the *Banner*.

Monday, July 7.—Questions and Answers: George Bailey of Boston; Harvey M. Grant, of New York; Patrick Duffy, of Co. D, 5th N. Y. Regiment, to his wife.

Tuesday, July 8.—Questions and Answers: Nancy T. Brown, mother of George W. Brown; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, July 9.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, July 10.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, July 11.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, July 12.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, July 13.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, July 14.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Tuesday, July 15.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, July 16.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, July 17.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, July 18.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, July 19.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, July 20.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, July 21.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

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Wednesday, July 23.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, July 24.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, July 25.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, July 26.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, July 27.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, July 28.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Tuesday, July 29.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, July 30.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, July 31.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, August 1.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, August 2.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, August 3.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, August 4.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Tuesday, August 5.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, August 6.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, August 7.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, August 8.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

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Tuesday, August 26.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, August 27.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, August 28.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, August 29.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, August 30.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, August 31.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, September 1.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Tuesday, September 2.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, September 3.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, September 4.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, September 5.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, September 6.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, September 7.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, September 8.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Tuesday, September 9.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, September 10.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, September 11.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, September 12.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Saturday, September 13.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Sunday, September 14.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Monday, September 15.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Tuesday, September 16.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Wednesday, September 17.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Thursday, September 18.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

Friday, September 19.—Questions and Answers: James King; Louis B. Brown, to his wife; Walter B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife; Robert B. Brown, to his wife.

was born in Montpelier, Vermont, and died in Portsmouth, Virginia, where I had lived nearly fifteen years.

When this cruel rebellion broke out, my husband unwisely avowed his Union sentiments, for which he was persecuted, and afterward pressed into the rebel service, and I was left with my three children—and as I was unable to support them, they were miserably starved and what would become of my husband, and what would become of me and my children in the future.

All these things tended to break down my constitution, until at last I fell a victim to typhoid fever, and died, leaving my children to the care of those who, God knows, are unfit to take care of them. I had heard that my husband was killed, but since my death, I know it's not so; but he is now a prisoner, being unable to fight in consequence of sickness and wounds. He's not allowed his liberty, because he's too honest to his own soul to take the oath, which might only tremble upon the lips, but never find a place in the heart.

I had some knowledge of this method of returning before I died. My husband believes somewhat in these things. I have also a sister who has some faith in these modern manifestations. I would ask her to care for my children all she can, for I am not satisfied with the treatment they are now receiving. But I ask this much of my husband's oldest brother—that he will lay aside all party-feeling, and remember that it is his brother who suffers such unkindness from him, and that the same God sustains them both. I would ask him to do what he is able to do to relieve that brother, that he may go and attend to the wants of his children, who are now deprived of a mother's care and affection. That brother is a physician. He ought to understand the physiology of the human soul as well as that of the body. If he will hold communion with higher ones than those of earth, he will be able to administer to the wants of the spirit as well as the body.

His name is Alexander Collins, and he resides in Portsmouth, Va. Oh, that I had strength equal to my desires! Oh, that I had power to move his heart to pity for his brother's sake! My anxiety for those I love has brought me here among strangers to-day, and the kind care of dear friends in spirit—among whom I may mention his own dear mother—has failed to give me that soul-quiet and comfort which I so much need. For the sake of her memory, I ask that he do by my children and his brother as he would have others do unto him.

To my husband I have but a few words to say, and I can scarce hope that even those will reach him. "Be patient, be persevering, be hopeful, trust in God, and he will take care of you." July 1.

John T. Forsyth.

Be so kind as to say, through your columns, that John T. Forsyth, of the New Orleans Delta Office, speaks here to-day; and that he will redeem the promise made to friends in that city soon. My age was twenty-nine years. I am unable to speak further, having had only a few hours' experience in the spirit-world.

Theodore Barnes.

I find myself so completely surrounded by anxious individuals, who have recently become separated from their bodies, that I hardly know whether it is right for me to occupy the few minutes granted me for conversation with friends while so many others about me are impatient to come.

I have been in extreme anxiety with regard to some members of my family and connections, who have taken an active part in this present civil war, and I feel that whatever I may do in coming here to-day will be for the good of humanity generally, as well as for my own particular friends. I see in their minds somewhat of wavering; they feel that their Southern brethren have been wronged, and they have some doubts as to whether it is right for them to go to war against them.

I believe it is right to preserve order at all hazards, and at all times. Order is the one thing necessary in all forms of governments, and unless it is preserved, you are nothing more than a pack of savages. I think your Southern brethren have had liberty, too much liberty. You have accorded to them that which they would not have accorded to you—namely, slavery. And now that they have seen fit to take up arms against the Government which has so long granted them innumerable privileges, I believe it is right that order should be again reestablished, even though it be at the expense of human life. Bolster up their pet institution as long as you will, and you'll find that, sooner or later, God will pull out the props. I am somewhat more zealous in this matter than I was when on earth, but you know we are all creatures of change, and it might be expected that after living some fifteen, near sixteen years in spirit-life, as I have, that there would be some change in my feelings and views.

It has been asked among my kindred, why I could not return, if others could, and use my influence for the good of others? I may be able to throw but one mite into the scale, but if I throw that with a good will and faith in God, it will accomplish as much good as if I had thrown in a mountain. The scale will turn sometimes with the smallest mote, if thrown in with a good intention and a strong degree of intellectual force.

I should be glad to open communication with my family and friends privately, but if I cannot do that I'll endeavor, as best I can, to open communication with them through public channels. I am Theodore Barnes, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

John Nelson Merrill.

I have been away most a year, and there's nobody here that I know. My name is John Merrill, and I was nine years old when I died. My whole name was John Nelson Merrill. [Where did you die?] Here. [In Boston?] No, I live in Hartford, Conn. I want to see and talk with my mother; if I don't, she'll cry all day Fourth of July, because I died that day. [Were you killed by an accident?] No, I was sick. [Can you tell the street and number of the house in which your mother lives?] I don't know. [Have you any brothers and sisters living?] Yes; Lewis and Sarah. [Is your father living?] Yes, and his name is like mine. My mother's name is Sarah, and my grand-mother is there, too. She's mother's mother.

I wanted to go here before the Fourth of July, because I don't want her to cry all day. My grand-father said he hoped I'd be able to come in season, but I ain't. [Is he with you to-day?] He's in the outside circle. He came with me here. I can ask him what kind of sickness he had. [No matter about it.] Do you send boys' letters, as well as other folks? [Yes.] Well, I should like to have my mother not cry all Fourth of July, and I should like to go home, and I should like to have changes all the time to go when I like to. [Don't you know of some medium in Hartford that would let you talk to your mother through her?] I know Mrs. Mettler; everybody knows her.

My grand-father can't give the street and number of the house my mother lives in. He went away before we lived there, a long time, when my mother was small. [What does your father do?] He's a mechanic, mother said. [What kind of a mechanic?] I don't know what kind; he does something on brass. He's gone away now, and he was when I died, fighting. He is n't dead.

I'm afraid to talk here. I don't like to with these clothes on. [Never mind them; we can't any of us see you.] I see me, and I'll feel different if you'll give me some other clothes. [Where are the clothes you wore before you died?] I've got them at home. I don't want them any more. I've never wanted them before since I've been away. [Would you like to have your mother take them to the medium's room; that you may see them?] I don't want to see them; I want to have them on; I don't feel right in this way. Shall I go on? [When you please.]

[After the circle, some spirit wrote upon paper these words: "The child's mother is at present in Pennsylvania."] July 1.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would soar above thy creations, and view these, our Creator. Oh, thou Supreme Ruler of the Universe, this hour through prayer thine earthly children would find "draw near unto thee, and hold divine communion with thee. Oh, Divine Father and Mother, it hath pleased thee to chasten thy child, the American people, at this time, and it hath pleased thee to afflict her sorely for the evil which she has sprung up like poisonous weeds in the very centre of her being, oh Lord, wilt thou in thine own good time, remove this heavy cross from her shoulders. May she feel, oh Father, that thou hast sent civil war upon her for some wise purpose, and when she shall feel this great truth, will she not bow down and kiss the chastening rod, thanking thee in the future for all the suffering which thou didst visit upon her? Our Father, there are sighs and groans going up to thee from wounded spirits and broken hearts, that, like Rachel of old, refuse to be comforted. Oh, our Father, we feel that thou wilt care for them; that thou wilt pour the oil of thy divine consolation upon their bruised and bleeding hearts, and be to the orphaned ones of earth Father, Mother, Sister and Brother. For this, oh our Father, we thank thee, as also for that spiritual light that is making and hearts to bow in acknowledgment to thy love. For this glorious messenger of the nineteenth century we thank thee, and for all that is in store for us in the future we thank thee, oh Lord, our God. Amen. July 8.

Soliloquy upon the approaching Fourth of July.

My friends, you are about to celebrate the anniversary of your national independence. Did you ever pause and consider that you are by no means independent, either in thought or action? That you are inseparably bound to every human being that ever did or will exist? Very few, we fear, have paused to consider even the first point of this great subject.

Independent! Independent of what? Of foreign powers; in your supreme power to rule; your capacity to care for your own interests, you will say. But are you independent in this? I think not, nor do I believe you ever will be. It is vain for you to set up any rule of independence, or boast of independence in any shape or form. It is the order of Nature to be dependent. Each atom is dependent upon every other atom for its own particular support and existence. Do you suppose that you, the crowning gem of creation, are less dependent than the minor works of God's hand? That you stand apart and are independent of each other as fellow-creatures? Surely man is no exception to God's rule in this respect.

Why do you sigh when you gaze upon the sick and wounded that are daily being brought into your city, and regret the condition of your country? Why? Because you are bound to them one and all, by the cord of sympathy; because you feel their agony and must ever be a sharer in their sorrows, as well as in their pleasures.

In a few hours your ears will be greeted by sounds of rejoicing everywhere about you. But shall there be no sorrow mingling with this mirth and revelry? God knows there will be, and while one shall drink of the cup of sorrow, all must more or less feel the effects of the heart-sickening potion; for the great chain of human sympathy binds you all together, run through you all, and sustains you all, even in your hours of misery and grief. Independent! Why you might as well declare yourself independent of God, as to declare yourself religiously, physically, socially, spiritually independent of each other; but in all these senses you are inseparably bound together, and in consideration of this fact are bound to maintain together the laws which God has framed for your support and government.

Christ said unto his disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have loved one another." And in the observance of this commandment lies all your hopes of future happiness and peace. Neglect this, and you neglect all. The desolate picture the present hour presents us, does not inform us that you have lived in harmony with yourselves, for, believe us, had you have been even at rest with yourselves, civil war would not have been your guest to-day.

Oh, when to-morrow shall be ushered in, and the future shall be with you as the present, oh pause, and reflect, that you are each and all dependent upon one another, by the unchanging law of Jehovah. Then seek to establish harmony first within your own souls, that you may be the better prepared to extend the sphere of your love to do good to all; not only in act, but in thought, and strive to cheer every heart that may have sprung up in the garden of your hearts, and if you do this, you will have accomplished much toward restoring peace and harmony among you as a nation. And this glorious truth, this spiritual light, sent to you by God from above, shall be the guiding star of your common destiny as a people hereafter. Oh, remember that your God is the God of your enemy also. Fight against it as long as you can, this truth will, sooner or later, manifest itself to you. Oh, worship God in the beauty of holiness, as natural and dependent beings, and you will hardly go to war with your neighbors.

May God in his infinite mercy bless you all, and may he send ministering angels from heaven to guide aright your erring footsteps. And when you shall hear the sounds of rejoicing on the morrow, oh feel that you've each and every one something to do before you shall have gained a victory over your besetting sin. July 8.

Do Infants Suffer in the Change called Death?

We now solicit the reception of questions from the friends present. Friends in mortal need need not fear to hold council with us. We shall not harm them, for we could not if we would, and would not if we could.

Ques.—Do infants suffer in the change called death?

Ans.—In some cases they do not. We believe in the majority of cases they do not. Prior to the change called death, the brain of the infant becomes paralyzed, or the spirit loses control of that part of the human mechanism known as the seat of thought, some hours before death. The physical form would, at times, sometimes give evidence of what seems to be great suffering, but you are not always to judge from these external evidences, as they are sometimes muscular contractions, while the spirit or the brain, takes no part in them whatever.

July 8.

Gen. Ben McCulloch.

How goes the battle, Sir? [In what way do you mean?] Does victory lie upon the Federal or Confederate side? [Rather the Confederate side at present.] Thank God for that! You expect to be victorious in the end, I suppose? You expect to subjugate the South? You expect to keep your foot still longer upon Southern soil? You do us injustice, I think, in talking so. [Well, you expect to be victorious, do you not?] [We hope to be so in the end.] Very well, then you expect all the rest, too.

Another thing I believe you're expecting, that is the speedy termination of this present war. I think you expect what you won't realize this year, or another, either. You rob us of our bodies, and we rob you of yours, which makes us even in that respect, but for the furtherance of our plans upon earth, we are allowed the use of other bodies to return with. You Spiritualists understand that we do not change much in dying. And then you say that we will come into your way of thinking; you expect that you do—a time-old expectation of yours. By the remarks of the gentleman who preceded me, I learned that to-day is the day before Independence.

denoe. A very saucy, independent set of beings you Yankees are, if you're not quite as much craft and ingenuity as your Southern brethren have in these war matters. You haven't been to war, you say. [No.] Well, you live in newspapers, don't you? [Certainly.] Very well, you ought

SUMMER BEAUTIES.

ENTRANCED.

Eternity is a day without yesterday or to-morrow—
a day without end.

From the Monthly Religious Magazine.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

It is but a few years since the American public were surprised and amused with the tidings of what was then first known as the "Rooster Knockings." By common sense the person's story was entirely disbelieved, and deemed unworthy of a second thought, much less a sober consideration. From that little beginning what a strange progress and development the thing called Spiritualism has attained, be it true or false, has attained. Subjected to ridicule the most sarcastic that could be devised, to examinations and tests of a kind that would have been considered the province of a human brain; explained, analyzed, and even refuted by many different theories as to the learned minds to examine--theories frequently militating against each other, so that the defender of the cause can often find his best arguments in the mouths of

[illegible]

Whilst it is admitted that an equal development of heart and head are necessary to make the perfect man, it is not true that the head must be first cultivated, or that the head cannot receive true instruction without a corresponding development of the heart, the knowledge of the head is full of errors that lead the spirit to its ruin. This is no new proposition; the philosophy of it is simple. It is the development brings that peace of mind which fits the intellect to receive the highest intellectual conceptions, makes it receptive to the highest spiritual truths. Yet the nations who boast of their Christian civilization have ignored it, and set up intellectual idols that have received their souls' devotion for six days in the week, and have forgotten in the midst of their worldly and material progress the spiritual truths to which their would-be sacred oaths have pledged them. Wonderful has been the intellectual and material progress of the nations, and particularly of this people during the past century, but is it not true that spiritual and moral development have been retarded, if not retrograded, in consequence of this? It is a practical result; see the utter selfishness of the true civilization, commercial classes. With few exceptions every man of them is striving, with his whole soul, to find out, not how he can help his neighbor, but how he can

[illegible]

Public Meeting

Grove Meeting

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Music hall with direct by the Spirit-
 ualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and eve-
 ning. Speaker engaged:—Miss Laura De Force during
 August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.
 NEW BROAD.—Musical hall has been hired by the Spirit-
 ualists. Conference. Meetings held Sunday mornings, and
 speaking by mediums afternoon and evening. Speaker
 engaged: Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 22.
 FORESTARD.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
 meetings every Sunday for the purpose of calling on
 the spirits of the dead. Green street. Conference: the
 Forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 5-4 and 7
 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Currier, August 8
 and 10.

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