

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER V.

I have said that our house was old; it was also inconvenient, with low ceilings, and small windows. Moreover, it was shaded by large trees, which, in a dark day, made it gloomy. On each side of the door were two tall Lombardy poplars, which stood straight and stiff, like tireless sentinels that never ceased their watch. There were two similar trees at the gate. I do not fancy these trees; they have neither beauty for the eye, nor shade for the noontide heat; but as there was no lack of trees for the latter purpose, and as I dislike exceedingly to part with any tree, we let them remain. Sidney said he would wait until we built anew, and then let the old poplars share the fate of the house they had guarded so long. Already we began to think of them as doomed, and regarded them, as we always do those whose fate is sealed, with many thoughts of pity. Piles of lumber and brick had been brought during the winter, and now lay in the yard, ready for use when the spring should open—and now, indeed, spring had come; and one day as I sat at my window, (poor Mrs. Smith's old seat,) I saw the workmen examining the earth to see if the frost was fully out, that they could lay the stone foundation. Now I should be lonely no more; I could watch the stone masons with trowel and mortar, as they made, sure and strong the foundation of our future home, and then other men would come, strong and cheerful, who would raise the frame—the skeleton that should afterward be filled and covered, and made comely to the eye. I fancied that the noise of saw and hammer would be merry music for me in that lonely yard—and then how much pleasure I should take in seeing our ideal worked out in wood and mortar and brick! I say, for Sidney and myself had spent many evenings over the house-plan. How we had puzzled our heads with cupboards and closets, and how many laughs we had in discussing the kitchen, into which we had crowded all the conveniences imaginable. We visited the houses of our neighbors, always finding something upon which we should improve, and when by ourselves, we often wondered how people could be so stupid in building—why should they put a door there, or open it inside instead of outward; how awkwardly the staircase was arranged in one house, and how gloomy the sitting-room in another; one had sacrificed everything to a nice parlor, which they did not use more than twice a year; another had a huge kitchen, which it was impossible to warm; another so small a one, that two could not work comfortably in it at the same time. Every person who had built a house, was ready with advice, and all said, "If we should build again we should do so and so," very different from what they had done. Now, though our means were limited, we fully believed that our house would combine all the good in our neighbors', with none of the evil.

Our money was to be well laid out, and so careful were we in our estimates that we were confident it was to cost us no more than the sum we had proposed.

Sidney once said, "I suppose, Mary, we ought to leave a margin for many things not put down in our estimate."

"It must be a small sum," I said, "for have not we thought of everything—even to the hooks in the presses?"

"It seems so; but others tell me that in building, the cost always exceeds the estimate."

"No doubt; but then you know we are more careful, and having once perfected our plan, we shall make no alterations; besides, we are going to learn wisdom from the blunders of others; just think of Mrs. Mason's bedroom opening only into her sitting-room; now, just see, I have put our bathing-room adjoining our sleeping apartment; and then here again I have arranged to go down into the cellar on this side of the kitchen," pointing to the plan, "and leave that nice space for an ironing-table. See what an improvement!"

Sidney looked at the paper for a moment, and then said, "But, Mary, you will have your stairs very steep; there is hardly room enough for a staircase this side of the door. It will be worse than Mrs. Smith's, which you said was mountain climbing."

"Oh, yes, sure enough; I never think to measure when I am making my alterations; I must remember."

At last our plan was perfected, our contract made, and we determined to alter nothing. What dreams I had in those days! Night dreams and day-dreams visions of cosy little parlors, and bright kitchens replete of nice cookery, of a fireside of our own, where Sidney should enjoy his paper, and I my sewing, without being disturbed by the ghost of the poor, jealous wife. I had become more and more sure that she haunted the house; that I heard her sighing in the dusk of the evening; but I never said anything to Sidney on the subject, for he was not superstitious at all, and I dreaded to have him think me so; therefore I comforted myself with thinking that before another winter the old house would vanish, and I was firm in the belief that Mrs. Smith would not like the new house; it would be altogether too cheerful for such a gloomy spirit!

besides, ghosts never feel at home in new houses; they prefer the perfume of mould and decay to the smell of new paint. It was not often that I was disturbed, and I tried to forget it in thoughts of our future home, and now that the workmen were gone, I hoped the noise would drive her wholly away.

The spring opened early. Warm rays warmed the hard earth, and gave fresh verdure to hills and fields. None but the residents of our northern climes can tell the life-giving, invigorating influence of opening spring; body and soul rejoice in it, and we feel to leap as the hart, and break forth into singing, and in the language of the Psalmist, we call upon the trees to clap their hands, and the hills to skip like lambs.

Life had never seemed so bright before, for Sidney was feeling strong and well. Aunt Posey said that was a good sign, for "consumptive folks always felt weak and faint, like the first spring-days," but she still insisted upon the use of certain herbs at this time of the year, sassafras tea in particular; and packages of it nicely cleaned were sent to us, with bottles of distilled mint and wintergreen.

Aunt Posey and I had become very good friends, an intimacy which seemed to please Fanny, who often accompanied me in my walks there. I was sorry to see that the little water-color painting had been removed to give place to the great fruit-basket which now rejoiced in its gilded frame. I had taken such a fancy to the more delicate sketch that I proposed to myself to change with Aunt Posey, giving her instead a school-girl performance of my own, being nothing less than a vase of flowers on white velvet, which all my companions pronounced "magnificent." When I completed it, and I will remember the triumph I felt when I carried it home from school to display to my father; it was incredibly the amount of gamboge, carmine, Prussian blue, and chrome yellow I had lavished upon it. Years had sobered my estimate of its beauty, and it now hung in a little back chamber, the admiration of the daisies who assisted me in my household affairs occasionally. Aunt Posey had pronounced it "gorgeous," and a "little beyond" the fruit-basket. I should have proposed a bargain at once for the water-color; but really, my conscience was too tender; I could not give such a masterpiece to the faded and genuine "sable," of the value of which he is ignorant.

But one day, when Fanny was flying like a bird all over the house, hunting up something for tableaux, she spied this picture and brought it down, highly delighted with its gorgeous coloring. We were amusing ourselves with it, when I happened to think of my meditated exchange, and spoke of it, praising, as I thought it deserved, the little water-color. "It must have been given to your mother, Fanny, for in one corner are the words, 'Agnes to Flora.'"

"Oh, yes," said she, suddenly lowering her voice and looking sad; "that was my Aunt Agnes, one of the most beautiful beings that ever lived, I suppose. I have not seen her since I was a little girl, too young to remember her, but I know my mother must have loved her very much. I can't tell why it is, but nobody ever speaks of her, and when I ask Aunt Posey about her, she says, 'Oh, yes, honey, Miss Agnes was the delight of our eyes; but Miss Flora was my darling—and now they're both gone—both, and Posey is left alone; but it is your mother, oh! I want to talk about, and you need not ask me nothing about Agnes, because she was not my pet, you know.' I never heard father mention her name, though I knew she spent some years with my mother. I once asked Aunt Hannah if she remembered her, and she replied, 'To be sure; don't I know everybody that has lived in this house for twenty years?'"

"Was she handsome, Aunt Hannah?"

"No, not what I call handsome, but some folks that I know were mightily taken with her. She didn't suit me with her Southern ways and her high notions; and I was not sorry when she went back to the South; and I have never heard a word from her since your father returned from there about two years after your mother's death." Aunt Posey tells me that she's dead;—I had a miniature of her, auntie, and a sweet face it was; but one day father gave me a miniature of my mother, and I looked him or Uncle Sidney to put that in the gold locket, instead of Aunt Agnes, and I have never seen auntie's since. It was very careless in me to lose it so."

"I am sorry, Fanny, for I have a strange interest in the painter of that sketch! I wish I could get it."

"I would not like to ask Aunt Posey for it. She is very generous; but any relic of my mother's family is most sacredly cherished by her, and she looks so grave when I talk about Aunt Agnes; that I have thought best to say nothing to her about old times. I think our family are fated to sorrow."

"Nonsense, Fanny; don't talk about 'fate.' We make our own fate, and are not miserable unless we make ourselves so."

Fanny shook her head. "I have a notion, auntie, and it is so fixed that it would be difficult to eradicate, that our family are doomed to misfortune. You are so quiet and even in your temperament that you can hardly understand the volcanic disposition of my Southern ancestors, and I have a fancy that they must have done something very wrong in years that are past; perhaps in the days of the old Spanish Knights (for my mother was Spanish by descent) some deed of violence was committed for which we must atone."

I laughed heartily. My little Fanny was really getting into a romantic and unhealthy mood.

"Come, now, Fanny; let us get out of these low

dark rooms, and go out and watch the workmen? Isn't it delightful to see our home progressing? What merry times we'll have at the housewarming!"

Fanny followed me, but the shade on her brow did not clear till we had been some time out in the sun-bath, listening to the clatter of workmen, who were as merry as they were busy.

I began to waver in my rejection of all presentments the next day, for Fanny received a letter from her father, requesting her to be ready in a week to go to Bethlehem to school, where he had made arrangements for her remaining a year. My husband also received a letter, asking him to accompany her, pay her bills, &c.

Now this was indeed a great misfortune to us all!—I mean all the family save Aunt Hannah. She said it was just the thing for Fanny; they were well-guarded and thoroughly taught there, and Mr. Perry had shown his good sense in the selection of a school.

Now I had no objection to Bethlehem: I approved of the system and mild firm government of the Moravian sisters; but Fanny was to be four hundred miles from us—a long distance in those days; we had just learned to love each other, and I had no other intimate friend. She had already laid our plans for study, and had hoped to persuade her father to let her remain with us for the present. But his word was law, and Fanny was ready at the time appointed, though she was as sad as myself at the departure. It was hard to have Sidney go with her, and see for himself that into whose care she was to be entrusted.

The old house was lonely enough while he was absent; but I kept myself as busy as possible with my little domestic assistant in the regular spring cleaning, which Yankee housekeepers understand so well, as making more than one week of spring a season of labor and care. It was the last time the old house was to receive this yearly ablution, the last sacrifice it would witness to the household duty—cleanliness! I had never been pleased with the low rooms, large, dark kitchen, but it seemed suddenly to possess a new and strange interest for me. Here the young mother first pressed to her heart the first time her child; here, how too, had she laid him in the coffin, and felt all the bitterness of that bereavement which makes earth so dark; here the old maid had laid aside his pilgrim staff, and the work-out earthly body, which, like the old house itself, could afford him no scanty comfort or protection. Blessed for him if, in the words of the poet, like the house, new light from heaven had been let in upon his soul "through openings that time had made."

It was said, too, that in this house a sweet young girl had been wooed and won by a brave sailor who, on the morning after the bridal, had left for a long voyage. The ship was not heard from, and it was supposed that it foundered at sea the very night of its departure, and in sight of land. The bride would not believe in the death of her husband, even though her friends persuaded her to wear the sad garments of mourning; but year after year she waited with sweet patience and hope—hope that never forsook her, till it met its full reward at the end of ten years. She was sitting on the door-step knitting one summer eve near twilight, when a hand lifted the gate-latch and she saw the long lost one coming up the pathway. Her first words were: "George, I was looking for you. I knew you would come!" He had indeed been shipwrecked, and was for many years a wanderer, but now with money and a heart still true, had returned to the patient waiter.

When I thought of this I used to say, "Dear old house, such faith and love has sanctified it." Then again would come the dark shadow of the poor, jealous wife moving about wearily, sadly, with bitterness in her heart and without a smile upon the lip. Common report said that her husband, once a gay, cheerful man, had become a misanthrope, shunning all society, especially that of women. A gossiping neighbor had told me this, on one of my house-cleaning days, and had asked me if I had never found any of her papers, "for," said she, "she was an incessant writer, finding her only amusement in that occupation."

She was no sooner out of the house than I instituted a search, directing myself first to the old garret, where reposed the debris of many generations, the old remains which, like the fossils of the geologic ages, had a distinct character. I could classify them almost as distinctly, telling the character of the various families by the broken remains.

I remembered in one corner an old box of loose papers, old receipt books, almanacs, tattered testaments, spelling books, &c. Before many minutes I had them all upon the floor, and wrapped in a shawl with my hair protected from the dust, I sat down to an examination. Three hours I was absorbed in my work, but rewarded, as I believed, at last, by finding a writing-book, such as were made for children many years ago, filled, not by a child's strokes and pot-hooks, but by a cramped and not well-formed lady's hand. It seemed to be a diary or journal, and though there was no name to indicate the owner, the dates corresponded to the years which I knew Mrs. Smith had occupied the house. I laid it aside, suppressing my curiosity, which was not at all lessened by seeing the name "Perry" on a number of the pages as I turned them hastily. But I had other work to do then, and I waited for the lonely evening.

All day long, as I went up stairs and down, in garret or cellar, chamber or parlor, ever as my side was the poor, sad wife who died at last broken-hearted, died, too, in my sitting-room; near where I always sat; the last light of earth to her came

through the elm-shaded window, flickered amid the swaying foliage, and rested on the pale face and folded hands of the weary woman in her last rest. In that room I sat down when the labors of the day were over, to read the old, worn manuscript, on which tears had evidently fallen, and where the bitter words had welled up from a sad heart to a trembling hand. It was a gloomy night, for a rain storm had set in—one of those long, tedious spring rains, when the clouds are so persistent and tireless, not sending down their waters in brisk, refreshing showers, as if they would do their work quick and well, but a steady, continuous, slow pour, like the even, firm march of a regiment that means to conquer, not by sudden onslaught but wearing out the enemy by the force of strength and numbers. My tired handmaid had gone to bed, and I sat alone reading the manuscript, at first rather listlessly, for it seemed to be a sentimental tirade against married life—how sad for poor woman to be subjected to the will of the tyrant man. One page ran on as follows:

"Sunday.—Mr. Smith has gone to church, he urged me to go with him, but how hypocritical for me to walk arm-in-arm with him, and sit by his side as if I loved and were beloved, when I know all the time his thoughts are on another. He shows it, too, by his looks, for his eyes are constantly wandering, even during the service, to Miss Reed's pew. Well, he may go alone and look as much as he pleases; I'll not trouble myself about going, and then be made miserable all the time. He said he bought me that new bonnet last week, hoping to induce me to go with him to-day, but I am too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that. Did he think that I could not see that it was trimmed exactly like Miss Reed's? But I suppose he has looked at that so much that he thinks it is the only way ribbon can be put on. I'm sure I shall not wear it till the trimming is changed. He gave me a severe reproof last evening for refusing to see Mrs. Perry when she called, and leaving him to entertain her, as if that was not just what he wanted. Did not I see her come into the gate the other day when he was in the garden, and trip round so daintily, holding up her dress to show her little feet, and chatting and laughing with Mr. Smith, and bending down over this plant and that, and admiring his favorites, and offering him apples and roots from her conservatory? And then did not he make a most delicate bouquet of roses and heliotropes, and geraniums, and give her? She received it with smiles and thanks, and a nice time they had of it, as he walked clear to the gate, opening it for her, and bowing as if he worshiped the ground beneath her feet. Good reason why I did not wish to see her when she came here. There, sure enough, he is this minute walking home from church with her, and holding an umbrella to protect her from the shower. Why did not she carry an umbrella for herself?—she must know that showers are common here in April. Well, he may eat his dinner alone; he'll not want my society, after having that of such a 'beautiful and accomplished' lady as Mrs. Perry."

Wednesday evening.—My little daughter has been very sick, and her father was much alarmed and anxious about her. (Wish he'd be as attentive to me.) For my part, I felt as if it might be as well for her perhaps to die now, for 'woman's lot is on her'; it will be hers to suffer. If her fate is to be like mine, better far, the silent grave and the 'sleep that knows no waking.' Mrs. Perry came in and offered to assist me in taking care of Emma, but I refused; (I knew what she wanted.) But the child cried so for her that I had to give my consent. So I went and laid down for a little rest, and when I awoke, some three hours afterwards, I found Mr. Smith with her, both watching, and Emma's hand was holding Mrs. Perry's and the child begged her not to leave her, and her father said, 'No darling, the lady will not leave you if you'll try to sleep. There now, lie still and she'll sing to you.' And she did sing, very low and soft, and the child's eyes were fixed upon her face, till at last sleep came, and then her father arranged the bed clothes, but I saw tears in his eyes as he thanked Mrs. Perry, and said: 'It's the first sleep she has had for two days. The doctor said, if she could only sleep, she would recover; but he was afraid of using opiates, as they affect her head unpleasantly.' 'I'll come in again in a few hours,' said Mrs. Perry, as if she really had a right to the child. I'm glad she'll have a child of her own, soon, and then she'll not monopolize all that I have. Oh, dear! I wish I loved flowers and could sing, but I'm nobody—at least, my husband seems to think so. Mrs. Perry is preparing for a great party. She was already for it last week, but would not have it because Emma was sick, so I suppose I'll have to go, but I'd rather spend the time in the county jail. Mr. Smith wants me to wear my light silk, and has brought me home a fashionable lace cape to wear with it; but black is the only color suitable for me—garments of mourning and a spirit of heaviness go together. A great party for Burnside. My husband laughs, and says: 'Mr. Perry is a candidate for Judge, and that his wife will aid him more than any ten of his gentlemen friends.' She was dressed very simply herself, as if she had no desire to outshine others; but Mr. Smith thinks she looked prettier than ever in her simple white dress and flowers. But he'd admire her if she were in coarse serge. Miss Reed was there, and was having a fine chat with my husband, which I interrupted suddenly by sending word that I wished to go home. I guessed he was going back for the coffee had not been sent round, and he has a great penchant for Mrs. Perry's Mocha; but I had one of my turns of heart's complaint, and of course he would not leave me. I went to bed at last,

and he sat up and read his paper. He was dreadfully disappointed, I know, but such trials are good for men; they need discipline. Then how wrong for us, poor, sinful beings, to like such gay and festive scenes—we creatures of a day, that are to be so soon devoured by worms—dancing, laughing, and making merry. Far better for us to be thinking of our sins, and death and judgment. I made a feeble effort to solemnize Mr. Smith's mind by reminding him of these things, but he said it was not good for me to talk when I had palpitation of the heart, and that he wished to read Mr. Clay's last speech in the Senate, on Internal Improvement. So I was left to my own sad thoughts, only remarking that I thought he would find a better essay on internal improvement in Ecclesiastes.

Sunday.—Mr. Smith is out of town, and I therefore took Emma and went to church, hoping to enjoy the services unmolested. Our good minister, Mr. Harmon, preached upon this text: 'Be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, is going about as a roaring lion, seeking to devour you.' He gave the various devices of the devil to devour and destroy the Church. It seems he assumes many disguises to draw poor souls to perdition. Among others he mentions the fascinations of worldly society. I then began to wish Mr. Smith was there, that he might see his great danger. Miss Reed sat as if she really enjoyed it all, and did not take one word of it home; and as for Mrs. Perry, the tears ran down her cheeks when Mr. Harmon described Paradise, and the blessed state of Adam and Eve before the Serpent entered the garden. 'The perfect happiness of two holy beings,' he said, 'united in marriage, cannot be conceived by us now, where thorns and briars take the place of flowers, and anger, jealousy and passion dwell where love and peace hovered like angels. Adam,' he added, 'was majestic in his primeval beauty, and Eve fairer than any of her daughters; why then should she have listened to the charmer? or, rather, why should she have wandered from her husband's side—whose greater knowledge might have taught her wisdom? and then, alas! why should she use her beauty and the sweet language of tongue and eye, to bring such unutterable woe upon him? Oh, woman, great is thy power! Thou canst lead a soul to hell, or win a lost spirit from the shadow of death; thou canst fight against the armies of God like a painted Jael, or wash the Redeemer's feet with thy tears.' Poor little Mrs. Perry wet her lace trimmed handkerchief through and through, so that I wanted to wring it out for her. I hope they were tears of repentance, and that she would henceforth be more careful how she used her powers of fascination on weak men. I suppose she has tried it on her Adam in vain, and wants some one else for experiment. Squire Perry was there; himself to-day. He never goes to church excepting when a couple are to be published. As he is town clerk, he has to be there and read the banns. John Blake and Ann Brice were published to-day. (Poor things, if they knew the toll and sorrow in store for them, they would stop where they are.) Dear me! nothing opens our eyes but experience. But as I was going to say, Squire Perry ain't a man to be easily influenced by a woman; he is always grave and dignified, and never descends to much laughing, or small talk. People think his wife worships him, and perhaps she does, but I guess she is afraid of him, for she always watches him when present, as if anxious for his approval. I think she is too chatty and lively for so dignified a man as the Squire. I hope he will succeed in gaining his promotion, for he is just my ideal of a Judge.

Great arrival to-day at the Perrys'. Agnes, 'my darling sister,' as Mrs. Perry says, has come from Florida. I can see her now on Sunset Porch. She is a picture, surely, as she stands there in white, her hair falling in curls to her shoulders. The Squire is reading the paper, his wife is sitting near him, but she seems to be watching her sister eagerly, while the latter stoops to pat Rover, Sidney Perry's greyhound. There comes his master; they are never far apart. See! Mrs. Perry is introducing Sidney to Miss Agnes; they look well together. I always did like Sidney's figure, and there, now he has taken off his hat—his high forehead and wavy black hair show well, as the light from the West falls upon them. There is something about him different from all the other young gentlemen in Burnside; so courteous and yet so grave; he always bows as politely to me as to the prettiest girl in town. How delicate he is, and lately he looks pale; will die young, perhaps, like his father, who was consumptive, though it is a long-lived family on the mother's side. It's just as well to go soon; there's nothing but trouble in this world; and if Sidney Perry is to be inveigled into matrimony by his sister-in-law, he might as well die at once. He's just the kind of man for an artful woman to work upon, unsuspecting, kind, retiring, and very reserved; but he bites when Mrs. Perry angles with her pretty bait. She can't cheat heaven of its angels, though, and he will be one before many years, or I am no judge of disease. Alas! I know too well, and have watched too many going the same path."

"Oh dear!" I cried, glancing the old manuscript to the further end of the room, and covering my face with my hands, burst into tears. "Must I have this terrible fear ever before me? Aunt Posey's sad looks, Fanny's strange syllabic expressions, and now from the dark, gloomy past looms up this ghastly form and dead woman's words to wound me like a dagger's point. Oh, Sidney, come home—come quick, let me not lose one moment, if—if—" I could not in thought finish the sentence, but I sang myself on the couch and wept till exhausted nature sought relief in sleep; but it was a sleep so troubled,

that I awoke at dawn, weary and worn, longing only for my husband's return. He came that day, looking so fresh and happy that I forgot my sad night, and felt as if the sun was shining and the sky blue after a long tempest. The manuscript was picked up and thrown into a drawer, where it remained untouched for a long time, the very thought of it giving me much pain.

The bright, sunny days were come, the grass in the yard was springing fresh, the hyacinths and English violets were yielding their fragrance lovingly, and the dandelions flinging their golden treasures over the hills. I never saw my husband so happy as then. The world never seemed so beautiful before, he said, and he set out trees, and planted shrubbery, and overlooked the workmen, watching every stone and plank, so that some words of his, some plan or new suggestion was associated with every part of the building. But strange to say, the old house became dearer to us as the new one approached completion, and when the workmen proposed to take down a huge chimney that stood in the back part, that they might fill in the new walls with brick, I felt as if it were almost sacrilege. Whatever scenes had been enacted there, we at least had known only the purest happiness which it is given to mortals to know. Love had sanctified it, and I even went so far as to make the remark that I did not expect to be any happier in the new house than in the old.

Sidney smiled, and asked "If I thought a new house made happiness; and yet," he added, quickly, not giving me time to answer the question, "It is very inconvenient living in this old shell, and it is not healthy either, with its low ceiling, small windows, and deep shade. I shall be happier thinking of you as sitting in our large, light, airy sitting-room, and enjoying the pretty kitchen, with its abundant water and large pantry. I do not mean to have any sickly sentimentality about pulling down this poor, decayed old thing. I wish we could do it this summer, and fill up the old cellar, and add to the garden; but we cannot move into the new house until October, and must then wait till another Spring for my garden improvements."

Then we discussed our plans for the future, what fruits and flowers we would raise, and how delightful it would be to see the work of our own hands. The two acres which surrounded the house should be made to blossom and bear fruit abundantly. Here we would live and here die.

"I am satisfied with Burnside," said Sidney, "and have no roving propensities. Here, when I am old, I desire to sit under the shade of my own vines and apple trees, and in yonder quiet burying-ground sleep at last in peace. How beautifully it looks now," he added, "as the evening sun strikes the eastern slope."

I turned my eyes, and caught the white gleam of a monument—his father's grave. Then I remembered Mrs. Smith's journal, and a shudder ran through my whole frame.

"Come, let us walk," said my husband, "I want your opinion about setting out some currant and gooseberry bushes."

We lingered long, that evening, out of doors, planning little arbors and garden paths, and then we sat on a pile of boards, in the new house, discussing how best to furnish it.

"Let us have nothing for show," said Sidney, "but all for comfort and use."

I was never happier than when I laid my head on my pillow that night. Life seemed very bright, nor did the morning bring any and reality to chase away the sweet dreams of the evening, rather were they confirmed, for Sidney says:

"I can't account for it, Mary, but my cough has left me suddenly, and I feel as buoyant and vigorous as a boy."

For weeks my home was an Elysium to me. I was busy all day, and wished the days were longer, that I might accomplish more. It was the same with my husband; his business occupied a large share of his time, and the remainder he spent on his garden and the house; but in the latter occupation we were much together, and found such congeniality of taste, that we desired no other society.

I cannot now recall any alloy to the happiness of that summer; life has some such serene spots on which memory loves to dwell. I had little society, for we had no near neighbors save Aunt Hannah, and she was having the mansion to herself, cleaning, sweeping, scrubbing to her heart's content. She was a thorough housekeeper, merciless toward all dust and litter, and her tongue had learned a lesson from her broom, for toward all idle or easy women, who did not spend their days in cleaning, it was a weapon of destruction.

Aunt Posey had been at the mountains for some weeks, but was coming home the first of September. I missed the good woman, though had she been here I could not have taken my usual walks, for my exercise was limited to my garden.

I called and was called upon by the ladies of Burnside village, but our intercourse was limited to these calls, save an occasional tea-party, from which Sidney excused himself as much as possible, and therefore I did not enjoy them very much, as it was not agreeable to think of him alone at home.

Our minister called at rare intervals, and these visits were highly prized. He was a quiet, grave man, called reserved in genial society; but I found him genial and more than usually conversant with general literature. I always felt, after an interview with him, as if I had ascended the Delectable mountain, and viewed the fair and goodly land of promise. His wife called, when I first came to Burnside—a tall, pale woman, in deep mourning. She said little, and supposing that she was oppressed by some great affliction, I had a certain awe, mingled with pity, which I could not yet overcome. I had returned her call, and sat a few minutes in a large parlor rather scantily furnished and much darkened. She said but little, and I feeling oppressed found few words to say, and this had been the extent of our intercourse.

The parsonage was two miles from the village, in a lovely and retired spot. Mr. Harmon was a man of refinement and taste, and had adorned his home with trees and flowers, which were the delight of all visitors. I used to think that when time had done what alleviated the deep sadness of the pastor's wife, the place would be a most agreeable resort. At present I would not intrude upon her.

Thus the reader will see that my home was my world, and now that Maurice and Fanny were gone, I had few visitors. The former used to be in daily, and Fanny of course belonged to us. Her letters came regularly—genuine, four-paged, school-girl letters—in which Frank's name came in frequently, but as yet she had not let her from him. But about midsummer came one to Sidney, with a letter

enclosed to Fanny. How delighted I was to send it! I remember that I left Sidney in the garden, where I was helping him tie up the grape vines, and ran directly to the writing-desk, and wrote hastily, that I might send by the first mail.

Oh dear! how disappointed I was when ten days after a letter came from Fanny, saying that her father had given directions that no letters were to be handed her but such as passed through her teacher's hands; that my letter, appearing double, had been opened, and Frank's retained. Poor Fanny! this was a hard trial for a school-girl, and as I was ignorant of the contents of Frank's letter, I could not communicate much information. We only knew that Frank was in Florida, in Gen. —'s army, and would write to us again in a few weeks. It would be of no use to write to him, as he might be in the everglades of the territory, where post offices were an unknown institution.

Thus we were left in suspense, and Fanny to pursue her studies, if she could, while the letter which would have given her so much pleasure was either locked in her school-teacher's desk, or transferred to her father. This was the only cloud of my happy summer-time. And now, in four weeks, we were to move into our new home; not a great moving, surely, only the other side of the garden, but, in our quiet lives, a great event.

"I shall be glad," said Sidney, "when it is over, for I am weary, and need rest."

The last few weeks he had been active from early morn till midnight, but the long quiet winter would bring us rest. Our weariness was not of the spirit; no—brighter, fresher than ever were our hearts, and the future had a new joy in store for us. We waited in hope and peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
SUNSET.

BY E. CASE, JR.

The hour of rest, the peaceful hour,
Steals o'er the earth and sky,
And the great night's majesty shade
Reclaims heaven's canopy—
While sinks the sun, an endless sea
Of boundless blue tranquility
Overhangs the deepening West,
While island clouds are lingering there,
Such as the homes of spirits are
In Paradisean rest.

Who has not gazed on such a sky
All lost in rapturous thought,
And felt his startled soul uprise
From earthly sorrow caught,
Till he seemed as 'twere to soar away
Through those blue realms to endless day,
All freed from meaner things,
Feeling no pang, no fretting kiss,
Emancipate the soul for bliss,
As Enoch passed away?

Look at the purple sunset now,
Shade deepening still on shade—
Look at the veins of liquid gold
The radiant light has made!
Look at those clouds; they're "living things!"
See them unfold their "fleeing wings,"
To sweep through heaven away,
Ready to bear the unprisoned soul,
When earth no longer can control,
This struggling worm of clay.

The stars come twinkling, one by one,
As the clouds slow disappear,
Lost in the depths that reach away
Where mortals may not peer.
But O, the mysteries that lie
In the embraces of that sky,
My soul has longed to know;
Then come, thou Genius of Repose,
Unvex me of these fruitless throes,
I long with thee to go.

So let me fade from earthly things,
As those fair clouds fade,
By dawn's world inspired to rise,
By death all undimmed.
On that far-famed, majestic shore,
With eager feet, let me explore
The lands of deathless flowers,
And rest, if I shall weary be,
In passing o'er the darkened sea,
In amaranthine bowers.

Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide.

1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings upon damp nights and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.
2. Leading a life of enfeebling stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading romances. Going to theatres, parties, and balls, in all sorts of weather, in the thickest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over-garments through the cold, damp air.
3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small unventilated bed-room.
4. Surfing on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and excitement of the evening.
5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors; by personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.
6. Marrying in haste, and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.
7. Keeping children quiet by giving them paragon and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving mercury, tartar emetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.
8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.
9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and nothings, when the stomach says No, and by forcing food when nature does not demand, and even reject it. Gormandizing between meals.
10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.
11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.
12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

To CURE DYSPEPSIA.—Take a new ax, put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the ax and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor.

Original Essays.

MISTAKES RESPECTING THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. C. KNOWLTON.

"The Word of our God shall stand forever."—Isa. 40: 8.

Every theological student finds in his books and among his acquaintances various and conflicting opinions respecting the Bible. Some of these opinions are the result of careful and candid investigation, some are the legacy of ancient tradition, and some the repulsive offspring of ignorance. All of them cannot of course be correct; and the false ones cannot conduce to man's moral, intellectual, nor spiritual welfare. A portion of these erroneous notions are so glaringly absurd as to be comparatively harmless; but others are so venerable with age, and so intermingled with truth that they sometimes mislead even ripe scholars. All error is pernicious; but mistakes respecting the Bible, the "rule of faith and guide to practice," are exceedingly injurious. They tend to injure the very foundation on which rest the best things in earth.

I propose in this paper to examine and try to expose some of these mistakes. My views may not be entirely correct; but I will state them frankly, and be ready and willing to receive more light. May truth triumph, though it annihilate my creed and all existing theories.

1. It is a mistake to suppose that criticizing the Bible is wrong or even impolitic.

We cheerfully admit that the Sacred Volume should be treated reverently and prized highly. It contains valuable history, sublime poetry, living truth, wise admonitions, and inspiring revelations. It long has been and long will be a light, guide, and strong consolation to millions of good people. We would not diminish but increase its value and power. We would not damage this "pearl of great price," but merely remove the repulsive accretions gathered during long dark ages, that the divine gem may display its pristine brilliancy. And doing this, seems to us not a sacrilegious but a salutary task.

The Bible does not forbid free discussion respecting its origin and contents. In no passage can be found the warning, "Hands off," "proudest O proud, este profane!" In no single instance is it even hinted that it is wicked to inquire into its authenticity and authority. On the contrary, the volume is remarkably unassuming and unpretending. It seems to have been written and published without a wish or thought respecting its fate. No copyright is secured, no preface intercedes for public favor, and no outside authority is appealed to in attestation of its worth. Its readers may question its age, reputed authorship, style, meaning, internal harmony, and truthfulness, without fear of rebuke from prophet or apostle. You may reject a large portion of it as uninspired, interpolated, and unworthy of attention, and no chapter nor verse will condemn you! Its writers were zealous for what they considered truth and right, and not for the popularity or perpetuity of their works. They are willing we should handle the book without gloves and without fear.

Candid, manly, scholarly criticism cannot harm the Bible. If it be the Word of God, it will stand forever. If between its pages is contained the Word of God, that portion of it cannot be destroyed nor rendered powerless; and we need not be particular what becomes of the remainder. One might as well attempt to extinguish the sun as to extinguish a Divine Revelation. That which God wants men to know, he will find means to make known to them. When he speaks to us, we cannot be deaf to his voice, nor misunderstand his words. When he writes to us, we shall get his letters; for he employs none but trusty messengers. Without the intervention of words, he can put his truth into our minds, and engrave his law upon our hearts. If the Bible, or any part of the Bible is Divine, it will exert a Divine influence in protecting itself unimpaired; but if the whole or any part thereof is a mere human production, let it stand on its intrinsic merits and pass for what it is worth, or pass away. It has stood the wear and tear of many centuries, and the fierce assaults of many enemies, unharmed. It has taken care of itself, and will take care of itself; and all anxiety about its fate is entirely needless.

But its ordeal is not fully passed. Infidels and Christians, the ignorant and the learned, are still continually inquiring about its origin, inspiration, and reliability. The Oriental world is ransacked for information. Chaldean ruins and Egyptian hieroglyphics are pressed into the service. Traveling, searching, comparing ancient versions and manuscripts, studying ancient languages and literature, go bravely on throughout Christendom. And no earthly power can stay the mighty current of investigation. The figurative style of the Bible involves uncertainty, and its astonishing statements provoke doubt. To us, while in the body, all spiritual affairs are mysterious, and all superhuman transactions are incomprehensible. Uncertainty, difference in opinion and discussion in relation to the Bible, will long continue.

And its friends should be as well armed and as valiant as its enemies. Unbelief cannot be frowned down. Skepticism and heresy cannot be anathematized out of existence. Infidels boast of having good scholars, deep thinkers, and able logicians. We must make better arguments than they, or be content with fewer adherents. We must demonstrate to the world that we know more and can reason better than our opponents, or be justly adjudged only their equals. If they assail the Scriptures, we must show the fallacy of their arguments, or acknowledge the Bible cause to be hopeless. Especially is it the duty of the better informed to furnish the common people and the young inquirer, all the principal arguments for and against the Bible. The person who does not know that a whale's throat is entirely too small to admit a man's body, is poorly qualified to repel the attacks of infidelity. But remind him that the "Lord prepared a great fish" to swallow Jonah, and he will be able to foil his opponent. Better suppose a slight mistake made by some old Hebrew transcriber, whereby Samson is affirmed to have employed foxes instead of dry sheaves in kindling a fire to run through the fields of his enemies—better suppose the whole story an allegory or a myth, than to attempt the hopeless task of explaining how even a strong man could catch three hundred very spry wild animals, and keep them quiet while firebrands were being attached to them. If a statement hard to credit, as the standing still of the sun and moon at the command of Joshua, can in any fair way be softened and explained, let it be done. Let Christians familiarize

themselves with all the main objections to the Bible, and with the best replies thereto; in other words, give criticism free scope and fair play, and the Thomas Paine school of infidels would soon vanish from the world.

We must come to this at last. All books and statements are addressed to the intellect, and challenge investigation. Reason must decide whether the true Revelation is contained in the sacred books of the Chinese, the Persians, the Arabians, or the Hebrews. Having given our verdict in favor of the Jewish writings, reason must then try to ascertain which of their books contain the Word of God, whether any changes have been made in the original composition, whether the translation is correct, and what is the exact meaning of every sentence and word. Every reader actually does investigate to some extent, but the whole work has not yet been done.

There is still a great task to be performed in the field of Biblical criticism. And the Bible will not be our master—all its sayings will not be authoritative—doubt respecting the literal correctness of some of its statements will not be criminal, until investigation demonstrates exactly what is the Word of God and what its every passage means. Till then, it will be only a light and helper. Till then, its every page will be exposed to free discussion. And as a liberal denomination, occupying an advance position in the Christian army, it is our manifest duty to examine the Bible thoroughly.

2. It is a mistake to suppose that every part of the Bible is equally interesting and profitable to modern readers.

The most studious and learned men have not yet fully ascertained the meaning of all the obscure passages in the volume, and the majority of common people do not feel sure that they understand one-half of it. The language, opinions, laws, habits, general appearance and natural productions of the country in which it was written, are so unlike our own, that it is often exceedingly difficult for the best scholars to perceive the point and force of its many metaphors, allusions and illustrations. Its less informed students are continually at fault. Of course that which is not understood can be neither profitable nor interesting. Those who pretend to love and prize the entire book, while they do not comprehend the meaning of some of its paragraphs, stultify themselves and deceive others. Those passages and words which we do not understand are of no value to us; and, for aught we know to the contrary, they might as well be expunged from the canon as to remain. Nothing is valuable that is not useful.

But there are large portions of the Bible which are easily enough understood that are not very interesting and profitable reading. To most persons, the dry details of the Mosaic ritual and the "endless genealogies" are exceedingly dull and tiresome. Except as a pious task like sin-forgiveness by an ancient monk, no one reads Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy a second time. The historical and biographical portions of the Old Testament, though generally interesting, do not always make the reader more devotional and spiritually minded. Canticles and portions of Ezekiel are of doubtful tendency on those not strongly inclined to piety. But nearly all the other poetical books and the entire New Testament, except Revelation and a few obscure passages in the Epistles, are ever fresh, charming, purifying and elevating. Job is a rich literary treat. The Psalms inspire devotion. Ecclesiastes and Proverbs abound in wise admonitions. The Gospels soften our hearts, and the Epistles lift us up toward heaven.

Now to pretend that every book, chapter and verse of the Bible is equally valuable and important, and that no sentence, phrase or word can be expunged without spoiling the entire volume, is unwise, unmanly and injurious to the cause of truth. The tendency of such a pretension is, to bring the entire book into disrepute. A judicious discrimination is far better. We pity the man whose dull soul cannot appreciate the sublime beauties of the Bible; but we almost despise the stupid bigot who pretends to prize the account of Noah's intoxication as highly as Paul's arguments and John's living letters. Every candid, sensible man likes the New Testament better than the Old, and the words of Jesus best of all. Denying this is liable to bring contempt upon ourselves and our cause. Let us be fair and consistent. As we regard mainly the superstructure of a house, and prefer to abide in its upper rooms that we may enjoy its fine prospect and luxurious furniture, and do not care often to visit the dark cellar beneath to examine the deep, damp foundations, so let us admire and enjoy the precious promises and bright revelations of the Gospel, and not be too particular and inquisitive about the poor and rocky Judean subsoil whence they seem to have originated. Truth is good and falsehood is evil, irrespective of the land or manner of their birth. Let us hold fast the good, and be willing for the evil to perish. If the critics pare off a few unimportant verses, let us still prize the good remaining.

3. It is a mistake to suppose that all the Word of God must be contained in the Bible.

The lapse of ages and the revolutions of empire have made havoc with literature. Many valuable ancient books have not come down to us; and possibly some that contained Divine revelations may have shared the fiery fate of Solomon's Temple and the Alexandrian Library. There have been many prophets by whom the Father has instructed his children; and we are by no means sure that all their inspired utterances are in the Bible. We have nothing from the pens of Agabus, Anna, Iddo, Eli-Jah, Elisha, Saul, Balaam, nor the school of prophets established by Samuel. De Wette gives a list of twenty books mentioned in the Old Testament and probably current among the ancient Hebrews, not one of which are now extant. Do we know that none of these were inspired? Possibly our Bible contains only the fragments of large and rich volumes by Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah and Jeremiah, that were long ago lost. Is that certain? It is absolutely certain that we have not all the teachings of Jesus, nor of those disciples that were "filled with the Holy Spirit." In a half day one can easily read all the sayings of Christ recorded in the four Gospels, yet he taught for thirty years. It cannot be that we have a full report of all he said. In the "Apocryphal New Testament," there is a catalogue of more than seventy-five books devoted to the glorification of Christianity extant during the first four centuries of our era, not one of which now remains. Some of these bore the names and perhaps were the production of eminent apostles. Were they all spurious and uninspired? Are we sure that the Council of Nice gathered all the wheat and left out the chaff only the chaff? There is certainly ample room for doubt.

If in ancient times God spoke to the Jews in any particular way, he was abundantly able to speak to other nations in a similar way. If he spoke to men three thousand years ago, he can speak to men now. Surely, there is need enough of "line upon line and precept upon precept" to keep mankind within due bounds. God has not lost the ability to speak, and there is no necessity for his remaining silent. No law forbids him and no recorded resolution within our knowledge restrains him. He has not informed us that he has uttered all he means to communicate, and that henceforth he shall never again speak one word to man, nor inspire a single human being, to the latest generation.

It is true that in the last chapter of the Bible, a fearful malediction is pronounced against any one who shall "add unto these things or shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy." But this is an admonition to man, not to God; and it applies only to the little book of Revelation. At the time when this was written, no such book as the New Testament was in existence, and even the Old Testament was merely a collection of separate rolls of parchment. St. John, or the Being that inspired him, simply wished to have his work remain just as it came from his pen; but he does not denounce the writing of other sacred books.

The Bible does not claim to be all the Holy Scriptures in the world, nor affirm that the age of inspiration has forever passed. For aught it says to the contrary, and for aught we know, it may be only the imperfect beginning, the brief introduction to a far more full and glorious Revelation that shall, in some golden hereafter, flood the world with heavenly light; and draw out every sin and falsity. Indeed, the prophet Joel predicted that in the last days there would be an outpouring of the Spirit upon all flesh, and a consequent vast increase of clairvoyant power. Old men would have oracular dreams, and young men heavenly visions. Even servants (slaves?), male and female, would be gifted with a prophetic spirit.

This began to be fulfilled in the apostolic age, on the memorable day of Pentecost; but it was not then completed. So far as we know, the Spirit was not then poured upon all flesh, nor has it been since. But the promise is still good, and it may even now be in process of fulfillment. Men and women in our day and land, may be speaking and writing as they are moved upon by the Holy Spirit. And there may be a good time coming when inspiration shall be universal, when all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest, and when every person shall understand his duty and destiny, without the aid of prophet, apostle, priest or Bible.

The Sacred Volume itself plainly teaches that it is neither the only Word of God, nor even his principal word. St. John says, "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory." Christ was the embodied Word of God, bound in human flesh; and wherever his Spirit exists, there is a Divine Revelation. He promised to be with his disciples "always, even unto the end of the world," and his presence is worth more to them—he can give them more wisdom and strength—than a score of Bibles. In reality, he, and not a book, is the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; not through the letter that killeth, but by the Spirit that giveth life.

Not is this all. God speaks by his words. His wisdom, power and goodness are manifest throughout his creation. He causeth the heavens to declare his glory. He maketh the day utter speech, and the night disclose knowledge. Our best books are but the imperfect alphabet of celestial literature. The entire earth, with all its living hosts, is only one small paragraph in Divine Revelation. Stellar systems, with their million worlds, are merely chapters. Nothing short of the boundless universe, with all its forms, laws, beauty and life, is worthy to be called the Book of God. Our Bible has much truth, but not all. Let us hold it dear, and read it well; but let us neither refuse, nor neglect to study the older, greater, better Volume.

4. It is a mistake to suppose that our English Bible is an inspired book.

At best, it is only a translation of inspired writings; and translations never fully express their originals. The words and idiomatic phrases of one language do not exactly correspond to those of another, and hence circumlocution and approximate expressions must be employed in translating, and none but inspired men can be expected to give a perfect rendering. And further, all the shades of meaning of every word in "an ancient dead language, cannot be easily ascertained. There are words in the Hebrew Old Testament that puzzle our best philologists. In our large Bibles, there are numerous marginal notes intended to elucidate the meaning of the text; yet every good linguist acknowledges that the ideas of the sacred writers are not distinctly enunciated in our common version. A dubious obscurity clouds many a passage, and every person not familiar with Greek and Hebrew, feels that a thick veil hangs between him and the ancient word of God. In reading it, he sees as through a glass darkly.

As a whole, the Bible does not assume to be an inspired production. Not a single one of its many authors pretends to be a medium through which the Holy Spirit writes, nor even hints that he is influenced from above to pen one sentence. If they were inspired, if the words or ideas they wrote were breathed into them, it is very doubtful whether they were aware of the fact. No one can tell where came any of his thoughts. True, it is affirmed that "holy men of old spoke as they were moved upon by the Holy Spirit," and also that "God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, and in these last days by his Son," on whom the Divine effluvia was poured without measure; but the record does not state who those holy men and prophets were, nor affirm that one of them ever wrote a single word. Jesus did not write, except on the sand, and on the public mind. Occasionally, the prophets introduce a paragraph with a "thus saith the Lord"; but this is quotation, not inspiration. The inference also is that the paragraphs not thus prefaced, are not the sayings of the Lord. Moses was commanded to write the law given on Sinai, and St. John to write an account of the things seen and heard while "in the tabernacle on the Isle of Patmos"; but these are not instances of inspiration. The Hebrew Chief, wrote by dictation the Beloved Disciple from observation. The one was an amanuensis, the other a historian. If St. Paul means what he is made to affirm in 2 Tim. 3: 16, that "all Scripture (writing) is given by inspiration of God," we bow to his decision, and admit that the Holy and the Spirit are all inspired. But if he means, as Dr. Clark says, that "every writing is

visibly inspired is probable," we agree with him, and only regret that he did not furnish a catalogue of the inspired books then extant. No doubt he had in mind some Hebrew books, but exactly what ones we can never determine. Thus, direct Bible testimony fails to substantiate the idea that it is inspired, or to point out much written by inspiration.

On examining the volume in search of incidental proofs of its super-human origin, we discover that large portions of it appear very much like the imperfect work of fallible though honest men. The numerous repetitions in the Pentateuch, indicate an attempted, though not entirely successful, condensation of ancient documents and traditions. To write such a fragmentary history as is contained in Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, would not have required any very extraordinary power. Without disclaiming spiritual assistance, modern historians write far more smoothly and connected accounts. The book of Esther, a pleasant and probably true story, does not contain the name of Dely, nor an allusion to his overruling Providence. This does not seem what we should expect from inspiration. In the preface to his Gospel, St. Luke informs us that he "had perfect understanding of all things from the very first" in the life of Jesus. He certainly had no need of inspiration. Many quotations of remarks made by uninspired men, and even by Satan, are found in the Scriptures; and these of course are not the Word of God. On the whole, it is much safer and more reasonable to say that the Bible contains truth, inspiration and revelation, than to attempt its defense as the entire and unadulterated Word of God.

5. It is a mistake to suppose that God ever spoke an untruth, or uttered an unimportant word.

If any one finds in the Bible trifling matters, mistakes, conflicting statements or falsehoods, he may rest assured either that they are not the word of God, or that he does not get the true meaning. We must believe that God is infinitely wise and good, though all men and all books assert the contrary. It is far more honorable and praiseworthy to doubt our Scriptures and our knowledge, than to suppose him weak, forgetful and guilty of duplicity.

Perhaps no one at the present time fully understands all the dark sayings in the Bible. By violent and learned twisting of texts, by imagining similes, metaphors and allegories, by resorting to spiritualizing and a double sense theory, commentators do manage to squeeze some meaning out of every sentence; but unluckily the commentators do not agree among themselves. One asserts this, another that. Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? In fact, the very existence of commentaries indicates that some portions of the Bible are too obscure for ordinary comprehension.

To most persons the prophetic books seem to abound in unintelligible mysteries. Ezekiel's wheels, Daniel's beasts, and John's panoramic Revelation, are difficult to interpret. Extreme age dimes and wrinkles even the most durable pages of literature. In many instances the spirit seems to have departed, leaving us only the dead letter. It may therefore be wise and modest for us sometimes, while pondering on a dubious passage, to say, "this appears to be beneath the dignity of inspiration, and unworthy the Divine character, but probably we do not perceive the true meaning." Thus, and only thus, can we honor God and accept the Scriptures.

6. For it is a mistake to suppose that no apparent discrepancies nor interpolations can be found in the Bible. There are many.

Moses, the reputed author of the Pentateuch, could not have written the account of his own death, as recorded in the last chapter of Deuteronomy. The account is manifestly an interpolation, or rather harmless addendum by a later and unknown hand. The assertion in relation to the three heavenly witnesses, 1 John 5: 7, is universally conceded by good critics to be an interpolation by an unknown and probably uninspired Trinitarian. Tischendorf regards Mark 16: 9-20, and John 10: 8, as spurious. Various other passages, containing references to events that transpired long after the age of the writers of the books in which they occur, vid. Gen. 14: 14-36: 31, and Joshua 24: 31, cannot be considered genuine. If there is one interpolation, there may be many—may be many. Bearing this in mind, rather than doubt the wisdom, goodness and power of God, we had better question the inspiration and genuineness of half the Bible.

Manifest discrepancies may be found in the Bible. Gen. 21: 1—God did tempt Abraham." James 1: 13—Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man." These two statements do not harmonize, and hence one of them must be incorrect. Gen. 6: 8—"It repented the Lord that he had made man." Num. 23: 19—"God is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent." Here is a discrepancy, and something is wrong. If Samuel, 24: 1—"The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say, go number Israel and Judah." 1 Chron. 21: 1—"Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." Both assertions cannot be correct. In the same story Samuel mentions "seven years of famine," and Chronicles only "three years." One writer represents God as "grieved at the heart," another as "angry every day," and another as "without variableness or a shadow of turning."

It would be easy to point out many other discrepancies, but these are sufficient for our purpose. They prove either that all the Bible was not written by inspiration, or that the inspiring Power made mistakes, or that our version is not a genuine transcript of the original. We prefer the theory of a partial inspiration and imperfect preservation. But this opens wide the door for criticism, and compels us to trust not in records, but in God and reason.

7. But, finally, it is a mistake to suppose that the Bible is to be thrown away and thrown away. It contains the word of God, and therefore it will stand forever.

The sublimity of its eloquent poetry, the pathos of its exquisitely tender scenes, the purity of its ethics, its encouraging advice to the discouraged and doubting, and above all, the light it flashes on and beyond the Dark Vale, will preserve it in honor and affection as long as man has a heart to feel or a mind to reason. Bibliolatry will not cease, and the biggest tribe of canting textualists will vanish. The errors of the book will be admitted, and its defects deplored. It will be accepted as a treasure, and not as a master. But when it shall be done, the heavenly revelations and the spiritual truths contained in its sacred pages will shine brighter and brighter, even unto the perfect day. It commands itself by its originality, its wisdom,

obtained their ideas by intuition and personal observation. They do not attempt to manufacture arguments and to sustain their statements by quoting the opinions of renowned men. They do not beg your attention and entreat you to be patient and candid, as if they were struggling to obtain a hearing, and expected rough treatment. They stood at the fountain-head of new truth, felt the fresh breath of inspiration, and wrote as thoughts came and as things seemed, regardless of consequences. They were deeply impressed by the sad condition of the human race, and by the limitless possibilities within man's easy reach; and this gave an earnest tone to all their teachings. They lived in that early and unclouded age when the common events of life and nature appeared, to possess the magnitude and mystery of miracles. For them the thunder had a voice, the sun and stars a significant glance, and every material thing an intelligent expression. Nature was alive and conscious. God was near and active. Standing, as they thought, in a blaze of light, and realizing rather than believing, their words are unstudied exclamations, fresh and sparkling as the morning dew. So absorbed were they in their subjects, and so indifferent about public opinion, that their remarks seem like the current of thought—spontaneous, rapid, rough, fearless, but ever comely and decorous. Hence, if the statements in the Book were mainly incorrect, and its tenets of questionable morality, still its unsophisticated originality and truthfulness to nature would secure delighted readers to the end of time.

Again, it commands itself by its earnestness. It contains no levity, no wit, no sarcasm, no indifference. Its perusal never provokes a smile nor excites gaiety. It treats only of momentous matters, and holds its readers steadily to the point. Its writers were thoroughly serious, and therefore they command respect. Unlike many modern authors, they did not write for pay, and try to varnish their works so as to win popularity. Their sole aim was to make men wiser and better, and their every word was uttered with that intent.

The inspired prophets and apostles felt themselves to be God's messengers to man, and they had better die than be faithless to their employer. His word was a "burden" which they must carry and deliver, or sink under. It was as "iron in their bones," which they must let out, or it would consume them. The Divine command to speak, and the human need to hear, constituted a pressure which they dared not and could not withstand. For their own relief and the world's good, in the fear and love of God, they preached with all their might; and if every one of their words did not "weigh a pound," it was not for lack of intention.

When men talk thus in earnest, though their words are incoherent and their ideas absurd, we respectfully listen. But when, as in the Bible, we find in addition to the earnestness, the most important questions under discussion, and feel the pulse of the ocean of eternity throbbing in every sentence, our attention is fixed. We cannot turn away in different. Man will read and meditate upon the great and glorious themes of the Bible, till faith is lost in sight.

Keene, N. H., Sept. 1862.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

TO AUNT MYRA:

My Dear Aunt—I was surprised and pleased to see your name in the papers as a writer, and much interested in reading your articles. As you seem to be seeking the truth in regard to that most knotty subject, Marriage, I have thought to give expression to some of my ideas, with that freedom that you love so well in your nephews and nieces. Marriage it seems to me is of the nature of a mutual contract or bargain; it is mercantile in its nature. You may start, and think strange to hear this from me, but do not be hasty in your judgment; examine the subject fairly, and if it is not the truth, I shall be as glad to know it as you can be. The poet says:

"Sweet lassie lay thy hand in mine;
A bargain it shall be."

And the same law governs in this as in all bargains that it takes two to make. I hold that honor and honesty both bind man and woman to do as they agree to—if it be possible.

Marriage is somewhat like a note on time: "For value received, and to be received, I promise to pay love and service till the date of my death or yours." It is a thing of time, and not of eternity, though some so pretend; but it seems to me they are only "fancy matches." But, you will ask, has love nothing to do with Marriage? I answer, no, for love is like God—without limit, and without divisibility, consequently if we really love one we love all, and can't help it; for love is not voluntary, and does not know time, space, or any condition. Marriage is voluntary and conditioned; it is relative, and is based on our wants and desires, and they are ever changing. Spiritual affinity and sexual attraction are both very beautiful, and very true, but they must no longer bear the "holy name of love." They are both dependent—love is not dependent. It was of these doubts, that Shakespeare wrote: "The course of true love never did run smooth, as ever I could learn by tale or history." To me it seems the course of true (or perhaps I should say pure or perfect) love always must run smooth; and for this reason, it is not selfish. "In the loving of the lover lies the hidden recompense." While young, we are "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of good," and Marriage is a good school of discipline to bring us from a love of one, or a part, to the love of God, or the whole. And the reason it seems to me why so many are disappointed, is that they expect to find in man what can only be found in God. The theory of Bro. Chase is well enough, if it were only practical. How can we know whether we are matched "on all four corners or not, unless we cohabit for a certain length of time conditionally? But, if he grants that (and he must, I think) and the trial proves satisfactory, and we are married for life, the stream of life flows smoothly for a short time; "presently," as Mr. Emerson says, "one of us passes to the perception of a higher truth; we are divorced, and no tension in nature can hold us together." I have never seen a person, male or female, that I thought could give me sympathy at all points—that could fully satisfy my soul. I doubt if Bro. Chase has ever found such person. "The soul is not twin-born—it is the only begotten," and the infinite only can satisfy it. It is possible one may supply our sexual needs, but it takes many to supply our spiritual and intellectual needs.

"Soul for soul is ever young,
Heart for heart is ever burning,
Mate to mate is ever turning,
Seeking for the life."

As regards the marriage of opposites, it seems to me Nature is wiser than her children, for they seem to be compelled to do so against their wills, and although it may not be for the quiet of the parents, it is for the good of the offspring, I think. Breeding "in and in" does not seem to be the great Nature's plan in this case. Can we think she is wrong? It seems to me if our young people were taught to be ambitious to maintain themselves, and to bring to their conjugal companions well developed, healthful and sweet bodies, rather than fine clothes and flashy accomplishments, and taught not to expect to find perfect happiness in or through any one person in the universe, it could do them no harm.

There, my dear Aunt, are some of my earnest thoughts. Do not answer them till you have pondered them well. Think not I would degrade Marriage—far from it; I would lift it up to the pedestal of truth; I would spiritualize it to the utmost degree; teaching the sacredness of the body as well as the soul, and rendering it the vehicle of joy and bliss almost divine.

And in order to fit ourselves for true conjugal companions, let us cultivate Charity, and strive to get rid of Pride and Selfishness. I am as ever your affectionate niece,
MARY BEALS.
Baldwinsville, Oct. 1, 1862.

THE SUN.

The most recent theory or hypothesis relative to the heat and light of the sun, ascribes it to a purely mechanical origin.

The investigation of astronomers show that the sun is surrounded by a zone of nebulous or meteoric matter, having a somewhat discoidal form, the largest polar diameter, if the mass be circular, corresponding with the axis of the sun. It is inferred, for certain reasons, that the rotation of this mass of meteoric matter around the sun is not sufficiently rapid to prevent it from gradually condensing around that body; or, in other words, the velocity of its orbital rotation is being constantly diminished, so that meteoric matter is being continually projected into the atmosphere of the sun, where, by its intense friction, due to a rapid velocity, it develops a continual supply of light and heat.

Recent discoveries in astronomy also demonstrate the existence of a mass or ring of meteoric matter around the earth, as yet beyond the sensible limits of the earth's atmosphere, though probably quite near the remote portions of the atmosphere. If this belt of meteoric matter which surrounds the earth is found to have its orbital velocity gradually diminished by any cause, a time will come when it will be brought within the sensible limits of the atmosphere, when, by its friction on the atmosphere, it will develop heat and light. For a comparatively brief period, this will have a tendency to mellow the polar rigor of the earth's climate, without very materially affecting the equatorial region; but when the cooling influence of the polar regions becomes lost, the whole atmosphere will become rapidly heated, and at the same time, have its capacity for moisture increased. An immense body of aqueous vapor will be mingled with the atmosphere, which becomes of greater density, and also be rapidly expanded greatly beyond its present limits, so as to reach more remote portions of the meteoric belt around the earth. When this shall occur, the earth will be surrounded by a sheet of aqueous flame, which will, for a period, rival the sun in the intensity of its heat and light, and the final destruction of all visible forms on the earth's surface by fire will then become an accomplished fact.

The writer, who, a few weeks ago in the BANNER, referred the meteoric belt surrounding the earth to spiritual causes, or associated it with spiritual conditions, evidently disregards the apparently established fact, that spirits, and whatever pertains to them materially, are not susceptible of a sensible appreciation, except under conditions which are not constant, and which depend upon entirely different laws from those which relate to matter on a purely physical plane. The general experience of mankind is, that spiritual forces, to become manifest to the perceptions, (sensual, of course,) must be manifested through matter.

Accepting this interpretation, there cannot very well be a just reference of the meteoric belt which surrounds the earth to spiritual conditions, without accepting the material phase, which is given above, together with the inferences drawn in relation thereto.

EROS N.

MEDIUMS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

It would be an interesting work if some competent person would give us brief biographical histories of the mediums who have shone with more or less brilliancy in wide or narrow circles about their respective localities, with the long or short periods of their respective brilliancy, and the points of entry and exit of each in the sidereal heavens of our spiritual armament. Such history would give us some data on which to base our conclusions in regard to the real value of mediumship, and serve as a guide-board to direct many who will journey on that road with no knowledge of the forks and crossings in the highway of mediumship. It is certain that many have shone with meteoric brilliancy for a brief period, and disappeared almost as soon as those aerolite visitors. Some, like comets, have run, with a brilliant trail, rapidly toward the great spiritual luminary, soon passed their perihelion, and departed to regions unknown to the public. Some have moved round and round in their circular or elliptic orbits, and shone with steady or increasing brilliancy year after year, after slowly widening their orbits, and increasing their capacities and usefulness. Some have shone like fixed stars, standing with a never-fading light to guide the mariner to the haven of spiritual or celestial life.

To one who has seen and known as much of them as I have, it seems almost impossible to stay here and endure life without them. It would be a starless and cheerless night-life to me, were I shut off from these light-bearers who stand on our social horizon, even though I have some capacity in myself of reasoning, or being reached by the spiritual world. I am not surprised that many turn away and refuse the proffered gifts of angels, after seeing, or hearing of the many who have attempted to cross the social and religious breakers that dash around the border of our sandy world, and hide the "New Atlantis" from all but the spiritual seer.

I know many who have been touched with a burning zeal from the celestial altar, and felt the heavenly sparks coursing through their nervous system, and, alas, and poor! have attempted the waves and been dashed on the barren sand-bar of materialism.

Others have been shipwrecked on the islands of our perverted and isolated social system, and are lost to the world, and brought to a dead halt in their voyage of spiritual progress, retired to the mossy, or granite, or thorny bed of domestic life, where the celestial spark is soon quenched by the plentiful showers of cares and trials, and burdens of life. Others, feeling the ardent and increasing love of the soul reaching out for kindred natures, are met with passion in the garb of affection, or lust in the garments of love, and deceived by the wily and seductive trapper of the confiding in our social system, in which our sectarian religion educates our children for deceivers, and are drawn through their quickened natures into some hidden and thorny by-way of life, where the soul and body are lacerated and torn with wounds that are long and tardy in healing when the poor deluded traveler returns again to the angel guardian's care, and the bosoms of true and loving friends. A few only of the many who start, sail boldly and safely through the breakers, and reach the calm waters of well and fully developed mediumship, where they can look forward to the green and flowery shore, with the pearly sands and lucid ripples that invite the landing of all who behold them; and who can look calmly back and reach out a hand, or a wand, to those who are struggling in the breakers, or standing on this mortal shore gazing and longing for a note or a word from the "Island of the blessed, the land of the hereafter." Such can give words of encouragement and bid the voyager be true, be honest, be faithful, and steer the bark by reason, by nature, by affection, taking council of angels, and living true to the highest light.

Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 29, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WEARY! WEARY!

BY ANNIE EMER.

I am tired of the world, Cousin Benja.
For it starves me and freezes me, too.
Have you ever watched its pretensions
To friendship, and proved them untrue?
Have you linked hands with strangers and found them
Cool-headed, cool-hearted and wise,
Over-reaching your thoughtless affection
With their far-seeing, practical eyes?

Have you turned with disgust from their pitying,
When you learned better lessons like me—
That each friend (?) sought his own selfish pleasures,
And paid for them mercilessly?
There! the thought is unworthy and cruel,
I will not accept it for truth;
Nor have I for such wicked prudence
Bartered all the bright sunshine of youth.

But if there's peace in your wee Thatchwood Cottage—
If strife and contentions ne'er come
To mar with unmusical discords
The charm of that pleasant word Home—
Say, may I not pause, Cousin Benja,
World-weary, heart-sick and soul-weak,
To rest for an hour by its heartbeats,
And list to the strong words you speak?

Spiritualists and the Indians.

The following is offered as reasons why Spiritualists should, as a body, make a special effort in behalf of the Indians:

1st. Spiritualism gives a better idea of the condition and of the capacity of the Indian, and of the proper means for his improvement, than the teachings of any of the churches.

2. The Indians being the elder brethren of Spiritualists in a common faith, and having done so much by their magnetism in healing the sick, and in developing mediums, have a first claim on the sympathy of all in their ranks.

3. The Indians have been the longest snarled against by our people, and some of the tribes are now in the greatest peril of extermination by civil war, and by the aggressions of lawless men. Therefore justice demands that the first national sin (wrong to the Indians) should be blotted out by immediate redress of existing grievances and full protection of the remnants of all the tribes under the control of our Government.

To this end let public speakers present the claims of the Indian before every audience, and let Indians in the form, as well as their spirits through mediums, be invited to plead for themselves; and let all who can, see to it that his representative in Congress and in the Senate of the United States be fully informed relative to this matter.

Let the demand be for ample domains in suitable locations, for every tribe to subsist in perfect freedom from all interference by those whose presence among them they do not desire. Let everything be done to create a correct public sentiment, so as to reverse the atheistic and murderous sentiment, which affirms "the Indian's destiny to be to perish before the march of our civilization." Let all this be done, not merely to save the Indians, but as the most proper and the most speedy measure for saving ourselves.

There can be no mistake in affirming that injustice has brought ruin and desolation upon our nation, and that nothing can stay its wide-spread ravages but prompt obedience to the demands of absolute right for all mankind.

If Spiritualists have indeed got a dispensation which is truthful and powerful to save, surely now is the time to put it forth.

JOHN BEXSON.
15 Light street, New York, Oct. 4, 1862.

AN EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.—A foreign journal in an article against the punishment of death, publishes the following curious details: "When, at the end of the last century, the terrible machine of Dr. Guillotin made its appearance, it gave rise to great controversy among the faculty throughout Europe. The inventor pretended and believed that death by his instrument was easier than by any other means, and that the rupture of the vertebra, the nerves and all the organs of the head, killed the whole body at once, and instantaneously. Several experiments were made at Vienna. Some poisoners were to be executed, and several medical men, who had already disputed the correctness of the statement of Dr. Guillotin, obtained permission to remain on the scaffold during the execution, and when a head was cut off it was delivered to them. The first was that of a young man. The eyes were closed and the tongue protruded. Eight minutes were allowed to expire, when the tongue was pricked with a pin, when it was drawn in and the face made a grimace indicative of pain. The second was that of a woman. The eyes were open, and their supple looks were accompanied by many tears. Fourteen minutes after the execution, the eyes turned toward the side from whence the woman's name was called. A third head was that of the most guilty of the criminals. A slap was given to the face, when the eyes opened, the face flushed with an indescribable expression of anger and ferocity, and a shudder of anguish was visible on the neck being touched.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FRIENDS, I am constrained to address you in behalf of our cause—the cause of humanity. Our country is passing through a terrible crisis, a physical revolution, and a moral overthrow, which is to mark the present era as the most remarkable in the annals of history. We, as a people, have been measurably prepared for this, for we have seen the signs in the heavens, and warning voices from the world beyond have come back to us, and we have hearkened to them, and in some degree understood their import.

No class can be more, if as much, interested in passing and coming events as we are. We commenced the work—set about it by the spirit-world. We opened the war, with principles for our weapons, and humanity for our cause. We have fought against slavery everywhere, and in every form. We have claimed the right of every one to rule himself, or herself, and besieged the fortresses of moral power that set up authority over us all. In this crusade we have made great advances—making breaches in the strong walls of religious bigotry, so that the people have been able to a large extent to see through and witness the bonds, cunningly wrought, with which it was hoped to make captives of us all.

With the light of truth, radiated by principles comprehensible even by the commonest mind, we have opened the way onward and upward, extending the vision to realms hitherto unexplored, unveiling to the world so much of interior wealth and glory that the crude conceptions and moral lights that have been set forth to light mankind onward in the past, have grown dim to the eye, and unsatisfying to the mind.

The war which we inaugurated in the moral, or religious world, has broken out and already made great progress in the political and physical strata of the world's great layers of conditions. Here, in the sphere of the physical senses, the human mind is principally attracted at the present time; but the true Spiritualist sees in these elements of the revolution, the fires that consume the grosser materials, preparing the ground for the seedling and a future harvest. We are the sowers of the seed, and on us depends the fullness of the coming harvest.

Measurably, we have been left calmly to look out upon the raging storm, and to a great extent, it is to be feared we have done so listlessly, forgetting for the time the work which is before us to do. Now is the time for us to concentrate our forces, examine our strength, and see that we are fully prepared for coming events. We have yet an important part to play in the struggle for the right. The time is coming, and now is, when we shall be charged with the cause of the discomfort of those who sought power through human oppression. Then will the shafts of malice and deadly hatred be hurled against us, and we shall need all our forces to resist the onslaught.

We have hitherto left our work principally with God and the angels, trusting in them to shape events, while we looked on content to watch their coming. While the war was of a purely moral or spiritual character, it was well for us, perhaps, to wait for guidance; but when in the progress of events we come to the contest with the material or physical reaction, then as men and women, we will have to put our strong arms forth, and beat back the oppressor, or die the death of the martyr.

Believing, as I do, that a systematic crusade will be waged against us in time, and at no distant day, as the instigators and abettors of abolition and church reforms, it seems to me that rational prudence should lead us to the adoption of some general system of organization and cooperation. The Government, so far as the President has power, has taken a mighty step forward for human freedom in the emancipation policy, which will very likely open a new contest and render the national strife still more bitter and create divisions and perhaps a fratricidal warfare in the North. Improbable as it may seem to some, none can deny but that the last year has witnessed events that would have been counted quite as improbable in times previous. We are now a disintegrated people, from which not only our moral but physical power is mostly lost. We are counted nowhere in the great struggle which we have done much to develop, and the events of which by right we should have a voice in shaping. It may be that our united votes will be required to decide the balance of power in the great cause for human freedom against the pro-slavery opponents of the Government. At all events, it is not proper for us as a people to come forward in this hour of the nation's peril and declare our principles, and let the world see that we have been seekers after truth, and gain—it—let the world know that our hearts are in sympathy with the oppressed, and that our voices are unqualified for freedom and natural rights. To this end would it not be well that steps be taken for the selection of representative minds from each State to meet together in convention and adopt measures for a national organization. There will be little doubt, I apprehend, but that a united council may be effected upon the great issues of this time, which will serve still further in the future to seal the bonds of union and cooperation upon other issues which have heretofore held us measurably discovered from each other.

What think you, friends, of this proposition? I will not at this time attempt to discuss the manifold benefits that present themselves to my mind which might accrue from such a step. The suggestion is here left for your consideration.

Cleveland, Ohio. C. D. GRISWOLD.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.—Among the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called itch is illustrated by an engraving, half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the oyster, preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that, on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

TORTURE.—In our nature there is a provision, like marvelous and meretricious, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by his present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEALING BY SPIRIT-POWER.

BY H. A. STOREY.

Modern Spiritualism presents the same class of phenomena that characterized the advent of Christianity. Its practical bearings upon life, health and comfort, in the present condition of existence, is calculated to attract the attention of most persons, and to enter very largely into their estimates of its value. Hence, we may with propriety refer investigators to its beneficent character, as manifested in the mighty works which it is constantly performing, and in the same language that Jesus used when the disciples of John came to him to inquire concerning his character and mission—"Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

To cure the maladies that flesh is heir to, has always been deemed among the most beneficent works in which man could engage. Science, from its earliest dawn to the present time, has devoted more of man's time to the work of discovering and removing the causes of disease, than to any other one department of knowledge. Among the sacred mysteries of ancient religions the art of healing held a high position, and was deemed as sacred as any of the revelations made to man.

And if it be true that the spirit's health depends in a great degree upon the body's vigor, what more important theme of revelation can be presented from the spirit-world? What more important occupation can employ the time of its angel ministers, than to restore the harmonious action of the bodily functions—the integrity of the physical system.

Hence we find spiritual revelations and developments referring very extensively to the laws of health, the care of the body, and the restoration of the sick. Clairvoyants have given almost exclusive attention to this subject, and benevolent physicians who loved their profession, and dignified it when on earth, now glorify it still more from their spirit-homes, as through adapted mediums they still continue their researches for the ultimate causes of disease, or prescribe remedies for its immediate effects.

There is, however, one system of treatment that seems peculiarly to distinguish the interference of spirits in behalf of mortals. It is the communication, by direct influx, of vital magnetism to the debilitated and diseased sufferer. Healing mediums, as they are called, have rapidly multiplied within the ten years last past, whose peculiar work it seems to be to impart animal electricity from their own bodies to those of their patients, under the direction and control of an energizing power that acts upon them from the spirit-world. Without attempting minutely to describe this process, we may here intimate our belief, that the sublimated aura which pervades the brain and nervous system, is the connecting medium employed by spirits, through which the energizing process is communicated to the bodily functions. Spirits connect themselves with mortals, through the instrumentality of this refined aura, and by it the will-power of the spirit acts upon the animal electricity of the body, producing all the chemical changes that occur in the living organism. This chemical process in its turn sets free an increased quantity of animal electricity, which either pervades the body in which it is generated, or passes off and is communicated to other bodies.

Healing mediums are therefore persons in whom the chemical changes that generate animal electricity rapidly take place, and from whom this electricity can be detached and imparted to other persons.

The difference between an ordinary magnetic operator and a healing medium is simply this: the magnetizer increases his own will-power by voluntary effort, and the healing medium is subject to the will-power and activity of other spirits than his own. The process is the same in both cases—first, the spirit arouses itself to the accomplishment of a purpose; it then acts through the subtle aura of the brain and nervous system upon the animal electricity of the body—this increased action involves more rapid chemical changes—these changes generate an increased quantity of animal electricity, which is then subject to the disposal of the spirit. Now if a negative or diseased subject be put in communication with this positively charged body, the surplus animal electricity will pass to it and there begin a similar work of chemical change, &c.

If, therefore, spiritual beings possess more intelligence than mortal operators, they can direct, by an exercise of their enlightened will, this animal electricity which they have generated in the bodies of their mediums, to such specific uses as they may wish to accomplish. Whoever possesses the most knowledge, the most benevolence, and the strongest will, can employ the vital electricity of the human body most successfully in the cure of disease.

But I have written a somewhat lengthy introduction to the narrative of an interesting case of spiritual interference in behalf of an invalid, which well illustrates the power and goodness of our kind friends on the other side the river.

On the 17th of April, 1849, Col. Hiram Doty, a well known and universally respected citizen of Foxcroft, Maine, fell from the second story beams of a house which was in process of building, heading into the cellar, striking his left shoulder upon the sharp corner of the cellar wall as he went down, and falling heavily upon his bent head and the upper part of his spine. His collar-bone was fractured in two places, the left shoulder dislocated, and the whole body most thoroughly jarred. The surgeon, who was immediately called to replace the dislocated shoulder, performed his work, but did not discover the fracture, and either for that reason or because the arm dropped again from its place, and became little more than a fixture at his side. The doctor was much swollen about the shoulder, and soon seemed to the touch like a mass of jelly beneath the skin. Gradually, however, it shrunk away and became callous, until it was impossible to pinch up the skin upon the surface. All power to lift the arm was gone, and so it continued for ten years. Mr. Doty visited the ablest surgeons in different parts of the State, seeking their counsel, but all agreed in the opinion that the case was incurable, and the arm must be comparatively useless. The callous might be broken, the arm replaced in its socket, but as the muscles upon the top of the arm were entirely destroyed, there would be nothing to hold the arm in its place. For this reason it was deemed incurable. Bro. Doty had therefore given up all hope and expectation of relief, and was dis-

posed to be thankful that his other side was all right. The entire left side of the body sympathized with the shoulder, and frequent pains darted through it, sometimes the hip becoming so stiff and sore that he was unable to sit down for days together. The shoulder was always cold, evincing the stoppage of the circulation, and could only be rendered comfortable by the application of the other hand.

On the 17th of September, 1859, a little more than ten years after the accident, Bro. Doty being at home, and in his own sitting-room alone, suddenly became aware of a presence, whom, though he could not see, he realized as distinctly as though the form had been visible, and at the same time an impression came upon him, with the distinctness of a command, to rise and shut the doors and darken the room, and to sit by the table. He immediately complied, and sat down again by the table. Suddenly he felt a shock, as though an electrical discharge had struck the top of his head, and ran like lightning through his body to the ends of his toes. This was followed by a flush of heat, apparently some two inches wide, that ran down the outside of the left arm from the shoulder, and coursed along the outside of the leg upon the same side. The left foot was put in violent motion, and immediately after, the right hand, under the control of an irresistible power, also commenced shaking violently, and was soon applied to the left shoulder, which it continued to rub with rapid motion, the foot also keeping time with the hand incessantly for an hour and a half, the hand being removed only three times and laid upon the table, for not more than a minute and a half at either time.

During this process his mind was in an unwonted condition of joy and peace altogether indescribable. He seemed exalted to a heavenly condition of spirit, and realized what it is to be baptized in the pure love of ministering spirits. As the influence left him, both hands were lifted easily and naturally to his head, over which they made a few passes, and then, without the least exhaustion, although he had perspired profusely, he was left to contemplate the wonderful cure that had been performed upon himself, and with his family and neighbors to feel renewed reasons for gratitude to that Providence "who maketh his angels spirits."

The influence continued to be exerted from day to day, the result being manifested in the growth of muscle, increasing strength, and restored circulation, so that a permanent cure has been performed by the establishment of organic wholeness and the regular processes of nature.

In the course of a few months Bro. Doty was controlled, and directed to apply his hands to other diseased bodies, with astonishing results. None could deny the wonderful power manifested, nor were the sick any more disposed to refuse aid from him than were the sick Jews to refuse help from the wonderful prophet of Nazareth. Time and space will not permit a record of the cures performed through his agency, but it may be interesting to some afflicted ones to know that Bro. Doty has moved to Boston, that he is willing to devote his whole time to curing the sick, in the way which the spirits have pointed out to him, and in which they give their powerful aid. His present residence is at No. 30 Pleasant street, Boston.

Those who apply to healing mediums should remember that there is nothing miraculous in the nature of their powers, but that subject to law, and guided by the experience of advanced minds, spiritual power may be directed to the cure of almost every disease. There are cases incurable by the very nature of the malady, and no physician, belonging to whatever school he may, practicing by whatever system, or inspired by whatever intelligence, can cure every case.

The Eighth Massachusetts Battery.

The Journal's correspondent, "Scout," writing from the battle-field, speaks in high terms of praise of this battery. He adds: "The conduct of Capt. Cook's Battery is exceedingly creditable to the Captain and most of his men, in proof of which it is only necessary to refer to Gen. Willcox's official report, in which a high compliment is paid to this battery. It was placed in a very exposed position, and for a time two guns were under the command of the rebel infantry on account of the failure of our infantry support to be stationed in the proper place at the onset; but Capt. Cook, Lieut. Coffin, and others of the company, remained by the guns under a hot fire, and as soon as was possible the guns were again doing good service."

The Captain received an order on Friday night to go to Washington to change their guns, and the next morning they were on their way. They are to have ten-pound Parrotts, in exchange for their comparatively inferior pieces. This is a great compliment for Capt. Cook and his command, who have proved themselves good soldiers, as well as efficient artillerymen.

Announcements.

Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Miss Emma Harding in Marblehead; Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon in Taunton; Miss Lizzie Doten in Springfield; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Quincy; Warren Chase in Lowell; Frank L. Wadsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Foxboro; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Portland, Me.; Miss B. Anna Ryder in Milford, N. H.; H. B. Storey in Providence, R. I.; N. Frank White in Somers, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in Belfast, Me.; Chas. A. Hayden in Exeter, Me.

We are pleased to learn that our collaborator, Bro. Stephen Fellows, is still in the field, piloting the belated to the haven of light and life. His address is Fall River, Mass.

A SUFFERING SOLDIER.—Nicholas Hall, aged 19, says the Transcript, while kneeling to load at the battle of Fair Oaks, received a bullet in his abdomen, which passed through and lodged in his spine, and has not yet been extracted. He now lies at his mother's house, corner of Village and Castle streets, and the writer, who has visited him some twenty times, can testify to his acute sufferings and his heroic endurance. From long lying in one position his back has become quite sore, and the hunk mattress on which he lies ought to be substituted for a hair mattress of the size for a single bed. Has any benevolent person such an article to spare? Mrs. Hall is in quite humble circumstances. She was only able to bring her home by procuring her discharge from the army, although the army surgeon pronounced him mortally wounded. In doing this she had to sacrifice both State and United States aid. Marital tenderness did not allow her to hesitate. Dr. Gay, the well-known surgeon, will conform our assurances as to the facts of the case, and the worthiness of the family.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Self-Government.

What is it? We talk much about it; what do we really know about it? If a man thinks it such an easy matter to keep the "higher law," let him try it faithfully for but a single day. Outside, or external government, are likened by a thoughtful writer to the surgeon's tourniquets or bandages. They may avail to check certain evils, or to alleviate them, but in themselves they are anything but blessings. The plain fact is, that this external government is made to stand and suffice for self-government, the very thing we all want; and it may be admitted that it does prepare the way for it, though the road is a long one that leads to voluntary obedience to Reason, which constitutes the true Freedom.

The writer of the "Honest Man's Book of Politics" illustrates the same idea in this way: He says that, "as the true end of all learning is to qualify men to think for themselves, so the true end of external government is, to prepare men to go right and do right of their own free will." And he proceeds: "Self-government should not be confounded with self-gratification. To live under the domination of one's own self-will, or appetites, may be freedom for the appetites, but it is slavery for the man. Man is free in proportion as his wish, or will, has God's power for it, and not against it; that is, so far as he and his desires are in harmony with the Governing Power of the Universe, or with the laws of Nature or Divine Order; for, when such is the case perfectly, every fulfillment of the laws of Nature is a triumph for all whose delight it is to see those laws or volitions fulfilled. Thus, while the spirit of self-gratification subjugates all things to the ruling passion *pro tem*, without regard to their nobleness or to its own villainess, self-government subordinates all the desires and powers of the soul according to their relative worth, making the heart a seat of order, a kingdom of righteousness, with the Will of God for its life, and the Triumph of Right for its constant aim and glory. Self-government, therefore, is nothing less than a process of self-humanization; a march from the Egypt of the animal senses and instincts to the Holy Land of Reason; an emancipation of the soul from its thralldom to matter, and an opening of the senses of the spirit to spiritual things."

The whole matter could not be better stated, or more clearly reasoned. We all know in how low the true desire for self-government predominates, or, in fact, exists except in a low and latent state; yet it may be made to develop itself with great rapidity. External objects and obstacles try our energies and suffice to bring them forth, and thus the spirit is taught gradually to operate upon and control its teacher, the external things and circumstances themselves. Our lives are kindled by external action and pressure. The power of the reason is built up slowly, and hence cannot take the reins for a long while; for it is the reason that discerns the true spirit of things, the senses touching only their grossness. Reason searches only for meaning, and cares nothing about the mere shows themselves.

We cannot learn the art of governing ourselves all at once. It is an acquired power, an energy that comes with use and growth, a wisdom that has to be learnt. And whenever—says our author friend—more than the employment of reason according to the measure of its growth is attempted, the result is self-conceit merely; an abortion, which usurps the place and sucks out the life of Reason, employing the soul's powers to its own misgovernment, and to the prevention of its progress. The man of reason has no conceit; he is always modest and honest; he has no need of temper, for the clear eye of reason suffices to show him the way and to lead him on in it. Passion vanishes as fast as the light of Reason dawns, and perfect self-government harmonizes all the traits and qualities of the nature.

Physical and Mental Aid.

It behooves all good loyal citizens, at this hour of the Nation's anguish, to put forth their physical and mental strength to the utmost in support of the Chief Magistrate. Those who are too far advanced in age to take the field, can do much by allowing their aspirations to ascend to spirit-life, for, by the combined magnetisms of mortals and spirits only, can the great events now transpiring be made to subserve the mighty end sought to be attained, viz. the perpetuity of this great country intact, which is destined to become the home of the oppressed of all nations. When UNIVERSAL FREEDOM shall be emblazoned in living letters of light upon its glorious flag, then shall we be free indeed, and bless the good Father for the chastening rod that ultimately so benefited a result. Then, indeed, shall the cap of Liberty, with no blemish to mar its beauty, crown through all coming time the flagstaff of our national emblem. Then war shall be known no more in the land; justice will prevail; the right will conquer. But that time is not yet. Strive, then, with all your hearts and souls, citizens of the Free States, to crush out the rebellion by rendering all the aid in your power to the legally constituted authorities of the nation. Otherwise, a longer time will intervene than you are aware of now, before the nation comes safely out of the struggle in which she is engaged. But the good old Ship of State will weather all gales, and the result we have predicted surely come.

The Departed.

They are not before our eyes—they are not with us in the form—but oh how much more do they influence us than if we could see them right at our side! The invisible influences are ever the strongest. Why is it so?—And yet why should it not be so? The spiritual vision is far clearer and stronger than the bodily, even as the soul is superior to sense. When the soul receives its impression, the individual is moved; but that which appeals to outward sense alone, does not always reach the springs of the soul. And when can we banish the thoughts of those who have gone behind the veil? and, if never, then how closely and continually we draw them to our sides, as angels, and ministering spirits!

Farming Corporation near Kidder, Me.

This enterprise, started last spring, by a dozen or more enterprising New England men, is now begun, and bids fair for the most successful results. Nearly one-half of the shares, numbering thirty-two in all, notwithstanding the unpropitious times, are sold to exactly the right kind of men—men liberal, just, and generous.

The Corporation has built a large store, the handsomest on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, in Kidder; and on the ground of the Corporation, one beautiful dwelling-house. Another is to be erected this fall. Over fifty acres of corn, northern sugar-cane, potatoes, and almost every kind of garden vegetables, have been raised this year on the "farm." Over sixty acres is substantially fenced, and broken, and is ready for a good crop next year. The Corporation Farm is admirably adapted for stock raising, which business will be commenced the coming spring.

The Corporation is beginning in the right way at first, in a small, careful, sure manner. Mr. H. D. Huston, who has been the agent of the Corporation there since its inauguration, has returned to East Somerville, Mass., where he may be addressed for particulars for the coming winter.

Mr. M. E. Congar, one of our most worthy brothers, formerly of Whitewater, Wis., has just embarked in this enterprise, and has moved his family on to the ground of the Corporation, and will act as agent of the Corporation there during the coming winter.

Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Charlestown, Mass., than whom there is not a more worthy man living, has been on the ground all summer, and will move his family there next winter.

"Franklin Newhall" is also there. He intends to erect a house for himself next summer. Another Mr. Taylor is also there.

Some half a dozen or more gentlemen intend taking shares and moving on to this Corporation Farm this fall, or early next spring.

All who have taken shares are true Spiritualists, and they are Spiritualists, too, that are of the noble, generous, trustworthy stamp.

The houses are being built, and the whole plan, as presented by Dr. Child, is being slowly and steadily carried into effect. It is the work of time to carry this plan out, and we have confidence that it will succeed, for we should be slow to doubt the success of any project in which Dr. Child throws his energies. We have full confidence in him, as an honorable, just man, and also, as a business man. The people in that region are perfectly loyal, and property is believed to be as safe there, if not safer, than in Massachusetts. The country in every respect is fine and healthy beyond description. Seventeen who went from Boston last spring have been in perfect health all summer.

We gather the above statements from an interview with Mr. Huston, and present them for consideration at this time, because we know that many of our readers have a deep interest in the success of a movement of this kind.

New Publication.

We spoke briefly, last week, of a handsome 8vo. volume, just issued by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, which contains a minute and detailed narrative of the trial of George O. Hersey, for the murder of Betsey Frances Tirrel, before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. It was a case that excited extraordinary interest for its particulars, not merely with the public at large, but among members of the legal profession and medical faculty. The details are all given, from beginning to end. While the trial itself is made to command the deepest attention, and interest of the reader, as it is reported, the whole series of incidents and points form as tragical a story as could well be written. This is the first case of known poisoning by strychnine in the country, and a very strange instance of a confession by the prisoner finally corroborating the purely circumstantial testimony on the strength of which he was convicted. The points both of medicine and chemistry involved in it, are of the first interest to professional men. Hersey was executed not until after two years following the death of his victim. A more fiendish case of homicide rarely comes under public notice, in what we agree to style civilized society. The whole matter has been phonographically reported by Mr. Yerrinton; and all who wish to peruse, and even study a case that presents such a multitude of striking and startling points, not less in law than in medicine, nor in atrocious cruelty than in fraud, will find this volume just the one for purchasing.

A Dollar that Pays Well.

One of the best seasonable enterprises now before the public, is that of the publisher of the American Agriculturist. He has secured for his subscribers five colored editions of two splendid maps of localities of great interest. One of these, covering a space of more than ten square feet, shows the entire State of Virginia so completely that every county, town, city, village, river, brook, mountain, hill, and principal road, is readily found. It also embraces the principal parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The other map, covering about fifteen square feet, gives all the Southern or Slave States, including Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and all south of them. Though not so minute as the map of Virginia, this shows all the counties, principal towns, rivers, etc., of the Southern States. Any person subscribing now for the Agriculturist, is presented with a choice of the above two maps. In addition to this, every new subscriber for 1863 (Vol. 23), receives the Agriculturist for the rest of this year without charge. We have long received the Agriculturist, and can testify to its real merits. Every number is well illustrated, and contains a very large amount of really useful, practical, reliable information for the farm, the garden, and the household, including a very interesting department for the little ones. No one can fail to get many dollars worth of useful hints from a volume of the Agriculturist, while the maps now are so much extra. We have sent for two copies of the paper so as to get both maps. Send for the paper on our recommendation, or, if you prefer, send a dime for a single copy, and examine it for yourself. The address of the publisher is Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York.

Miss Emma Houston.

It will be seen by announcement elsewhere that this young lady, whose reputation as a trance-speaker is most excellent, is to speak before the Lyceum Church on Sunday next, in Lyceum Hall. These free meetings are attracting large audiences every Sunday, which is sufficient evidence to us that the great truths of Spiritualism there elucidated are beginning to have their legitimate effect upon community generally.

The Old Boy.

Few men indeed live to see one hundred years, and, if they do, they are so far gone generally as not to be aware of it. But we have a centenarian in New York State now, the venerable Daniel Waldo, a preacher, who has just been paying a visit from his home to Albany, where he was the guest of Rev. Dr. Sprague, preaching, in his pulpit on the next Sunday after his arrival. Previous to leaving home, however, he sat down in what were manifestly exuberant spirits, and penned the following letter to Dr. Sprague. It shows what a happy sort of fellow the old man is:

SYRACUSE, Sept. 10, 1862.

Dear Boy:—I take pen in hand, according to your request, to inform you that, after tossing some hours last night upon my bed, and thinking over the deplorable condition of our country, I cast my cares upon my Master, according to orders; and I had sufficient time to rest before sunrise, and to reflect that I was one hundred years old; had had thirty-six thousand five hundred nights to rest in, not thirty-two hundred of which had been disturbed by pain or anxiety. Not long ago, the inquiry was made in England, in what particulars very aged men agreed in their habits. The result was that the only thing in which they all agreed was that they all slept well. I have observed that a very large proportion of very old persons die by accident, and not by old age or disease. There is a tradition that Charles the First invited old Thomas Barr, on account of his age, (one hundred and fifty-two,) to his court, and they died of indigestion. Dr. Harvey is said to have dissected his body, and to have found the viscera perfectly sound; and the cartilages unossified. I hope I shall not fall a victim to my appetite, as he did.

My granddaughter thanks you for your invitation; and as it is inconvenient for her to comply with it now, she will remember it for a future time. Providence permitting, I shall take the ten o'clock train for Albany on Friday. My health is as usual. Please to scatter my affectionate regards among your household, and believe me, Truly yours, DANIEL WALDO.

The Artists.

These are the true summer tourists, after all. On looking around, we discover that they are beginning to get back again from their several jaunts by the sea-shore, by the rivers, and among the mountains, laden with the rich fruits of their season's experiences. How little do the money-getters of State and Wall streets know of the pure and lasting delights of these men—these true children of nature. Innes, Ordway, and Williams are in the neighborhood of Medway, engaged on works begun elsewhere. G. L. Brown has been out near Medford all summer, sketching the scenery there. Champney lingers at North Conway, where his home is. Griggs has likewise been there through the summer. Pope and Gerry have just returned from Bethel, a fine summer resort on the Grand Trunk road, with portfolios stuffed. Hodgdon and Russ are in Vermont. Brother is in New York State, and Bradford is on the coast of Maine. The artists' collection at the Studio Building is accumulating rapidly, and deserves general patronage. Some two hundred pictures are already there, and all of them are for sale to such as may chance to fancy them.

Thomas Starr King.

They talk in California of really sending this living man to the Senate of the United States, to fill the place of Senator Latham, whose term will expire next March. It is a new thing to take a minister from the pulpit and put him to political work; and yet it has been done before, and to good advantage. In Massachusetts, the Unitarian ministers especially have had more or less experience in politics. This is what a writer, advocating Mr. King's election, says in a late number of the San Francisco Bulletin: "It is too much to say that Mr. King has done more than the press, more than all the lawyers in the State, more than the politicians, in quickening into activity the Union sentiment of California, and preserving us here from civil war? Fellow-citizens, elect Thomas Starr King to the Senate of the United States! Do not insult him by the offer merely of a nomination. Do not ask him to descend to the level of the men who now seek the office by button-holding politicians, bribing voters, or bargaining for favor. Elect him first—ask his acceptance of the office afterwards. Take him from his pulpit as the Romans took Cincinnatus from his plough. No legislator voting for such a Senator will make need ever blush for the record of that vote."

Revelation.

Why we should be asked to believe that the days of revelation are passed, we are unable to understand. Truth is revealed to us just as fast as we are ready to receive it. When we shut our eyes, how can it be expected that we are to see what is before us? and when we open them, what shall hinder our seeing? It may indeed be true that heaven has not in the past been so near to earth as it is now, or as it is to be in the immediate future; yet the ministry of spirits has ever been going on, and we have it in our power to rejoice that we have fallen upon the blessed times when communion has become so open and free. Revelation comes to the soul, rather than to the eyes and ears; and therefore it is that the soul is to be filled and expanded with the measure of its new receptions.

Do Right.

Any man that says or does ought to block the wheels of the General Government at this time is a traitor to his country, no matter what his political sentiments may be, and should be dealt with accordingly. If every man would act up to his highest conceptions of right at this juncture in our national affairs, instead of striving for place and its emoluments, the present war would speedily be brought to a close; but we fear the patriotism that inspired the fathers of the Republic is sadly lacking in their posterity of the present day, and that too many among us care not how long the conflict lasts, so that they but aggrandize themselves thereby.

Miss Hardinge's Book.

We publish in this issue a list of the contents of this interesting book of stories, with numerous extracts, in order to give the reader a slight insight into the work in question. We think she was most unfortunate in giving it the title she did—"The Wild-fire Club"—as, in our opinion, the public cannot gather from it the least idea of what the work really is. Everybody should read it, especially Spiritualists. It is a large, nicely bound book, and the price she asks for it—\$1.00—is very moderate indeed. Bookellers will be supplied at the usual discount price to the trade.

Mr. C. H. Foster.

The Bangor Daily Waig and Courier publishes an account of Mr. C. H. Foster's wonderful spirit manifestations in that city, from which we take the following sentence: "Before going to the sitting, we took some names written by our daughter, and not known to us. In response to one, the following was written by the medium: 'Bear a message to my daughter that Henry Ward Beecher is not in the spirit-world, and we cannot see that he is here, or come to us at present.' He is doing too much good on earth to be taken away."

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was dictated by the spirit who spoke it, through the medium of M. J. H. COVANT, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

Our Remembrance.—The Seances at which these communications are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT 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.

Thursday, Sept. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. Gould, to his father, Theodore T. Gould, of Richmond, Virginia; Martha L. Yates, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to her mother; Henry Dunbar, to his father, in London; Mary Carney, to her father, in Boston.

Thursday, Sept. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. Gould, formerly of Northampton, England; William Douglas, to his mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Benjamin Barnes, of Wakeham, Missouri, to his son, William and Benjamin, of the 10th Indiana Regiment; Richard Aldrich, of the Montgomery Riflemen, killed at the battle of Bull Run.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edwin Wainman, to his mother, in New York city; Lieut. Albert Bragg, of Raleigh, N. C.; H. A. Kingsbury, of the 10th Ohio Regiment, to his mother and sister, in Dayton, Ohio; Dr. Andrew N. Oodrey, of Portsmouth, Va., to Samuel T. Godfrey, in Memphis, Tenn.

Monday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Samuel H. Price, to J. Matilda Price, of Montgomery, Ala.; Malvina Davis, to her father, Orlando Davis, of St. Louis, Mo.; Philip Guilson, late a member of Co. I, 16th Mass. Reg., to his wife and children in Boston.

Tuesday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dr. Luther V. Bell, late Superintendent of the Somerville Insane Asylum; Philip of Narragansett; Gen. Lander, of Salem, Mass.

Invocation.

Our Father, as Night kneels at the feet of Day, and becomes wrapt with its mantle of glory, and is lost within that flood of living light, so we would be baptized in that divine light and inspiration which emanates from thy spirit and become one with thee. Our Father, though we in our darkness may not comprehend the light of thy glory, yet we would fain bask in its rays forever more. And, Oh Father, as we roll on in the divine cycles of eternity, we would become nearer and nearer unto thee as thou unto us. Oh, Spirit of the Hour, we need not ask thee to guide us, for continually we hear thy voice whispering unto us, "I am here, still here, oh child of time, to guide thee onward." Receive our blessing, and ours in behalf of the little few gathered here to day for spiritual instruction. We know that thou wilt accept our blessing as thou dost accept the silent gratitude of these little blossoms, [referring to a bouquet of flowers on the table], so, therefore, wilt thou accept these mental blossoms, which have their birth in the souls of these earthly children. We ask no special blessing to rest upon these subjects of thy love, for, standing at the right hand of each one we behold a guardian angel, who shall minister to their necessities. And all shall be bright, for thou thyself standest in the midst.

Sept. 11.

The Human Brain.

"Are not all the functions of the human body dependent upon the action of the brain?" is the question given us for this afternoon's consideration.

Ans.—Now, whether or no our questioner has penetrated beyond the exterior of life, we are not certain, but if allowed to give our opinion, we should say that he had not taken one step beyond the surface. "Are not all the functions of the human body dependent upon the action of the brain?" Certainly not. Now, we are aware that we shall stand in antagonism to our questioner, and in this way we do not expect to be exempt from any prescribed rule. We declare that there has been instances where persons have been born entirely devoid of the cerebrum, and have existed in life thirty or forty years, during which time the various functions of all the other organs of the body have been properly performed, and the person has enjoyed perfect bodily health, without the existence of the brain. It is impossible for us to prove beyond the possibility of a doubt, that we have taken a correct position. It will be impossible for us to impress that upon any mind which is truth to us. You must stand upon the spiritual side and behold the demise of the body that has contained no brain. Then you will read with clear sight what is now a blur and a mystery to your earth-bounded eyes.

And to carry your subject still further, we would state that those bodies who are devoid of the brain, are allied to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and have no connection at all with the spiritual. Therefore, when that body returns to its kindred dust, we do not look for any new spirit to rise from it, for the individualized spirit grows only where it can unfold itself, and we are sure that the spirit cannot and does not exist in such a form. We know you have been told to the contrary. Again we say, it will be impossible to make you believe that upon the death of the idiot, or brainless being before spoken of, there was not a spirit born into the spirit realm then. No; that body while upon the earth existed under the laws of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and when death came and destroyed it, its brief career was at an end, for being destitute of spirit, it could not know the pleasures of immortality. The field that is open to us, or the question that is propounded us this afternoon, is one that would cover all eternity. It is impossible for us to touch even upon one point of this field of speculation in the brief time given us for the answering of questions here. It is something allied to man as an individual, that you may study constantly and yet never fully comprehend, until you join the company of the angels upon the other side.

You are not to suppose for a single moment, that because an idiot is endowed with a perfect form, that human form is allied to the spiritual kingdom, for it is not so, and you who have had the misfortune to lose such children or friends, by the change called death, should not look for their appearance to greet you in the world of spirits. For law is law, and that which governs you as physical beings is as fixed and immutable as Deity itself, and whenever any one of God's creatures tries to overthrow it, he will find it is useless.

And, oh, what a privilege it is that you are allowed to study and explore so grand a subject; even though you wander through eternity, you will find new food for your investigation, new themes for study. Receive, our questioner, only as much of our answer as seems to be truth to you. And when you shall stand apart from mortality, take up the subject and study it then, if not now, and learn of the Great Law-Giver, who is never weary of teaching his children.

Sept. 11.

Frances E. Thacher.

I was told if I would come here it were possible I might find my father. In order to insure success, I am also told it will be necessary for me to give a brief sketch of my life. I was born in Montpelier, Vermont, and my name was Frances E. Thacher. My father's name is Samuel Thacher, my mother's name is Olive. I had one brother only, and he died in infancy.

My father was a teacher in the theological seminary. When I was between five and six years of age, my father left his family in order to see some disagreement between my mother and himself. So my recollection of my father is not at all distinct. We were told he went to Canada, but that I do not know, as my mother was in the habit of forbidding me to ask any questions concerning him, though I sometimes questioned strangers about him, though generally without much success. She seemed to desire to avoid the mention of his name, and even told me that if I asked any more questions in regard to

my father, that I should incur her lasting displeasure, and that she would be very angry with me.

An aged minister, whose name was Brown, and who baptized me in infancy, once told me that I was much like my father, and that it was a great pity that a man who possessed so many talents and so kind a heart, could so suddenly forget to do his duty to God and his family, as to abandon them and take the course he did. Nevertheless, I learned that my father was not altogether to blame in the matter of their separation. I learned, also, that he was of a kind and affectionate disposition; while my mother, who was somewhat ill-tempered, often said and did many things to provoke and torture him, and that was his excuse for leaving her.

My mother is now an inhabitant of the spirit-world. I have lived in the spirit-world eight years. I was eighteen years of age at the time of my death. When I was fifteen years of age, my mother closed the doors of her house against me, because I departed from the fixed rule of life which she had marked out for me. My mother was a Presbyterian, strict and rigid. I am told she inherited this trait of religious character from her father, who was a rigid minister of that faith. After being turned from my mother's house, I met with deception and disappointment. As I did not wish to remain near my native place, I came to Boston, because urgently solicited to do so by those who promised to be my friends, and whom in my ignorance I supposed were my friends, but who afterwards proved to be my greatest enemies.

After living near three years of a life the note of which I do not care to reproduce even in words, I was taken sick and died. The house wherein I was located at the time of my death is not far distant from this place; and two at least of those persons who stood by my death-bed, are now living, and are living lives that are not acceptable either to God or themselves. And here I would urge, that they change their course of life, that they may be happy when they come to the spirit-land.

But I have come here to seek my father. I am told—indeed, I know, as surely as I know that I am a spirit—that my father is still on earth, and I feel that he may yet be of assistance to his child, and to my mother who still clings rigidly to her faith in the Church, and who believes that I am a spirit abandoned to all eternity from the presence of God. I am told that there is every hope of my finding my father. I am told by my teachers that my father is still living in Canada West, where he is doing much good, in his way. I am told, also, that the medium of your paper—through which my feeble thoughts must pass—is received by some persons who know him, and I would ask that they do me the favor to forward my message to him as soon as it appears in print.

The name I was known by in Boston was Rose Murray, and if those two individuals I have spoken of have any desire to hold intercourse with an inhabitant of the spirit-world, I am ready and willing to assist them to the utmost of my power. Good-day.

Sept. 11.

Matthew Grover.

Humph! there's nothing like being able to report yourself. But, stranger, it is always in this uniform we come? [Yes, when you come here.] Well, if they all wear it, I must, I suppose. I'm from Missouri. [That's a good state.] I've got a wife and four children out there, but my body's left in those d—d Chikahominy swamps! [Be as easy in your language as possible.] Oh, well, I beg your pardon, I meant no offense. You see, stranger, I ain't very well used to concocting soft words; I want my way here, nor it ain't got to be. But they said I must give what I could here, and if I make a mistake, I suppose you'll overlook it, won't you? [Certainly.] Well, now, I've got two objects in view in coming here. One is, to get a chance to talk with my brother; the other is, to get word in some way or other to my wife in Missouri. [Well, just mention some facts connected with your life that will enable your friends to recognize you.] I was born in Patterson, New Jersey, and was thirty-nine years old, rather tough to look at, but I meant about right. You see, when this infernal rebellion stuck its head up, I thought I'd do what I could to cut its head off; so I left farming, and thought I'd try shooting for a living. I missed sometimes, but I was a pretty good shot. [Were you killed by a bullet?] Yes; plump through the head. Oh, that's a nice way to go. It's like that, accompanying the words with a quick movement of the hands, and it's all over. But when you come to yourself and find that you've lost your body and are in a strange world, then comes the d—d hard pull of truck; then you look around you to see if there's any way by which you can get back to earth again. Beg your pardon, I don't mean to talk just as I do. Never mind, never mind, overlook it a little now, and when I get fixed here in the spirit-land I'll be able to do better.

My brother went out from Indiana, and I'm inclined to reckon, stranger, he's sick. There are certain signs by which we spirits can tell whether our friends on earth are sick or in good health. Oh, I should tell you that—d—n it, stranger, I want to talk to him, to make a long story short. Now what shall I do? [Ask your brother to find some medium like this where he is, through whom you can communicate.] Why the devil don't you say woman? [There are men who are mediums, also.] Then I should like to have my choice next time. Oh, then, there's both kinds? Well, I don't care; any one I'll do, so I can talk. I'd like to get a little nearer home. I do n't feel just right here. [This is the first time you have been at this place; the next time you come you'll feel better.] Well, I want to talk with my brother about the war, and if you save your country at all, it's got to be by hard fighting and a d—d sight more honesty than government has yet shown. They told me I must come into—[direct report?] That's the very word they used—with him. The thing of it is, stranger, he knows I'm dead, and I know he's a little skeerish about dead folks. [Can you give us his address?] Well, stranger, I can't tell you what company he's in. [He's in the army, then?] Yes, and sick; but I don't think there's much chance of my reaching him, after all. [A good many Indiana soldiers take our paper, so that your letter may reach him through the medium of others.] That's it; I'm on the right track now. That's all right.

Have I given you my name? [No.] Sure on't? [I think so.] You may send my letter to David Grover; he's a twin to me. You tell him it's from Matthew, or Matt, will you? [Yes.] Now in regard to getting some word to my wife in Booneville, Missouri. I'll wait till I get this thing out. You see, my wife knows nothing about this thing; and then to hear that I was dead and talking, it would n't exactly bloat with her ideas of religion. Had n't I better wait and get him all right first? [Just as you please.] I ain't talked out of our way, stranger. [There are mediums in St. Louis, I think.] Well, that may be. She used to live in Pennsylvania. Well, I'll be on the safe side, and not say much to her at present.

Well, what do you ask? What's your fee? Now don't think because I'm a Hoosier that I can't pay. [What do you pay in good-will?] There, you've got me, stranger. I ain't got what I used to have. Never mind, I'll owe you. When you get here and take the kind of coin we use here, I'll pay you. [Well, remember you owe me one.] I'll owe you, and I'll remember you. I'm not of the kind to forget. How do you go out of here? Is it as easy as it was before? [Merely will yourself away.] Who ever heard of anybody's willing themselves to die? Good-by to you, stranger. [Good-by.] Sept. 11.

Col. Powell T. Wyman.

My friends, I feel aware that I exist in the presence of a God whose ways are mysterious, exceedingly so. Had I been told before death that I should ever return to earth in this way, I should have considered my informant as insane. When we stand divested of our mortal bodies and contemplate the grandness and mystery of the existence in which we live and move, we can only say, Oh, God, how mysterious are thy ways! How beautiful, simple, and yet how grand are thy laws!

On the 24 day of July last it was my misfortune to be killed in battle. I feel it to be a misfortune, inasmuch as I feel that, for one, am no longer capable of assisting my countrymen in their struggle for right, and of relieving my country of the terrible burden resting upon her at the present time. I would urge the necessity of the Federal army, instead of each trying to out-rival the other in military fame, they should think only of their duty to God, and how much they can do toward benefiting their countrymen. The I should be lost in the You, but I regret to say it is not so. The officers, as well as privates, should be actuated by a common feeling of duty, in which self should be subordinate to the good of others. I know it is natural for a soldier to love glory; but, oh, my God! could they see this thing as I see it, could they stand above humanity and look out at the great map before them as I do now, I'm sure they would do differently; I'm sure they would be more true to themselves, and look up to God more than to themselves for strength in the performance of their duty.

I am deeply impressed of the necessity of more godliness among that class from whom I have recently come, and I am sure that while there is still so much of muscle and will used to aggrandize self, your civil war will continue to rage, blood continue to flow, and your homes be desolated.

Oh, that I had power to impress truth and honesty of purpose into the soul of each soldier. I am aware that I partook of the same deficiencies which here below, as others of the brotherhood to which I belonged. I do not come here to plead perfection on my own part, for I am aware that I did not do half my duty while here on earth.

Oh, I would ask those friends who knew me while here on earth, to forgive my faults, and if I had a few virtues to take pattern from them. I would ask them to examine themselves closely, and see if they possess any of the requisites of godliness. I would ask if they are what they should be—all Washingtons. I have seen and talked with that dear good man whom you style the Father of his Country, since I came to the spirit-world. He assured me that it was always his earnest desire to benefit his countrymen; and that self was of small consequence to him, compared to the general good of his fellow-men; and I attribute his success as an Officer and Chief Magistrate, to that characteristic of his. I would earnestly beseech of you to copy the virtues of your Washington, and to turn the whole side of your powers toward redeeming your countrymen, black and white.

Love, deep, lasting and eternal to my wife and family; and forgiveness and pity to my enemies. I am, or was, Colonel Wyman, of the 16th Massachusetts Regiment.

Sept. 11.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would kneel in the valley of meekness and with childlike confidence receive thy blessing. Though we have been folded in the mantle of darkness, and have dwelt with the King of Terror for so long a time, even so, Oh Father, we would feel the fuller embrace of life eternal. Though we dwell for the moment in the valley, yet eagle-like, we would fain build our nest upon the heights of eternal truth and wisdom; for we would drink forever thy inspiring breath. And as thou has suffered little children to come unto thee at all times, so, Oh Father, we would become as little children, kneeling at the Father's feet for a blessing. We would offer unto thee, Oh God, at this hour, the desires and petitions of our hearts; and we expect, ye, confidently too, that thou wilt bless us, not alone at this hour, but throughout the endless cycles of eternity. And for this assurance we thank thee, Oh Father. Amen.

Sept. 15.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—What is it that produces the pulsations of the human heart?

Ans.—This question we have been requested to notice. We are at a loss to define the exact position of our interrogator, but presuming he questions from the plane of human science, we shall treat the subject as simply as possible, that not only our questioner, but all persons present who may be interested in this question of physiological importance, may easily comprehend us.

The pulsations of the human heart are produced by the action of a certain set of nerves upon the muscular tissue of the heart. These nerves are in turn set in motion by an electrical and magnetic current. These currents are generated by the body's alternating between life and death, or by the decomposition and regeneration of the forces of the system. It has been said, and strongly contended by many, that the heart receives its power of action from the brain; but this cannot be so, for as we have stated a few days since, there have been bodies who have lived for years without a brain, and yet animal life was sustained. Therefore this theory must be incorrect.

Again, the pulsations of the human heart are produced by the positive and negative forces, or the attractive and repulsive forces. These positive and negative forces have their origin in the two currents through whose agency the nerves are set in motion. From the magnetic current we derive the attractive force, and from the electrical current the repulsive force.

Oh, what a beautiful peace of mechanism is this human body, and yet how little it is understood. The time is fast coming when humanity shall have unfolded to its gaze many of the beauties of this human body; this grand microcosm of all you can have in heaven, earth and hell. How mighty, mighty is the power surrounding this little microcosm of earth, heaven and hell. Oh, you may wonder forever through the halls of your own being, and yet never succeed in discovering one half its beauties and its mysteries, so infinite is the human soul.

Q.—The origin and philosophy of thought.

A.—It has been said by a certain class of minds, that thought originated with matter, or in other words, it has come up through all the various stages of matter by slow degrees, as man grows from infancy to manhood. But this cannot be true, because we know that thought, spirit, or mind, lies behind matter, and therefore must have existed previous to the birth of matter.

Thought may be said to be the parent of matter, and the great variety of forms which matter exhibits in the external world, were all born of thought. This article of furniture was first a table in thought, before it was projected in this external form to your senses. So, then, thought must be the father and mother of all matter.

Thought, the philosophy of thought, from whence did it come, and whither is it tending? There is a Supreme Intelligence governing all mind, whom you call God. You are forever seeking to measure and weigh him in the balances of your own comprehension, and without success. Thought is of God and equal unto him. No matter how insignificant it may appear to be, yet it is nevertheless a spark of that Divine Mind. It were impossible to define thought, to build up any philosophy upon it. You cannot limit it, cannot comprehend it. Thought is God; God is thought; and to comprehend one, is to comprehend the other. And to measure Deity in the scales of finite comprehension, would be for you to drag yonder sun down to earth from its place in the firmament, that you might delve into its heart. You cannot do it, for law—immutable and all-pervading—governs and keeps you all in your proper places.

Yet it were well to seek to comprehend Deity and his works, because in so doing, it unfolds yourself and brings you into closer proximity with God and the angel-world. Therefore we would counsel you to seek on; but when you expect to fathom thought, you may expect also to fathom Deity.

Q.—Is the state of war natural to the human race?

A.—It is. We have told you that the magnetic and electric forces of life, or what we may call the attractive and repulsive forces of life are necessary to life, death, war, peace, joy and sorrow. All these

are but different names for one thing, one grand principle of life, whether it is seen in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. War is a necessity. You have too long lived in idleness, too long slumbered in ignorance, too long lived at variance with God's laws, and it is his hand that chastens you at this hour of your nation's existence. The electric currents have generated for the past seventy years that which is now hurled into your midst, and takes the form of civil war, which you see to-day. It hath come from natural causes; it is a legitimate child of parents that are every day with you. Civil war and its train of miseries are necessary for the purification of the American people as a nation, and therefore must be right in the sight of Him who hath allowed the seeds of malice and strife to blossom into rebellion.

Q.—Is there more blame upon one side than upon the other?

A.—There is not.

Q.—Can you see how long this war will last?

A.—We can judge from the power exhibited how long this civil war will last, but it is impossible for us to form a correct estimate of your time, now that we are no longer children of the earth. Our sphere of action is in eternity; yours is in time, and you divide time into years, months, days, hours, minutes and seconds. It is not so with us. We do not divide the forces of nature as you do, therefore it is impossible for us to form an exact estimate of the time this present civil war will occupy.

Q.—Please give me your estimate as nearly as you can?

A.—We shall say, then, between seven and eight years.

Questioner.—We shall all be killed off before that time.

Spirit.—You have only to wait for the rolling on of your time to prove the correctness of our assertion. If there were no elements of repulsion in the natural world, there would be none of attraction; for the two are inseparable. If there were no sorrow, there would be no joy; if there were no war, there would be no peace; if there were no life, there would be no death. We stand above and apart from the great national contest that is now raging between North and South, and we cannot consistently declare that your Southern brethren are most at fault, nor can we say that you are so conditioned toward them.

We know that you are children of the forces of nature, and rotate around individual centres of Deity, and, therefore, must be subject to the changes constantly going on in the natural world. We know that there is no darkness that is not approved by the element light. We know that you will look back in the future and behold the wisdom of Almighty God in having given you these gifts of darkness. We know that out of these dark buds of disappointment—war, sorrow and death—there shall come new forces of life, new gems of peace and happiness. It is necessary that commotion take place in the mental elements, as well as in the physical. You cannot see this from the finite point from which you view it; but when you shall have done with time, and measure the conditions of time by eternity, then you will declare that all is in perfect accordance with God, all perfect harmony with the will of Deity.

Sept. 15.

Don Jose Betancost.

I will try once more to come, so I can speak or commune to my sons. I have tried so many times, I am like you say discouraged. I try some two, three, four years; some four years I try once in a while to come to my sons. First, I not learn how to speak; when I do, I try that way, but before I do, I write, but I do not meet with success, so I come here once more to try what I can do.

I have two sons—Gasper and Jose. They say much what was said like rebellion, treason against their government. I send them here. They find home and live here. They not go home for fear they should be arrested. I die myself five years—over five years—most six years ago. I like them to go home. I'd like to have them do what I tell them to do, and not be here doing that they should not do.

For two or three years I send drafts for their support, but after a time they was not receive any more. They think I not think so much of them, and I forget their needs; that I die, and that my property go to government on account of my rebellious principles. Some of these thoughts are with cause; some are not. Now, I come to day to say to my sons it is safe for you to go home, and there they will find what I left waiting for them.

I made a strong effort to come here, to-day, and I hope I will not come here many times for nothing. I suppose you would like my name? [If you please.] Don Jose Betancost, of Mantanzas, Cuba.

Sept. 15.

Lawrence Herman.

I have hopes of reaching my friends by coming here. My name was Lawrence Herman. I was born in Peru, State of Maine, and died at Port Royal, on the fifth of August. I was twenty-seven years of age. I have a brother and four sisters on the earth, and a father and mother here in the spirit-land. I should be very glad to open correspondence with any of my friends, with a view to aid them and myself, too.

I was sick about seven weeks in all. I suppose my coming is rather a new thing, or will be, to my friends. No matter. I'm not very well satisfied where I am, and desire to do something toward making myself better off. Most of us die before we get ready to, and are glad to come back and get ready to be contented to stay in the spirit-world. That's my condition, and I'm told there are many situated like me.

Sept. 15.

Henry T. Sanderson.

Humph! 'taint my condition after I get away; but while I'm round here I don't feel very well. Confound your bodies! Mr. Chairman, can't you give us some kind of a dial, or some kind of a thing that ain't a human body? [As you've lost your body, you will be obliged to use the one we loan you.] Yes, I've lost mine, that's certain. Stranger, I've got a mother that I want you to write to. [Well, give us the circumstances of your death, your mother's name, &c.]

I'm from Kentucky. Do you admit the enemy within your lines? [Yes. All are friends here.] You lay aside all party feeling, then, with us? [Yes.] I can't feel right. I'll get over it. I've a mother living in Enterprise, Kentucky. She, I suppose, by this time, has been made acquainted with my death. I died on the battle field at Bull Run—the last battle, I mean. Yes, stranger, I died fighting against you, and have come back here to send my despatches to my friends. It's all right, I take it? [Certainly.] What company did you belong to? [Virginia Riflemen.] You want me to give my own name, age, and my mother's name—is that it? [Yes, so she'll recognize you.]

My name was Henry T. Sanderson. I suppose you want the name my mother goes by now? [Yes.] Her name is Catherine Elton, she having married since my father's death.

My death was rather a hard one. I received eleven wounds, any one of which would have proved mortal. I lived I can't tell how many hours; it's my opinion something like eight or ten. You may judge of my feelings when I tell you that I experienced precisely the same physical suffering now as I did during those hours, and were it not for my earnest desire to speak with my mother, I could hardly govern a human body at this time.

I wish to inform my mother with regard to her relatives in Philadelphia. They would gladly welcome her there, and I would advise that she dispose of what belongs to her, and go to her friends in that city. [Is Mr. Elton in the army?] He is not; he is dead. She's a widow, and I was, in one sense, her support. She is left, as it were, alone, and has no one to depend upon now that I am gone. I'm anxious for her welfare, and if I was not my God, I'd not come here. I thank you, for all your kind intentions. [You are welcome, for all we can do for you.] My age was twenty-two years, and I was born in Philadelphia.

Sept. 15.

Marian Moseley.

I was drowned in the Delaware Water Gap five years ago, and was then five years old. My name was Marian Moseley; my father's name, David Moseley. I lived in New York, and was up there with my father and mother when I was drowned.

Now, my father's away, and my mother's left at home sick; and if you please, I want to ask her to let me come to her and bring somebody to get her well. My father is gone to war, and my mother is left at home sick. She lives on Harvey street, New York. [What is your mother's name?] Mary Louisa. When I died we lived on White street. I have no brothers and no sisters. My father and mother thought once my death was not accidental, but it was. I fell into the water. I was not pushed in, as they heard once. Can I go? [If you wish.] Sept. 15.

ANGELS.

The following lines I found in the vest pocket belonging to my friend, George Lippard. I copy them with the hope that they will find room in your paper.

Yours truly,

B. L. M.

Philadelphia, Penn.

Thin shadowy forms are hovering
In the air around us afloat,
And we feel their hallowed presence
In the daily paths we tread;
Their soft eyes are kindly glancing
Down in many golden beams;
Their hands that gently scatter
Heavenly roses on our dreams.

Highest gems of thought they bring us
From their fair and distant home;
Though their often make us sadder,
We are better when they come.
And they weave sweet spells of music
O'er our troubled hearts to glide,
And uphold hearts almost sinking
Down in life's cold rapid tide.

They sustain, and cheer, and comfort,
When our spirits fall and shrink—
Save us from the dark abysses,
When we tremble on the brink;
Soft they chide, when fiery passions
Would our hasty bosoms stir,
Angels sad and deeply sorrow,
When our human spirits err.

Low they speak in soothing whispers,
When in grief we bend and moan,
And soft they bear us messages
From the sainted loved ones gone;
They that still the fever burning
In our sickened, weary heart—
They unclasp the crystal fountain
Whence the cooling tear-drops start.

Oh! they bring us daily visions
Of a world more pure and fair,
While their sweet low voices whisper:
"God, and love, and home are there."
They that keep a deathless vigil
At the portals of the soul,
They that treat the angry tempest,
When the waves of trouble roll—

Through the vale of gloomy shadows
Safe our fainting souls they bear,
While their tuneful songs of heaven
Boothe us in our passage there.
Oh! how rich, how high, how precious,
We must be in God's pure sight,
That he sends us guardian angels
From his realms of fadeless light.

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALIST TEACHERS.

DEAR BANNER.—The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" held their "First Quarterly Meeting" according to notice. H. B. Storer, F. L. Wadsworth, Lizzie Doten, N. Frank White and Bertha B. Chase, members thereof, were present. Other members were kept from the meeting by engagements they were fulfilling elsewhere. N. S. and Isaac P. Greenleaf, of Lowell, M. S. Townsend and Jennie Radd, of Taunton, B. J. Butts and H. N. Green, of Hopdale, Emma Houston, of Stoughton, Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge, Abraham P. Pierce, of Newburyport, Dr. A. B. Child, E. L. Lyon and O. H. Wellington, of Boston, Abba H. Lowe, of Essex, C. O. Coolidge, of Charlestown, Amos Hunt, of New Haven, Conn., James M. Allen, of North Bridgewater, J. Noble, of Patterson, N. J., Miss E. K. Ladd, Mrs. J. Kendall, Dr. C. O. York, Sarah P. Ellis, Mr. Benj. and Mrs. E. B. Danforth, of Boston, were with us during the meetings, and took part in the exercises thereof. B. J. Butts, of Hopdale, and Jennie Radd, of Taunton, became members of the Association.

