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CONSTANCE IRETON, OR, MY UNCLE'S WARD.

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CHAPTER VII.

One afternoon, as the purple and ruby tints of sunset were melting into golden vapors, Constance and I returned to the house from the forest, where we had been gathering wild flowers, listening to the songs of the birds, and dreaming of the time when humanity should come, like little children, and sitting at the feet of Nature, learn of her. We were met in the veranda by Uncle Robert.

"Well, young ladies," he said, in his arch way, "who do you think has done you the honor of calling upon you?"

"I am sure we can't imagine," we replied with one voice.

"Well, then, none other than Mrs. Howard Appleton and the renowned belle, her daughter."

"What! mother and Laura?" I cried, with dismay.

"Eyes so, my dear. They regretted your absence very much, but could not wait your return, as they had several engagements, and were intending to start for Saratoga to-morrow."

"I was afraid that they had come after me," I said, drawing a deep breath.

"Come after you, Mayflower? I should like to see them get you! But I doubt whether they thought of you at all. On the contrary, they came for Constance."

"For me!" she exclaimed, in amazement. "What did they desire?"

"That you and I should accompany them to the Springs."

"What excuse did you make?"

"I merely said that you did not design to enter society before Christmas, at least. My sister then empowered me to invite you to become her guest the coming winter. I promised that I would execute her commission."

"Thank you; I will think of it. I have agreed to visit Florence Perry this fall, and the day that May goes back to school I shall start, if you have no objections."

He laughed, and then said, in a light, bantering tone:

"It will not make any difference whether I approve your plans or not, as long as you have them so fully prepared. But as for May's going back to Mrs. Stillman's, that's entirely out of the question. She will do, as far as learning is concerned, and now she must enjoy herself."

"For shame, uncle," I replied, playfully; "as if I could ever know enough. I am intending to return to Woodville in two months. As I am now in the senior class, I hope to graduate by another year, and then I'll say farewell to school, but not to books."

"I declare, you are quite a little rebel. Constance, help me to convince this child that she will be much better off with us, than in that stupid academy."

"Must we always act according to pleasure, and never think what our duty is?" she gravely inquired.

"I stand rebuked," he smilingly replied. "Still, I can't bear to think of her as moping away from us."

"Oh, uncle, I shall not have any time for that. I presume I may be lonely sometimes, but then I shall have your letters, and that will be almost equal to seeing you, and I will prevent myself from becoming low-spirited by dreaming of the future."

"Well, it shall be as you say; only it frustrates my plans. I had arranged to go to Niagara in September. However, we will defer it until some other time."

"That would have been delightful; yet I do not regret my decision."

He smiled, and then looking at his watch, said: "I had almost forgotten that I was intending to invite you to ride with me. I have ordered the new broughie to be brought to the door, and I should be exceedingly happy to behold you seated in it half an hour hence."

We thanked him, and then departed to prepare to accompany him.

Again I stood in the dear academy at Woodville. There were some familiar faces; but nearly all were strangers. Among the first to greet me was Edna Graham, and the pleasure, I think, was mutual when Mrs. Stillman informed us that we were to share the same room. Still, much as I liked her, she could not occupy the place in my heart that Constance had, and I presume that she drew a like comparison between me and Florence Perry.

When we walked in our old favorite haunts, we spoke of the tender memories that clustered around each spot, and our hearts went forth tenderly after the friends whose voices would there never again wake the echoes.

I went quite often to see the Widow Brandon, for somehow it did me good to hear her eulogiums upon the dear young lady, as she always called her.

Autumn, in her gorgeous robes, reigned. But one day she disappeared. None knew whither. Then winter, with her possessions, claimed the crown.

Now the time drew near in which my queenly friend was to dawn upon the fashionable throng. My mother was to give a splendid soiree, and although it was not thus announced upon the cards of invitation, yet the world knew that Constance Ireton, the beautiful belle, was to be the attraction.

On that evening as I sat in my room, I pictured my sister's mansion in one blaze of light. I heard the distant rumble of carriages, and knew that youth and beauty were crowding there. I beheld her as the moon outshining the stars, and moving through the elegant parlors in all her stately tranquility, pure and unapproachable as Luna herself. Then the scene vanished, and I sat alone in the darkness.

In a few days I received a note from my uncle, written in the mocking, sarcastic tone that he sometimes used, and which I never forgot.

assumed. "Constance," he said, "is crowned by the admiring world." All the lesser luminaries have veiled their faces, Laura among the number. The latter appears very gloomy, however, and, if I am not mistaken, I should judge that a tempest was pending. So if you should happen to hear of a duel in high life, you need not be surprised, nor wonder who the principals are. I do not know whether it will be pistols and swords, or that small but very effective woman's weapon—the tongue. Mrs. Howard Appleton is in ecstasies that Mrs. Grundy is so well charmed."

After proceeding in the same strain for awhile, he added:

"Fling your books to the winds, my little Mayflower, and come home. That fiery head of yours will topple over if you put much more into it. Besides, I want you, my pet, we'll keep bachelor's hall together."

"Ah, uncle!" I said to myself, "my fingers ache for a twitch at that brown beard of yours, to repay you for making sport of my classical locks."

Enclosed was a line from his ward, penned in her usual kind and affectionate style, but with hardly an allusion to the party.

A week passed, and then I was astonished at receiving a letter from my mother.

"Miss Ireton is quite the fashion," she wrote. "I never saw a person make a greater sensation than she does. I suppose you are surprised that she excels your sister; but then Laura was not so new, as she went into society considerably before she made her regular appearance, you know. I see now that it was a fatal mistake. I think Robert has cause to be proud of his ward. She is superb. One secret of her great success is her apparent indifference, but of course that is assumed. I hear that her aunt is very much vexed that she did not have the privilege of introducing her; but it was my place, being her guardian's sister. It is not every lady that has the good fortune to bring out two such attractions as your sister and friend. By the way, Constance tells me that you are of such studious turn, for although you will never be remarkable for your beauty, you can be literary, and that takes with some people."

Here I laid down the sheet to laugh. It was very evident that she was building castles in the air on my account. The idea of her being interested in my movements was extremely novel.

"Oh, I had almost forgotten one thing," she went on. "Perhaps you recollect that your uncle, Edward Stewart, residing in the East Indies, died about a year ago, and that his wife, my sister Alice, remained to settle up his affairs. Well, she arrived in yesterday's steamer. It seems Robert had written to her, inviting her to come and superintend his household, and chaperon Miss Ireton. I am very sorry, for I had intended to have that pleasure myself; but Robert always was very eccentric."

I did not remember much about this aunt, as I was very young when she left her native land to follow the fortunes of her chosen one. So with the thought, "I hope I shall like her," I folded my letters and turned to my studies.

The weeks sped on, and occasionally reports came from the brilliant circles in which Constance moved, telling of the gay life which she was leading, and the homage paid her, which she so coolly received.

One evening, as I sat in the school-room alone, listening to the merry laugh of the girls in the hall, some one opened the door, and presently Edna's voice called:

"May I am here?"

"Yes," I replied. "Is anything the matter?"

"No; only I have been looking for you. I have news from home, and I thought that perhaps you might be interested; but if you prefer solitude, I will retire."

"Oh no! I am rather blue, I believe, and your society may help to drive the gloomy vapors away. You look cheerful enough, and maybe I shall catch the infection."

"You are tired, I know. I do think you are too devoted to your books. Well, now, I'll commence my story. I have just received a letter from my brother Harley. You see, whenever I have been home I have always expatiated upon the charms of Miss Ireton, especially during last summer's vacation, until they all laughed at me; but now I have my revenge. It seems she has been visiting at Mrs. Mendon's the past few weeks, and there my faithless brother met her. He goes into raptures over her queenly bearing and splendid face, and is almost intoxicated with delight because she danced with him twice. He says that she is the loveliest creature, and that she has the reputation of being a coquette; but he did not think that that was true, for she did not seem to encourage any of the numerous admirers that looked around her, although Madame Bonnet has bestowed her hand upon several."

"She could never become such a soulless thing as to lure hearts into her grasp only to crush them," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Oh, I know that," replied Edna, eagerly; "there isn't a particle of the flirt in her composition. Only she is so fascinating that they cannot resist the spell that she unconsciously casts about them, and I do not doubt but what the very absence of those little arts by which so many women conquer, lures them on."

"That may be, but there are some that are attracted by the golden bait, and curse their stars that their fond hopes of paying their tailor's bills are wrecked in that quarter."

My companion laughed merrily.

"You are inclined to be sarcastic," she said; "still, you have represented one class that Harley says are hovering around her; but she reads them thoroughly, and the way she shows them up, with that clever mother wit of hers, is decidedly rich. I shall be obliged to write to brother to steer his boat clear of the whirlpool; but, meanwhile, he will laugh at my warning until he, too, becomes involved."

"Oh," I carelessly responded, "how do you know but what there may be a mutual attachment? Perhaps after all he may become the favored one."

"No," she rejoined, "mistake. I love Harley, and think that he is fitted to mate with any person of my acquaintance, with the exception of Constance; but he never would make her happy. He is quick tempered and overbearing. But I'll do a lighter thing."

"You are very candid," I said; "I shall be obliged to you to write to brother to steer his boat clear of the whirlpool; but, meanwhile, he will laugh at my warning until he, too, becomes involved."

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this. I guess your brother would not thank you for your remarks. I am sure I should not if I were he."

She laughed.

"No; I can imagine how he would look. He is a regular fire-brand when aroused. I should not say this to every one."

"Who do you think Constance will marry? The character, I mean," I inquired, curious to know her idea.

"She is surrounded now by fops, who whisper soft nothings in her ear, and they are so strong in their self-conceit, that they never dream, spite of her coldness, that she is disgusted. Soon she will begin to attract the intelligent, and those that can talk, instead of dance, who now stand modestly back and worship at a distance. Then she will find the heart that beats in unison with hers; one that can soar with her—not be a cloud to drag her into the valley."

I laughed, and then said, lightly:

"Why, Edna, you are really eloquent. I do not believe she ever imagined that she had such an ardent admirer in you. I must tell her what a staunch supporter she has here."

She looked up with an expression of pain.

"Oh, do n't for the world, May. I should be so mortified to have her know how I have rattled on. I do wish I had n't said a word."

"You need n't feel bad about it, for I shall not betray your confidence. You have only paid her the compliment of understanding her, and very few can do that."

A number of scholars now entered, and interrupted our conversation.

A change came over me. The weeks dragged slowly by, then came days of strange lassitude, and nights full of wakefulness. Finally I seemed to lose my hold on tangible things, and floated away on the sea of fancy. I remembered confused murmurs about me, of hurrying steps and anxious faces, and then followed a blank.

CHAPTER VIII.

One day I awoke with a bewildered start. I was in a strange room, but a figure seated by the window caused me to utter a glad cry. The next instant Constance bent above me.

"How came you here? Have I been sick? What's the matter?" I rapidly articulated.

"Hush, dear; you have been very, very ill, and must not talk. When you are stronger I will tell you all about it. Go to sleep now."

I obeyed, clinging to her hand.

A week passed, during which, I lay in a sort of stupor, then I began to slowly gather up the threads of life, feeling the shore of the dark river behind me. One morning I said to my friend:

"Come, tell me how I came here. I know I caught Mrs. Brandon's; but why did I not remain in the boarding-house? Could you not have taken care of me there, just as well?"

"Well, darling, you shall hear the whole story; but you must listen quietly and not speak. When you were first taken sick, they telegraphed to Mr. Lindsay, and he and I immediately obeyed the summons. When we arrived, the greatest consternation prevailed, as it was discovered that you had the brain fever, together with the small pox."

I recoiled, but she pressed her hand to my lips, waited an instant, and then continued:

"Mrs. Stillman, very naturally, was in an agony of terror lest her scholars should become aware of your situation and leave her. Luckily she had kept it secret from all but Miss Ray and Edna, those she knew she could rely upon. After being informed of the state of affairs, I lost no time in seeking Mrs. Brandon, and explaining the case to her, and she offered to send Willie away and have you brought here. I then went back and consulted with Dr. Graves—an old physician that your uncle was acquainted with in Albany—and he thought that with the greatest care you might be removed. For days Death loitered at the door, disputing for his prey, and then turned and glided by on the other side."

"Oh, Constance! you risked life and beauty for my sake."

"Forish beauty," she passionately replied. "If I ever keeps me from the bedside of a dying friend; as for life, in what nobler way could I lay it down?"

"But you have not surely nursed me all these long weeks alone?" I said, wistfully.

"Oh, no; your aunt Alice has been here all the time, and Mrs. Brandon has had her share, while Mr. Lindsay has been boarding at the hotel, coming down every day to inquire about you. The physician says that he may see you to-morrow. Then there is Edna Graham, she has presented herself here nearly every week, pleading to be allowed to help attend you, but of course I could not entertain the idea for a moment, as she is not very strong, and her friends would be almost distracted to lose her. She was feared at first that as she was your room-mate, she had caught the contagion, but their terror proved groundless."

"Are those all that came near me?" I murmured, with my heart in my eyes.

She read my thoughts, and bending down kissed me, as if to soften the blow, as she answered:

"All."

I laid my head back upon the pillow, and drew the clothes over my face, while the great hot tears coursed down my cheeks. So, my mother and sister had left me to the care of others, while I was battling with the Grim Destroyer. This poor widow upon whom I had no claim, had received me into her humble home, when the doors of my father's house I knew would have been closed against me. The picture was very dark, with no light shades. Then I thought of the fearless Constance. The "Queen of Beauty" had become my saving angel.

Just then I heard her voice, saying:

"May, do you feel like speaking with your aunt now?"

I nodded assent, and the next instant a sad, lovely face, with large, brown eyes looked into mine.

"Poor child!" she said, kissing me tenderly, "you have had a terrible struggle, but thank God it is over, and you will rally with us."

"Perhaps it would have been just as well if I had fallen then," I replied bitterly. "You were very kind to come and take care of me, almost a stranger. I hope some day that I may be able to repay you. My

sickness has benefited me in one way, at least, for it has revealed my friends to me. Small pox is really a magical wand."

I saw Constance place her finger on her lip, and motion her away, so she stepped back without further remark. Then I felt to wondering if there was not about as much love in my mother's heart for my aunt, as in Laura's for me; but ere I had settled the matter satisfactorily, I was speeding away to dream-land in the chariot of Sleep.

When I returned from my journey, I found my gentle nurse seated by my side.

"Shall I be pitted much?" I inquired.

"No; I think not. Dr. Graves says that the disease sometimes leaves the complexion better than it finds it. I guess it will be so in your case."

"Then I can't look any worse than I did before," I said, laughing. "That is some consolation, is n't it? But I perceive that you have had my beautiful red cheeks shaved off."

"Yes, we were obliged to. I did not suppose that you would regret it very much. It has softened its tone now, and is growing out a dark auburn. Your sickness may make a beauty of you yet. Stranger things have happened."

"Oh, that's past praying for. But I really fear that you will be ill yet. You don't appear to leave me at all. It will certainly be too much for you."

"Oh, do n't you be troubled about me. I am not so very devoted either, as you seem to imagine, for I walk out when you are asleep. My system is too firmly guarded for the enemy to get into the stronghold. Now I can't positively let you talk any more. I shall be dismissed for disobeying orders, if I am not careful."

The next day my uncle's bright, kind face bent over me.

"My little Mayflower," he said, "I am glad to see that you are better. I was very much afraid one while that you would never know me again. I hate to have you look so wilted; it doesn't seem as though you would ever revive in this place. I shall have you removed to 'Maple Grove' as soon as possible. I know that these breezes will bring you strength."

"I do n't doubt it in the least," I replied; "I shall be so happy to get back there again; but then Mrs. Brandon has been very kind to discommode herself so much. Some would not have done it for love or money."

"That's a fact; but of course she would do anything for the preservation of her child, and then she seemed really attached to you."

"Ah! Constance has done for her and for me what one in a thousand would never have thought of. I owe my life to her, do I not?"

"Well, pet, I suppose that you do. Dr. Graves says that he could never have won you from the grave, had it not been for her tender care and untiring watchfulness. You kept calling for her in your delirium, and though you did not seem to recognize her, no hand like hers could soothe you, and no power charm away the pain equal to her touch. Ah, child, I do n't think that you can realize the half that she has been to you."

"I believe I can," I responded, bitterly. "I know that she placed the world with its glitter and mirth—her life in its young promise, and her glorious bright beauty—beneath her feet that she might minister unto me, while my mother and sister deemed the sacrifice too great. If the 'King of Terrors' had judged by their conduct, he must indeed have thought that my life was worthless, but observing the noble creature that stood between him and me, in pity for her, he stayed his shaft."

"There, my darling, don't get excited. It is shameful, I know, but even if they had always been kind to you, they would not have had the moral courage to face this danger, and take the consequences; therefore, when you have occupied so small a portion of their hearts, you should not be surprised at their conduct."

"I know it. Only it is so different from what other girls are situated, that probably I feel it the more. I suppose that God foresaw what would be my condition in the world, so he gave me you and Constance to smooth the rough places."

"Perhaps so. Your father, though, when I informed him of your sickness, ordered me to get everything that you desired, and see that you had the best of care, and then remit the bill to him."

"Well, in doing that he doubtless flattered himself that he had done all. Money in his eyes is the panacea that cures every ill."

At that instant Constance came into the room. Shaking her head playfully, she exclaimed:

"Did I not tell you to be very cautious, and not to agitate her in the least? You'll throw her into a fever if you stop any longer."

He took me tenderly in his arms, and pressed kisses upon my pale lips, and then departed, while I called out:

"I am not at all excited. I feel quite strong."

"Nonsense! that's a pretty story to tell, with those fiery cheeks and bright eyes," exclaimed my friend, and placing her hand upon my brow I was soon wrapped in oblivion.

When I opened my eyes again, she brought me some medicine to take; then, as she turned to go away, I detained her.

"Oh, Constance! uncle says that I owe my life to you."

"Who would you be indebted to, if not to me?" she began, playfully; then added more gravely, "No, darling, I do not think that your heartbeats were held by mortal hand, but rather by that kind Providence whose loving care extendeth over all his children."

"But you," I said, "were the instrument employed by him. For my sake you left the world—"

She interrupted me with a gesture.

"Dear child, I was tired and disgusted with the ditty whine of gaily in which I was moving. The idea of becoming a puppet in the hands of Mrs. Grundy, did not appear to me to be the destiny for which I was created. I therefore sat down craving work, and I had a call. While watching by your bedside, it seemed as if I were brought nearer the immortal than ever before. That night that we stood over you, expecting that every minute would be your last on earth, my dormant faculties were aroused by electric thrill, and those solemn moments my soul was baptized."

shall go back to the world purer, better for these weeks of agony—so talk no more of sacrifice."

Her face was kindled as she spoke, by the fire burning upon the altar of her inner shrine. It was not an angel that I gazed upon, but one who can do more by precept and example to hasten the day of the millennium—a noble, true-hearted woman.

The days now tripped pleasantly by. At last Dr. Graves said that the next week I might be removed to "Maple Grove." Oh how my heart thrilled with delight at the idea. I knew that I should soon be well, in that beloved spot.

One afternoon Uncle Robert came in, saying:

"May, here are some of your schoolmates come to bid you good-by."

Presently about a dozen of my friends entered. I looked in vain for one face that I expected to see.

"Where is Edna?" I at last inquired.

"Oh, she had a lesson to learn," was the reply; "but she told us to tell you that she should come and see you in the morning."

They tarried awhile, congratulating me upon my recovery and detailing all the little incidents that had transpired since I mingled with the world, and then Mrs. Brandon came in, and they all departed.

The next morning as I sat in the great easy chair that uncle had kindly provided, the door opened and in flew Edna.

"Oh I am so glad to be allowed to see you at last," she exclaimed, as she knelt by my side, and took my wasted hand. "You can't think how lonesome I have been, and then we were all so much afraid that you would die. Shall you return to school again?"

"No, I had so nearly finished the course, that uncle says it is n't worth while. He insists upon it that my close application made me ill, although I do not think so. I suppose you will carry away the highest prize in the graduating class."

"I hope so," she said, her eyes sparkling. "I believe I stand next to you. I have no fear of the others. Mother and Harley will be so pleased, if I do win. Mrs. Stillman says that now that you are gone, I must write, and speak the 'Valedictory.' Oh dear, I dread that. What a kind, pleasant man your uncle is. He says that he is going to take you to some watering-place this summer. I shall enter society until next winter. Now don't you go to forgetting your old school friends, amid the merry throng."

I laughed.

"No danger of that, Edna. I shall not be a belle like some others that I might mention—and I pinched her rosy cheek—and then I have so few friends, I cannot afford to lose any. I want you to promise that you will visit me in the fall at 'Maple Grove.'"

"Oh I should be delighted to, and if I have an opportunity I will; but I must go now, or they will be sending me away," and kissing me she left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

Once again I was in the dear old mansion at "Maple Grove." Uncle Robert, Aunt Alice and Constance lived with each other in ministering to my wants, and now I thought:

"I have certainly passed all the fearful breakers at last, and am sailing in tranquil waters."

Again we rode through the shady lanes and the quiet valleys, or roamed in the forest cathedrals, soothed by the gentle music of the stream, that danced gaily along, bathing the feet of the darkening hemlock, sturdy oak and graceful elm, and there seated on some mossy knoll, watching the purple dragon-flies as they buzzed about with the sunbeams sprinkling their gold dust over them, I would sink into a state of dreamy forgetfulness.

I felt almost sad when uncle said that we must start for Newport.

"You shall be as quiet there as you please," he would say; "but if Constance does not go, the world will vote me a tyrannical guardian, and commiserate her deplorable condition."

During the afternoon, mother and Laura called. They thought I had improved some since my sickness, and declared that it was very wonderful that the rest escaped the contagion; but my uncle making some sarcastic remarks, they changed the subject as soon as possible.

It was their intention to spend the summer at Saratoga, and they invited us to accompany them. But Constance said she preferred Newport.

So to Newport we went, and I had a fine opportunity to study a few pages from the book of human nature. The whole fashionable world seemed to have centered there. There was wealth, beauty and talent. The young fresh heart, and the seared, withered one. The merry laugh, and the mocking sneer. The disappointed suitor, and the happy lover. The gambler and his victim. The moneyed libertine, and the noble youth.

But, oh, what was there more glorious than the sea, with its bright sparkle and its rich tints, that came dancing and frisking upon the pale amber beach.

One morning as we sauntered out for a quiet stroll, we met

long resist such an array of attractions as I shall bring to bear against him. That other lady has talked down but discouraged me in the least. Perhaps it is left to my sorrow to bring him down."

"Adeline, you will reverse the proverb," said Constance, in her most caustic tones. "Heaven forbid, it shall be, 'Faint heart never won brave gentlemen.'"

"There's where you are right," responded her cousin. "But I must join my party again. There they come. They will think I am very unbecomingly late."

The next instant, to our relief, she had gone. My friend and I walked on in silence. At last I said:

"I wonder if that is what the people come here for?—to catch and be caught. I should think that the ocean would inspire nobler thoughts."

"I fear that that is the aim of the majority. In the midst of the grand and the sublime we often meet with the ridiculous."

That evening Constance insisted that I should go down to the ball-room, and finally yielding to her persuasions, I yielded myself to the dismal ordeal. My hair had grown out dark, and clustered in short thick curls around my face. I had lost the freckles of childhood, but otherwise I was the same plain May Appleton.

My friend wore a dress of white tulle, with a superb camellia resting upon the dark braids that crowned her regal head. A bracelet of heavy gold clasped one rounder arm; otherwise she was guileless of jewelry. In the hall Uncle Robert joined us, and we descended together.

What a sensation she created! The gentlemen flocked around her, but she shook them off coolly, and at first declined all invitations to dance. After a while, she took her guardian's arm for a quadrille, and I entered the same set with George Mendon for a partner. In a pause of the music I presented Adeline to my uncle.

During the evening I met Angelina Carr. I was surprised, for I considered my sister and her inseparable.

"Why, how is this, Angel?" I said. "I thought that you were in Saratoga."

She shrugged her shoulders with pretty affectation as she replied:

"I have been there so much, that I am completely bored; so I induced mamma to come here for a change. I tried to persuade Laura to accompany me, but she was so set I could not move her in the least. My pleasure would be unalloyed if she were only here."

And then she turned away to speak to an acquaintance. An hour after I saw her hovering about my uncle.

"Ah, ah!" I said to myself. "I guess that is the attraction to Newport, Miss Angel. I think, however, that all your pretty airs and cunning manoeuvres will be thrown away. Unfortunately for you, he is too old and wise a bird to be caught by chaff."

Later, as Constance and I stood together, I exclaimed:

"Your cousin is already setting her snares, but she has a formidable rival in Miss Carr. What say you? Shall we all down, disperse the enemy, and take the disputed ship under our convoy?"

She gave a low, musical laugh.

"I think that he is fully equal to the task of managing his own affairs. See with what a demure smile he is listening to Adeline. Depend upon it, he sees through their designs, and is enjoying himself at their expense."

Just then I noticed George Mendon approaching, so accompanied by a dark, handsome man.

"Constance," he began, "allow me to present my friend—"

To my surprise, she interrupted him with a gesture, and, drawing herself to her full height, replied:

"Excuse me," and taking my arm within hers, she led me away, leaving the two gentlemen standing alone.

"Why, Constance!" I exclaimed as soon as I had recovered from my astonishment, "why were you so rude?"

"Rude!" she repeated, with the fire of passion smouldering in her eyes, while a crimson spot glowed on either cheek. "May that man be the greatest libertine in New York. He creeps beside of the beauty that he has betrayed and broken. To think that George should dare to insult me by presenting him for an introduction!"

She appeared ten times more beautiful than I had ever seen her as she stood there, so grandly indignant.

"Well," I replied, "he probably thought that, like others of your sex, you would be delighted to know him, and be pleased to lavish your brightest smiles upon him. For I have seen more attention paid to him than to any other man in the room."

"Then he has fogged out that one woman scorn him, and would avoid him as she would the most loathsome, deadliest reptile that crawls the earth. Yes," she continued bitterly, "they put the hunter, and send the bloodhounds of society to pursue the hunted into the remotest cauburn, that the skirts of fashion may not be contaminated."

As I glanced around I perceived that people had noticed my friend's movements, and were collected in groups discussing it. Some were loud in their commendation, while others censured her.

"Miss Irton is privileged," remarked one young lady with a sneer, "and if she chooses to be impolite, why of course it is all right."

"Well, for my part," replied her listener, an anxious mother with three marriageable daughters, "I do not think that we ought to notice every story that malicious persons delight to circulate. I don't believe that Mr. Danton is any worse than other young men. We should have charity."

"Come, let us go out upon the balcony," said Constance. "It is oppressively close here."

As we were moving away, my uncle came up laughing and talking familiarly with a young man whom he introduced as Mr. Hastings. He was tall and slender, with light hair, blue eyes, and a clear red and white complexion. He wore a monotone and heavy beard, that relieved his countenance of the charge of effeminacy.

Guardian and ward stepped out upon the veranda, leaving me to follow with the stranger. The air seemed refreshing after the heat of the ball-room, as others appeared to think, by the number that were promiscuously outside. My companion conversed a few moments upon indifferent subjects, and then alluded to the scene that Constance had created.

"It is a singular fact," he said, "that nearly all the ladies condemn her act, while all the gentlemen, with very few exceptions, applaud."

"I know," I replied. "It is sad, but woman ever turns from her fallen sister to grasp the hand of the betrayer; and of course if there is one who has the moral courage, in the face of public opinion, to lift the degraded and scorn the debauchee, it is instantly cried down by the gentle insensate."

"You speak bitterly, but I do not wonder. It is a surprise to me, sometimes, to see how graciously the belles will smile upon such a man, while others, who possess no such notoriety, are treated with coldness. I hope, however, now that a person of so much consequence has set so worthy an example, that there will be found those that are not afraid to imitate it. I am sure that you will be one of that number, Miss Appleton."

"I shall certainly endeavor to add what little weight I can in the matter, but the opposition little weighs 'high and strong, yet a fearless woman like my friend can do much to stem it. God forbid the day when some of the terrible wrongs in society will be righted."

"I say much to that with my whole soul," he responded.

The subject was now changed. I found my companion entertaining upon whatever topic he commented upon. He had, I was surprised to find, possessed such wonderful powers of description, that it required but little stretch of the imagination to follow him in his wanderings and behold all the beauties that he depicted in his glowing, graphic style.

I learned from him that an older brother, now deceased, had been a college friend of my uncle's, and that the latter, upon being presented, had recognized him from his resemblance.

Almost unconsciously to myself, I was soon expressing my views and opinions in a manner that my natural reserve had never allowed me the liberty before. We were both astonished when Uncle Robert came and informed us of the lateness of the hour. When I bade my new acquaintance "good night," he detained me an instant, saying:

"Many thanks, Miss Appleton, for the pleasure of your company. I am happy to meet with a young lady who can talk of something besides the latest Parisian fashions. I hope that this will not be our last conversation."

"Then we are mutually indebted, Mr. Hastings, and your last remark I echo."

When I entered my room Constance was already there. She turned me playfully to the light, exclaiming:

"Why, May, you are positively handsome! There is a sparkle in your eye and a flush upon your cheek that actually transforms you. What has that Mr. Hastings been saying to you to make you so animated?"

"Oh, he conversed like a person of sense," I warmly replied, "so different from that conceited cousin of yours."

She laughed merrily.

"Why, you are quite enthusiastic. I shall be obliged to observe this paragon, to-morrow. But take care of your heart, my dear; he may be one of the light-fingered gentry."

"Fah! I do be reasonable. If you can, I have not the least fear of being robbed of that article. It is too securely guarded."

"Ah, I understand. You believe in a fair exchange."

"You are incorrigible," I rejoined, laughing. "If you harp upon that string much longer, it must surely break."

"We have had some new arrivals since I saw you. Did you know it?"

"No, I was not aware of it. Who are they?"

"Just as I supposed. You were so very much engrossed that intuition never whispered of the approach of friends. Well, then I shall be obliged to inform you. As I came into the hall, Mordant and Florence Percy, with their cousin Howard, blessed my sight."

"Ah! the latter probably remembers what came so near being a railroad accident. If I had been placed in such an interesting position, so capital to make an impression upon the heart of a susceptible young man, I should probably have been gifted with a premonition announcing that he was soon to appear."

She turned to her trunk while I was talking, and became apparently absorbed in its contents, and did not speak again.

I must have been very much excited after my evening's entertainment, for I tired Nature's sweet restorer "did not visit my pillow until long after my companion was wandering in dream-land."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

BY ADDIE HUTCHINS.

They come, these radiant, never-fading teachers, come, trooping one upon another, scattering with benignant hand priceless gems of truth and blessing o'er our changing way. What though they sometimes wear the garb of anguish and of pain? What though they are heralded in by the mocking array of broken joys, faded ambitions, blasted hopes and blighted prospects? What though they come attended by the jeers of scorn, or the world's anathemas? Aye! and what though they come amid the wailing crash of a nation's downfall? 'Tis all the same. They are teachers still, viceroyments of a mighty power.

A soul is drifting down the tide of time, heedless not that the waters of life lash the shores of immortality, forgetful of that dim unknown land to which we all are so surely tending. Wrapt up in the enjoyment of sensuous pleasure, this is forgotten, when lo! a loved one is stricken down. The roses of health fade from the blooming cheek, the lustre from the speaking eye, and death places his implacable hand upon the noble brow. Standing beside that immobile form, striving to catch one ray of light from those orbs forever quenched; to behold a smile wreath once again those pale, cold lips; waiting in vain for a glad warm pressure from those rigid hands, the living cry is out in tones of anguish, "My friend, oh, my friend, where art thou gone?"

Wandering amid the mounds dedicated to the dead, the question still goes forth—"Oh, my friend, where art thou? This poor handful of inanimate dust is not thee. Where, oh! where is that calculating, thinking thing—that mighty power which governed this machine?" Hark, now I within the deep recesses of the soul comes the low response, "What, and where I am, myself soon shall be." Myself! What am I? Whence came I, whither do I go?

Thus speaks the soul aroused, and the hoarse, wild anthem of tossing ocean surges back in response—*Eternity!* The mighty booming of Heaven's artillery in solemn evidence, answers—*Eternity!* The glittering scriptures of the skies trace in living characters the word, *Eternity!* And the voices of the soul echo forth the strain, *Eternity!* Ever, ever *Eternity!* This for me? Then, oh! thou Infinite One, incomprehensible, yet whom we know exulteth, since we ourselves are—*Where art Thou?* From every surging billow, booming thunderclap, and brilliant lightning flash, from every twinkling star, meek-eyed flower and aspiring blade, from every leaping rivulet and gentle breeze, snow-crowned mountain-top and sunny vale, goes up the universal answer—*I am here!* my only gospel, or revelation, the open book of Nature; my only priest, or teacher, the I AM, which constitutes thyself.

Thus the death of those we love is the radiant teacher which reads us the bright lesson of immortality. They—those treasures of affection—seem to span the vast abyss which death has stretched between us, and whisper in the very chambers of our soul—

"Earth life's fitful fever o'er,
We died to live once more."

As in the domain of Nature we ever see the phoenix of life springing up from the ashes of decay, so we recognize anguish, pain and suffering, as counter-waves to develop human nature; agents to bring out latent virtues; powers to open avenues for the expression and action of the soul's divinity.

As with individuals, so with nations. The work of destruction is ever followed by that of reconstruction; the fatal, the impure, the rubbish is cast away. Then, oh ye trembling, sorrowing mothers, wives and sisters of our America, ye hoary-headed and weak young brothers—ye who have been your treasures, your strength and support go from you—think, think that they have gone—ah! I thought they know it not—champions for the cause of Justice, Liberty and Truth. They're enrolled beneath His banner; and ye too are heroes and heroines in your generous deed.

So, your calm endurance. Oh, then, in the trying scenes which may be ours as the dread locusts of war shall come to pass through our land, remember that ye are God's, and let your battle-cry, your motto be, *For God and Justice.*

The Almighty God has gone forth, America shall be the land of the free. It is inevitable. "I was prophesied in that mighty inspiration which led Columbus across the pathless waste of waters to seek what to him was a reality, but to the world a fair Utopia. 'I was written in that wondrous prophecy, 'In three days shall we see land.' 'I was proclaimed in that unannounced of a Divine principle, issued by the Independence Fathers—the right of all men to liberty, equality and the pursuit of happiness.' greeted by the people with one united peal of approbation and of joy, whose long-aching echoes went booming over broad Atlantic's waves, and made proud Britain hearts to quake; whose swelling chorus was caught up by the rejoicing hosts of Heaven, and echoed by the cheering stars. 'I was demonstrated in the unparalleled success which crowned the efforts of our revolutionary army; and it is reiterated to ourselves by the casualty which be upon us. This is the teacher sent to read the lesson to us. Can ye not see beneath the tumbrel the under-current of Justice, of Retribution? Can ye not behold which way it drifteth? In darkest hours take heart of faith, ye trembling ones, and know that America, as she has been the pioneer, must ever be the pilot of nations—the model—the mother of earth's republics."

Philadelphia, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LUELLA—A FRAGMENT.

BY ELIZA A. FITZBUSH.

"Oh, touch the harp gently! Luella has gone! In her beauty and grace, like a star from the dawn; Oh, speak of her softly, for deep in my breast Lies buried a sorrow that robs me of rest— Unheeded, severely and bloodily she stole The light from the morning—the life from my soul."

Luella, my dearest,
My brightest and best,
Oh! why didst thou wake me
My soul and my rest?
Luella, the quietly,
The peerless and free,
Oh! why hast thou taken
Thy presence from me?
Say, why didst thou wake me
The life of my soul,
The love that around me
So peacefully stole?
Thy beauty that bound me—
Oh! where hast thou flown?
The love that so bound me
In soul to thine own?"

"Oh! grieve not, then, loved one, in patience I wait Thy coming beyond the dim regions of Fate; The love that has bleeding—the bliss that has flown, Through sorrow shall make thee more dearly mine own."

Arise, then, and grieve not,
Oh! grieve not thy fate;
Beyond the dim portal
Thy coming I wait.
The star of the morning
Thy presence hath flown,
Ere the light of its dawning
Had made me thine own;
But the love that united
My soul unto thine,
So cruelly blighted,
Immortally shines;
The presence that fondly
Thy soul did enwile,
The love that so won thee
And made thee divine;
The rapture that blended
In love and delight,
Hath newly ascended,
And I bask in its light;
I drink of the fountain
And lave in the streams
That leap from the mountain,
And my soul it redeems
From that moment of madness,
The pain of that night,
When in sorrow and sadness
I fled from thy sight.

Arise, then, and grieve not, oh! grieve nevermore; I wait for thy coming beyond the dim shores, Where the sorrow of parting, the tones of despair, Awake not the thrill of the halm centred air, Where the breath of the morning in rapture exhales To music that lingers in love-breathing vales, And the warble of birds, and the play of the stream Are sweeter by far than the Orient's dream; 'Tis the bright banner-land—'tis the land of the Morn.

Where the soul to now beauty and glory is born— There is life in its waters, and health in its breeze, Delight in its verdure and calm in its trees. A glow in its morn and a blush in its eve— More penative and soft than the fancy can weave— 'Tis the home of the spirit—the bright morning-land, In its heaven of beauty, transcendent and grand! Where the soul in its orbit from pleasure and pain, In its wisdom and glory triumphant shall reign— Arise, then, and grieve not, oh! grieve nevermore, I await for thy coming beyond the dim shore!

Arise from thy sorrow,
Awake from the night,
The light of the morn
Shall gleam on thy sight!
Arise from thy sadness,
Awake from thy woe,
The light of my spirit
Around thee doth glow!
The rays that enwile thee
Immortally shine,
In my soul's embrace thee,
And make thee divine!"

"Oh! touch the harp gently! Luella, my love, Speaks hope to my soul from the pure realm above, She lives, oh! she lives, this angel of mine, My own destined bride, immortal, divine!"
San Francisco, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RIDING ASTRIDE.

BY MISS ANNA LIVINGSTON.

Ought women, like men, to ride astride on horse back? This question has often been mooted during the last few years, but has not yet received the full attention it merits.

The main objection—perhaps the only one—I have heard to the proposed reform is, that it necessarily involves the assumption of a masculine costume; and, while there may be no harm in wearing such a dress, public opinion is not now prepared to sanction the innovation.

Perhaps the best plan to introduce the fashion is for young ladies to organize themselves into equestrian companies in every neighborhood, and meet for exercise once a week in a body, and in disguise every day if possible. This scheme is eminently practical. A corps of this kind, commanded by Miss Pomeroy, a lady of the highest respectability, already exists in New England;

the dress of the members is purely masculine. These military organizations would give the members, in beautiful and agreeable exercise. It would give them an excellent school for horsemanship, and soon make the public eye so familiar with the masculine riding-dress, that it might safely be worn anywhere.

The side-saddle, after all, is a modern invention; dating no farther back than the days of Queen Elizabeth. All the knightly heroines of the crusades, and the illustrious "Maid of Orleans," rode and dressed like men. Among the distinguished women of the seventeenth century who rode as soldiers, may be named Queen Christina, of Sweden, the Empress Catherine, of Russia, the Princess Dashakoff, the Countess de St. Balmont, and the Empress Elizabeth.

Coming down to the last century, we have the most notable case of all—that of Queen Caroline Matilda, of Denmark, sister of George the Third, of England, the most beautiful as well as the most learned of all the princesses of the House of Brunswick. She always rode in full masculine costume. Her favorite suit was a blue coat and buff waistcoat with plain gilt buttons, chamol breeches, lace ruffles, white cravat, three cocked black hat, and Hessian boots with gilt spurs. This elegant riding suit was generally adopted by the Danish ladies, who continued to wear it for many years; and, but for the shameful intrigues which resulted in the expatriation of the Queen, it is probable it would have become the fashion throughout Europe. "My mind is made up," said Matilda to her mother, when the latter visited her at Hirschholm. "I will never again encumber myself with petticoats on horseback. If a pope or a cardinal may dress like a woman, why may I not dress like a man?"

Queen Matilda's riding suit seems to have been ever since regarded as a standard fashion by "lady cavaliers," having in our own day and generation been donned by the Duchess de Berri, the Countess Emily Plater, Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, Madame Mall-bran, Mdlle. Solange duVendard, Mdlle. Rom Bouvier, Countess de Agnoul, the Princess Dowdoff, and many other ladies of high character, but less known to fame.

For my part, I am anxious to see the side-saddle abolished forever; and would gladly accept almost any kind of male apparel as a substitute for the long-tailed riding dress we are compelled now to wear. At the same time, I confess a partiality for the blue and buff suit, a la Queen Matilda, modernized, of course.

I hope this question will receive the attention it deserves, and that all ladies who take an interest in it will give their views to the public through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Original Essays.

THE PERSONALITY, VS. THE OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

BY DAVID FALKNER.

My imperfect criticism on some of the positions maintained by our Philadelphia correspondent in his masterly essay on "The Personality vs. the Omnipresence of Deity," and his courteous reply thereto, induces me to try still further to explain my objections to his theory.

Your correspondent, from his plane of rationalization, concludes that God is a spirit entity, or being, consequently local, necessarily non-omnipresent; and holds this belief in preference to what he terms the new idea or principle theory. I would here remark, that my friend has decidedly the advantage, as far as newness is concerned; for to me it is the newest of the new to hold that Deity is not omnipresent. But I do not object to his hypotheses on that account, for I hold that new ideas are far more apt to be truthful than old ones.

On the other hand, as far as I have light, and am able to reason on the subject, I am under the necessity of preferring the principal theory, as it to me appears more philosophic and less obnoxious to reason and analogy than the theory called in question. However, I do not wish to be understood as assuming to be an expounder or defender of said theory; but, if need be, I presume, others will enter the lists with my friend, to test the merits of the question, while I merely wish to occupy the position of a student—a learner of objections, and asker of questions.

As it is our privilege to test the rationale and consistency of all theories publicly taught, persons holding forth new ideas, must expect they will be called in question. If such ideas are truthful, they become stronger; if false, they are dispelled. In discussing questions wherein no demonstration cannot be had, analogy is the next best criterion, and all rational persons are bound to receive that theory which presents the fewest rational objections and most in keeping with analogy; or, in the language of another, "When knowledge is obviously incomplete, belief should be provisional, and judgment trained to hold itself in the prudent suspense of philosophic doubt."

My friend, in his essay, lays much stress on the conclusion he arrives at, concerning the original atoms being creations, vs. self-existing primary elements; so though the question turned on that point. Now it seems to me he has reasoned himself into a dilemma, either horn of which is fatal to his hypotheses. Having shown that there was a defect in logically tracing the principle theory at the beginning, or prior to the beginning, he has endeavored to establish a theory to overcome the difficulty, which I deem still more objectionable, that is, "A Local Spirit-Entity necessarily not Omnipresent." Now with all due deference, I submit whether absurdities do not accumulate faster around the theory he advocates than around the one he combats. Let us see if in either case we are not carried back to a time prior to the beginning—a time, to be sure, of masterly inactivity, as I cannot comprehend how or why an intelligent conscious entity should remain inactive the eternity prior to the beginning.

I am under the necessity of rejecting the idea, partly because the idea of inactivity implies imperfection. However, there are other formidable objections to be considered, which we will try by rational analogy. My friend holds that Deity is an intelligent entity, or being. Now as there is no analogy to warrant us to even suppose a being could exist without being created, we infer that this intelligent entity must have himself been created. Here the subject becomes undecidable, as the question of causation is pushed back.

Again, no rational mind can conceive of a being outside the organization of matter. To be, is therefore to be organized from matter. The only recognizable difference is the endowments or fineness of the material; therefore the spirit entity, or being, can be no exception. As we have no analogy that would give the faintest rational idea of the existence of such a being as my friend's hypothesis sets forth as the first Great Cause, we are bound to reject it, and adopt the next best hypothesis, the principle theory.

In discussing this subject we are bound to give our reasons for preferring what we call more rational views to those we deem objectionable. That the principal theory may have objections which the human mind is not yet able to reconcile, we admit. Apparently, there is one which occurs at the beginning, but after that point it appears to me to harmonize with natural causes. In tracing back causes to a beginning, I take the view which appears to me least objectionable.

As such, I hold that there was a time, when there was obviously a beginning of all created things, the first organized germ atom came forth. But it is evident that it contained inherently within itself the germinating principle by which unorganized matter

became obedient to the law of progressive development, and has ever since been elaborating matter in geometrical ratio—hence worlds, suns and systems, mankind, intelligently and aside from reason, except that God, or the Great Creative Spirit, is everywhere present, and is incorporated into everything that lives; and has a being; and that the greatest embodiment is to be found where organization is most refined and perfect. Such views are incompatible with the theory of a personal intelligent being, because a being could by no possibility enter into those relations.

But we do not claim that man is the only representative of deity's principle, analogous to our views in relation to God manifest in the flesh and in keeping with progressive laws. We readily believe that there are dignitaries and intelligences, in what we call the more highly developed or spirit-worlds, that are so progressed and refined as to merit our adoration as the greatest embodiment or manifestation of the great first developing cause.

As I have briefly stated my objections, and deduced from some sort my own views, the length of the article admonishes me to close. I have treated the subject with no other object than the pursuit of truth. If I have erred in so doing, reasonable analogy will be my best corrector. On the other hand, if my objections and views are rational, or well-founded, they must stand, though the "heavens fall."

Dalton, Geneva Co., N. Y., May, 1863.

TENDENCY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The tendency of Spiritualism is to establish Pantheism. So, at least, Churchmen would teach us. Perhaps this may be to a certain extent true, but the assertion is one which requires only a brief consideration.

In looking over the various religious creeds, there are to be found as many phases of doctrine and belief as there are or have been ambitious teachers who have had the energy and perseverance to inflict their opinions permanently on a portion of earth's inhabitants. No doubt each one of these teachers has presented some truths, but generally so mixed up with idiosyncratic phantasies as to make a separation of the true and the false an ungrateful and an unenviable task.

So long as dogmatism conform to the one great popular whim or prejudice, and seek to make the Bible the basis upon which their particular views are founded, all goes well. Swedenborg may teach that Deity is "infinitely small," and that man is simply an atom of Deity—and so long as his inspirations are in accordance with the accommodating spiritual sense of the Bible it passes smoothly—and does not get to be Pantheism until the advanced Swedenborgian discover higher truths than are taught in the Bible. Harris may teach in the still more accommodating celestial sense of the Bible, that man is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal spirits, (as Swedenborg teaches that God is composed of men, [spirits]) and that, in the new Church reading of things, passes.

What more Pantheistic dogmas than these can Spiritualism teach?

Let us accept the Swedenborgian theory, and regard God as composed of men as atoms of his person, and on the other hand, let us admit that man is, (as Harris teaches) composed of infinitesimal spirits. (We it not that God is presumed to fill the immensity of infinite space, so that there could be no room for the expansion of these two theories to the utmost, we might infer that even Deity himself was an atom of some greater being, filling an infinity of infinite spaces!)

The theories of Swedenborg and Harris seem to teach that we must look for Deity in effects instead of causes. The one regards men as God atoms which, by the other, might be with equal propriety regarded as infinitesimal Gods. Now, the true Spiritualist does not. (If he accepts the Swedenborgian expression as a convenient mode of speech,) in reality feel that it expresses the truth. If there be such an organization of spirits or of spiritual forces as that which makes men "atoms" or "particles" of an infinitely greater spiritual being, there is, or must be, working within that organization a series of principles, laws and forces similar to those principles, laws and forces which bind together the infinitesimal "spirits" that compose a man.

If these doctrines be true, Spiritualism may laugh at the cry of Pantheism. The reproach does not belong to Spiritualism, but to those who interpret the Bible in the spiritual and the celestial sense, for it is the privilege of the Spiritualist to seek deeper for Deity than the surface of that organized group of effects which makes Deity infinite man, composed of men as atoms. We must, if we accept the phrase "infinitesimal man" as a "convenient form of speech," say, and infer, that the laws, the forces and the principles which compel such an organization, are the true Deity, and he is not one, whether operating to build up man from an aggregation of infinitesimal "spirits," or in aggregating the spirits of men to create a personal Deity for the worship of such minds as are content to accept an effect in the place of an antecedent cause.

No man can very well become conscious of the fact that within his organization are infinite numbers of infinitesimal beings organized in a special manner in relation to his own organization, and if he could, could he have a realizing consciousness of the individual wants and necessities of each one of these living atoms of himself? And as the two theories of Swedenborg and Harris seem to make man a type of what God is, we may also infer that the Deity of their fabrication may be equally unconscious of the individual existence of each of the human atoms.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ALONE.

BY ETHEL H. DEY.

Will thou tell me, oh ye of the fairy-land,
Canst thou open a home with a magic wand
For my weary heart in thy sunny clime?
Beyond the fathom of earth and time?
I am tossing now on life's billowy sea;
Oh, give me a home, bright ones, with thee.
"A gnome-like spirit from that land I've come,
Not to bear thee away to thy wished-for home,
But to write thy fate in the book of doom:
Thou shalt wander on mid sorrow and gloom,
Alone! Evermore alone!"

Will thou tell me, oh ye of the lovely earth,
Canst thou give me home? Thou hast given birth—
A rest for my heart in the wide, wide world,
'Neath the banner of love to thy breezes unfurled!
Anxiously, wildly, my lone spirit yearns
For a home in thy heart to which it oft turns.
A sweeping blast through the pine trees screamed,
A lightning flash through the darkness gleamed,
While the surging sea sang a wild refrain,
As the trio doomed me to wander again,
Alone! Evermore alone!

Will thou tell me, oh ye of the spirit-land,
Hast thou lone one a place in thy beautiful band?
A home for the heart in thy realm of love,
Unfettered by earth and its cares, above?
A resting-place there, on thy radiant shore,
My spirit may dwell in, nor wander from thee more?
"I come"—an angel bent low

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LYNN COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see our vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in our northern line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward in the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Discipline.

It is needed in every department of life; the little child wanders beneath its salutary infliction; the liberty he deems his right is denied him; the thing he longs for is refused, and sorrow wrecks the infantile heart, and the big tears course down the rosy cheeks. The proud ambitious boy is thwarted in his first life-plans, and he wails and fumes, and strives rebelliously against the power that crushes him. The strong man bends in agony beneath the stroke of discipline; that he calls misfortune, disappointment, loss of life's brightest hopes. And thus until the awakened and understanding soul views rightly the ministry of sorrow, will the needed discipline of years be viewed in the light of a cruel infliction, an undesired punishment.

Not so with the spiritualized soul. That accepts the trial-time as the necessary means of its purification, and consequent elevation unto higher planes of insight, knowledge and fruition. The human tears will well up from the wrong heart's agony; but there will be no resistance to the will of that ordaining God that works by immutable law. When the storm has passed, the inner realm will be sanctified by its influence, the blinding rays of heaven will penetrate its hitherto dark recesses, and all will be shed the calm of peace. Have we not all lived to behold the imperishable soul fruits that matured on the sorrow-stricken trees of life? Have we not gained incalculable stores of wealth in the perishing of our earthly hopes. In the loss of the visible gold? Has not treachery and deception taught us prudence and wisdom? Peavory and abandonment of seeming friends have given us the keys to inward self-reliance, to the heavenly domain of true friendship. Was it not well to pass over the burning sands, the inhospitable wastes, in order to reach so glorious an Eden of abiding love? The tears shed over our beloved dead watered the first blossoms of immortal faith that upspring in the arid, world-encrusted heart.

From the indulgence of haughty security, and the apathy of untutored capacities, we have been healthfully aroused by the stern glow of sorrow, changed, vicelike; from selfish gloom we were called to sympathizing effort; from idle aspiration, from the duties of human fellowship, to the union of endeavor for the good of all; from plans of self-aggrandizement, to world-wide schemes of beneficence; from helpless lamenting of one's own hard fate, to willing, cheerful aid of heart and hand, for self and all. All the dormant energies, the slumbering powers, the feeble aspirations, are imbued with life and fervor by the directing fiat of that much dreaded angel—Discipline—ever by our side, upon this mortal journey, leading us over many paths, and rugged cliffs, over threatening seas, and solitary places of gloom, drear haunts of discord, and turbulent marts of worldly confusion. This angel-tender is commissioned of our Father to lead us ever upward, until our souls' best efforts have won for us the peace and joy of Heaven. Let us not shrink from trial, but hail it with resigned heart and ever hopeful spirit, as the needed discipline, without which our souls would remain rough-hewn and unfitted for the angel life of our innermost and highest aspiration.

A Central Principle.

We may resolve to curb our propensity to day, or some other propensity to-morrow, out of sheer mortification at the trouble it gave us at a particular time, and merely because we would not wish to be caught again in a position where such ugly remarks were liable to be made. We may restrain some particular sin for once, from an interested motive; or cruelly some vanity this time, because of its inconsequence; or resolve to keep ourselves pure from some threatened contagion, on account of certain conveniences which is to be secured to ourselves; but all this is only acting from policy, a make-shift style of conduct, a wretched vacillation of purpose, and has no sort of root in the character. We may perhaps delude ourselves with the belief that we are really reformed, when we are merely acting on policy. It is easy to become the victims of mistakes of this sort.

If, however, we are to become changed for the better, it must be with a view to a permanent change; and such can be effected only in obedience to a central and controlling principle. It is entirely out of the question that a man, who is notoriously a lover of falsehood, should become a truth-teller, because he thought it worth while to refrain from lying for a single day. Exceptions do not exactly make rules. No sort of professed reform can well be called real and abiding, unless it is undertaken from obedience to reformed views, and persevered in for the same reason. A new policy is not the same thing as a fixed principle; and he who, in following the one, takes the credit of obeying the other, simply deceives himself, and will live to see his error.

He who acts from a central idea, or conviction, is always self-poised and self-governed. In all his conduct, he has a fixed and ready standard to which to refer his actions. He is never liable to be taken off his feet by the gusts of passion, or to have his head swim with the whirling impulses of his vanity. Having established his life at the centre of his being, he must needs grow naturally and healthily, which is from centre to circumference. The procession of his experience is from within outwardly, as it ought to be; and not in the contrary direction, as is too often the case. No one can expect to work any radical change in his character, until he has started at the germ and life of his being with the desired work.

Eclipse.

The eclipse which, in spite of newspaper predictions, we managed to see some time since, brought with it a sudden storm of wind that blew the dust into the eyes of everybody. It would have been a very pretty affair, could we have had a better view of it; but as our geographical position, or rather our latitude and longitude would not allow us to see what was beauteous people were permitted to gaze upon with open-mouthed wonder, it was only left us to pocket the disappointment and wait till the old earth came round and threw in her ugly shadow across Luna's fair disc another time. An eclipse of a luminary of the heav-

ens, however, never occasions the sorrow which accompanies the sight of an eclipse of a human soul, by the clouds of passion, of intemperance, of sordidness, of malignant temper, and of frenzied rage. Then it is pitiful indeed. To witness a person, whose qualities are noble and whose instincts are exalted, surrendering up his self-control to the unwise and entirely irresponsible rein of the devil that ever stand ready to usurp authority, is enough to touch the heart with the profoundest sorrow. Let us all pray God we may not fall into eclipse ourselves. The light of the man goes wholly out then, and he stumbles and raves in blank darkness. He were as well dead as following such a life, for it is one to which no illumined soul was ever naturally born.

The Intermediate State.

Much more than ordinary interest was excited, during anniversary week in this city, by the delivery of a couple of discourses in Park street church, by Rev. Dr. Hiecock, which treated of the intermediate state of the departed. A writer in the Traveller is informed—we did not ourselves happen to listen to the discourse—that he contended that the whole human family, on leaving the bodily form, enter into an intermediate state, where they will remain until the end of the world, and after that the separation generally preached by Calvinists, into sheep and goats, will take place. The speaker went into a discussion of the difference, or apparent difference, between the belief of the writers of the Old Testament (of course meaning only those whose productions were permitted to be bound up in the Bible,) and that of the men who wrote the New Testament, explaining what he considered the difference between the Hebrew *Sheol*, the Greek *Hades*, and the English *Hell*. He confessed that a belief in an intermediate state of the departed, somewhere, was fast gaining ground in Protestant churches, and already had many strong advocates and warm defenders. Yet he took great care to show his hearers how his own views on this subject differed from those of the Roman Catholics relative to Purgatory, and from those of Swedenborg relative to the World of Spirits.

The writer of the communication in the Traveller says that so profound an interest was excited in the minds of those who listened to the discourses, they expressed a desire to see the same produced in print for more general perusal. And he goes on to state for himself that Mr. Sears, in his "Atheism," dwells on this "World of Spirits" doctrine with great beauty and power; and that Robert Dale Owen, in his "Ptolemaic," gives a history of the summary process by which Luther cut out from his doctrinal system the whole theory of Purgatory and everything associated with it. He likewise adds—Although many eminent learned men may differ about the terms in which an intermediate state is described, yet the fact that such a state is beginning to be widely admitted bids fair to open anew one of the leading doctrines of the oldest church. There is no mistake about it, that the Church is getting so sorely stirred up about its old creeds, in one way and another, that it is obliged to fall back upon the very oldest forms of belief, which it once professed to spurn and loathe, in order to satisfy in some degree the sympathies and the reasonings of the human family.

Fair Play.

A writer in the Investigator, it is evident, is somewhat annoyed because we called on that Journal and others which published a lie about Mrs. Hatch, to contradict it. It is also evident that the Investigator and other papers go out of their way very often to endeavor to bring into disrepute the Spiritual Philosophy of the present day, in a manner not very creditable to the editorial fraternity. For instance, the editors of the Cincinnati Daily Commercial and Daily Evening Times refused to publish a refutation of the slander they promulgated against Mrs. Hatch, when requested so to do, as we are informed by a correspondent, after twice promising they would. And now the lesser second-hand libeler crawls out of his awkward predicament by saying "a Miss Hoyt" said what was attributed to Mrs. Hatch as saying. This is a considerable large country, and some parts of it are thickly settled, and the Hoyt family are spread all over Uncle Sam's domain. Now such being the fact, had not the writer in the Investigator better be a little more explicit in his proof of the "fact," as he is pleased to denounce the lie in question, and give us the full name of that Hoyt, etc., ere he accuse us of telling half the story.

Explanatory.

Friend Herald, we had no intention of disturbing your equanimity when we notified you that the account of the alleged séance at the White House was a fiction. We are aware that editors are more liable to be imposed upon by designing persons than other people, especially when respectable journals are guilty of originating such errors, and hence we desired to post you correctly in the matter. If we erred in so doing, we beg to be excused.

You ask us for evidence that no such séance took place. First, its contradiction was telegraphed to the daily papers from Washington, "by authority," (using the language of the Evening Gazette, in which the story originated.) Second, the Gazette itself owned up. Third, reliable information to us from Washington direct. This is our evidence. Is it satisfactory? If not, perhaps the following, which we extract from the Milwaukee Daily Life of June 6th, will be—

"SPIRITUALISTIC.—Our neighbors of the Sentinel, June 1st, copied nearly a column from the Boston Gazette, purporting to be a report of results obtained at a spiritual seance at the President's mansion, in Washington, some time in April. We observe that no precise date is given for the wonderful story, however, which may be set down as rather suspicious, and our opinion coincides with the Sentinel's, that the whole thing is purely imaginative."

Mrs. Hatch in Lyceum Hall again.

We are informed by the lecture committee of the Society of Spiritualists worshipping in Lyceum Hall, in this city, that they have made arrangements with Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch to lecture four more Sundays in Lyceum Hall. The great desire manifested to hear Mrs. Hatch during her limited visit here in May—which could not then be extended—induced the committee to re-engage her at the earliest opportunity, and they have succeeded in doing so for the two last Sundays in June and the two first in July. This will be gratifying news to the many admirers of Mrs. Hatch, as they will have another opportunity to listen to her inspired eloquence on Sunday next.

Announcements.

A. Harlow, M. D., of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, in consequence of impaired health, has been obliged to resign his position as surgeon in the army, and has returned to his home, where he will resume the duties of his profession as soon as his health will permit.

U. Clark speaks in Westfield, Mass., Friday evening, the 19th, and Sunday, the 21st. He is addressed at this office at present.

Mr. George A. Peirce, trance medium, will speak in West Minot, Me., on Sunday next, June 21st.

Dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Odd Fellows' new hall, on the corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, will be dedicated on the evening of the 17th of June. An address will be delivered on the occasion by Wm. E. Parmenter, Esq., of Massachusetts Lodge, and a poem by E. P. Shillaber, a member of Bileam Lodge.

Fred. L. H. Willis's Lectures.

Mr. Willis occupied the platform of the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, June 15th, and was greeted with good audiences, notwithstanding the refreshing showers of rain, which the earth so much needed. This was his first appearance in this city as a lecturer, with one exception, although he is no stranger to these parts, for, it will be remembered, he was a student in Harvard College several years ago, and openly avowed his belief in Spiritualism, when he was set upon by the Professors of the College, and persecuted to the utmost of their power, and finally expelled from that liberal institution on account of his religious belief, or because he would not acknowledge physical manifestations to be a humbug and himself an impostor, when he possessed positive knowledge of their genuineness.

Mr. Willis has been laboring in the West for the last five or six years. Our friends in Coldwater, Michigan, invited him to settle there, and built for him a neat and commodious edifice in which to hold meetings, and he has labored with them for the last five years. He is now on a tour through New England, where our friends will gladly welcome so accomplished a gentleman and able advocate and expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy.

How natural is the result of causes which sometimes seem mysterious. The act of the Faculty in expelling the student has proved a blessing to humanity, for it placed him in a free position to receive the inspiration and wisdom of the spirit-world, and to give forth to the multitude more spiritual truth and light than has been imparted through the theological teachings of old Harvard for the last fifty years.

Mr. Willis, on this occasion, gave two very able and truly eloquent discourses. His afternoon theme—"The Immortal Power of Love"—was a production of rare merit, exhibiting a harmonious blending of the genius and wisdom of the spiritual and the material worlds.

It was truly a spiritual production, and must have reached the hearts of the auditors. At the close of the address, the speaker was fully entranced, and gave a beautiful poem.

That our readers may have an opportunity to judge of the merits and beauty of the lecture, we have printed it in this number of the BANNER; it will be found on the third page, and we hope all our readers will peruse it.

In the evening, Mr. Willis gave an unusually able discourse upon this subject: "The Reclamation of the Future in the Present." The speaker said, if it were possible for a person to read the causes that produce effects in all their manifestations, he would have, at all times, a distinct and clear revelation of the coming time; he would find prophecy to be existence itself, because he would read to results of all things in the causes that are continually operating in the forces of Nature and the Spirit. Thus each century is the begetter of the next, and in proportion each moment of time produces the next. The steady march of the ages through the cycle of eternity has unraveled the inevitable events of worlds and universes. It is for us to read not alone the past, but also the future; for the past is all recorded in the present, and the future is sealed to us only because we have not a clear vision or a comprehending sense of its import.

From this startling point he proceeded to trace some of the leading events of the time, not only in regard to our own country, but European powers. He said the events of only a few weeks, or even days, sometimes show us the first act of a grand history. The first cannon fired upon Sumter reads now, "Liberty shall triumph; my people shall go free, with the Lord." After the first terrible defeat of our national forces, who could read the import of it? But now it is easy. They forgot the bonifans and his cause, and took counsel with sin.

After dwelling upon various events in a strain of eloquence which riveted the attention of his hearers, he said the coming time lies always within the hearts of men. This gigantic rebellion, that is costing so much blood and treasure—and which in its results shall be worth far more than its cost—was not the off-spring of a day or a year. No; it was hidden from human view through long years; but still it existed in the souls of the selfish and despotic, and the outbreak was only the fulfillment of that prophecy of years, which any blind man ought to have been able to declare.

Passing on he remarked, that if the world is to be redeemed from its ignorance and wrong, it must first feel the warm breath of human love, the only birth-place of which is in the soul.

But we will not undertake to follow him through the entire lecture, for we should not do it justice. He scanned the future with the prophetic ken of an inspired seer, and gave a cheering picture of our country's progress when it shall have risen from its present thralldom, hopeful to the heart of every patriot, reformer and well-wisher of humanity generally. The beauty of this hereafter, he said, must live in the spirit of man before it can become a fact to him. Hence the spirit-world, with its gates of glory, cannot win the true and noble man from the realities of noble living. No prophetic vision of the beautiful hereafter can draw his love from human hearts; and the more he aspires for heaven, the more he seeks the humble, the sinful and sorrowful, that he may pour forth unto them the sweetness of hope, until they also seek to live the truer and better life.

Thus the prophetic voice of the future becomes the inspiration of to-day, and each man the son of the Infinite, to bring the glory of the spiritual unto the mortal, and crown the earth with the glory of heaven.

Important English Confession.

At a recent meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in London, Mr. C. Buxton, M. P., made the following significant confession:

"He admitted that he was wrong in his anticipations of the result of the issuing of the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. He thought it would have aroused the slaves, and he had looked with horror at the consequences of such an uprising, and he must have ended in their utter extermination. However, all his apprehensions had proved to be vain. The negroes had shown that patience and wonderful forbearance of spirit which always characterized their race, and had not brought about those dreadful calamities which he had apprehended. It appeared to him that the cause of abolition was extending over the continent of America, and that although the negroes had not chosen to rise against their masters, they had nevertheless shown a great abhorrence of slavery. They had shown how eager they were to escape, and how ready they were to undergo the severest trials in order to make their way to where the Federal flag was waving. He believed that with the zealous cooperation of the Federal Government, and with the increasing love of freedom and abhorrence of slavery which was creeping more and more over the heart and conscience of the world, they might look within a few years to see not only the abolition of the Spanish slave trade in Cuba, but the abolition of slavery throughout the world."

New Music.

We have received the following choice pieces of sheet music from the publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., 217 Washington street: "The Elders Polka," for piano; a patriotic national song, entitled, "Bear on to Victory," words by J. M. Fletcher, music by E. T. Baldwin; "The Dew Drop," a Polka Redowa, by A. B. Warren; "To Canada," a song and chorus of "the six hundred thousand" champions of liberty; "The Carol of the Mocking Bird," a pretty Schottische, by N. P. B. Curtis; "The Masquerade Galop," composed for the piano by James H. Wilson; Longfellow's beautiful poem, entitled "The Cumberland," set to music by F. Booth; "Jesus He along the way," a pretty song; "Corn is King," words by Miss Mary W. Janvin, music by E. Nasson.

New Publications.

FRANK WASHINGTON: A Novel. By the author of "Rutledge." Carleton, Publisher: New York. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This appears to be a more decided work of literary art, and perhaps of individual power, than either of the author's previous popular productions—"Rutledge" and "The Netherlands." It hinges as a tale upon the incidents and moving scenes of the present war, and is full of persons—men and women—who wear living and breathing characters wherever they go. We hear it very highly spoken of by the press, and allowed to be excellent judges in modern fiction. Certainly, the fame of the other books of the same author ought to excite the reading public to a very high pitch of enthusiasm in their pursuit of the present work. The former productions sold to the extent of some forty thousand copies. We look to see this attain a wide popularity and fame.

We have in our hands a four page pamphlet, entitled "The Price of Peace," written by H. S. Brown, Milwaukee. It discusses briefly the great question of Free Speech, the matter of Man Worship, the inquiry whether Progression shall cease, Who must be Rewarded, Political Parties, and the Scientific Party. It is radical and thorough. The writer betrays more or less impatience with existing evils, even those which the slowest conservatives admit to be such; and would have an instant change, at almost any cost. But human nature being the clay to be worked upon, it is rather slow and patient labor, which we shall find most speedily accomplished by each sticking as close to the buzz of his own turning lathe and the improvement of himself as he is able. The thoughts of the writer of this little pamphlet are excellent, and worthy serious consideration. Propositions are made for an entirely new style of legislation, to which, however, men will be much more likely to feel their way than to jump as across a chasm.

BALLON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This popular publication has reached its eighteenth volume. The July number being the first of that volume, affords an excellent opportunity for new subscribers. Each number is complete, and contains nearly one hundred pages of reading matter, making it the cheapest magazine in the world. Single copies are only ten cents. Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, 118 Washington street, are the editors and proprietors.

We have received by mail a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, entitled "The Great American Crisis: or Cause and Cure of the Rebellion." Embracing phenomenal characters and pen-and-ink portraits of the President, his leading Generals and Cabinet Officers; together with an appendix on the slavery controversy, in which is submitted a novel plan for the full and final adjustment of this vexed question. By L. M. Smith, Practical Phenologist: Cincinnati. Price fifteen cents per copy.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW, a monthly magazine published by John W. Orr, 75 Nassau street, New York, comes to us filled with choice reading matter. The June number contains a fine steel engraving of Past Grand Sir Howell Hopkins, of Philadelphia.

We understand that Longman & Co., publishers, of London, Eng., have in press a work by a talented author, entitled, "FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT," the result of ten years' experience in Spiritual Phenomena. There can be no doubt but that it will meet with an extensive sale in this country, if it proves to be as interesting a book as those who pretend to know predict.

Rev. T. W. Higginson's contributions to the Atlantic Monthly are to be republished by Ticknor & Fields in a handsome volume, under the title of "Outdoor Papers." The papers were originally published under the titles of "Saints and their Bodies," "Physical Courage," "Gymnastics," "The Health of our Girls," "Letter to a Dyspeptic," "The Murder of the Innocents," "A New Counterblast," etc.

Scientific Men needed to Expound Spiritualism.

In a recent article in the BANNER, copied from the London Spiritual Magazine, Judge Edmonds, in speaking of the method of discovery in Spiritualism, laments that eminent scientific men have not entered on its investigation. He thinks that investigators are too eager to theorize, and not careful enough about facts. He is really captious about this, and would not have a common observer theorize at all, only note the facts. He would call in some "eminent man," and have him institute a series of investigations, and after a sufficient number of facts had accumulated, have him draw forth the generalization, telling how spirits communicate, and the philosophy of their existence and inter-relations with earth.

In all reference to Judge Edmonds, we dissent from his ideas. We can see no need of "eminent" men to investigate, storing up facts, theorizing therefrom. We know nothing, not even the name of the elements employed by spirits. We have no instruments with which to detect their presence or character. Except in their action they are not recognizable by any of our senses. Understanding this, great men have a fine opportunity of displaying their littleness in theorizing, nothing more.

The spiritual intelligences who discovered the various processes of communication; who are actively engaged in perfecting those processes; to whose senses the spiritual elements hold similar relations that physical elements do to ours, are they not the source to which to apply for information? It strikes me that they can tell us the *modus operandi* of their intercourse with us, and their relations to earth, in a much more perfect manner than all the great men of the world sitting in conclave around a tipping table recording facts, can possibly do.

I would ask, if a traveler should return from a foreign country, which we should do—get an eminent man to record facts, and by logic deduce conclusions what the traveler had seen, and how he came home, or ask the traveler himself?

If spiritual communication is not sufficiently reliable to teach us its philosophy, it is valueless. If the spirits cannot be believed in the very essence of their intercourse, how shall they be relied on? If we ever have a Spiritual Philosophy, we cannot see from whence it can be derived but from the spirits themselves.

Spiritualism.

Above all the religions that have yet held a place in the affections of the people, Spiritualism is the most liberal; is the broadest, the deepest, the purest. True Spiritualism is perfectly spiritual. There is nothing in spirit that is impure. All impurity is material. So all the bad things charged to Spiritualism are not of Spiritualism, but are of Materialism. It is our purest and holiest affections that call our attention and devotion to spiritual things.

Spiritual things are so deep and so high, that when we come to take cognizance of them we only seem to step upon the threshold of a boundless world. We feel a beauty in them that fills us with unmeasured awe, and a vastness that gives us a foretaste of infinity. They make the perceptions go over the confines of sects and selfishness, and sweep the wide world in generous liberalism. True Spiritualism takes no note of Sectarianism, but leaves all sects, as the traveler leaves the grains of sand behind he travels over. It fulfills the mission of charity, by "believing all things" are in their time and place. It has passed the ordeals of opposition, and rests on evil.

Sensible Remarks.

A writer in the June number of the London Spiritual Magazine, in giving an account of several Spiritual seances in England, concludes as follows:

"It appears to me that the only way of testing the truth of Spiritualism, is to put the question to Nature—that is, to experiment. To sit round a table gazing, laughing, cracking jokes, and deriding Spiritualism, and Spiritualists, as I have seen many do, and as I have done myself, is not the way to discover the truth. The facts of Spiritualism are, as I have said, exactly like the facts of the physical sciences. The chemist, or the electrician, observes a fact and makes a statement about it; and that statement is believed, because there is no reason to doubt its truth, and because everybody knows that any man can test the truth of the alleged fact whenever he likes. Hence hundreds of facts are believed solely on the testimony of one or two persons. In fact, the belief of a large portion of mankind in what is popularly called physical science, is neither more nor less than a blind and unfeeling faith. It is not necessary, however, that faith in science should be either blind or unfeeling; inasmuch as it may be based on knowledge. So it is with respect to Spiritualism. We may believe it on the testimony of others, or we may put the question to experiment, and ascertain the truth more directly. The latter is the plan I adopted, the results being such as I have previously recorded. These results leave not a shadow of doubt on my mind as to the fact of our being surrounded by invisible and intelligent beings, and as to the additional fact of our being able to communicate with them almost whenever we like."

The Late Rain.

Who will say it was not wanted all round about us? The earth was parched, and vegetation almost at a standstill, but we now have reason to be thankful, for the clouds gathered and poured out a bounteous supply of the article most needed, and again all Nature smiles. May not the black clouds of war, which are at present hovering around us, be "angels in disguise," and like the rainstorm that has just passed, serve to fructify in due time the parched soil in human hearts, and cause to germinate therein fruits more acceptable to God and humanity? Let us hope so.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

At the earnest solicitation of many prominent citizens of New Haven, Conn., we understand, Dr. Newton has consented to visit that place to heal the sick who could not conveniently journey to Boston for the purpose. He opens his office there on the 1st of July. Several remarkable cases of healing, we are informed, have been made during the Doctor's brief sojourn among us, which we may notice more fully hereafter.

Essays.

"THE CIVILIZATION OF LIFE," and "THE RISING GENERATION," were the subjects discussed at our circle May 6th and 7th. See the reports on the sixth page of this issue.

Picnic at Dungeon Rock, Lynn.

This picnic is advertised for the 17th inst., as will be seen by the notice in another column.

Personal.

Col. Isaac F. Shepard, of Mississippi, formerly of this city, it is stated, is to be made a Brigadier General, and take command of a colored brigade.

Gen. Grant is just forty-one years old, and is of a sanguine complexion. He is a native of Ohio, a Buck-eye.

Queen Victoria completed her 44th year on Sunday, May 31st. The 20th year of her reign will be completed in a few days. She is good for thirty years more, and we hope for thirty more to the end of those.

Miss Parsons, daughter of Hon. Theophilus Parsons, of the Cambridge Law School, on the breaking out of the war, animated by the same spirit that led Florence Nightingale to the Crimea, fitted herself to take charge of our sick and wounded soldiers. Her tact and talents have been recognized, and she has been placed in charge of the great hospital on Dedlow's Island.

A Western paper says George H. Hoyt, the young Boston lawyer, who went down to Virginia to defend John Brown, is now the leader of an independent band of soldiers, who are hunting down guerrillas, and otherwise harassing the enemy.

IMPORTANT ACTION OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.—The Chicago Tribune has a special despatch from Washington, stating that John Ross writes to the Indian Bureau that a special Cherokee Council, at Cow-skin Prairie, in February, decreed the severance of all connection with the rebels, and the abolishment of slavery. A general council of tribes is to be called, and a delegation, of which John Ross is chairman, has been sent to Washington, to renew the treaties with the United States, and petition that the Cherokees may return to their own country.

An Evening with Jennie Lord and the Spirits.

As we were sojourning, a few days since, in the "City of Spindlers," we were invited to be present at one of Jennie Lord's Musical Seances. We accepted the invitation, and witnessed a class of manifestations well calculated to convince any honest skeptic of their truth.

After the circle (which consisted of thirteen persons) was formed, the doors securely locked and the keys entrusted to the one who was the most skeptical, the lights were extinguished, and all, with the exception of the lady who performed on the melodeon, were requested to join hands, and each to keep watch of their next neighbor, thus preventing, as far as mortals were able, the possibility of fraud.

After waiting about fifteen minutes, during which time we were requested to sing, in order to harmonize the circle, our ears were greeted with sounds, as if the various instruments provided for the occasion were being tuned. First the bass viol was tried, and subsequently with the spirit with the skill and power of an old performer. Next the guitar floated over our head, discoursing sweet music, soon followed by a hand-bell, tambourine, bass drum, and other instruments. All were used as no mortals could possibly have used them, as was admitted by the most skeptical person present.

In addition to the above, some in the circle were waited upon to a glass of water. (It will be remembered that these things were done without the use of human hands.) One skeptical gentleman who was thus waited upon, declared that no mortal could have handled the glass with more ease or grace.

The spirits extracted the perfume from a bouquet of flowers in the room, and waited it in our faces, thus clearly proving that they are adepts in an art as yet unknown to mortals. "One of the most modern performers favored us with a genuine Virginia 'break down,' accompanying himself on the tambourine. Various members of the circle were repeatedly touched. If there had been a dozen persons loose in the room, they could not have done what we heard and felt. On the contrary, all hands were joined upon the table.

At the close, the medium and the chair in which she was seated were lifted upon the table. So gently was this done, that those sitting each side of her were not aware of her position until lights were called for.

Ned Kendall was present, and said that if his biographical had been there he could have played on it, so that those present who knew him would have recognized the notes as his by the peculiar sound he always gave. The conditions were exactly right for the performance, and all present regretted that the instrument was not there.

Message Department.

The messages at which the communications under this heading are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 135 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS, and are published as follows:

The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

Each message in this department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is given by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. M. Conant.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth—where in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Price, of Montgomery, Ala., to his family: Michael Kelly, to his wife, Mary, in New York City; Agnes Kinslow, of London, Eng., to her mother, a minister in London.

Invocation. Oh, then Parent of our souls, we would pause on the threshold of the beautiful Present, and adore thee. Oh our Father and our Mother, we have left the mighty realm of the Past, we have wandered through the ages, and the present finds us dwelling in the temple of humanity, and from the vestibule of this temple we will send up a song of thanks unto thee: not that thou requitest thanks, not that thou hast demanded that we worship thee; but because thou hast taught all things to love thee, and from the pebble stone beneath the feet of man, to the highest intellect in the celestial realm, all turn to worship thee, and none should fear thee, for thou art a God of Infinite Love, Oh Soul of the Present, we would bring unto thee this hour the thoughts and desires of thy children, knowing that thou wilt receive them, and cast them abroad upon the ocean of life. Oh Spirit of the Past, we bow before thee; we acknowledge thy presence; we bow before thee forever.

The Civilization of Life.

"The Civilization of Life" will be our theme on this occasion. The human mind has come up through various stages of human action, until in the present it is arrogating to itself the right of civilization. We first find it in the individual life in the age of savagism, and again in the age of barbarism. Still further on, we find it in the age of patriarchy, and in the present day, again we find it arrogating to itself the right of civilization; assumes to be civilized. But to be civilized, one must be thoroughly humanized, and to be humanized, one must be thoroughly harmonized.

Should we tell the highly-gifted Anglo-American that his people were not half civilized, he would be very indignant. But there is much truth in the old saying, a tree is known by the fruit it bears; the leopard by its spots; the tiger by its stripes; the rose by its perfume; and the same rule may apply to humanity. Civilization is known by the fruit it bears; and if you, as a people, are thoroughly civilized, you will bear fruit according to that civilization. This fact has been demonstrated through all the lower strata of Nature, and again we say, it will apply equally well to the human mind.

We have affirmed that you, as a people, were uncivilized. Have we spoken the truth? Let us see. Come with us into your halls of legislation, where from time to time delegates are congregated from the North, South, East and West, to make laws for the people. Let us see what kind of fruit they bear. Not long ago the silence of yonder legislative assembly was broken by the voice of your Massachusetts senator in the defense of right. He essayed to ignore Southern wrong. Almost at the same breath, a Preston C. Brooks arises—not with the spirit of civilization—and levels his walking-stick upon the defenseless head of your senator. Silence overcomes him, not with the power of right, but with the power of physical might. Is this the spirit of true civilization? We think not.

What kind of fruit has your national tree been bearing you for the past two years? The record is written in blood, and with the tears of widowed thousands. We need not appeal beyond effects that are apparent, for we have only to gaze at them to know whether you are civilized. We have but to look at the fruit you bear to judge you rightly.

Laying your halls of legislation, we will next enter your places of education, those institutions where young and plastic minds are fashioned to meet the battles of life. Let us see whether the spirit of civilization dwells here. Perchance it is here. Let us look first for the basis of your American education. Is the platform built upon individual ground, or is it erected in some far off future? Do you unfold to the glowing minds of youth the records and the requirements of God, or what Infinite expects of them? Is this the basis of your education? Oh, no; the youthful mind is dragged off to toil over the mysteries of ancient lore, that has no more to do with the present than the future has to do with the present, except relatively speaking. The truly civilized man or woman will seek to unfold the young mind with regard to him or herself, and to show all the requirements of individual self. This being accomplished, then you will have little fear for them in the future. The truly civilized man would build a foundation in the heart of the individual whose education he is superintending. He will not teach them of the darkness and mysteries of the past, but will show them the present, with all its possibilities. Do this, and then you will have given them a foundation secure enough to stand upon through life, for you have opened to them, the doors of the mighty temple of Universal Knowledge, into which your students may enter and gather to themselves all things relating to science. True, they are said, many of them, to grasp at the highest elements of Science; but oh how mistaken are you when you hope to find true science mistaken for the darkness of the past, or in the records of ancient lore; for nowhere does true science begin in the past.

Where, then, shall it be found? Out in the external world it may be, but it is within the temple of individual self that the true spirit of civilization is to be found. It is because you have sought for it in the past, that you have to this day remained uncivilized.

Now we will leave your institutions of learning, and enter your sacred edifices. Shall we pause to do the image of the Virgin Mary? Nay, we cannot, for we are addicted to no idol-worship. We acknowledge no God but the true and living one. Shall we open the lids of your Sacred Record and preach from thence to you of God? Nay, we cannot. We will search diligently throughout the sacred pile, for perchance we may find the spirit of civilization there. Let us see. In one of these temples dedicated to worship, we hear the thunder of universal salvation; that is good. In another we hear that many are called, but few are chosen; that only a select few are elected to peace and happiness in the hereafter. This is bad. Though we travel through the whole category, we shall find no two religions that agree. Nor do we find harmony among individuals living under one church creed, one form of religious belief. We look in vain for the true spirit of civilization, and find it not within your churches, for there is inharmonious existing among you, and you quarrel over your Sacred Record concerning the words that are there written. "It meaneth this," says one; "It meaneth that," says another; and thus even within the sacred precincts of the church, the poor mind finds no compass, no guide or captain, and scarce no God.

We have not found the spirit of civilization in the Church, and therefore let us enter the home-circle. It may be that we shall find it there; if so, let us give it the right hand of fellowship from that altar. Here we find ourselves surrounded by fair young blossoms and buds. But first let us analyze the internal of these buds and blossoms; let us look at the government that is instituted over them by their parents and guardians. Here are angelic beings cropping out in the home-circle in the shape of willfulness and undue regard to parental authority. Here the wild temper of the tiger and hyena are seen; and there the mild temper of the lamb. The spirit of love and of wild discord; the temper and the river of peace are found beneath the same roof. There is no harmony, no true spirit of civilization running through the fair buds. How is it with the parents of these fair blossoms? Do they exercise the true spirit of civilization in the government of their children? Perchance the little one has offended. It has outraged the law of right, as is considered right by them. The spirit of anger enters the breast of the parent, and vengeance is wreaked upon the young mind in the shape of chastisement. The rod falls heavily upon the unprotected head. Instead of appealing to the child's reason and common sense, you appeal to the cold marble of externality. Why do you do this? Because the true spirit of civilization is not with you. If you cannot attain the desired end by appealing to the common sense and reason of your child, you can never hope to do it by chastisement, the dictum of a Solomon to the contrary notwithstanding. If your children have not common sense and reason, the fault lies with you and your progenitors. Surely, these little ones are not to blame if these gifts have been denied them.

Oh ye fathers and ye mothers I do you suppose if the true spirit of civilization were with you that these inharmonies, these angelic beings would be forever cropping out in your midst? No; if all things were harmonious and civilized with you as a nation, you would this day be a godly people. Oh, look to it that wisdom is yours in the future. You claim it. Oh, you would be wise Anglo-Americans, we know; and we would fain lay the crown of wisdom at your feet. But we cannot; you must gather it to yourselves from without, from contact with the things of the material world. Your wise Creator hath given you the true spirit of civilization, and when you shall learn how to be civilized, which is to be humanized and harmonized, then civil war, with all its horrors, will pass away; the imperfections of your governmental rule will pass away; your home-circles will be wreathed with blossoms fair and unfading, your institutions of learning shall blossom like the rose, and their fragrance shall be inhaled by millions. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be indeed set up on earth.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—What is the effect of sleep upon health, when indulged in soon after dinner?

Ans.—The effects are various, depending on the constitution of the individual. Do you understand us?

Q.—Are those effects injurious in their nature?

A.—That depends upon the constitution of the individual, and the conditions existing at the time. Sometimes, and under certain conditions it were well to sleep immediately after dinner, and at other times conditions may render sleep impracticable.

Q.—Can you define those conditions?

A.—Those conditions can be defined only by the examination of individual patients.

Q.—What connection has the past with the future, and vice versa?

A.—To God, or the Infinite, there is no past, no future, but an eternal present. There is no break in the great chain of eternity, for the past is the present, and the present is the future.

Q.—Whence comes wisdom, if not from the past as well as the future?

A.—The wisdom of the future is foreshadowed to mind intuitively. The wisdom of the past is made up of the experiences of the past, the hard-earned experiences of mortality. First educate your young with regard to themselves, then take them into the temple of the Present, which means that they may learn wisdom. Do this, and you will not give them a foundation that is secure to stand upon in the future. Neglect to do this, and you send them to sea without compass or rudder.

Q.—Is there any wisdom to be obtained from the record of the Jewish Scriptures?

A.—The Jewish Scriptures contain certain pictures of Jewish and Gentile life. So far, then, they may contain wisdom from them, and no further. They talk to you of what has been in that particular section of mind.

Q.—Could the Infinite make a definite revelation to the human race? Or is it a feasible thing for the Infinite Creator to speak to the finite creature?

A.—The Infinite Creator is continually speaking to his creations by the power of law. He speaks in no other way.

Q.—Is there not in finite man some portion of the Infinite?

A.—The Infinite stretches out into the past, the present and the future. All these manifestations of life are words of the Infinite, the talk of the Infinite.

Q.—What is the meaning of the words of Christ, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world?"

A.—He meant that his disciples should understand that he had overcome the imperfections of mortality. When in the garden of Gethsemane he says, "Lord, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." Herein he clearly displayed the weakness of human nature. Thus in giving utterance to the words, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," he wished his followers to understand that the kingdom of the flesh was overcome by him; that the spirit was triumphant; that he feared nothing, but rested secure in the arms of his Father.

Albion Gliddon.

Good afternoon, sir. What are your terms, or rules? [Our rules are for spirits to identify themselves to their friends.] May name was Gliddon. I am from

South Carolina. I'm not well skilled in your manner of using mediums, although I looked a little into it before death.

You publish the BANNER OF LIGHT? Whatever comes in this way do you publish thereof? [We do.] May I ask, do you send the paper to the friends of those who return, regardless of political position? [In all cases when we can.] You do? I believe your Government has made very stringent laws respecting the aiding of rebels; you are loyal, of course? [To the spirit.] But not to your Government? [To the Government, also.] You'll do; you are about half-and-half—between the two.

Well, my friend, I don't return here to find fault because I happened to be unfortunate enough to lose my body in fighting against you, but with the hope of meeting my friends. I have two brothers, three sisters, a mother, and various other relatives and many friends I should be happy to meet and speak with—all these, every one of them. Now, brother Spiritualist, what are you going to do for the toward assisting me in reaching my friends? [Whatever we can do.] You are on a Christian ground now. Well, I presume if you were in my place, you would like to communicate with your friends, would you not? [We should.] So far so good.

Well, my friend, I have a brother who is at present a prisoner in the hands of the Federal forces. Suppose I want to tell him how to get free? [You can tell him.] I can? Well, then, I propose to make a direct communication to my brother. [We've no objection to your making it up this public way.] My brother is a prisoner by the Federal forces, and I believe his prison house is often visited by your paper. There are persons who are in 'the habit of receiving your paper there, I am told. Now I want my brother, T. P. Gliddon, to use his magnetic power over the youth that sometimes attends him—the fair-haired youth—and by speaking through him I will tell him how to get to Dixie, and out of Federal hands. [Will you give your official name?] Yes, sir, Albion Gliddon.

This same brother of mine some time ago thought seriously—some nine years ago—of giving a series of entertainments. I believe he called them psychological illustrations, or mesmerism, he being himself rather powerful in that direction. I do not think that he has any knowledge of Spiritualism, but that is one step higher than mesmerism, I am told. I want my brother to mesmerize, or psychologize, the youth that sometimes attends him, by his extending his magnetic power to him, I shall be enabled to come and point out a way for him to get free and return to Dixie. I beg your pardon for not giving it in this way, but I deem it imprudent to do so, for should I here point out the means of escape to him, as I would like to, I might not only damage you, but myself as well, since my communication might attract the notice of the guard, who sometimes receive your paper. They have not faith enough to believe in my present communication.

Many thanks, friend, for your kindness. I had intended to speak to my friends in South Carolina, but I will waive that until another time, and perhaps through the medium I've spoken of, if my brother chances to favor my wishes. Good-afternoon.

Patrick Noonan.

Faith, there's something new turning up all the time. [You are new yourself.] Faith, I consider myself old, just now, but I'm a speaking with reference to the person that's just been and gone. I don't want to say anything again your running against Uncle Sam, but it looks very much like it to me. [It may cause him to open his eyes a little.] Faith, if it doesn't open nothing else, you may think yourself well off. If it doesn't lead to your being arrested for disloyalty, faith, I'll be surprised.

I was what I call a loyal Irishman. I lost my life in fighting for my adopted country, and I want to know when your civil war's going to dry up. Faith, I don't think it will while there's so many at the North who are lending their aid to the rebels all the time. That's my opinion. I was to come next, and when that fellow from South Carolina asked if you'd help him to talk to his friends, of course I, like all the rest, expected you'd say, "No; that's a sign the rules." He'd laid out his plans to talk to his folks down in Dixie, should be well received here, although he didn't much expect to be. Well, it's all right, I suppose, only if he and I had met on the kind of terms I'm sure you have with me, with much and he with sabre or sword, we'd soon have settled the question as to which was right. There's nobody to blame, as I know of.

I came across with as much ill feeling as I could well have carried, considering that I had no market to lug. But this is purgatory business—I don't know about that. They tell you in the spirit-world that it's some kind of a place where you get rid of all your bad feelings, but whether it's so or not, I'd just like to pitch into him, just for exercise.

My name was Patrick Noonan. I'm from Fall River, or I have a wife living there, who's boxed up in the Church as tight as any church mouse you ever see. They say we come from the underground railroad, and it maybe that I'll be able to get in, and tell her the truth. Faith, there can be some honest Irishmen in the Church, as well as outside of it; but the fact is, their honesty's like Confederate scrip, 'taint worth much.

Well, Boss, if you'll tell my folks in Fall River that I come here, and that I can come home and talk if they'll let me, I'll be obliged to you. I hope I ain't stepped on holy ground with shoes on, for I didn't intend to. [Not at all.] Well, if I can get a chance to talk there I'd like it much, for then I will tell my wife about the children, and about the Church, too—it's all very well in its place. I was a Catholic myself when I was here; but, faith, when I come to the spirit-world, I ask for a priest to confess me, but there's not a priest nor a church to be found anywhere, but every one was worshipping God in their own way. And some one told me, "Pat, you might as well make up your mind to be a natural man, and not a Catholic." So when I look all around and see how things were, I had ried back to speak of them. I was here quite early, but I soon found that you must book your name, and if conditions are right, you'll come.

Now my wife, Ellen—that's her name, Ellen Noonan—she's bound all up, head and heels, in the Church, but I'm determined to send her this word, hit or miss. Tell her that I want her to seek out some medium through which I can speak—write I can't, no way—I couldn't do much here at all; but if she'll get me a medium, then I'll talk, and if I don't prove myself her husband, then I'll hold her again.

Well, Boss, look out you don't get your neck stretched by Uncle Sam. He's got plenty of hemp manufacturing for the likes of you. [We are willing to run the same risk as you did with your body.] That's so. I thibged mine down into the scale, and it went down pretty far. You're throwing your into the scale, only in another direction. Maybe yours will go up. Well, good-by to you.

Perla Wayland.

When I was about to die, I said to my dear father, who stood at my bedside, "Father, do you think I shall see God when I leave you?" And he said, "My daughter, the Scripture says, by our blessed Master, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' You have lived a pure, holy and acceptable life, and I have no doubt but that you will enter at once upon the joys of immortality."

I return to-day to speak to my dear father, whose hands of life have almost run out. Already his feet

press the shores of eternity, but he knows it not. He knows not of the coming of the angels. He has his faith upon a materialistic foundation, and knows no God that his soul will ever commune with. I, his child, come to open his vision, come to talk to him of God.

I lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. My name, Perla Wayland; my father's, Addison Wayland. Some nights I heard my father's voice, and I tried to manifest to that voice—I think I did. I succeeded in making a very vivid impression upon his mind, and he said many times during the following day, "How very strange it is that I should dream of Perla last night. I saw her so clearly and talked with her so plainly, that it seemed as if she was alive."

Tell him I visit you, strangers. I ask that he give me a chance to speak with him at home, and I will show him that love never dies. And my mother—she will come, too, the whose form he laid beneath the shroud in my infancy—she will come to bless him with words of good cheer. Oh, tell him to open the door for the angels to come and speak to him, and though he may not believe now, we will not oblige him to. Tell him we will show him the way, and if his feet do not desire to wander that way, we'll come no more.

Oh, father! father! hear, hear us—close not the door! We wait for you to ask us to come once more into the temple of home. We'll talk to you; we'll bless you; we'll show you the true way to happiness. Farewell, sir. My age? Over twenty-three years. [Do you wish this communication sent to your father?] I do not; he will receive it. My time of death? The 10th of October; one year ago last October. Farewell.

Invocation.

Our Father, on all occasions would we tune the harp of our being to praise thee. Thou who art the parent of the falling rain-drop and of the human soul, we would stretch out our hands unto thee and demand protection. Oh, Soul of the universe, who hast imparted love within the heart of man, and who art continually showering power and might and strength upon the human soul, to thee we come. In the midst of the wildness of human desolation, we lift our voices unto thee in prayer, demanding all things at thy hands, and fearing nothing; for art thou not a part of ourselves, and we of thee? Then why should we fear thee? Why should we not worship and adore thee? Since thou hast taught us to pray unto thee, to love and adore thee, and forever expect joy and mercy at thy hands. Oh our Father, we know that thy kingdom will come and thy will be done, when thy shall go to dwell in that world where the atmosphere is perfect with Divine love, where beauty blossoms forever, and where even thou art understood in the Celestial Spheres. Our Father, this hour we praise thee. It is the glorious present; the past has been, the future we have not, but the present, the glorious present, we have in its mighty magnificence. In its temple we kneel, and from hence we will forever and forever adore thee.

The Rising Generation.

"The rising generation—the buds and blossoms of human life"—of these we will talk this afternoon. It is impossible to come within the atmosphere of your earth at the present age, without being sensibly influenced by the spirit of the rising generation. Even the newly-born babe seems to be surrounded by an atmosphere, or magnetic aura, that is far beyond all that which preceding ages hath given forth. It speaks loudly of human capabilities and human possibilities; of human power. It talks of individuality, and writes the name of human individuality even upon the atmosphere of the newly-born babe. Still further on in youth we find this power more potent. Youth and babyhood are both drinking in this mighty influence of reform that is being showered down from the spirit-world at the present time, but like all rudimentary and incipient effects of great causes, these are sometimes deformed—are inharmonious to human senses—and crop out here and there in the shape of antagonism between parent and child, or of the one being determined to use that individuality, however small, that God hath given it, the other to enforce the rule of the past ages on that child-mind.

In glancing at your home-circles, as we often do, although oftentimes unseen and unseen—we can but wonder at your want of penetration into the signs of the times. While we perceive this feeling that is being inhaled by your little ones, and the nature of your older ones to a greater extent, we cannot wonder that the signs of the times are written in the character of the people of your age, to those who seek to know of God and change. As we stand unwitted guests in the home circle, and behold the inharmonies that exist between parent and child, we should grieve did we not know that there is a mighty cause for all these inharmonious effects; that the hand of the Infinite is guiding the great car of human life, and is pointing them to a greater destiny than the past has attained to.

It has been said that the child Spiritualism has engendered more of discord and warfare than all else that has been given to man. Your opponent perceives this; the Spiritualist perceives this; but there are few who understand the cause of this thing—few who read in the skies those mighty signs that are reflected in the minds of the present age. Humanity is about to cast off many of its fetters, and thus to a more individualized life than it has ever known before. Your young minds exhibit individuality in the form of willfulness, perchance antagonism to the parent will mark it. Is this right? Verily we tell you it is, for notwithstanding the effect is deformed, yet it contains a power within itself that will lead your youth to think and act for themselves, instead of being slaves to mortality and the mountains of fate. The young mind will become thoroughly individualized. It will bow to no temple outside its own being, acknowledge no God outside itself.

"The rising generation—the buds and blossoms of human life." We can but gaze in wonder and admiration upon this garden of mental flowers. We can but thank the Infinite that we can return from time to time to assist those having charge of these tender plants in their labor of love. To you, parents and guardians, to you we come with an especial charge. In that you use the rod and enforce the rule of past ages upon your little ones? No, far from it; but we beseech you in the name of self and the Infinite, to study and know that it is useless for you to attempt to lead the young mind away from its chosen path when Nature walks therein. Oh, in the name of God, do not seek to thwart the designs of the Great Father, but remember that the power of the Infinite hath called each youthful mind to set up its own guidance-board, and you have only to assist your children in their work of individualization. You have not to dictate to them the path they shall take, nor enforce the rule of the darkness of the past upon them. The Infinite never entrusted these young buds and blossoms to your keeping for any such purpose. Oh, look beyond the waters of their infantile and physical being, and discern their spiritual capabilities for happiness. Oh, guide them again in Nature's highway. Your present wild, confused political condition is but another deformed effect of the same spirit of the rising generation that is moving through your midst to-day, speaking from the cannon's mouth, and going upon the wall of the dying and desolate of earth. Able same Spirit of Reform is struggling through the womb of the present; that it may come a messenger of joy to bring you glad tidings.

Oh, ye fathers and ye mothers I mourn to move at the darkness of the Infinite when your little ones, as

short, their own individual will, and seem determined not to move beyond the dictates of self. Oh, mourn not; but seek to know of the cause of this cropping out in the form of so many deformed spectacles, for you have power to chief out beauty from the rough mountain rock. The Infinite Father expects much at your hands; but if you are looking into the past for knowledge to guide your children, you shall fail to receive a crown of glory. In this case you need expect no answer to your appeal for knowledge. But oh, if you make yourself equal with the great Nations of the world, you shall not make it in vain; you shall be enabled to do much for yourself and the future. This wonderful Spirit of Reform is marching through your churches and your schools, fearless of the old man and women of the past, and is calling upon human life to individualize itself, to turn within for strength, power, beauty and life, from the Source of life.

Oh my friends, when you perceive this power in its weakness and deformity in your children, oh remember that these deformed spectacles are yours; that you are not to turn your children's minds according to the dictates of your own desires, but to assist them in developing that individuality which is theirs. Thanks be to the Infinite, also they would not be heirs of immortality. You are to not upon that, and not upon any power of your own. You are not to exercise it according to the dictum of the past, but of the present. Oh, turn within for light, strength and beauty, and remember that all this high political confusion is a gift from the Infinite; and when you perceive this Spirit of Reform, or individuality, in the rising generation, do not try to crush it out, but rather seek to water it and train it in the way the Infinite desires you should.

Question and Answer.

Ques.—How can one acquire faith enough to insure spirit-communication without doing violence to one's reason? Or to make it personal, how can I put myself in a condition to receive and get a satisfactory communication from my spirit friends?

Ans.—Faith implies simply a receptive condition to the thing desired. When Jesus told the woman who appealed to him for his healing power, that her faith had made her whole, he desired that she should understand that she was receptive to his power; that she had opened the avenue of her being to that particular desire of her being. This was faith. It is by the exercise of faith that persons dwelling on the earth are enabled to receive spirit-communications. We need not at any time do violence to our reason; that is not necessary.

J. C. Brown.

Friend White, I have come with all the personality I possess to thank you and the friends for your kindness. I believe I promised to come so soon as I should be able, did I not? [I do not as yet recognize you.] Oh, beg your pardon. I felt so anxious to redeem my promise, that I forgot to give you my name, Mr. Brown. [I am happy to meet you here.] I'm glad to come I assure you.

It's a glorious thing to be free from your old body. Oh, friend White, I can't express the joy I feel, and while I have strength left me, I want to thank the friends who were so kind to me in my last sickness. I've lost nothing, but have gained a good deal by their benevolence. I suppose they all feel quite as well as I by this time, for they must feel happy in the thought of having done their duty, and when we feel satisfied with ourselves, that's plenty enough; that's all a reasonable person ought to expect.

I wish to say a word to my wife. I want to tell her that I live—live just as much as I ever did; that I have more power than I possessed when on earth, and do pretty much as I wish. That's saying a good deal, but it's telling the truth. I shall not forget that I have friends on earth that need my assistance, and I hope I shall never be slow to give of all the good things that God sees fit to give me. My friends need not be afraid to exercise their benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, for they will be pretty sure to be blessed by so doing, pretty sure.

Tell Mr. Colby that his last letter was received while I was standing outside my old body, and wondering how the folks were going to arrange my funeral. My first spiritual sight with regard to earth was opened by that letter. It was the first thing I saw. By that letter I was resurrected. I saw encircling in a pure white light of brotherly love, and by that light I learned more than I ever knew during my stay upon the earth; for I ascertained that man was infinite and all good in many things, where I had before supposed him to be infinite alone in evil propensities. So dark is the earth-life sometimes, that we are apt to look on the shadowy side, because we don't see any other.

I feel very weak and somewhat excited in coming here to-day, for I was fearful that I might not be able to speak so soon, because I know so little of God's law. But thanks be to God and his good servants, there are always plenty to aid us. Tell the friends I'm happy and free, that I live now; free, that's what I never did before in reality. Good-by. I'd any more if I had strength to.

David Fontaine.

Well, well, this is earth, I presume. I am one of those kind of persons who don't care to move on uncertain ground. I should like to know first what your requirements are; second, what is necessary for me to do in order to meet my friends. [Reply to give your name, age, time of death, and such incidents of your life as will serve to identify you to your earth-friends.] I understand you.

Then, to begin with, I am to give you my name, which was David Fontaine. My age, fifty-five. My occupation, a slave trader. My birth-place, New Orleans. You will understand that I am not of your party now. Again I say, I don't want to walk on uncertain ground. Shall you deal with me as with others? [Certainly.] We treat all alike here.

Some time since—about eighteen months ago, I think—I saw fit to take up arms against your Government. At the battle of Fredericksburg I lost my life, or body. I should say, before entering the army, I made some preparations in case I should fall in battle, but they were not such as I now wish I had made, and therefore I am here for the purpose of speaking first with the two brothers I have, if possible; and my son. I wish also to commune with him, if it is possible. My brothers, or one of them at least, is in New Orleans, therefore I may expect to reach him. I would like to speak with my wife, but women generally are afraid of these things, so I will not attempt to speak with her at this time. I desire to commune with my son and my brothers—only one or two others you understand.

I have something—like forty thousand dollars invested in a certain Confederate concern. I wish to speak particularly with regard to that I have left to my brother. I speak these things that I have understood me, not that you may be astonished thereby. My slaves, mine—yes, oh, your abolitionist calling spirit, I don't care for it! I say they're mine. So they are, though I've lost my body. No matter, I claim them now just as much as ever I did when on the earth. I'm going to free them, but not according to President Lincoln's expectations. I understand that certain few of these persons who were my slaves are disposed to remain as they were before the breaking out of the war, while the rest are disposed to follow their heels and go North at the first opportunity. Now I desire—shall I speak my desires here?—I hope I may not be able to reach my brother privately. [Certainly.] May what you please. I desire that that party thousand, with some thirty or so more, should move, be appropriated for the benefit of my

LITTLE JOHNNY.
A POEM DELIVERED BY MISS LIZZIE DOTY, AT THE
CLOSURE OF A LECTURE IN SPRINGFIELD, MAY 10TH,
AND ADDRESSED TO THE PARENTS OF LITTLE JOHNNY
—MR. AND MRS. THOS. A. DENISON, OF CHICAGO,
MAY.

Sing not, oh blessed angels!
To those who truly mourn,
But come with gifts of healing,
For heart-strings freshly torn.
Ab! human hearts are tender,
And wounds of love are deep;
Sing not, oh blessed angels!
But "weep with those who weep."

Come not, oh spirit teachers!
With wisdom from above,
But come with soft, low whispers
Of sympathy and love.
Truths seem uncertain shadows
Beneath the clouds of care;
Come, then, in friendly silence,
And strengthen them to bear.

What will ye bring, oh angels,
To soothe the troubled breast?
"We will bring the cherished word
From the mansions of the blest.
Like a wandering dove returning,
He shall nestle in each heart;
They will feel his blessed presence,
And their sorrow shall depart.

"We will lead them from their darkness,
Out to the shining light,
And scenes of heavenly beauty
Shall greet their longing sight.
There shall they see their loved one,
Free from his earthly pain;
Their souls shall cease from sorrow,
And shall ask him not again.

"Oh we only opened gently
His little prison door;
He stepped into the sunshine,
And then returned no more.
He dwells not now in weakness,
In the spirit's narrow cell,
But yet remains forever,
To those who loved him well."

What will ye bring, oh teachers,
To those who suffer loss?
"We will bring them faith, and patience,
And strength to bear their cross—
To bear it bravely, calmly,
Although the way seem long,
Till hearts that bled with anguish,
Shall burst into a song.

They shall walk in faith's clear sunshine,
With souls renewed in youth,
And the little child shall lead them
To a knowledge of the truth.
Tell them the loving angels
Watch o'er their darling boy—
They are sharers of their sorrow,
And helpers of their joy."

Rebels of U. Clark around Boston.

The busy throngs pouring into the great beehive of Boston from all the suburban villages clustering around for miles give no indication that we are in the midst of the greatest war of modern civilization. All the shops, stores, bazaars, hotels, and places of amusement, seem constantly crowded; and the streets are choked with cars, carriages, and pedestrians, driven along as though all creation was hurrying toward some impending carnival. The sidewalks blaze with an unwonted array of fashionable splendor, and thousands of smiling faces beam with a radiance hiding the dark thunder-cloud hanging over the continent. All sorts of goods and products seem in unusual abundance, and all sorts of trades indicate the "city of notions" filled with life and Yankee. Not the least sign of war is seen by the spectator, either in the country or cities of New England.

Anniversary week in Boston passed off without any great excitement, except the embarkation of the first colored regiment of Massachusetts. This was a marked event, and it was handled appropriately in the Anti-slavery Convention, where an unusual degree of interest was apparent. Nine years ago, the military of Boston was called out to aid in repelling Burns back to bondage. Through the same street down which Burns was marched, the first colored regiment of Massachusetts marched to embark for the South and settle the old score.

The signs of spiritual interest in and around Boston continue auspicious beyond what is usual for approaching summer. Many old places are to continue meetings during the warm season, and some new places are starting afresh. Most of the speakers are engaged through the summer, and beyond. The spiritual book business is uncommonly lively, and the demand for the right kind of works is rapidly increasing. The friends of the cause through the country manifest a laudable zeal in sustaining the press, and well that they realize that this is our mightiest lever for the overthrow of error and the rearing of the new spiritual temple in the hearts of the people.

The zeal of New England in sustaining public meetings ought to be imitated by our friends in New York and many sections of the West, where the cause is not kept alive before the people. There are scores of places in New York and the West where the friends have abundance of means, but lack the right sort of untiring activity. Hence many speakers are impelled to come East, where their labors are more substantially encouraged. There are numerous noble friends west of New England, numerous places where they have done heroic service, and numerous places where public meetings are now well supported; but there are many more idle places where the friends are really stronger and more numerous than places in New England which sustain lectures every Sunday.

Bro. J. M. Peebles and F. L. H. Willis, of Michigan, are on their way East, but I trust the Wolverine State will not allow them to remain, however well their services may be appreciated in New England. I regret to learn that Central and Western New York have lost Leo Miller for a while, though he is most cordially welcomed at his new home in Worcester, Mass. Wm. Denton has been favorably received in Boston and vicinity, and is now issuing an interesting work on Psychometry. Giles D. Stebbins is in the East. B. J. Flaney spends part of the summer in Lowell. J. H. W. Tobey has made Boston a flying visit. Mrs. Epence is in Maine.

Dr. J. B. Newton has been doing good healing service in Boston. Some of his operations are remarkable, though he does not claim to be equally successful in all cases. On recently experiencing a relapse of my old Western plague in the form of chills and fever, I was tempted to try Dr. Newton, but I dropped into Dr. O. C. York's 34 Westport street, Charlestown, and put him to the test. Though modest in his claims as a clairvoyant, eclectist and electrical physician, the Doctor succeeded in staying the demon after the first trial, and I have since been free from all symptoms of the infernal malady which kept me on the burning rack for nearly two months last fall. I forgive Dr. York the debt I owe him, and I hope many other sufferers will have the privilege of manifesting the same magnanimity.

Among other places, I have lately visited Gloucester, Marblehead, Middleboro', Pepperell, Leominster, Lancaster and Fitchburg, and found encouraging

signs of spiritual life and progress. On my return from Middleboro' to Boston, our engineer friend, W. H. Eaton, favored me with a trip on the locomotive, May Flower. The "thing of life" steamed up grandly, before we started, as though conscious of about to assume some great responsibility in giving me a safe transit to Boston. I took my position calmly on one side, with engineer Eaton on the other, and we set out over the iron track, like the wing of an alighting giant. "Hew!" in a jiff we seemed tearing over the rails like a huge cyclone surfeited with fiery vengeance, sent by an enraged Vulcan with some impatient message to Jupiter. It seemed as though everybody all along the route must be aware of the fact that I was riding on a locomotive for the first time, the excitement was no novel and exhilarating; but I was quite astonished on halting at each station, to find nobody taking any notice of the momentous fact! The scenes and sensations were indescribable, unless they may be compared to riding in an aerial car swung on two wires, and propelled by lightning with a velocity so swift as to crowd innumerable little journeys into one perpetual bound, and to cause one's breath to gasp with an exhilaration something between running and flying, without the labor of either. The May Flower did her best, and shot over the whole distance, more than forty miles, in less than one hour. The locomotive, after all, is one of the greatest institutions of the age. Only think of all these numerous giants shooting over the continent, bearing their precious freight of human souls and the treasures of the nation—all at the mercy of the quiet, humble man who sits there as engineer, handling with ease those little brass and iron cranks which command the countless trains rattling over the world's lightning highways. No marvel that these monsters of progress indicate the progress of the human mind; and the steam-car becomes prophetic of the celestial railway, down whose track the messengers of heaven come, bearing us, with lightning speed, the precious freight, the precious messengers of higher worlds open in fresh communion with the seeking souls of the nineteenth century. Let us keep our terrestrial track in the right condition, and all other conditions afloat, and we may fear no disastrous results.

U. CLARK.

Test Medium.

Mrs. Pearson, the well known test medium, formerly of Ames Place, has taken rooms at No. 631 Washington street, a few doors south of Hollis street, where she continues to give tests. The writer of this communication takes great pleasure in recommending Mrs. Pearson to the public in general as a truthful and reliable medium. Her mediumistic powers are not confined merely to giving tests, but she is endowed with the power not only of seeing, but also of delineating the peculiar characteristics of departed friends. Mrs. Pearson is actuated by the desire of giving good and reliable information, and of relieving suffering humanity. The patronage she is daily receiving is the best evidence that can be adduced in proof of the genuineness and accuracy of her mediumship. Circles are held at her rooms every Friday and Sunday evenings.

G. W. B.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer sealed letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three postpaid stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after the receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address: "Banner of Light," 158 Washington street, Boston.

Three Days' Meetings.

A three days' meeting will be held at Sturges, Mich., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 19th, 20th and 21st days of June, of the Friends of Human Progress and True Freedom. All men and women of whatever sect or party are invited to attend, and spend the time in the discussion of different subjects of reform, religious liberty, spiritual growth and human freedom, in a fair, orderly and candid manner, and thus help to a higher and better life. Henry C. Wright, of Boston; G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y.; J. K. Kutz, of Kent Co., Mich., and many other able speakers will be present and address the meeting. On Saturday, the 20th, the day will be devoted to the great subject of the Rebellion, the Emancipation Question, and the best means for peace, union, law and liberty.

Spiritual Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress and Reform will hold a two days' meeting in Northern Illinois, in the town of Flora, Boone County, four miles south of Belvidere, on Saturday and Sunday, June 24th and 25th, in Robinson Grove. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all who may attend from a distance. It is expected that a large number of speakers will be present; among them we will mention the names of Mrs. N. Willea, Mrs. S. Ames, Miss Belle Scougall and Dr. Morrison, and we invite all speakers to attend the convention. The invitation is general to all, and the pleasure will be mutual. HIRAM BOWELL.

Grove Meetings.

Grove Meetings will be held at the town of Eaton Rapids, Mich., in the vicinity of Messrs. Whitcomb, Hammond and Orendorck, on Saturday and Sunday, June 24th and 25th, commencing on Saturday, at half-past ten A. M. Also, at Grand Lodge, Eaton County, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, June 24th and 25th. Call upon Messrs. Brown and Norton, located ten miles west of Lansing. Speakers are invited to attend. Friends are to be provided for free of cost. ELIJAH WOODWORTH.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Manchester and vicinity, Boone County, Illinois, will hold their yearly meeting in J. P. Danie's grove, on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of June. By order of the Committee.

Annual Festival.

The fourth Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society will be held at the Universalist meeting-house in St. Charles, Kans. Co., Illinois, commencing on Friday, July 3, and continuing Saturday and Sunday. By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society, S. B. Jones, President.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYNN HALL, TOWNSEND ST., (opposite head of school street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2-4 and 2-1-2, A. M. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, June 21 and 22, and July 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROAD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7-1-2 o'clock.

CHURCHES.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The names are invited. Seats free. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrne, June 21 and 22.

SPRINGFIELD.—Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doty, June 14; Isaac P. Grosvenor, June 15; Mrs. Augusta A. Curtis, June 16.

LYNN.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7-1-2 o'clock. Seats free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13.

NEW YORK.—Dedworth Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10-1-2 and 1-2 o'clock. Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecturers. Lecturers Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture in Lynn Hall, Boston, June 21 and 22, and July 1 and 2.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTY will lecture in Lynn Hall, Boston, Sept. 6 and 13; in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 11, 18 and 25; Address Pavilion, 41 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

F. L. H. WILLIS will lecture in Portland, Me., August 3 and 10; in Quincy, Mass., July 26. His post-office address Charles J. Atwood, and agent, will be Hancock, N. H.; previous to that time in Concord, N. H.

Mrs. M. B. TOWNSEND will speak in Boston, Sept. 6 and 13; in Quincy, Sept. 20 and 27; in Troy, N. Y., December; Philadelphia, in Jan. Her address until Sept. will be Bridge-street, Vermont.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURTIS will speak in Taunton, June 15; in South Reading, June 22; in Oldtown, Me., Sundays of July. Address, box 115, Lowell, Mass.

Miss EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Portland, Me., in June; in Bangor, in July; in Quincy, Mass., the first of August; and in New York City, the first of September.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNE will lecture in Milford, June 22 and 29; in Quincy, Sept. 6 and 13. Address, New York City.

Miss EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Chicago, June 21 and 22; in Williamsport, July 5 and 12; and in the month of Oct. in Portland, Me. She may be addressed at either place as above, or East Broughton, Mass.

Miss MARY L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in New Bedford, Mass., June 21 and 22; in New York City, the first of September.

WARRICK CHASE will speak in Orange County, Ohio, June 21 and 22; in Richmond, Tenn., Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; in London, England, July 10; in New York City, the first of September.

Miss J. P. FRANK, trance speaker, of Newburyport, Mass., will lecture in Plymouth, June 21 and 22. Not engaged for two first Sundays in June or the month of July. Address, Newburyport, Mass.

W. K. BURLAY will speak in Worcester, Mass., October 1 and 8; in Stamford, Conn., Nov. 1 and 8. Address, as above, or Snow's Falls.

J. B. BROWN, inspirational speaker, may be secured for Sunday, by address to J. B. Brown, No. 25 Boylston street, Boston. Will speak in Taunton, June 22.

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