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NORA, THE SEERESS. A STORY OF INTERIOR LIFE.

BY CLARENDON DURAND.

CHAPTER VI.

A Storm on the Mountain.

The expression of Paul's countenance for a moment, as he gazed about the helpless, unsheltered group, was one of the deepest regret and self-accusation. Dalsey, who, fatigued with the excitement of the day, had been sleeping quietly in his arms, now clinging to his side, exclaiming in bewilderment:

"What shall we do, Paul? What shall we do? We shall get very wet, shall we not? Must we stay out here all night, do you think?"

But Paul's nature was not one to yield long to despondency. He had been looking at the child with inexpressible tenderness and regret, but her plaintive voice restored his courage.

"No, my little girl, I do not think we shall stay here all night. When they find we are not at home, they will come back for us. Stay with mamma now, dear, while I go out to reconnoitre a little."

He placed her gently in Mrs. Haughton's arms, and folding his thick shawl about her, stepped around the angle of the cliff to examine the prospects.

The storm was rising rapidly; the wind hissed through the tall oaks and bowing hemlocks, and the dead leaves were scattered in handfuls before the blast. Already great drops splashed downwards through the shivering foliage, and in five minutes the whole fury of the storm would be upon us.

"My child, my child!" moaned Nora; "if she were only in a safe shelter, I would not murmur; but she will be drowned, and then nothing can save her."

"Don't fear for me, mamma," murmured the child. "Paul will take good care of us, he is so strong and so kind; I love Paul, mamma, don't you?"

The mother pressed her more fondly to her bosom, and only answered in silence. Paul soon returned with an armful of strong hemlock boughs, which he proceeded to arrange in front of our retreat.

"This is a more sheltered nook than any other," he said; "for the wind is directly behind us, and these boughs will keep off the dampness, in a measure."

"How now, little child, are you nicely brooded?"

"As warm as toast," replied Dalsey, cheerfully. "but what are you and mamma and Beniah to do?"

"Never fear for us; we shall find some way of keeping warm; though, in truth, this wind is getting sharp. Are you cold, Nora?"

She was shivering, but she replied, very cheerfully: "Not very; but the change has been very sudden."

Fortunately I had a thin shawl with me, which I had before offered Mrs. Haughton, but which she would not accept. Paul passed a moment, and noted Mrs. Haughton's shivering with a depressing eye.

"Here, Beniah," he said, "sit close to Nora; closer, closer; you will warm each other; and there, draw the shawl about both of you; that will be some help."

We were indeed more comfortable, and as Paul wore the hemlock boughs compactly together, and roofed us over securely, we began to experience a slight sensation of snugness and comfort.

When the last interlapse was filled, and light and air, as well as dampness almost effectually excluded, Paul crept in beneath the shelter, and then, for the first time, I saw how deep were his regrets and self-accusings.

"Are you very cold, girls?" he asked, shivering himself, for the rain was now falling in torrents, and his clothes were quite damp. "I shall never forgive myself for this carelessness; you will all be sick, and my remorse will not then avail you."

"Don't accuse yourself, Paul," I said; "the storm came up very suddenly, and we none of us saw it. I think we are not in as much danger as you."

"You look pert enough, Beniah," he said. "I think you have enough of the barometer about you to endure much; but, my poor Nora!"

Mrs. Haughton was heart-sick about her child. She told me afterward, that her sufferings in that hour were almost intolerable. She blamed herself for all that had happened, and her fancy exaggerated the evils which were yet to come.

"It is of no consequence about me," she said, "if Dalsey does not suffer."

"I don't suffer, mamma," said the little one, cheerfully. "I am very comfortable."

Paul was taking off his coat to wrap about Nora; he seemed to have no thought whatever of himself.

"Paul," I expostulated, "are you crazy? You will take your death. Here, let me arrange you; it is no time for foolishness now; sit close to Mrs. Haughton; her chest only is exposed; put the coat in front of both of you, and it will serve partly to protect both."

It was a noble reply, and I had little difficulty in arranging it, so that both were more comfortable. Then I crept back to my own place, on Nora's other side, and we sat there in silence.

The darkness was deeper than twilight in our little cell, yet I knew that Paul had drawn Nora close to his broad breast, and was sheltering her there. I heard whispered words of endearment, and I knew that a caressing hand smoothed the soft tresses of her shining hair; I struggled with a heart-throb and was silent.

Dalsey moaned; the mother started anxiously, and exclaimed:

"What is the matter, my child? Are you in pain?"

"A little, mamma; my side aches with lying upon it so long, I think."

Mrs. Haughton laid her arms, and held her to her bosom to agony. "There, my love, do you rest more easily here?" she said.

Dalsey sighed, and did not answer.

"Nora, my darling," murmured Paul, "a whole lifetime of devotion can never atone for this day."

wanton neglect. Let me hold her, dear; you will fatigue yourself."

The storm was clearing, and by the increasing light I saw that Mrs. Haughton's face was deathly pale. Tears were on her cheek, and she replied in a husky tone:

"You do not know what you are saying, Paul. It is only when you are to be blamed for this. But, see, it gets brighter; isn't the rain nearly over?"

Paul peeped outside his hemlock bough, and replied: "Yes! I do not think it will be clear directly. But it scarcely rains at all now, and there is a boat on the river. They are coming for us."

It was joyful intelligence. The hemlock boughs were quickly pushed aside, and a white handkerchief raised as a signal to the boatman, who was scanning the shore eagerly for some trace of us. It was quickly returned, and Nora, whose impatience seemed to me more eager than even our circumstances required, proposed that we should start immediately down the mountain.

"No," said Paul, kindly, yet with authority. "Stay here, Nora, and all of you, till I go down and bring you the shawls and overcoats which have doubtless been provided for you. It would be folly to undertake the descent without them."

Scarcely staying for my reply, he bounded down the cliff, and disappeared among the underbrush. His absence seemed to be a relief to Nora, whose countenance, now that I had time to scan it, bore traces of deep grief and emotion; there was, too, a wildness, a look of stern despair in her eyes, for which all her anxiety about her child, did not seem to me to account. Yet, I could see that she strove for calmness, and I forbore to question her. The fifteen minutes of Paul's absence seemed an hour. He returned at last, accompanied by Dr. Remy, and both bore bundles of wrappers and thick warm overcoats. Once warmly clothed, our spirits rose a little; only Nora seemed still plunged in grief and dejection, which even Dalsey noticed.

"Don't be anxious about me, mamma," she said. "My side is much better now, and I am quite certain I have not taken cold."

"No," said Paul, hopefully; "and you are not going to take cold either. I shall wrap you up so closely that not a breath of dampness can reach you, and I shall take you right in my arms, and you shall be as safe as you were in your own little crib at home."

"And you, mamma, the sun is coming out in spite of all Paul's evil prophecies, and it will be delightful going home."

Mrs. Haughton strove to smile, but the attempt was abortive.

"Now, Doctor," said Paul, "I believe we are ready to start. You shall take care of Beniah, and Nora will come with me, and we shall soon be over all our troubles."

"Did you not think it very strange?" asked the doctor of me, as soon as we were fairly started down the slippery, dangerous path. "that we all ran off and left you so? The truth was, the storm was nearly upon us before we discovered it, and in our haste you were forgotten. When we reached the river-side, some one said you had gone home; we therefore went on without you. As soon as I discovered that you were left, I was very uneasy; but the storm was so severe that it was worse than useless to think of attempting to cross the river, and as soon as it ceased, I started out. I hope you have not experienced very great discomfort?"

"Oh, no," I said. "we had been a great deal more severely housed than I had fancied possible when we first discovered the storm."

"I knew Paul was as safe a person as you could possibly be with," he replied, "but I was afraid you would suffer, nevertheless."

"I should say you had been experiencing hydrophobia on a grand scale," said Volney Richards, laughingly, as we stepped upon the piazza.

"Yes," replied the doctor, smiling in the direction of Paul and his charge; "but such powerful agents are sometimes very effective in bringing on crises, when other means fail."

I did not blame the usually grave doctor for his joke, for no betrothed lover could ever have been more tender or solicitous than Paul had been all the way down the hill, and although Nora had evidently endeavored to appear as serene as usual, an observant eye could not fail to notice that her emotions were more than usually disturbed; but the effect of this pleasant surprise on her was great. She blushed, grew pale, bit her lip till it was purple, and finally retreated hastily to her room.

CHAPTER VII.

The Specter at the Feast.

The day succeeding our adventure proved clear and cool. Paul came down to the breakfast-table, looking somewhat the worse for his exposure, and inquired in hoarse tones after my welfare. Mrs. Haughton did not make her appearance, and in answer to Paul's earnest messages, returned reply that she was quite well, except a hard headache, and that Dalsey seemed to have taken no injury. We none of us saw her during the day. Paul was moody and restless without her, however, and once, I know, knocked at her door and was denied entrance. At tea, however, she made her appearance with Dalsey, whom, contrary to her usual custom, she kept constantly by her side, and in the evening they both remained in the parlor and joined the usual recreations.

Nora looked very pale, and there were deep hollows around her eyes, but perhaps I alone, with one exception, believed that her unequalled day was unavailing. I do not think she could deceive Paul with any false show.

We were playing "Proverbs," and Mrs. Haughton and Dalsey—for the child often assisted in the game—were proceeding the sentence, when we were all startled by the somewhat unusual sound of carriage wheels. I noticed that Nora started and turned pale, but I had scarcely time to speculate upon the fact, when the parlor door opened, and a tall, handsome gentleman, in the prime of life, entered the room, announced as "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Haughton!" whereupon Dalsey started and exclaimed:

"Paul! Paul! Paul! what a sight! what a sight! the back of a chair, and a poor, pale, shivering creature with emotion. Conquering the weakness which

stantly, however, she stepped forward, gave her hand to her husband, uttered a few words of welcome, and quietly excusing herself from the company, withdrew, with her guest and child, to her own room.

As the door closed behind them, I looked at Paul. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, shading his face with his hand, but the deep corrugations of his brow, the intense compression of his lips, the lurid light of his sunken gray eyes, could not be thus concealed. Before a word was uttered, he had quietly left the room.

A long, low whistle from Volney Richards was, I think, the first sound which broke the silence. Then followed a very general expression of opinion, mostly—alas for human nature! that it should be so—unjust, uncharitable, severe and scornful.

"It is disgusting!" said the Rev. Mr. Hardcastle, who was again with us—the intrigues and criminalities of these Spiritual Free-Lovers. Such a saint as she had pretended to be—so pure—a medium, too, and a public teacher. I shall expose her at once. She shall have no mercy. She shall be posted in all the public prints from Maine to Oregon."

Shame, shame on thee! pretended follower of the meek and gentle Nazarene. How worthless the spirit of Christ Jesus within you, when thou canst thus visit with vengeance the erring and betrayed? He labored, with fasting and prayer, not with scorn and reviling, to cast out the devils from a Magdalen, and to the unfortunate, whom the Scribes and Pharisees condemned, he said, "Go and sin no more." Search yourselves, ye Scribes and Pharisees of the modern Zion, and see whether the spirit of your master be found in all your actions.

Meantime Dr. Remy, uneasy and annoyed, walked to the window. I joined him.

"Is this right, doctor?" I said. "Ought we to suffer it to continue?"

"I have no authority to act in the matter," was his reply.

"Neither have I; but you can at least see my uncle, and confer with him." For the credit of the house the truth should be known.

"Thank you, Beniah, for the suggestion. I will do so."

My next endeavor was to find Paul. I had loved him too truly, to unselfishly, not to sympathize deeply with his present sufferings. "I must alleviate them, if it were in my power. I searched the piazzas above and below, but in vain. I knocked at the door of his room, but there was no answer. I ventured to be admitted if he were there, but there was still no reply, and peeping through the keyhole, I found there was no light in the room. As a last resort, I went down to the seat beneath the elm. He was not there, but as I turned to re-enter the house, I caught sight of a figure in a distant part of the grounds, which I knew right well. It was faintly moonlight, and I quickly threaded my way among the trees toward him. He was pacing rapidly to and fro, in a narrow walk which commanded a view of Mrs. Haughton's window, and occasionally he raised his eyes to it with an expression of agony so intense, of sullen wrath so inveterate and implacable, that, for the first time in my life, I feared him. I approached timidly, and confronted him. He brushed me from his path as if I had been a crocodile. I would not leave him, however, and stood by his side, waiting for him to address me.

"Beniah," he said, at length, "I know you have come to comfort me; but it is useless, child. I must struggle with this fiend alone. I appreciate your motive, but the most you can do for me is to leave me. Never fear but I shall come off conqueror at last."

I did not move, and he continued:

"It is not a case for argument, entreaty or sympathy, Beniah. Leave me; you can do me no good."

I am thankful that in all the varied moods in which I saw him, Paul never spoke an unkind word to me. Had he been cross, I think I should have left him to his own fate. But this gentleness, when I knew his strong spirit was so fearfully goaded, strengthened me to persevere.

"Paul," I said, "I did not come to you for purposes of argument or entreaty, but only to ask you a question."

He stopped short in his walk.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"I want to know if you will consent to give up your room to-night and share the doctor's?"

He winced a little.

"I'll give up my own room," he said, "but I can't promise to share any other person's. To-night, of all nights, I must be alone."

"I would not ask it," I said, "only that Mr. Haughton is a stranger, and we do not like to put him in a double room. The house is very full, you know."

He passed, drew a quick breath, and then asked:

"Is Dalsey worse, that he cannot share his wife's room?"

"No, Mr. but—I know you are discreet, Paul, and in this case I shall venture to break my solemn promise of secrecy."

I whispered a few words in his ear. His brow did not brighten, as I fancied it would, but he answered more cheerfully:

"Yes, give him my room. Make any arrangement you choose. You know I am not difficult."

I was about to leave him, but he detained me.

"Tell me," he said, "what did they say after I left?"

"Very little about you, Paul; your name was scarcely mentioned."

"I don't care what they said about me," he said, impatiently. "But did they speak ill of her—or of me?"

"They said what it was natural to expect they would say, Paul, under the circumstances."

"That old, sneering hypocrite, Hardcastle, sneered about her with his usual superciliousness, I suppose? I wish the devil had him; he will, too, if there is any such being. Beniah, I wish I could believe in a hell, it would be so satisfactory to see some people roasting there."

"Paul, Paul," I said, "you are beside yourself; don't give way to such violence."

He put his arms about me fondly, and murmured:

"Beniah, you are a true friend. I feel it. I do not know what I have ever done to deserve your sympathy, but I bless God for it, nevertheless. It was

kind of you to seek me out and give me this grain of comfort. God knows what the future will bring to me, but at least I shall never forget your love."

He was getting dangerous, and I dared not stay with him. I kissed his hand, and said, kindly:

"I have felt guilty that I have not told you before, but I had promised secrecy. You will forgive me, I am sure. Good-night, Paul," and breaking hurriedly from his tightening clasp, I flew toward the house.

Nobody asked, or knew how I spent that night. I had given comfort to Paul. I knew it, and was glad; but the old wounds had been torn open afresh, and much striving and many tears were spent before they were closed again. Lying in my quiet, darkened room, I heard the rush and roar of the river without. I thought of the pain in my heart, and of the halm which the waves offered. I rose and looked out, and in the wan moonlight the waves flickered and flashed, and their almost articulate voices floated up through the dim-boughs and the laburnums. I thought of pale corpses, with flowing hair were washed beneath, drifting through sunless depths, out into the wide, wild, foamy sea; of shadowy wraiths flickering upward through the still air into the mystical realms of spirit; and I longed with a wild, insatiable longing, to go out and meet the soft embrace of the singing waves. I knew not what restrained me, but this I knew, that as I turned away from the window to betake myself to my couch, a mildly luminous glow surrounded me. I saw distinctly as I ever saw in life, my mother's face, radiant, yet dimly veiled with glory, and looking at me. She did not speak, but she smiled a heavenly peace through all my veins. For a full moment the blissful vision lasted, and when it faded, I was stronger and more hopeful than I had been for many days. I lay down to sleep; calm, dew-laden slumbers visited my pillow, and I rose the next morning comforted and refreshed for the labors of the day.

The next morning there were many inquiries about Mr. and Mrs. Haughton. It was simply reported through the house that there had been difficulties between them which threatened a separation; action had been taken to obtain a divorce; at any rate, they would never live together again. Mr. Haughton had come to Glen Wilde to visit his child, and to make some arrangements in regard to her, in case the divorce was granted. It was a pity that they could not agree, every one said, for he was a fine looking, gentlemanly man, courteous in his manners, and generous of heart.

"It is not to be wondered at, I am sure," said the Rev. Mr. Hardcastle, "that he will not live with her. I would not live with a sorceress, a necromancer, a dealer with familiar spirits. Any man is justified in procuring a divorce upon such grounds. Mr. Haughton is a gentleman, as any one can see, and I honor him for his firmness in discountenancing this most terrible of all the delusions of Satan."

"Unfortunately for your theory," said Volney Richards, "Mr. Haughton is himself not only a Spiritualist, but actually, a medium. The ground of their separation is a purely personal one, and I believe they entertain no unfriendly feeling toward each other."

Mr. Hardcastle groaned in spirit.

"What is the world coming to," he exclaimed, "when our men and women take it upon themselves to abrogate the eternal laws of Jehovah. Verily, the do-voles of Satan are very powerful."

"If the eternal laws of Jehovah are embodied in the present form of the marriage institution, I do not wonder the priesthood tremble for them," said Volney; "but for me, I am inclined to think that Satan will not be annihilated by mortals in this day and generation. I think it highly probable that Jehovah's government will maintain itself for sometime yet, notwithstanding the possible dissatisfaction of a few individuals of the human race."

Mr. Hardcastle walked thoughtfully away, meditating no doubt, upon the sin of free-thinking, and praying in secret, it is to be hoped, (though the opposite is greatly to be feared) for his poor dying fellow mortals, who seemed to him to be in such mortal peril of their souls.

I never heard that Mr. Hardcastle talked kindly and forbearingly with Mr. and Mrs. Haughton, endeavoring to convince them of what he believed their terrible sin; that he fasted or prayed over them; or besought the prayers and charity of others for their fallings and errors; but I do know that he daily scandalized and misrepresented them; accusing them of crimes of which they never were guilty, and stirring up to the extent of his power the spirit of envy, malice and all uncharitableness.

Poor, short-sighted, mistaken man! Mistaken both in policy and duty. For human nature, when left to itself, is ever jealous and generous toward the faults of others; and will resent persecution in whatever form it presents itself. Only narrow-minded bigotry condemns! Could he not see besides, how he violated the law of love, how he dwarfed and diminished his own stature by his harsh condemnation; by his uncharitable, un-Christ-like conduct? Could he not see how he was nurturing the germs of evil and selfish passion in his own heart, and blighting the buds of gentleness and good will? Eternity will teach many a bitter lesson to such unfortunates; let us therefore have patience with them, and bless them as far as in us lies, by exhibiting always toward them the meekness, the forbearance, the perfect love which is taught us by the life of Christ.

CHAPTER VIII.

Paul's Recital.

Mr. Haughton remained two weeks at the Glen, spending much time with Dalsey, to whom he appeared tenderly attached, and treating Nora with a distant, though gentlemanly courtesy. He was to sail for the West Indies soon, and this was his farewell visit.

Meanwhile, Paul was seized with a violent illness. The severe cold which he had taken upon the mountain, together with the intense emotion of the subsequent evening, so aggravated his chronic difficulties, as to throw him into a raging and most painful fever; he soon became delirious, and the utmost care and attention became requisite to buoy up his sinking energies.

Since Mr. Haughton's arrival, he had not spoken to Nora except in the way of casual greeting. Now,

however, she went calmly to Dr. Torrey, and requested permission to act as his nurse. It was granted, and leaving Dalsey, who now required but little attention, to the care of her father, she devoted herself day and night to the arduous task of nursing the sick man. A good many eyes were opened wide at the arrangement, but both Nora and her husband pursued the even tenor of their ways, heedless of sneers and suspicions, and all gossip gradually ceased.

It so happened that on the very day of the crisis of the fever, Mr. Haughton left, and Nora was obliged to resume her care of Dalsey, leaving Paul to my charge. He passed safely through the decisive moments, and awoke from slumber, quite rational, but very weak.

He looked about him, and seeing me sit by his bedside, uttered my name.

"Do you want anything, Paul?" I asked. "You must be very quiet; but if there is anything I can do for you, I will do it with pleasure."

He shook his head, but asked a moment later:

"Nora?"

"She has been with you," I said, "but Mr. Haughton left to-day, and she has to be with Dalsey now."

He said no more, but presently relapsed into dreamy unconsciousness.

For a week, all exciting conversation was strictly prohibited, and although Nora frequently knocked at his door and inquired after his welfare, she was never invited to enter. He had requested that she should not be. Yet I knew he had not forgotten his old tenderness for her; for in his sleep he often murmured her name, coupled with terms of endearment, and followed by long sighs, tremulous and heart-beating, such as a child heaves, when it has sobbed itself to sleep. Poor Paul! I none knew how to pity him so well as I.

He became slowly convalescent; yet during all those long days, he would not see Nora. "I am too weak, yet," was his excuse. "I will talk with her by-and-by, but not now—not now." And then he would lay his head, like a tired child upon the pillow, and beg me to sing.

"Sing to me, Beniah, little sister, sweet friend; your voice is n't melodious, but it always comforts me."

I did sing for him in my quiet weak way. I wonder my singing did not afford him practical help. But it never did. It always seemed to soothe and calm him. How I lived in those days, I do not know; I was never for one moment deceived by his kindness. I know he did not, could not, regard me as anything dearer than the sister, the friend which he always called me, and I strove constantly to regard him as a brother, to deal out to him scrupulously that sisterly duty and affection that the vow long since spoken obligated me to bestow. I was faithful to that vow, Paul. How faithful, and at what cost, you will know only by the light of eternity. Human strength alone would never have sufficed me, but in those days I got nearer than ever before to the overflowing fountain, and drank sweet and refreshing draughts of its waters. Voices from the celestial spheres whispered messages of heavenly truth and benediction to my soul, and my interior life blossomed abundantly beneath their strong and purifying influences.

The day came at length when Paul, being so far recovered as to be able to sit up all day, expressed a willingness for the interview with Nora, which she had before solicited. I could see that he was girding his soul for some great trial, and I feared that the exertion would bring on a relapse. But he was firm, and would yield to no entreaties.

What transpired at that interview I did not then know, but that a long, earnest and painful conversation was held, I had no doubt. Nora came forth from it tearful, but with grief upon her face that could find no vent in weeping. She went directly to her own room, and when, an hour later, I knocked at her door, to announce the hour for Dalsey's bath, she lay meaninglessly upon her bed.

Paul had sent for me as soon as Nora left him. I found him pacing the room, evidently strongly agitated.

"Sit down, Paul," I said, "You will fatigue yourself."

He obeyed me, and taking my hand in his, and looking earnestly into my eyes, said softly to me:

"Beniah, you are a darling comforter. I believe I should have died but for you. You have been very faithful, very true to me; and now I have one more, and perhaps the last, favor to ask. Will you grant it?"

The swelling in my throat nearly choked me, but I conquered it, and answered firmly:

"Judge the future by the past, Paul. I am not changed toward you."

"I am going away, Beniah, this very afternoon. I shall not soon return." He paused, and in the interim the beatings of my heart must have been almost audible. "I do not wish you to write to me. I do not wish any one at the Glen to write to me; no one will. But—if anything happens to Nora, you will contribute to let me know, will you not? And one thing more, Beniah. You have been a good sister to me; be a sister to her also. Comfort her when she needs comfort—you will know how to do it; cheer her if she needs cheering; be to her the same wise, kind, tender friend that you have been to me, and—God will reward you."

"God will," I thought, "for he alone will know all that the fulfillment of such a promise will cost me."

Had Paul Lindsay asked me, then and there, for the life current in my veins, I could have more easily granted it than to promise all this. The stifled agony, the tears of blood which he commanded, were blisser than death—but I promised—God knows whether or not I kept the vow.

"But you are not going directly, are you, Paul?"

"Yes, within a half hour. This will be our last interview for a long time, Beniah—perhaps forever."

The thought saddened him, but he knew nothing of the sharp pang, keener, deadlier than death, which his words sent with the fierceness of lightning through my heart.

"It is very sudden, Paul," I said. "I shall miss you."

He tried to smile, but I do not think even his classic nature found it an easy task. His heart was very full, but he murmured:

"I, too, shall be lonely, Beniah. Life looks very

dearly to me just now. But this will not do. I have a good deal to attend to yet before I leave. Give me your hand, my sister. Remember your promise. Don't forget your wandering brother. Give me now him to keep my heart pure, and then—good-by."

I gave him the kiss he asked. I bade him good-by in a steady though a husky voice. My eyes grew misty, my heart grew faint, but I received the last pressure of his hand, the last gaze of his tender eyes, and walked steadily out of the room to my own apartment, and then I shut the door between me and all the world.

A half hour later, I heard his voice upon the piazza; he was gaily bidding good-by to Aurora and Miriam, and a half-dozen others.

"Come back soon," they said.

"As soon as I possibly can. I expect to be very homesick for the Glen."

"No doubt, no doubt," they answered significantly. "Good-by," and with a smile upon his lip, and a bleeding wound in his heart, the noble, fascinating, warm-hearted, but wayward Paul, walked up the lane toward the railroad. The whistle screamed, the long, thunderous train, with its trailing banner of vapor, paused. I saw him step on board and wave his handkerchief to the merry party of girls who were watching him from the piazza. The bell rang, the train moved off. I watched it till it passed out of sight, beyond old Eagle Cliff, and when I turned my gaze away, the heavens were dark, and I felt as if the sun had set forever over my weary, aching heart.

"Life to me is henceforward a pool of stagnant waters, in which no beautiful or living thing can dwell," I said to myself. "Yet loathsome as they are, I must drink of them. Why are souls so mocked? Is this the will of the Father? Where, oh where are his infinite pity and compassion?"

"Gird thy soul with patience," whispered the soft voice of my spirit minister. "There are powers and blessings left in life, of which thou hast never dreamed. Find them. The Father's love suffices for the universe. Can thy frail, weak life expand its perennial fountain? Wait."

I rose and went about my duties, stronger and calmer, yet scarcely less miserable. I bethought myself of Nora. At first it seemed as if this day, at least, I must be absolved from my promise, but the voice whispered, "Go to her," and I went. I thought to minister comfort to her, but I found her quietly busied with cares for Daisy, who was taking her afternoon treatment. She smiled faintly yet severely as I entered.

"I am glad you have come," she said, "to cheer Daisy a little. She is very sad about Paul's going." The child was not crying, but her little chest heaved and her red lip quivered, and I could see that her heart was full.

"Only think, Miss Childs," she said, "he went away without even coming to say good-by to me." I saw instinctively that the dreaded scene which must have ensued upon a formal farewell.

"He left a message for, and a kiss, did he not?" I said.

"Yes, but he might have delivered them himself. I thought Paul loved me," moaned the child. The mother turned away to hide her swelling heart. "So he does, Daisy," I said. "I know he loves you, but he was afraid it would grieve you too much to bid him good-by; and besides, I think Paul was afraid he might cry. Men don't love to be seen in tears, you know. They often hate good-byes for that very reason."

I took her in my arms and soothed and petted her. To her, as to Paul, my voice had a tone of comfort, and I sang a gentle lullaby, and soothed her into slumber; and though she sobbed through her sleep, I knew she would wake refreshed.

"Thank you," said the mother, as I laid her on the bed. "Come and see me often now; your kind ways do me good, just as they comfort Daisy. Let us be friends."

We parted with a kiss of peace, and I felt that it was still in my power to endure sacrifice for Paul. For his sake I would be a friend to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

JOURNEYS AND JOTTINGS.

BY J. M. PERDUE.

Beautiful and deathless are the associations that cluster around the endearing word, "Home." As the Swiss love their snow-capped Alps, and Italians their sun, so do I the cozy cot, winding streams and rocky ridges of my native State, Vermont; quite unlike, I confess, the broad prairies of the West, where thrifty farmers have but to till the soil, and golden harvests shake their sides with laughter.

To-day I sit beneath the pastoral roof, and in shadowy memories and quickly-shifting kaleidoscopic presentations, relive the past, all gemmed in those earlier years with the dewy freshness of childhood's sunny morning. How myrtle life's web! How strange the voyage, freighted with flowers and thorns, smiles and tears, defeats and victories, making it rich in experience. A divinity truly shapes our ends, "a certain destiny overshadows each of us, and fate proves to be a mighty wrestler. The pathway may be crisscrossed with bleeding feet, or baptized in tides of tears, yet beyond this mortal realm the star of eve shines, and the queen of morn pours forth celestial harmonies, making "music o'er all the starry choir;" and there, in that love land of the angels, earth's divinest ideals become the soul's eternal realities.

My conscious individuality could not afford to lose an event, or a solitary link from the chain that binds the dead past to the living present; and, seen from the mount of vision or plane of inspirational exaltation, all is beautiful.

MRS. LORD'S MANIFESTATIONS.

While in Chelciep I had the pleasure of attending one of this young lady's seances, consisting of spirits playing on musical instruments, moving heavy bodies over the heads of those in the circle, lifting the medium to the ceiling, &c., &c. Her manifestations are so startling and convincing, that skeptics who go to "laugh," frequently return to pray; and what adds great weight, is the quiet, modest and unassuming deportment of Miss Lord. She is such an embodiment of candor, sincerity and truthfulness, that the keenest scrutineers never accuse her of "trickery." A lesson, this, to those who need it.

MISS NELSON'S TEMPLE.

As good fortune fated it, I reached Jacksonville, Vt., just in season to hear this inspirational medium deliver a funeral discourse, which, for appropriateness, wealth of verbiage and sound philosophy, could hardly be excelled. Her style much resembles that of Mrs. L. Y. Hatch. A bright future in the reform field awaits her, I am sure.

Here the Spiritualists have an elegant hall, kept neat and well-ventilated. The congregations are large and intelligent, the music excellent, the flowers upon the desk tastefully arranged each Sunday, all harmonizing with our beautiful philosophy. If Chelciep is a sample of the New England lecture-field, it is truly flattering. Impressionably I have formed the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert Knox, a superior daguerreian artist, with strong mediumistic powers. He is being developed to take spirit photographs, and it will prove a medium. The prophetic gift is not extinct, nor will it be, till cause and effect cease; hence I repeat, spirit photographing will prove a grand success.

HEAVEN.

In the streets of Springfield, I saw a Swiss girl, singing of "Heaven." The dear, poor creature—wandering minstrel; how desecrating, perhaps, and yet how pensive the "pansy" by. Would they could learn

this lesson from the ascended Jesus T. Hopper. "I die owing nothing, and owing nothing." Heaven is truly a condition, and yet I ever connect with it not only substantial objective scenery, but birds, flowers, music, oratory, children, paintings, libraries, cabinets, and great, loving, harmonious souls. If within the gates of the New Jerusalem are admitted feather beds, swine's flesh, tobacco or whiskey, I shall demand of St. Peter, lodgings outside the city's Jasper walls. I write this after the "manner of men."

MRS. KITTREDGE'S REJOINDER.

The readers of the BANNER will expect no reply to his last worthy article. It contains nothing new. He refuses to answer the questions I propounded, and substitutes nothing for what he complained of. And when a brother ignores argument, and falls to calling names, (see "J. M. Perdue, D. D.," with sundry coarse allusions,) I can have no further controversy with him. Condescension, I know, is beautiful; but justice demands that there be some mathematical and moral relation between the ammunition used and game to be secured. The good brother means well, and so did the ancient Assyrian, when shooting arrows at the lightning.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

There is everywhere an increasing desire to know more of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The need and its encouragement, the sick and dying its consolations, and the prosperous its daily inspirations. Thousands are secretly investigating. Churchmen are becoming more liberal, while the more bigoted sectarists are greatly exorcised, because of angels "troubling the waters." The day is near.

JACKSONVILLE, Vt.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MEMORY BELLS.

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF N. — WHO DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1863.

BY MISS STEEL.

Oh, memory bells! sweet memory bells! Ring forth to-night a low, sad tone; Wake, all ye minstrels of my soul, Let every voiceful chord make moan. For in my heart I hear a knell, The echo of a funeral bell, That lately rang a mournful chime For one whose sands of life in time Have all run out—have all run out!

I hear it now, that mournful sound That signal gives of death and life, A death below, a birth on high, And freedom from all mortal strife. And mingling with the solemn tone, I hear from human hearts a moan, And whispering words of grief, that tell More plainly than the funeral bell.

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone! So say a broken household throng, Who miss the dear familiar form That lived and toiled amid them long. They see, with many a throb of pain, His vacant chair, his hat or cane, And sigh to think that they remain, While he will never come again. As once he came!—as once he came!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

Thus say the tolling bells of Art, Whose sculptured dreams of beauty won The golden homage of his heart. He fed their aspirations high, And showed to their discerning eye The splendor-palace of the sky. Before whose bright, transparent gates, With starry brow, fair golden waits, And beckons with uplifted hand, To all who seek the "Morning Land" Of lovely dreams, to walk with her, And quit the world's discordant stir. He bade them heed her winsome voice, And in their noble gifts rejoice. What wonder, then, that now they sigh, And lo Death's signal make reply. A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

So sing a humble child of song, And could she span the world of thought, She would the tender lay prolong. Till every tongue had lapped the name Of him who fed the timid flame That lit her way to joy and fame. His grave in a western shore, Whose sands her feet may tread no more; She'd bear the seek the cherished spot, She'd bear from out some Syrian grot One gift—a blue forget-me-not. And plant it there, and it should bloom In beauty by his lovely tomb. Alas! her tuneful lyre is all On which her grateful heart can call, To weave an offering meet to wave Above his far, but honored grave, Save one—to memory ever dear—A grateful tear!—a grateful tear!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

And now that he the goal hath won That all are nearing, one by one, My lyre shall wake its mellow tone, And with its music-haunted spells, Show how he freed my heart from care. And left instead, sweet memory bells, I know not what to other eyes The record of his life may be; I only learned that he was kind, And that he was a friend to me. In many ways he may have aided—What human heart from guile is free? I was content that he was kind—The rest I left for God to see. And if a breath of evil fame, From envious lips, assailed his name, My heart repelled the charge, and sighed To think that he should be belied, Or that his acts his heart belied, And to the slanderer I replied, He is my friend!—he is my friend!

He found me far from home and friends,

And found the world's discordant throng, Yet from his sphere of wealth and power He stayed to listen to my song; And though 'twas but a childish lay—A simple, unpretending strain—Yet he the timid effort praised, And bade me tune my lyre again; And words of cheer, like dew distilled From summer skies that brightly shine, Dropped from his sympathizing heart, And fed the flowers of hope in mine; And soon their leaves, that drooped before Beneath the blighting shades of care, Looked up, and wore a sweet bloom; That fragrance freighted all the air, And joy-bells, waked within my soul, Sent forth a peal so wild and free, That sorrow, frightened from her nest, Uprose and quickly fled away; Then sunshine o'er my pathway shined, My murky midnight changed to noon, And soon the winter of my days Had fled, and left me smiling June.

Ever that my thoughts, like wood-birds aged, Had dwelt on their prison bars, And placed in vain to reach my life, Above the petty cares and jabs, He gave my lonely flower-seeds rain— I nursed them with a jealous care, And soon where all was wild and rude, Within my tangled solitude, Looked forth the flowers of Gratitude, And I was free!—oh, I was free!

Since then, with calm, unflinching trust,

I've traveled up the steps of time, And ever, mid life's heat and toll, I've heard the merry song-bells chime; And near or far, their low, sweet sound O'er all my soul their spells have bound, 'Till higher hopes and brighter themes Have bridged the torrent of my dreams. Now in the templed halls of art, I stand with widely-beating heart, And thank my God that I am blest, In that I bear within my breast The music of an angel's quest. That gives me comfort, peace and rest, Though oft I breathe the sad farewell, Or hear the echo of the bell That warns me with its mournful knell, A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone! That tender lay will still ring on, And in my heart make plaintive moan, 'Till earth recedes, and heaven is won; Then on that fair and radiant shore, Where care and sorrow wake no more, With hope and mirth, discordant lore, Should our parting spirits meet, With joy I would his presence greet, And in remembrance of a vow Made in my heart while here below, I'd place upon his honored brow A wreath, the fairest ever given. Made from the starry flowers of heaven, And named by her, whose moss he wooed From sorrow's tangled solitude, The Song-Child's gift of Gratitude. Oh! would that all by fortune blest Would read the lesson of his life, And learn to cheer the hearts of those Who tread the rougher path of strife; Then would they leave on earth some trace Of deeds that bless the human race, And, waked for them, when they are gone, From many a heart will swell the song Of Memory Bells, sweet Memory Bells! Adolphus Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1863.

*The deceased was an earnest friend of Literature, and a generous patron of the Fine Arts.

"SPIRIT PICTURES."

BY MISS EMMA HARDING.

Mrs. EDITOR—Permit me to tender to your readers the following incident, which the few friends who know me most intimately, will not appreciate the less, because it will come within the scope of their own knowledge, and proceeds from one who has ever striven most carefully to withhold her name from what she deemed might appear even questionable in the details of spiritual phenomena.

For some years past, many seers mediums have informed me that they observed me frequently attended by the spirit of a noble looking English gentleman, attired in a marked and unmistakable official costume. The frequency of their statement coming often from utter strangers to each other and myself, assured me there was something more than hallucination in the appearance; still, I was at a loss to identify the noble spirit, except as a possible representation of some deceased ancestor, whom I had reason to believe might have appeared in the costume described, one which I could not recognize as peculiar to any of my own immediate family relations.

About three years ago, Mrs. Blason, the well-known clairvoyant physician, of Boston, and now my much beloved personal friend, (although at that time a stranger to me,) was requested by one of her own most esteemed spirit guardians, to seek me out and make my acquaintance, he being "my countryman, and deeply interested in me." Mrs. Blason's description of this spirit, and many remarkable test facts with which she accompanied her first communications to me, convinced me her spirit friend was my long unknown but ever watchful guardian. Since then, that most noble spirit has become endeared to me by services which none but a receptive medium and Spiritualist can fully appreciate. In grateful affection, I have often sought to obtain a likeness of this gentleman as known in the earth-form; but, although he lived a hero and died a martyr, no portrait that I could find had made its way to this side of the Atlantic.

A few weeks since, indeed, Mrs. Blason procured a fine engraving of our much loved mutual friend, by rare accident, and promised to have it photographed for me—a promise which I believe is as yet unfulfilled. I have been thus special in detail, because I wish my readers to understand the surprise and delight with which I have this day received from Mr. Anderson, of New York, "the spirit artist," a finely executed drawing and admirable likeness of this most valued spirit friend. The costume, attitude, and certain peculiar features of identity are all faithfully represented, and as I have but a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Anderson, as that gentleman has none whatever, that I know of, with Mrs. Blason, and never could, by any possibility, that I am aware of, have seen the engraving in her possession—the only one, I believe, at present in the country—above all, as no one that is at all aware of my interest in this spirit, has any knowledge of Mr. Anderson, I cannot regard the production of this drawing as coming from any other than the source it purports to be, and the answer to my long, though as I deemed, secretly cherished wish, to be possessed of a likeness of my noble spirit guardian.

This face, in Mr. Anderson's drawing, appears to me younger and less stern than the face of earth, as I have seen it in engravings, and thought this to some critics would detract from the value of the likeness, this fact becomes compensative in my eyes, when I attribute it to the glorious light which his present unclouded existence has shed over the features of one whose last days were spent in more than mortal agony. As a work of art, the drawing is superior to any of Mr. Anderson's productions that I have heretofore seen; and manifest the same meticulous tuition in progress, which first converted the unskilled medium into the artist of "the mighty dead."

I have no love for the heraldry of "great" names, nor do I think that truth gains from its adventitious association with persons of celebrity; be that so, I would not startle the prejudiced of the living relatives of my spirit friend, should they ever meet their eyes, or challenge the capricious aspects of free-judging skeptics; hence, I must withhold the name of my precious picture's original. Suffice it to say, that it alone is sufficient to unlock the portals of a long sealed mystery, to reveal the whereabouts and destiny of one for whom the man-lore of earth have gifted, with deep and ceaseless lamentations in vain; but the problem which earth and sea withhold to solve, the bright visions of life immortal hold within its shining portals. There where our Father's brightest jewels are numbered up in the crown of earth's most noble army of martyrs, we should have sought for him of whom the

earth had no tale to tell; the ocean's hoarse murmur numbered not; the tempest's fitful wailing had no revelation.

"To ever so; we search with ceaseless toil and railing pain for wealth in the mines of earth, while the boundless riches of eternity are beckoning us upward in the ever-summering land. We wear out countless generations in the dank and noisome trade of preparing glimmering earthly lamps, while the eternal stars are ever shining light in the shining firmament above us. We search the earth, the cave, the wild wood, oceans' pathless waste, and savage Arolo circles, to find the mouldering dust of what was once a man, and lo! the tenant of the broken ruin—Tumulus—In Omnipotent glory, stands beside us, unconcerned of the grave the soul has never known.

Grateful as I feel both to the kind and gentle instrument, and the spirit controller of this work of art, it seems to me that Mr. Anderson himself feels the most obliged of the three, for he writes: "I am indeed happy to be an instrument to gratify the wishes of such a bright spirit, and I feel he never recognized by mortals," (Mr. A. being entirely ignorant of the spirit's identity, except as a friend of mine.) "I am a hundred times more than paid in the gratitude he shows me."

In the hope that the bright spirit will raise up and inspire many more instruments as willing to lend their valuable aid, and as appreciative of its priceless worth, as Mr. Anderson, I am, dear friends, Faithfully yours, EMMA HARDING.

Bangor, Me., July 31, 1863.

ARE THE INDIANS TO BE EXTERMINATED?

Mrs. EDITOR—The proper settlement of the above question involves the basic principles upon which alone peace and prosperity can be restored to our distressed country, because our injustice as a nation in a measure toward the weaker races is generally and at the same time properly admitted to be the real cause of our national difficulties; but there is at the same time, notwithstanding the above admission, a prevalent idea that upon the whole, the Indians have been treated about as well as circumstances would admit, and that the seeming wrongs have been but the unavoidable incidents of contact between savage and civilized races; and that it is all in the order of God's providence that the superior must absorb or destroy the inferior, on the same principle that the big fish devour the smaller ones, or the strong ox drives the weaker one from his stall, &c., &c., and that it is natural for them to fade away before "the march of civilization," as it is for the forest, the buffalo and the deer to disappear.

This idea is affirmed by distinguished men. Judge Edmunds, of New York, and Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, have recently given it expression through the Herald of Progress and the Banner of Light. The article by Dr. Child affirms that the Indians cannot be civilized, and that the exceptions are only sufficient to prove the rule, &c. Now with a question of such magnitude yet unsettled, it is a matter of the utmost importance that the best minds should give it a thorough and impartial investigation, for it is a fact that there are some who ignore in toto the idea of Indian extermination.

The question before us is not whether the time will ever come that the inhabitants of the United States will be merged together by amalgamation, until there is but one common language, complexion, religion and government among them, but it is whether the Indians and the white race and the black race have any day the inalienable right to their complexions, their language, to their religion, and to their freedom and to their homes, under the administration of a great Government.

If this question is decided in the affirmative, then for pity's sake let us stop these murderous wars against them, and instead thereof institute measures of inquiry, and hold councils with them, and make reparation, and give protection against future aggressions.

I make these suggestions on the assumption that the white race is relatively the stronger, the wiser, and the best, and therefore by right should exercise its power for benevolence toward those who, though inferior in condition, are nevertheless equals in rights.

In regard to the treatment of the Indians in Minnesota, I will say that, notwithstanding the great outcry which has been made for the expulsion of all the tribes from that State, and for the prosecution of a campaign against the Northern tribes, that ample and authentic proof is on hand to show that the whole affair, from beginning to end, is the result of white men's hands, and that when justice is done, white men instead of Indians will be prosecuted for the crimes which they induced and helped to commit.

The same may be said of all the difficulties that have ever occurred with the Indians. President Lincoln therefore did right in putting his veto on the sentence of death which was passed, after a trial of only fifteen minutes for each of the three hundred unfortunate captives, by a court martial in Minnesota. As to the Indians' "destiny to perish," which so many are fond of affirming, without reflecting that the affirmation (the truth of which they are not certain) gives the strongest encouragement to blood-thirsty border ruffians, and to the thieving speculators whose perverted natures are gratified by (as they suppose) executing the decrees of God. The idea that God ordains it, is also equally soothing to the voice of conscience, when good and benevolent people hear of outraged Indians and of the horrors of border warfare with perfect apathy and indifference to the Indians' fate.

Now the fallacy of this sentiment is apparent when applied to another class, which most assuredly are "destined" soon to "pass away." I mean the aged and the feeble. Let the person who would give that as a reason why the physician and the nurse should not attend them, would be justly deemed as deficient in the best elements of true manhood. The inference should be in the case of the Indian as in the case of the aged and feeble. Where there is weakness there is an occasion for the exercise of kindness by those who have the power to use it.

Many Spiritualists have supposed that because they have communications from the other side of Jordan, corroborating their own ideas of the Indian's fate, that therefore it must be so. Let such remember that it is wisely enjoined upon us to "try the spirits." For some of them notoriously impart falsehood and error. A healing medium gave to a patient a double dose of a poisonous drug, who, in consequence, died within the hour; and another medium, supposed to be under spirit influence, gave a dose which occasioned paralysis, followed by death within a few months. No person should give up their individuality, reason or judgment, but in all cases, exercise, to the best of their ability, their highest reason and intuitive perceptions—sincerity and truth will ever bear their true weight. Let the question be decided by sound reason and common sense, and if the Indians have indeed a right to an existence as one of the distinct families among the nations of the earth, let us recognize and not ignore that right.

There are some who think that they must wait for a special inspiration before they can do anything for the preservation of the Indians. But all such should bear in mind, that there are now thousands who are saving their lives for freedom, and who are being persecuted until lashed by the reeking whips of slavery; and as essentially wronging them, as it is at this day. It needs no inspiration to inform us that we will turn up if we touch it. Common sense should also teach us that cause and effect is equally potent be-

lieving them, and that if we do not long run, the Indians are manifestly a distinct race, and there is no just reason why our people should cause their extermination. It cannot be effected only by jeopardizing the perpetuity of the white race; for it should not be forgotten that every Indian who has been unjustly treated and prematurely sent to the spirit-world, goes to swell the mighty host composed of all intelligent beings in God's universe, whether in the body or out of it, who are working with an absolute certainty of success for the reign of absolute justice over all the creatures which God hath made.

The time has now come when "the question" as to whether the Negro, or the Indian has received the greater wrong, shall not be as derogatory; a mere time discussion, but a recognized fact of responsibility for the wrongs of both. And as the race—red, white and black—are at this time battling for their rights, let it now be ascertained what to each belongs; so that the future page of our national history, may be bright with the sunshine of peace and the smile of human brotherhood.

To this end, while provision is very properly being made for the people of African descent, it is, to say the least, of equal importance that three or four grand reserves, of suitable extent, and location, be set apart, as early as possible, for the exclusive use of the Indians. And as they preceded the white race in the occupation of the country, justice demands that they should have a choice as to the portions which they shall permanently occupy.

For this purpose, there should be a series of conventions or councils of Indians and their friends, at such points as are most convenient for the greatest number of representatives from all the tribes to assemble. If President Lincoln had issued a call for such conventions, as an early period of his administration, and honest men had been appointed to attend them, there would have been no Indians arrayed in hostility against our Government; and it is obvious, that to do this now, is the most just, and therefore the most speedy, and the most economical plan for the settlement of all existing Indian difficulties, and at the same time it is one of the essential measures to be taken, before our own troubles can be adjusted. In conclusion, let every reader of this feel that the preservation of all rights for all people, whether of nations or of individuals, is a vital, and should be a personal interest, and let every one act in accordance therewith. Respectfully, JOHN BASSON.

Washington, D. C., 446 12th street, July 21, 1863.

EXPLANATION OF PASSAGES ON "DEATH."

BY J. COVART.

In a late issue of the BANNER an article of mine appeared on the subject of Death. In which occurred the following sentences: "The judgment day, it is confessed, has not yet arrived, the graves have not yet given up their dead," &c.

In a subsequent edition, (July 25,) I find a brother takes exception to them, and desires an explanation or answer to the orthodoxy with which he has been pleased to mark them.

As he appears to be sincere in his inquiry, I will deviate from my usual course in this instance, and cheerfully comply with his request; though generally I am opposed to it on the ground of its aptitude of giving rise to angry feelings and unpleasant sensations, preferring rather that the principles laid down shall stand or fall on their own intrinsic merits alone.

By carefully reading the first part of the article, it will be seen the expressions are used as a part of the religious communities' faith; the truth of which I did not affirm, but denied. I intended to show that these ideas were erroneous and fallacious, and that they had not yet taken place or been fulfilled.

I regret that I have failed, to give Brother Drinkworth this idea, and can only say, the composition is defective, or his reading is inaccurate.

Brother Drinkworth contends the graves are giving up their dead continually. Very well. But this giving up speaks of, is not that of which religiousists speak, for it will be recollected, their idea is a reposition of the veritable bodies laid away, a revival of the same bodies that walked the earth, just previous to the approach of death.

The term "Resurrection," includes the whole idea, and cannot mean any other process, unless a new one is coined for the express occasion. Neither can this resurrection, as known and understood, go on or connect itself with decomposition, for they are totally different processes; the last of which terms expresses a resolution of compound bodies, into simple ones, or their primitive elements. One is a gathering together of the particles, the other a separation of them.

Nor do the graves contain the whole of the elements of bodies; for portions of them are resolvable into gaseous substances, and exist in the atmosphere.

It will not answer, Brother Drinkworth, to say the graves give up their dead in this peculiar method, for decomposition would go on as effectually out of the graves as in them, though by slower processes in some conditions, and more expeditiously under others.

Brother Drinkworth is much puzzled, he says, to know how this body can rise at a certain day when scattered into a thousand other bodies.

So am I. But what puzzles me the most is, that I should have used expressions so ambiguously, that he, and very likely many others, should take it. I sustained this view, when I intended to combat it with all my strength.

Finally, Brother Drinkworth, while I concede that matter ceaselessly changes and advances, I am not prepared to admit its fall, for which you contend. Previous to the introduction of man on the face of the earth, the highest limit of matter was found in the animal tribes. Did not the matter form the basis of matter of which man's form was compounded? Is there any limit to matter's advancement because man is born into the world? If so, Creation is finished, and the end of time and sublimity things are at hand, as the present system of laws has expended its full forces.

Opposed to this view, is the fact that earth is the youngest in the family of the Sun's children; but that more perfected worlds are found adjoined with life in keeping with their state of perfection. If God and matter are co-existent and live forever, the Nature's laws are equally so. If matter advances to create higher forms, as we have seen, the process is unchangeable, and in process of time, matter is the predicate of power and higher forms of life.

I have done. Hoping this explanation, answer and excuse, are satisfactory, I am yours, ever, J. COVART.

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able conditions she could return to her friends. Any hour, which she did on the day of her funeral, and she was so on many occasions since, affirming on two occasions that she did not experience one moment of unconsciousness in passing what we call death.

Paul says, "Behold, I show you a mystery we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed in a moment. In the twinkling of an eye we shall be so developed and purified that not this plain but this glorified and purified flesh shall pass through death without entering into an unconscious condition.

Mrs. Morrill, of Rockford, Ill. and the writer of the above notes, conducted the funeral exercises in accordance with the Spiritualist Philosophy, in the presence of a large number of persons, who were present in accordance with the Spiritualist Philosophy, who were present in accordance with the Spiritualist Philosophy, who were present in accordance with the Spiritualist Philosophy.

Wm. Moore.

The Gathering of Spiritualists at Abington.

The Gathering of Spiritualists at

Ablington.—On Tuesday, August 4th, according to previous announcement, the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity met in the charming grove at Ablington. Old friends were present, to the round number of about one hundred. Services were held at the speakers' stand both forenoon and afternoon. Speeches were made by Maria Lurie Ruten, Mrs. Albertson, Mr. J. M. Peckham, Dr. Gardner, and others, whose remarks were listened to with profound attention by the assembled multitude. We exceedingly regret that we were not enabled to make full notes of proceedings.

This was an occasion rarely enjoyed in such southern weather as we have had of late, for the day was unusually propitious: a cool east wind prevailing at the time, made the grubs a most desirable and comfortable resort. This, in connection with the splendid feast furnished by trunks and normal speakers, together with delightful excursions on the lake, roaming through the fields, swinging, landing up-and-down, day after day, &c., &c., were quite sufficient to richly repay our participation in this pleasant and beautiful excursion.

From the very large attendance on the two last picnics, under the skillful management of Dr. Gardner, it is very evident that they are relished by the people, and we hope it will not be long before the Doctor will inaugurate another of these most refreshing and beautiful instructions societies.

We are under great obligations to Dr. Gardner, Mr. Dolen, Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Peabody for the generous offers made by them, urging Spiritualists to support the BAKKER. The result was, the friends responded nobly, and Mr. White received quite an accession of names to his subscription list; also \$3.00 in aid of the Free Public Circles, for which he returns his sincere thanks.

Negro Intelligence.

A friend of ours, an officer holding a high position for honor, bravery and credibility, informs us, that the most amusing and instructive meetings he ever attended, were the gathering of the negroes under the wing of the "Army of the West." Hundreds gathered together and speechifying will be the order of the day for these speeches—made by ignorant and abused slaves—for their ideas, would do honor to any orator. It is true, said he, that the wording, the manner of expression, might be bettered, but the ideas were astonishing. I could not suppress my wonder, and utter amazement, as I sat and listened to the alternations of force and comic eloquence. All the speakers appeared perfectly informed on the vital questions of the war, and the relative positions of North and South, and of the slaves. They, too, knew just what will save the nation—giving them meekness, letting them fight as men, and not as women.

Telling of It.

Some persons think if they do a good thing, the least tell of it. Why not? Is it such a hard matter to tell of it? Anybody so foolish, to choose the right, and then to boast because you did not choose the wrong? Is the conduct of too many would certainly seem so. We prefer to see a man generous, charitable, or just, because then he harmonizes his life with the Divine law, and takes the most satisfactory life in doing it, because he expects to gain anything outwardly from it, but simply because he is most natural and desirous and beautiful for him so to do. A life conducted after this rule, or principle, is living indeed; not selfish, and putting forth pretension, and striving for something entirely extrinsic to character. By-and-by we will use those principles as they are; now, they have

yes, but see not, and care, but do not bear.

U. Clark's Lectures.
 Utah Clark will lecture on Spiritualism, giving public test examinations and experiments with his electro-magnetic instruments, in Oxford, Mass., Wednesday evening, Aug. 12th; Webster, 15th; North Adams, 14th; Franklin, Sunday, 16th; Powneque, C. 18th; Bromfield, 19th; Windsor, 20th; Uxbridge, N. Y., Sunday 23d; Pomsbury Hill, 27th; Centre Mass., 28th; Hinghamton, Sunday, 30; Sherborn, 6th, Sept. 1st; Webb Mills, N. Y., Sunday 4th; Peabody, 5th.

Yan, Sunday 19th; Le Roy, Sunday, 20th; Palton, Sunday, 27th. He will act as agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the "Plain Talks to Spiritualism." Address Banner Office.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum
We have just received from the publishers a little book bearing the above title. As it is made up of material published in the Herald of Progress, most of our readers probably are already familiar with the objects and tendencies of this Lyceum, hence we do not deem

necessary to make an extended notice. All efforts which tend to elevate the human race—from Children's Lyceums up to Adults' Lyceums—are laudable, and should be sustained. The price of the book, bound in cloth, is (postpaid) thirty cents. By express, \$1.00 per hundred. It can be had on application to A. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.

We have received numerous documents of late reference to the organization of this legion, and would seem that the leaders are really in earnest. The headquarters of the Colored Men's Central Committee are at Utica, N. Y., P. B. Randolph, Chairman. We know Mr. R. to be patriotic, energetic, and full of enthusiasm, no doubt he will perform the duties assigned him with signal ability. Colored men about

Illness of Mrs. M. S. Townsend.
We regret to learn that Mrs. Townsend has not completely recovered from her late severe illness and is unable to fulfill her engagement to lecture in this city on the first of September. We trust that so good and faithful a co-laborer in the field of human progress will be prepared to us a while longer, although absent

Dr. J. H. Newson.

great success in healing the poor and the sick.

Essays by the Invisible.

On our sixth page will be found two interesting essays by the invisibles on the following subjects: "Oyls and Immortality of Thought," and "The Object and Use of Prayer."

Dr. L. R. Hughes, of East Toledo, Ohio, writes up in

on behalf of Spiritualism, and sends a number of arguments against the "immortality" theory of the Liberator. (What we have every reason to believe is a disingenuous and untruthful article.)

Known: THE WORLD—the world's most powerful nations upon their knowledge of the facts, now only the crooked alibi and dirty lies.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We received just before going to press, the manuscript of a very interesting article from the pen of Dr. Henry F. Child, of Philadelphia, entitled "A Week in a Camp Hospital after a Battle." We shall endeavor to place it before our readers next week.

THANKS.—Disinterested acts of friendship between man and man serve to cement the bonds of sympathy and love stronger and stronger. Little kindnesses conduce to humanity's happiness more than anything on earth. These are the only true passports to heaven. We were led to these reflections on receiving from our post-friend "Oscar Benja," a box of the largest and most luscious strawberries we have ever seen or tasted. He says in a note accompanying them—"Please accept the little box of berries, and thank of the hills and swamps of your childhood." Yes, yes, we do remember, Cousin Benja, and wish with all our heart we could live those joyous days over again.

There is trouble brewing on the Continent of Europe, as we scan the political horizon there. The combined powers of France, Austria and England are determined to force Russia to their terms on the Polish question; and Russia says she shall not allow any interference in her affairs. So we may be long bear of a general European war. If the allies undertake to browbeat the Russian bear.

Where may Uriah Clark be addressed immediately?

BAR ROOM DIALOGUE.—"Good-morning, Red Nose." "Don't ye call me Red Nose, for if ye do I'll black one of yer rummy looking peepers," was the answer.

"Well, never mind your red nose, Bill. Can you tell how many scruples it takes to make a dram?" "No, I can't; but I can tell you one thing, I have no scruples to take a dram at your expense."

The costume of the Tartar women does not differ materially from that of the men, except that they wear a very lofty head-dress, of which Rubrik enters into a very minute detail, and adds—"When you see a company of these women on horseback, you might take them for men at arms with helmet and lance, especially as they ride outside."

The Mexicans had an Emperor, and Mexico was an Empire, forty years ago. The unfortunate Maximilian ruled but ten months, when the crown tumbled from his head, and he was banished from Mexico—to which country he returned subsequently only to be executed as a traitor.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you: Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear sweet and pleasant echoes, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

"I hope to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Newton." "Wouldn't it be better that they had a little brain first?" inquired Corbett.

Admiral Foote's last intelligible words were: "I thank God for all his goodness to me—for all his loving kindness to me. I thank him for his benefit."

At the annual distribution of prizes at the Academy of the Visitation, at Georgetown, D. C., Miss Blanche Butler, only daughter of Major General Butler, took eight of the awards, and also carried away one of the three highest prizes given by the institution—the golden cross.

PROSECUTION OF BISHOP COLERIDGE.—We learn from a London paper that the last mail from the Cape of Good Hope brought the intelligence that a writ has been issued summoning the Bishop of Natal to appear before the Bishop of Capetown as metropolitan, on the 22d of November, to answer to a charge of having published heretical opinions. It is not expected that Dr. Coleridge will acknowledge the jurisdiction.—*Spectator*.

The invasion has given the coal dealers a pretense for raising the price of coal several dollars on a ton. The fact that the rebels have not been near the coal region of Pennsylvania, and that the supply will be one-half larger this year than any preceding season, make this sudden inflation of prices seem like an obnoxious speculation.

"Patrick, where is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep looking at the bread baking."

The Baron de Serres is dead, in France. Among the property he left were found two large and heavy boxes, which by the heirs were supposed to contain cash, but turned out to be filled with hundreds of thousands of all imaginable kinds of pins.

Swift proposed to put a tax on female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

A young lady in Boston, who took two spoonfuls of the extract of yellow jessamine to allay the pain caused by a felon, instead of the two drops usually given, died in a short time, her body being completely paralyzed.

Though laughter is looked upon as the property of reason by philosophers, the excess of it has always been considered as the mark of folly.

SOMNOLY OF THE SIDEWALK.—Whoa! and a cry runs through the busy street; Dashing pell-mell a furious horse makes way, Throwing the dust with his impatient feet. Whistling yelling crowds make frenzied display—Affrighted move the beasts; but on more bold Steps forth and snuff the impending rein, Grasping it firmly with tenacious hold. The quivering limbs returns again. He pats the reeking neck, and, calm in tone, With kindly accents greets the quivering steed. While he, the momentary terror down, Hove to control again his grateful head. Where passion takes the life, or reason sin. The gentle word and sweet persuasion sweet win.—[B. P. Sullivan.]

Simpson says the ladies do not set their caps for the gentlemen any more; they spread their hoops.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life? "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Lord Campbell, it is well known, was fond of a joke, and sometimes had the tables turned upon himself. A few days before his death, he met a beggar who had grown very stout of late, and remarked, "Why, Mr. —, you are getting as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my Lord, for the great seal," was the ready reply.

LEAN ARMS.—A young lady last asked me what she can do for her thin arms. She says she is ashamed of them. I felt them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she replied. Certainly, but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise would do less to give those pale, cold arms circulation, than would a single month, were they warmly clad.

COLORED PEOPLE.—A Baltimore letter to the New York Post says that hundreds of people in Maryland are prepared to offer their negro slaves as their substitutes. We suppose, this is owing to the great depression in the value of many property in Maryland. An ill-housed negro, would be worth a great deal more than three hundred dollars, the compensation for the life of a peculiar institution, were it a circulating condition.

A recent sale of negroes in Montgomery county, Maryland, illustrates the comparative worthlessness of slave property in that State. Some thirty, full-grown young negroes brought in all one hundred and twenty-five dollars, an average of only sixteen dollars a head. Before the war the same negroes were worth on an average \$1,500 a piece.

Those who use the phrase, "rich as Croesus," may like to know that a recent estimate of his wealth fixes it at \$2,700,000 sterling.

A sailor having gained the affections of a daughter of Professor Wilson, waited upon "papa," and stated his case—of which the Professor had a previous inkling. The young gentleman was detected to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him in review some work, on the style of which was duly inscribed—"With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, and solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

A young lady, if a visitor knocks at the front door, will sometimes send word "engaged," though she never had an offer in her life.

"I say, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is—why, he'll squabble about a cent." "Well, what if he does? the less one squabbles about the better."

Professor C., of Bowdoin College, was noted for having a certain set of illustrations from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion the class fled into the recitation room, and the professor commenced the exercise. "Mr. Smith," he said, addressing a young man whose chances of gaining the valedictory were very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? It is powerful, or otherwise?" "It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously. "Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and I would kill a dog!" The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

A MONSTER WOODCHUCK CANYON.—Messrs. L. L. Zell & Perkins, of Bridgewater, Mass., are manufacturing a gun from wrought iron, which will weigh, when completed, about seventeen tons. It is forged solid, in an octagonal form, with the cavity bored out thirteen inches in diameter, and will be hooped with strong bands of iron, put on by hydraulic pressure. The lathe on which the metal is being turned is one of the largest in the world.

SINGULAR.—We noticed yesterday the drowning of a boy named Johnny Ward, in Mill river, and stated that his body had not been found. That night a man who was familiar with the circumstances of the case, had a dream, in which he saw the boy, so he states, clinging to a post under a building. Yesterday a careful search for the body was made, and it was found under Daniel's mill, on Mill street, the arms of the lad firmly clasped about a piece of timber used for a support to the building. The finding of the body in the position as seen in the dream, is singular.—*Hartford Courant*.

GEN. BATES.—This officer, during his operations in Louisiana, has achieved more important labor than any General in the service in an equal length of time. He destroyed the rebel army and navy, made their reorganization impossible, by removing all their material and demolishing their transports, took two thousand prisoners and twenty guns, and before he left for Fort Hudson, captured Alexandria, the key of the Red River and the Atchafalaya, and every important town south or east of it. Since then, he has captured Port Hudson, and is still going ahead.

DEATH OF CORPORAL JOHN U. WADSWORTH.—Among those who fell in the fatal battle of Gettysburg, was the brother of our friend and collaborer, Frank L. Wadsworth. While one of the bravest and freest spirits of the age, and fought the bloodiest and fiercest battles of Truth and Liberty side by side with the Reformers of the nineteenth century, the other, in obedience to the nation's call, went forth to fight the same battles with different weapons, side by side with patriots and heroes. We deeply sympathize with our Brother Frank in this bereavement, which has thus suddenly snatched the brave heart-throb and uncolored the earthly band-olap of one most dear; but another is added to the guardian band, who, when his heart, faithful in the deadliest struggle with bigotry and wrong, will bring him strength and healing and the peace of the immortal life.—*Herald of Progress*.

Correspondence in Brief.

APPRECIATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.—A friend under date of Worcester, writes—"I wish I could find words adequate to give expression to the feelings and sentiments with which your treasure-laden folds inspire us, and the deep sense of joyful gratitude we feel toward those noble souls, who are the worthy instruments of providing the world with so rich a blessing, and would that I had the means of bestowing some suitable demonstration of the gratitude we feel; for truly, they are worthy of the choicest of earth's material blessings, and should never want for means to carry on the noble work they have so faithfully performed thus far; and above all, should their noble hearts be cheered and sustained in the arduous task, by a realizing sense of the rich blessing their labor is imparting to a needy world."

Yours for humanity, JOHN H. DEWEY.

Bro. W. F. Jamieson, writing to us on business matters from Battle Creek, Mich., adds the following postscript:

"Prof. Stearns is accomplishing a great work by his lectures and experiments on Psychology. Mr. Stearns lectures on Spiritualism and various reforms connected with it. Their labors are meeting with marked success. The professor, by his lectures and experiments, prepares the minds for the acceptance of Spiritualism. Hence, Mr. Stearns' lectures are so very interesting, being as they are explanatory of the subtle forces of our being—the law of mind over matter. They both are devoted to the promulgation of our beautiful philosophy. Spiritualism is making rapid strides in this city and vicinity."

A friend, writing from Tyson Parson, Va., under date of August 4th, says that Dr. L. K. Cooley lectured in the Church, at that place, on the previous Sunday, to two respectable audiences, which appeared to be well pleased with the discourses, with the exception of the Baptist Elder, who said "they contained no food for him." The Doctor very blandly replied that "the slaves of the South had been so long accustomed to coarse corn bread and bacon, that finer food was seldom relished, or digestible." The talk between the two created quite an interesting excitement.

Announcements.

Dr. L. K. Cooley and wife design attending the Vermont State Annual Convention of Spiritualists, to be held in Rockingham, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 28th, 29th and 30th. The Doctor will have with him, for sale, a fine assortment of the new and most interesting books published on Spiritual and Reform subjects, for which he has lately become agent. He will act as agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. Sarah Helen Matthews speaks at Rockingham, Vt., August 10th. Address East Westmoreland, N. H., or till Sept. 1st, Rockingham, Vt.

Mrs. Fanny Whipple, the medical clairvoyant, has removed from Washington, Wis., to Madison, Iowa, where she can be consulted by her friends.

To Correspondents.

E. A. E.—You directed properly the first time. We'll try your matter—so go ahead, my friend.

L. D. MILAN, CHD.—Your article is on file for publication.

Respect to the Memory of the Late Col. Robert C. Shaw.

The Free Press publishes the following just tribute of respect to the memory of the patriots and lamented Col. Shaw, who commanded the brave 54th Massachusetts (colored) regiment:

BAYBROOK, N. C., July 27, 1863.

To the Colored Soldiers and Friends of the Freedmen's Cause: It is fitting that you should pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Col. Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of colored soldiers from a free State, ever mustered into the United States service. He fell at the head of his regiment while leading a storming party against the rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of high social position, wealth and home, and his own noble life for the sake of humanity—another martyr to your cause, that death has added to the roll of those who have sacrificed for the truth and principles for which he fought, and died. Will live, and will be vindicated on the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his mangled and bleeding body was thrown on the soil of South Carolina. I trust that you will honor yourselves and his glorious memory by appropriating the first proceeds of your labor as freemen toward erecting a monument to the hero soldier martyr—Robert C. Shaw.

(Signed) R. SARTON, Brig. Gen. and Military Governor.

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 red postage 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 its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered, and it is satisfactory, as it 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. Constant 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, 155 Washington street, Boston.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress and Reform will hold a Grove Meeting in L. N. Howard's grove, near the village of Brecksville, Mich., on the 22d and 23d of August. The following named speakers are engaged: A. B. Whiting, H. P. Fairfield, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, W. F. Jamieson, Mr. E. Whipple, Mr. Rouse and Mr. Fish. We cordially invite all others through the BANNER who are willing to assist. One of the objects of the meeting is to raise means to build a church in this place, and a collection will be made for this object. Come one, come all. We hope to see all the liberal people and friends of progress from the counties of Van Buren, Allegan, Kalamazoo, Cass, Berrien, &c., present. Ample provision will be made to accommodate the friends, and the Ladies' Temperance Society are cordially invited. We also invite all speakers from other Orders. The platform will be free to all lovers of truth.

Per order, L. PAINTER.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a meeting in a grove four miles west of Galien Station, and three miles northwest of Byron, on the 15th and 16th of August, to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Come speakers, come singers, come all, and let us have a glorious meeting. Conveyance from Galien to the Grove will be furnished by the friends here.

MARION LUTHER SMITH, Committee.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Cicero, Onondaga Co., N. Y., will hold a Grove Meeting, on Saturday and Sunday, August 15th and 16th next, two miles east of Cicero Corners. A general and cordial invitation is given to all to attend. Lectures, songs, &c., will be given. Will address the people as the principal speaker. Refreshments, as far as possible, will be furnished free to those from a distance.

Cicero, July 28, 1863. L. HARRIS.

Spiritual Meetings.

A mass Spiritual meeting will be held in a grove near the residence of Mrs. Clark, in the village of Lapeer, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, 15th and 16th of August next. W. F. Jamieson, Mr. Stearns, Mrs. K. M. Smith, and other able speakers will be in attendance. Ample arrangements will be made for the accommodation of persons from a distance.

By order of the Committee, WM. HICKS, Chairman.

The Spiritualists of Vermont.

Will hold their next annual Convention at Rockingham, the last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of August. All true friends of Progress and Reform are invited to attend. Good accommodations at the Hotel for 75 cents per day.

Per order of the Committee.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress and Reform will hold a two days meeting on the farm of Mark Herrington, in Rockingham, Vt., on the 22d and 23d of August. Mrs. B. B. Chappell and other speakers are expected. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all from a distance. A cordial invitation is extended to all. The platform will be free to all.

Per order, JAMES K. DEAN.

Second Annual Grove Meeting.

The Reformers of Genesee and vicinity will hold a Grove Meeting at Pier Cove, Allegan Co., Mich., on the 28th and 29th of August next, to which all favorable to reform are invited to attend. Good speakers will be in attendance, and music of the best quality will be furnished. Ample provision for strangers.

1. L. SHAW, Sec.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting of Spiritualists in Brecksville, Wis., the present location of the School and Madison Railroad—August 28th, 29th and 30th. Speakers and friends from abroad are invited to attend.

H. G. LAWRENCE.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CHARTERS.—The Spiritualists of Chartiersville hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seats free.

LOVELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Wells Hall. The following lectures are engaged to speak: Saturday and afternoon—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, September 4th and 5th; N. H. Greenleaf, Sept. 6th and 7th; E. J. Finney, during October; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Nov. 1st and 2nd; Miss March, Nov. 3rd and 4th; Mrs. R. D. Watson, Aug. 20th and 21st; Mrs. M. M. Townsend, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.

CHARTERS, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. M. Townsend, August 16th, 17th and 18th; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Oct. 4th, 11th and 18th; Miss Nellie J. Temple, Nov. 1st, 15th and 22nd; Miss Nellie J. Temple, Nov. 1st, 15th and 22nd.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday at Johnson's Hall, prices in the lecture hall 10c and 25c. On the 22d and 23d of August, speakers engaged—John S. Beck, Aug. 22d; Chas. A. Hayden, Aug. 23d and 24th; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Sept. 6th and 7th; Mrs. M. M. Townsend, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings twice a week in Mechanics Hall, corner of Congress and Canal streets. Sunday school and free conferences in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 8 and 9 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Hon. J. B. Felt, July 25th of Maine, August 16th; Theo. D. Wells, Aug. 23rd; Rev. D. A. Watson, Aug. 30th; Lizzie Deane, Sept. 6th and 7th; William Lloyd Garrison, Sept. 27th; Emma Norton, month of October; R. F. Finney, month of Nov.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 6th and 7th; James F. Greenleaf, Dec. 20th and 21st.

YANKEE, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening. In Yankee Church, a house owned by Mr. J. B. Felt, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, August 16th, 23rd and 30th; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Sept. 6th, 13th and 20th; Oct. 4th, 11th and 18th; Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 1st, 15th and 22nd; Lizzie Deane, Dec. 6th and 7th.

CHARTERS, MASS.—Lecture given in Mechanics Hall every Sunday evening, 8 o'clock.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—The BANNER will have in mind that the one dollar sent to F. E. Brown, 23 Cedar street, N. Y., will get by return mail some good steel pens that you can use any other way. We have used them.

M. J. ST.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first week and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

HOME'S NEW BOOK.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, Recently published from the advance English sheets, is meeting with rapid sales all over the country. It is an exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in.

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THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM,

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The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Home, as he is sometimes called,) the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with persons distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with crowned heads, has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

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BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

"Enter into the soul of things."—*Wordsworth*.

CONTENTS:

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CHAPTER 2.—Picture on Surrounding Objects. Dances on Pictures; Pictures taken in the Dark; Pictures taken on All Bodies continually, and enduring as the Bodies; All past History thus Recorded.

CHAPTER 3.—Psychometry. Dr. Beauchamp's Experiments; Effects of Medicines upon Persons when held in the Hand; Characters described from Usual Letters.

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PLAIN GUIDE

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The Contents in brief are:—1. Author's Preface; 2. Table of Contents; 3. Colloquial footprints, with numerous ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritual intercourse. Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, rise and progress, statistics and glorious triumphs of Spiritualism; voices of the press and the pulpit. Chapter 2.—Variety of phenomena and mediumship, and a condensed mass of startling manifestations. Chapter 3.—The various phases of Spiritualism: belief, biblicism with nearly two hundred texts, Chapter 4.—The popular objections, theories and standards answered: "Free Love," "Affinity," marriage, etc., calmly and thoroughly discussed. Chapter 5.—Twenty-five questions, with numerous Bible texts to religiousists and skeptics. Chapter 6.—The spiritual philosophy explained: mediumship, and how to form circles, develop mediumship, and enjoy celestial communion free to all. Chapter 7.—Quotations from nearly a hundred spiritual writers, authors and speakers. Chapter 8.—Organizations, ordinances, forms, etc., how to conduct the same, form meetings, conferences, Sunday-schools, etc.; lectures and mediums; convalescents, warnings, importers. Chapter 9.—Address to Spiritualists; the great crisis; war, revolutions, alarming yet hopeful signs; various practical and cautious personal and general reforms; touching incidents; hopes, encouragement, consolations, stirring appeals; startling issues; message from the spirit-world. Index.

Complete

THE RAY OF LIGHT

The Lecture Room.

IMMORTALITY:

A Poem by Mrs. Clara E. V. Hatch, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, July 15, 1883.
[Photographically Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by J. M. W. Tansworth.]

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou Spirit, whose bright Presence
Filleth earth and air and sky,
Thou whose life and light and goodness
Every world doth occupy,
Time to Thee is all Eternal,
Life and Death are all the same;
For thy wisdom so supernal,
We do bless and praise Thy name!

Like the voices of the mountain,
In the pine-trees' mystic height;
Like the gushing of the fountain,
As it leaps to greet the light;
Like the anthem of the tempest,
Swelling o'er the distant sea;
Like all sounds of earth and heaven,
Is our song of praise to Thee!

As the eagle, upward soaring,
Dips his pinions in the sun;
As the wild waves in their roaring
Cease not until time is done;
So our souls in their upbreathing
Seek to find the distant shore,
Where thy presence, ever living,
Bids the angels Thee adore!

As the atom in its changes
Helps to form the perfect world,
Till each sun and system ranges,
Enslaved, by Thy hand unfurled;
So each soul some beauty gathers
From all other souls, and Thee,
Marching on, and chanting ever,
God of Life, Eternity!

POEM.

The Child's Questions.

"Mother, who paints the morning sky
With rosy hue?
And who upon the blooming flower
Distills the dew?"
" 'Tis God, my child, for He is kind,
Dwelling on high;
He made the earth and air and sea,
To beauty."
"Mother, why do the roses bloom
In beauty bright,
And why upon the lily's stem
Its glowing white?"
"My child, 'tis He who every hour,
In perfect love,
Paints every leaf, and stem, and flower,
Like that above."
"But, mother, whence the butterfly,
And wild bird's song?
I cannot understand their tones
All the day long."
"He gives the butterfly its wings,
Likewise the bee;
Be good and pure, the wild bird sings
To you and me."
"But, mother, dear, who makes the night?
Summers at eve?
The darkness fills me with affright
And frowns of grief."
"Dearest, the sun at night goes down
That stars may shine;
The flowers' tears are but their crown—
Dew-gems divine."
"But, mother, who lets winter come,
With his cold breath,
Taking my flowers from their home,
Chilling with death?"
"And whither are our loved ones gone?
You say they died."
The mother bowed her head alone,
And only sighed.

The Maiden's Sleep.

She sat in her bowery the living day,
Watching the white clouds as they floated by;
And all the happy hours she could but say,
"How beautiful is earth! How blest am I!"
Sweet were the perfumed flowers o'er her head;
Brighter the rose's hue bloomed on her cheek;
Deep was the violet's blue, humble its bed,
But from her eyes heaven's azure hue did speak.
Lovelier was she than poet ever sung,
Or painter with his wondrous art e'er drew;
Her face outvied the sky where stars are hung;
Her gentle heart no storm of passion knew.
Thus in calm joy sped on her happy years,
As music's tones o'er golden lyre strings creep;
Love, like a healing balm, soothed all her fears;
Thus musing, zephyrs wooed her into sleep.
But, ah! in sleep a tear soon filled her eye,
And on her face a pallor of deep woe;
Her lover bears the distant battle-cry,
And where Death boldly rides her life must go.
Sad and lonely she dreamed she did wait his return,
But he came not again to soothe her distress;
Though e'er for him did the night-taper burn,
She felt that his form the cold earth did press.
"Woe is me! woe is me!
Skies are robed in darkness now;
In the cold gray slumbers he,
Cold the death-dews on his brow;
For me there's no beauty nor light below,
Alas! why does heaven grieve me so?
Oh, wrap the stars in deepest gloom;
My life is buried in his tomb!"
The flowers still bloomed in her garden-bower,
But from her young face all the roses fled,
In matchless beauty came each evening hour,
But morn or even could not wake the dead.
Thus fair and bright as earthly life appears,
Death takes the choicest treasures from our view;
Thus 'mid the zephyr's sighs and violet's tears,
She woke no more—for her sad dream was true.

The Mother's Grief.

Faded amid flowers to sleep,
In its white shroud dress;
Where the tender moans shall creep,
When o'er its cold breast
The pure, white spring blossoms shall weep,
Let the child rest.
Hush! hush! hush! the mother sobs;
You are not dead, I know;
You only sleep—your little hands
Are folded gently so.

The mother here remarked, that for the convenience of the readers, the Poem would be divided into Sections, and the beginning of each Section would be accompanied by the appropriate music.

Your face is mild as summer's sky,
They tell me you are dead!
But, oh! how sweet is death, if thus
You sleep in this soft bed!

No, you are smiling now, my child,
And I shall bear your voice;
I wonder that I grew so wild,
And had so strange a choice
To think you dead! Sleep on, my pet,
Who says you will not wake?
I know if I but call your name,
You cannot me forsake.

Thus sang the mother—thus she wildly dreamed
Her babe did not die,
But never woke the child—how strange it seemed
To have no reply!
Nor sound of voice flapping her tender name
In childhood's sweet tone,
Nor clasp with beating heart the tiny frame
Closely to her own!
She could only moan!

There its form lay where tender daisies bloom,
Where wild woodbines creep;
And there, clad in garments of deep gloom,
The mother must weep.
Bending upon the little mound, her tears—
Love's sweet sacrifice—
Watered the flowers, whose unseen incense rears
Walks to the skies—
Her God hears her cries!

Sometimes, with listless, longing eyes, she thought
She saw her babe smile;
But 'twas a fancy, from grief's madness wrought,
Boothed for a while;
Or fluttering pinions, cool and strangely bright,
Like clouds of even,
Seemed bearing up, through space's height,
Her child to heaven.
Why, why was it given?

But at home, how dark! No more the pattering feet
Pressed on the floor;
No more bright eyes with cunning gleam and sweet,
Peeped through the door;
No more the white arms, dimpled, softly were flung
In fond, sweet embrace,
Nor lips to kiss, nor smiles and tear-gems strung
On the fair, round face.
Sleeping in silence lay the mother's child—
Her heart's only joy.
"There is my life!" she cries, in accents wild,
"Heaven is but a toy."

The Philosopher's Dream.

Where the moonbeams through the window were gleaming,
And upon the white earth the bright rays were gleaming,
Sat the gray-haired man, all alone in his dreaming,
His room was filled with the strangest devices
Of science and art, and the subtle indices
Of profound mathematics; here virtues and vices
Were measured; here were books metaphysical,
From the science of stars to a treatise on physics.
Still he sat, and toward the window
His fixed gaze was turned,
Not to where the stars of evening
In their orbits burned.
He dreamed, while the frost with finger swift as thought
Upon the window-pane his magic crystals wrought,
He marked, and marked, and marked. The sage, half
Sleeping there,
Thought he saw strange figures rising in the frosty air.
First, he saw a gleaming portal,
Of a crystal arch immortal,
And a gateway open flung,
On its hinges hung.
On either side the gateway was a scroll,
On which was traced "The Land without a soul,"
Shuddering, yet panting, at so strange a sight,
He cried, "Eureka! Science now is right!"
And as he sped along the way,
Crisp forms in gleaming white did thus display:
Icebergs and stones of varied shape and hue,
Vast frozen plains open to his wondering view!
Nor sound, nor sigh, nor zephyr's gentle breath,
Awoke the slumbers of this land of Death.
Something unknown shone ghastly, strangely bright,
Yet still it was a region without light;
All seemed with some deep meaning rife,
Each form of wonder was a human life!
In crystal groupings, frozen, and to cold,
Were the stars of earth, who, in time of old,
Scattered all truth, derided immortal love,
This frozen alliance doth their mocking folly prove.
A shining obelisk of crystal standing there—
"This," said a shiver, through the cold, biting air,
"Is the life and end of Volney and Voltaire."
Another niche, carved with the choicest rules,
Contained those frozen thoughts of German schools—
Kant, and a host of others, stiff and dumb as fools!
Their sophism woven with the finest art,
Formed canopies so intricate, yet every part
Was perfect—but they could not live without a heart.
Transparent, opalescent, grand,
Frozen, like breakers on a strand,
The sage seemed touched by Death's cold hand—
"Oh life!" he cries, "where is thy wand?"
And he seemed, as he stood, congealed to stone.
"Oh, for one sound of joy, or wail of sorrow's moan,
Some song of gladness, or of direst sorrow's distress—
I cannot bear this ice, this cold, this voicelessness!"
But still all silently they stood—those statues grim—
Nor smiled, nor spoke, nor moved, nor pitted him.
On he sped. There a miser,
With cold eyes of stone,
Counts and counts his treasure,
Without word or moan;
Moving never—o'er and o'er
Counts his ice-cold evermore.
Just beyond, a human form, with orphan's frozen tears,
And sighs of widows murmuring there, through end,
less years.
Yet all congealed are they—the form, the tears, the
sighs;
To their cold and painful silence no voice replies,
For the man was filled with the iceberg's breath,
And without "human kindness" was frozen to death.
"Where," said the sage, "are poets and martyrs of
old time,
Who sang their songs and left their deeds in history
sublime?"
A tremor through the air, like silver frost bells' chime,
And coldly o'er his anxious ear the answer rolls:
"The poets are not here, you know, for they have
souls."
"The martyrs—where are they?" cries the astonished
sage.
Back comes the frozen answer, in its silent regis-
ter:
"Truth and religion, with their living, fiery breath,
Belong not here in this ice-land of Death."

But lo! upon a towering height
He saw a crystal city rise,
With walls of alabaster white,
And o'er it bending
A temple dome
With gilded roof
And precious stones of
Like rainbow's prisms
Near and nearer to the gate,
Eager its bright to win,
An angel silently did wait,
To let him enter in.

All solemnly it spoke and sang.

As solemnly it spoke and sang,
On banners of pure topaz hung,
And high it sang:
Then his enraptured vision met
Splendors and forms untold,
Arches with pearls and rubies set,
Streets paved with burnished gold!
On every side the diamond's ray,
The emerald's bright green,
Glistening along the silent way,
Flashing their radiant chain!

Yet whatso'er he touched or saw,
Some mystery did hold;
Normal seemed the low,
And everything was cold.
Long rows of benches, marble white,
Cold, icy forms upbore,
And every brow, in clear, cold light,
A chilling coronet wore.

In every hand a harp of gold—
Yet from them came no tone;
And there they sat, while ages rolled,
Feeling a "great white throne."
A wondrous being sat thereon, with scepter in his hand,
Majestic, calm and fearless, in his deep silence grand;
Attendant angels drooped their wings, he never bade
them go.

Never upon the silent throng a word or look bestowed.
One angel long ago did kneel,
To plead for sinful man;
But never could this king repeal
"Foreordination's" plan!
One dropped a tear for damned souls
In burning, seething hell;
"Eternal wrath" forever rolls—
The least froze ere it fell.
Another strove to pass the gate,
To soothe a mortal's brow;
"But there it must forever wait,
Joy and cold as now."

"What place is this? who are these silent ones?"
Cries the sage, in deep despair;
And why upon those endless, icy thrones,
Sit ye forever there?
And who are these whose visionless, idle wings,
Like statues, fill the air?"
No voice replied, but the sharp air was riven.
By tones saying, "This is the Orthodox Heaven!"
He turned and fled, for he feared his soul
Would be congealed to stone;
Out through the gateway, down the long aisles,
He sped in silence, alone;

Passed the trees, where glistening ice-gems hung,
Passed sparkling waters, never upward flung;
The sea, whose frozen tide washes death-shells—
Yet every form he saw said, "No souls! no souls!"
Nor noticed he the joy air,
Nor saw the statue of Voltaire.
And out of the archway, beyond the scrolls,
He flew once more to the land of souls!
Shivering, he woke, when lo! the sun's bright ray
From the window had melted his frost-dream away.
Ever thus shall the cold creeds and sophisms of years
Be changed, by the sun of God's love, to tears!

The Laborer's Vision.

He had toiled all day in the busy field,
Where grew the waving corn,
Labored and toiled until his frame
Was weary and worn;
Near by was a grove, whose emerald leaves
Enticed him all day;
And thus beneath the drooping boughs
He laid him down to dream.
He thought he entered a country bright,
Where glory and beauty reigned,
And there was no toll, and right was might—
Love ruled the golden plain;
He tossed the rough shoes from off his feet,
His garments were like the day,
And the dew on the flowers, perfumed and sweet,
Kissed all his woes away.
Then he saw a rainbow temple rise,
With arches and pillars there;
Its shining dome met the bending skies;
And its spires rose grand and fair;
Majestic trees, prismatic in their glow,
Waved their long branches round,
Or trailed them, like a maiden's robe,
Upon the charmed ground.

Wondering in silent joy the while,
Who such strange beauties wrought,
An angel answered, with a smile,
"This is the realm of thought,
Yon temple, with its blending hues,
Are tears by mortals shed,
And God's great love lights up the gloom,
When men weep for the dead!"
All sorrowing souls had here a home,
And tears are changed to gems;
They're worn by those who pass Death's door
Fitting like diadems.
The sweat of the weary, toiling slave—
Gathered by angel's hand—
Is changed to pearl-drops, which shall lave
Their souls in this bright land!

"But what are those forms so strangely wrought,
Gleaming with hues from the sunlight caught?"
Gently and sweetly the angel answered then:
"The deeds of those who love their fellow men!
Those golden chains, link after link unbroken,
Are words of kindness to some sad heart spoken;
Those spires, whose light forever shall remain,
Are thoughts and deeds of sainted martyrs slain.
The graceful fescue and yew carrying there,
Are the results of honest labor's care;
The obelisk, gleaming from every tree,
Are human sighs changed to sweet melody;
O'er all you hear a more triumphant tone—
It is the charmed voice of the *Loddy One*."

"But," said the laborer, "shall we who toil,
Whose hands are dusty and worn,
Find rest in this temple of rainbow light—
This land of the golden morn?"
Whose feet, along the earth's weary way
Are pierced and bleeding and torn?
Whose hearts all rent with shafts of woe,
With many a cruel thorn?
Shall we ever dwell in this shining land?
Tell me, thou angel with lily-white hand."

"Oh, child of earth," the angel said,
This is for all a home;
The bleeding feet, the fainting heart,
Can to this temple come.
Whence'er your earnest thoughts aspire,
Those thoughts become a part
Of your home here, and each desire,
Fashioned with cunning art,
Makes here a tree, a rainbow shade,
Perhaps a pure white flower;
Thus is the "Kingdom of Heaven" made
By mortals e'er they tarry!"

"Can this be Heaven?" the laborer cried;
"I see no God of might;
God fills each atom of the shining air,
His love it is which lights up yonder dome."

"The tender mercy bids you hither come,
Fold all his weary ones close to his breast;
And with his loving tones soothes them to rest;
Kindles with his bright eye each burning star,
Rolls through eternal space in the sun's car,
Here, weary mortal, when life's cares are o'er,
Come thou and dwell with him, God, evermore."

The angel left him, but through the soft air
Was borne the music sweet
Of fluttering pinions, and the muffled sound
Of careful, gentle feet.
Around him stole the fragrant, balmy breath
Of thrilling tenderness.
No form saw he, nor heard a voice, but felt
A soothing caress;
Thus came his angel children, bringing flowers
On that summer's day;
Thus came his wife, from her sweet, heavenly bowers,
To chase his cares away.

He opened his eyes, but it only seemed
That he slept 'neath the trees and sweetly dreamed,
For the corn still waved in the dusty field,
And the warm sun glowed like a shining shield;
Yet for aye from his heart all sorrow was gone,
He trusted in God, feeling no more alone.

The Way of the Soul.

Impalpably it comes! yet, like a breath
Flashes the soul from the great Infinite
Into a fleeting life. Soul lives in space.
One ray, as from a sun, falls to the earth,
And kindles in a form of clay a spark
Of the eternal fire! In *Life dwells Death*.
Men live, but in that life he also dies,
Losing something of the supernatural light
Of God—for he must thus become a child.
Darkness and sorrow meet him at his birth,
Walking with him along life's weary way
Even to the grave! Cold fears and endless doubts
Haunt him like funeral dirges! Around,
In every hill and vale, he hears the tread
Of Time's fierce steed, tramping the forests down
Into oblivion! Hopes perish, too!
And death the withering curse of blighting hate,
Ambition's goal fades like a dream away!
Yet from the silent stars he hears a tone:
"Oh! I soul, oh! oh! life of God, ye live
Forever! That which seems a curse to-day,
To-morrow 'll be your joy, for Death is but
The messenger of Life! Ambition dies,
That soul may win through Disappointment's hand
The prize of life eternal! Every soul
From God proceeds, and never can depart
From his Great Presence! Like a germ, 'tis sown
In earth, and watered by the team of woe,
That in the future it may garner up
The fruits of Truth and Immortality!"

Maiden, sighing for a tone
Ever from this dark world gone:
Waiting for a footstep near,
Which thou never more wilt hear;
Longing with thine every breath
For a form now cold in death;
Watching for the eye whose light
Faded into endless night—
Upward look! The dark clouds move,
There behold thy risen love!
There's a smile, a sweet caress!
There's a pure, unfeeling joy,
Death can never more destroy!
Mother, weeping for thy child,
Where it looked on you and smiled;
Shedding bitter, burning tears,
O'er the buried hopes of years;
Weeping there in deepest woe,
Where the dainty form lies low
In its silent rest—
See the snowy, shining hand,
Pointing to the "Better Land!"
See the form that's floating by!
See the glory-beaming eye!
See the light in yonder sky!
There's your bride's most!

Philosopher, dreaming still
Of the strength of human will,
Of the mystic, subtle skill
In simple thought—
Remember the land of Death,
The joy realm without a breath,
Through matter wrought!
No star, nor sun in endless space,
No orb in Time's eternal race,
No beauty on sweet Nature's face,
Lives without soul.
Remember ye, that God is Life!
All sounds of harmony or strife
Are with His wondrous Being rife,
While ages roll!

Toller, bowed with woe and care,
Drooping in the stifling air,
"Neath the burdens you must bear,
Wait, calmly wait.
You'll not long in darkness grope!
Soon will dawn the Day of Hope!
Soon an angel's hand will open
Life's pearly gate!

There's a light deeper still than the minstrel has told,
When the soul bursts its chains, and is soaring on
high;
Where the lip never pales, and the heart ne'er grows
cold,
Where nothing of beauty or rapture can die,
And the faith of the spirit grows perfect and strong.
As it climbs up the heights on Eternity's shore,
While the anthems of Ages are floating along,
And the seraphs chant praises to Him evermore!

There are songs of rejoicing no poet can sing!
There's a gleaming of sun which no eye e'er beheld;
An Ocean, whose waters their bright billows fling,
Which no voice but Omnipotence ever has quelled!
There are states winding far through the mountains of
Truth,
Where freed souls, never tiring, walk up with firm
tread;
There are vast, rolling plains, where the Fountains of
Youth,
Baptize every spirit from realms of the Dead.

There are deep rivers flowing far into Life's sea,
Which bear on their bosoms the white sails of Thought;
Never wrecked, they float onward to Immensity—
From the shores of bright worlds their zephyrs are
caught.
There's a joy in each heart, and a light in each eye,
And downward to earth, on Affection's pure wing,
They come with the treasures they've gathered on high:
Hope, Faith, Love, and Purity, ever they bring.

CLOSING PRAYER.

Our Father! Thou Infinite God!
Hailing thy kingdom by the red

Of Love and Truth! at whose mightiest aid,
The stars in reverence bow!
Thy throne, thy crown, thy citadel,
Thy banner of Honor, thy mightiest spell—
All these are thine within which dwell—
The thoughts we wing of now!
All these are thoughts of Human souls,
Of whose spray, high-tossed and thund'ring,
Like countless oceans o'er the shoals,
Of everlasting life!
And then back, receding from the shore,
The distant murmur of the roar,
Lulled to rest, and never more
In heard the sound of strife!

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Ogle County, Ill., and vicinity,
will hold a three days' meeting on the grove on the
Fair Grounds, half a mile north of Ogle, commencing
on Sept. 4th 1883, at 2 o'clock P. M., and continuing
on Saturday and Sunday. A free platform has
been provided on all subjects relating to religion—
reform will be maintained, subject only to the rules of
decorum, the speakers alone being held responsible for
what is uttered. If the weather should be unfavorable
for out door exercises, the meeting will be held in the
Court House. Friends coming from a distance will be
provided for free of charge. Speakers engaged for the
occasion: B. Todd, of Ill., J. M. Peckham, of Mich.,
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of Wis., Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, of
Ohio, Mrs. E. B. Hobert, of Wis., Mrs. J. H. Merrill,
of Ill., and others are expected to be present.
The Davenport and the Fay Boys are expected to be
present and give scenes of their extraordinary mani-
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In female complaints, such as leucorrhoea, menorrhagia and
after parturition, they act as good astringents—the Indian
values them much as roots both in Canada and Mexico, and
is also their palliative for Consumption. The roots are
very beneficial, say a certain cure for indurated
glands and ulcers—after a poultice, it is said, they obviate the
need of cutting out indurated glands. The leaves are
useful applied to tumors."
—The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth and
he that is wise will not alter them—and he hath given out
the secret of them, that he might be honored in his power
and that he might be feared in his might. —Job 48:5-8.
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