

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE WORLD—A FRAGMENT.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.—SEARCH OF THE WINDS.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Seize me, ye winds of Skiddaw's misty top!
And I will make a girdle for the world,
And float, like orient morn, through all the realms
Of Earth, where I have lived so long and well.
I will entrance the listening winds, that sweep
The high and stormy Atlas of the world;
And see the view that sometimes caught my sight,
Of high, projecting capes, and headlands far,
Enveloped in the mighty shroud that lay
Like a giant necklace round the world,
And bore the images of misty years,
High on its ancient scroll of filmy work;
And compassed all the sea, that summoned up
Its thousand spectres to behold the sight.
I will entrance the listening winds, and speed
Over the sea, that greets me royally;
And feign the vengeance of an angry God,
And criticise the works that I have made.

"Ye works that I have made, and all ye realms
That own my sway, I summon you; prepare
To give account of all your naughty deeds.
Ye have provoked my vengeance by the way
Ye got my first command. 'Increase,' I said;
But ye have grown so numerous, that all
The powers of Earth and Air but ill suffice
To keep you in the bounds of righteousness.
I will destroy you utterly, and sweep
Remembrance of you from the Earth's broad
breast,
That nourished you like suckling innocents,
Until the milk of kindness curdled up,
Like cheese upon the press, that elfsoon goes
The way of all the other cheese that bears
The impress of the dairy's handiwork.

"Ye have rebelled in thought, and word, and deed;
And, as I made you for the opposite,
I have concluded that a screw is loose
In that high-pressing instrument in which
I placed the milk of all your kindnesses.
I will destroy you utterly, and make
A new creation, like the one I made
Perfect, and without fault in all its parts,
Except the foresaid screw, that must be loose
Somewhere—I know not where. But all day long
The clang of mighty Error rises up,
Like the harsh jar of Babel's luckless tower
That I will build in Shinar's fated plain;
Where all the harsh discordance of their words
Is insufficient to abate the work
That I prepared before the world was laid
As to its deep foundation. Mighty world!
How I have nestled on your budding germ,
That I did plant before the morning stars
Sang the new anthem of their rising light!
And, sacred in the memory of my love,
Did think me of the time when I should see
Trees, towers, cities, rising misty, vast,
Like the mirage that cheers the traveler
In the Saharan deserts of the South,
Where I will plant the race of mighty Ham,
Who will insult his father, in his need
Of kind indulgence for the weakness, which,
Nathless, I punish, as will be my wont.

"I will entrance the listening winds, that bear
My voice, as swift winged messengers, that come
At the low bidding of my secret will;
And I will sweep down the mountain sides
Dire vengeance, in the shape of rains, that come
Like the high Alpine torrents, that descend
With avalanche power to the vales;
And whelming, in their steep and headlong way,
Towns, cities, hamlets. Still the midnight winds
That howl in idleness around the crags
Of light and inventoried Ararat,
Where I shall rest the ark that he shall build,
Whom I commission to repeople Earth.
He shall engulf the waiting world; but all
Who truly shall repent, shall yet be saved.
But yet I know that none will venture it;
For I will harden every heart to stone,
Lest the uncompromising sweep should seem
Unworthy of the grandeur of my name.
I will invest the heart of sinful man
With new-found sinfulness, that I will make
For the occasion; like the dilettante
And quite fine discords placed upon the stave
Of music, when a master sings the strain.
I will entrap the littering world of man,
Like as a peasant of the Apennines
Entraps the offending wolf and all her cubs;
That yet are not so dire as he could wish,
Until, with tortures sedulously applied,
He makes them yelp dominion in their rage,
And then yield up their lives, a forfeit just
To the fine vengeance that he has in store.

"Answer me, spirits of the mighty wind!
Have I not laid the ante-fluvial world
Under great bonds to keep the future peace?"
I will entrance the listening winds again,
Until I find, through all my kingdoms vast,
Some spot where evil has not entered in.
I have some secret nations in the main,
Afar from all contaminating air
Of pestilential contact with the world
I made so very good, and found it not
Remain, as I had made it; though, indeed,
It was not bad enough for my designs
Concerning it; and had to make it worse,
By special hardening of the heart I made
Too soft for the desired weight of guilt.

I will entrance you, winds of Lucifer
Son of the morning, sweeping from the East;
And stay your silent course to the afar
Realm of uncounted millions, China vast,
And populous as the overflowing herds

Of bisons, that sweep down the table land
Of Tartary, and thunder at the gates
Of old Himalya mountains, that I greet,
High, vast, mysterious; solemnly enthroned
Upon the Asian Steppes, like the kings
Of tumbled and mummied Egypt. Therefore hail!

I will entreat the listening winds to sweep
Over the vales of Asia, to the sound
Of dulcet melodies that sometimes come
From thy old Pagan temples, mighty Ind,
That stand erect in all thy cities old;
And stray with mournful cadence in the aisles
Of Banian temples thronged among the trees,
And send a solitary feeling through
The hearts of all their worshippers. Again
Entrance me all the winds that rave and come,
Far-circling through the eddies of the world;
And I will seek, through every realm of earth,
A place where Evil is not. Have ye found?

Oh, mighty in its mournful cadences
Sweeps the high wind from all its sighing caves,
And says: "Nowhere, nowhere, inquiring shade
Have we found nook or cranny in the world
Where evil is not. Will ye give it up?"

"Never, until the place is found at last;
For I have worshipped late and early; made
My orison the earnest of my lay
That I have sang to Nature; mightily
Enrapt with all that was undoubted good;
And I will find the place where evil is not,
Or make that evil good. Choose which ye will.

I sent the searching winds through all the East,
And they came back appalled, saying to me:
"All, all is good! for we have never found
The place where evil is not. Therefore choose
The worship that ye will; Evil or Good;
For we have found no place where they are not
So mingled in the embrace of common fate,
That to entrance the one, would only make
The other howl more mournfully than before."

And I have left the winds to rave and howl
Nightly upon the verge of Tartary;
And make such music as elfsoon they may,
With all the listening jackalls of the plain.
I will entrance them once again; but I
Will do it with the cadences that come,
Like organ—harps from all the piping East;
Reverberating like the dulcet melody
Of untold harpers in the midnight wind.
Answer me, winds of midnight, coming low
Through the low roads of Dendora, the lost
And ruined city of the lower Nile:
Where is the unseen melody that floats
Through all your meshes of sweet music—gush
With all the vigor of untamed desire,
Through the inverted reeds that bending low,
Bow to the passing shadow of their God?
Ossego, N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NATURE VERSUS REVELATIONS.

BY P. S. BALLARD.

As we travel along the adamantine walks of life,
The echo of our feet pronounces the name of God.
In the munificence of order we behold the lowest
objects as well as the highest speaking His praises.
The grandeur of law pervades the universe, and
whispering breezes wake musical sentences that
we regard as prophecies. Turbulent waters lashed
into foaming billows corroborate their state-
ment louder than lethal voices.

Farcuments, whose pages we repeat in cadence,
often deceive us. Some in their credence seem to
think them faultless, and base their knowledge
on those written pages, offspring of causes. Ruptures
in Nature belching burning lava, these never
fathom. From turbid waters see them shrink
with horror, hiding their senses in those finite
chapters pregnant with error; but Truth, like the
sunbeam, speaks of God and Heaven, Life's best
evangel, rearing from chaos worlds of life and
beauty, passing, but real. In its embraces we are
safe from error, for error is finite, and moth doth
off corrupt it and its adherers.

Worlds of fruition beam like lights above us
calling mortals to attest the goodness of the Creator.
Mind is immortal. God has stamped upon
it endless duration, and pure affections spring
to life when mortals gain the conception of God in
Nature, whose divine injunction rests on His
labor.

Linguists may alter or amend the statements of
predecessors; but in the volume God himself has
written, "Truth stands triumphant." Read the
inscription along the starry pathway glowing
above us. Orbits, whose centre mind can never
fathom—pilgrims on duty—star to star repeateth,
"God our Creator."

Worthy of record is each tiny flower whose
breath perfumeeth breezes; songsters whose voices
fill the air with music, floating in the distance;
trees whose unfoldings spring from smallest
acorns; dew-drops descending, awakening not an
echo; all impart to Nature something substantial,
Summer and Winter each in turn discover some-
thing of value. Spring time expandeth buds that
reach forward even to Autumn; and days with-
out number come and go, that labor need not be
irksome. Labor is pleasant when the mind ap-
plies it to its unfoldment. This we discover in the
tree of knowledge, and on its branches hang those
fruits that yield joy and perfection.

Sweeter than friendship is the voice that woos us
to the All-Father; and we, as His children, should
rejoice that all things are proffered for our advan-
tage toward perfection. Leaving old land-marks,
let us hasten to witness what Truth is doing in
the mighty Present; for it is better to be moving
with the car of progress, than to be out-distanced by
the march of Ages, whose cycles repeat that the
God of Nature reaches His children through the
atomic structure of His Creation.

Such is Creation, and the Truth it teaches robes
all in beauty.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AFTER A BATTLE.

BY MISS J. S. ADAMS.

"And so, Laura, you have refused Robert
Gray?"

"The speaker was a woman of forty. There were
still traces of beauty upon her countenance, and
a stranger might have taken her for one much
younger. The daughter, to whom she addressed
the question, was a type of the mother, now in the
blush and beauty of eighteen.

"Yes, mother, I have; you have many times
told me that one should not give the hand when
the heart cannot accompany it."

"Are you quite sure, my child, that he has oc-
cupied no place in your heart? Have you ana-
lyzed all of your feelings toward him?"

Laura blushed crimson, and paled, a little im-
patiently:

"My own feelings must decide for me. I have
always enjoyed Robert Gray as an acquaintance,
nothing more."

"I sincerely hope you have given him no cause
to think of you as any more than a friend, yet I
scarcely think a man of his character and good
sense would have offered you his heart without
having previously received some encouragement
that it would be accepted."

"Why, mamma, we have roiled and walked to-
gether as friends and neighbors. He fancied, I
suppose, that he loved me, as many do before
they have seen much of the world. He will for-
get me in the excitement of military life, forget
that he even thought of me in the relation which
you seem to think he has held me."

"I hope it is so, Laura."

Mrs. Deane gave a deep sigh as her daughter
left the room. Before her came the vision of her
own girlhood days—days when her own fancy led
her from the heart that loved her best to a union
in no way suited to her nature. Ten years she
had lived in that union—a union externally, legal-
ly, but in spirit how divided! Seven years ago
she stood by the grave of him to whom she was
thus united. Then followed days and weeks, ay,
months of remorse to her soul so deep and an-
guished no pen could portray it. Waves of self-
accusation seemed to flood her entire being, and
counted all the differences of opinion as faults of
her own.

It was long before a healthy tone came over her
mind, and she could rest in the assurance that in-
tuitively came to be perceived by her, that blame
did not exist either in herself, or in him from
whom she had now parted, but that spiritually
they were not adapted to each other's require-
ments. Still it was a source of great peace to her
to know that amid all the inharmonies of their
union, she had labored to her utmost to please
him, and to be faithful to her vows.

As her daughter began to develop into woman-
hood, her vigor of thought returned; and she resolu-
tely determined that all that lay in her power
should be done to prevent her from making an
unsuitable match.

How happy, a few days ago, she felt when
Robert Gray asked Laura to become his wife.
How had all her fond hopes been blighted in a
moment when her daughter informed her of her
refusal!

That night, her only prayer to the All-Seeing
was, "FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE."

"No matter, mother, about the many little fix-
ings. You must remember I am to be a brave
soldier, and you must not make me tender."

"Do you think your regiment is to go im-
mediately to the front, Robert?" asked his mother,
still continuing to do up various comforts for her
boy, as she called him.

"We expect to go right to work. I like it; it's
better than lying still, and it helps drown the feel-
ings, too."

He did not mean to utter those words. The
quick ear of his parent caught them, and to her
sensitive nature they sounded as though they
were wrung from a suffering heart.

"You are sad at leaving us, Robert. Are you
sorry that you are to go?"

"I am only too glad to be of service to my coun-
try."

All his weakness was lost in that great, manly
reply, and for a moment he felt victorious over
love and emotion.

His mother might never have learned the grief
which was preying upon his soul's vitals, but for
the tear which he brushed away as he came across
some faded flowers among his books and papers
which he was looking over, perhaps for the last
time.

With a woman's intuition she saw and knew
all. The flowers she remembered as the gift of
Laura Deane to Robert one day when he had
been confined to the house by illness. She had
sent them over fresh from her garden and spark-
ling with morning dew.

The mother went to the son, and laid her hand
upon his aching, feverish head:

"Robert,"

The name was spoken with tenderest tones. It
thrilled his being. He laid his hand upon her
shoulder, and the strong, brave soldier wept.
It was a sad but a holy season—that brief half
hour—when, without words, the mother and son
conversed. Closer grew the bond between them.
His sorrow became her own, and grief shared,
loses more than half its bitterness.

"You will promise me one thing, mother," said
Robert, as the tea-bell summoned them away—
"promise me that you will be kind to Laura. We
must not blame her that she could not love me.
Will you promise me this?"

"I do."
"Haven't you got brother's things ready yet,
mother?" said a gay, light-hearted girl, as she
bounced into the room, impatient at the delay of
supper, for she was longing to try her new saddle
horse when the evening repast was over, and
Robert was to accompany her.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her sev-
eral times, in a playful manner, more to conceal
his own emotions than to give expression of his
love of her, though she was his household idol.

Tea was soon over, and brother and sister were
galloping over the roads lying in the shadows of
the great trees, that stood like guardians upon
either side. The girl's playful manner was like
the dancing wavelets that ripple the surface of
deep waters. Her joyousness was so abundant
that she did not notice the deep, thoughtful mood
of her brother. A sudden bend in the road re-
vealed two riders in advance of them.

"Look, Rob, see how splendidly she rides! Why,
it's Laura Deane! But who is that gentleman
with her?"

"Ah! that is Clyde Wellington; he is spending
the summer here."

"Where is he stopping?"

"At Mrs. Clifford's."

"Do you know him, Robert?"

"I do not—look here, Mattie, you are getting
very careless. Hold your reins more firmly. A
little tighter. There, now, turn into the next
cross-road, and we will go home by the old mill."

"Oh! but I wanted to get up with Laura," said
the thoughtless child in a tone of disappointment.

"But don't you see she has some one with her?
It would be quite rude in us to join them."

"You always used to ride with her before he
came. I hope he won't stay long—but, then, you
are going away! I should think Laura would
miss you."

"Look out for those low bushes, Mattie; you'll
certainly break your neck if you attempt to ride
these shandy roads alone!"

"Perhaps Laura will invite me to go with her."

"Be careful that you do not invite yourself, my
gay little sister. Here we are close by the old
mill."

Robert tried to enjoy the scenes before him, but
they were so associated with Laura, that the sight
of them only gave him pain. For a moment only
he gazed upon them, and then the two drove
rapidly away. The last time he visited the spot
she was with him. Then he had hoped no word
of his love, but his heart beat joyous and expectant,
and all the path before him was bright with
hope.

How, now, had the cup, all untasted, been
dashed from his lips?

"Look, Miss Deane, and see if you ever saw
anything so lovely as those clouds? You have
the most charming sunsets in Cliffdale I ever be-
held. Were it not for the imperative demand in
my nature for excitement and society, I should
certainly take up my abode here."

"Could we not offer any inducements for you
to dwell with us?"

"Attractions are not wanting;" and as the
young man said this, he fixed his full, earnest
gaze upon her.

Plain Robert Gray had never dared to gaze so
long and tenderly into her face, and in doing so
Clyde touched her vanity and self-love. She was
pleased with his speech, and compared his elo-
quent ease and manner with Robert's, congrat-
ulating herself upon the fact of being heart free.

The evening shadows reminded them that their
return must be thought of, and they turned their
horses in the direction of home. Mrs. Clifford had
invited a gay company at her house for the evening,
and it was proposed that after music and mirth
within doors, a sail should be had upon Sylvan
Lake—a name given by some romantic young ladies
to a pond near by. There was but little about the
water to justify so delicate a name. To be sure,
at one end there was a touch of beauty in a row
of thick pines that dipped their branches beneath
its surface and mirrored their graceful forms
upon it, but this was all. The rest of its borders
were barren, save such life as sought an existence
in a few half dead trees that shot out horizontally
from the crevices of the rocks, and seemed desper-
ately determined to rest their heads on some
blackberry vines below.

After spending the evening with the family,
Robert Gray went to walk. He needed to be
alone with his thoughts. The emotions produced
by the fact of parting from his family and friends,
perhaps forever, were great enough, indeed, but
added to these was the disappointment of his
heart. Truly he had a contest of feelings to en-
counter, as well as the enemies of his country in
the field. But he must learn to meet it bravely,
as others had done, and like them grow strong.

He walked rapidly, and found himself close be-
side the lake before he was aware of the direction
he had taken, so deeply was his meditative mood
entrancing him. The sound of happy voices rang
out on the evening air. Among them he recog-
nized that of Laura. How the heart to which she
should have been folded throbbled with pain.

Peal after peal of laughter came over the lake,
each outburst intensifying his sorrow. He tried
to leave, but some spell seemed to chain him to
the spot. A dark cloud, like a pall, at that mo-
ment shrouded the moon. A sudden change of
wind sent the dark clouds, thick and black, from
the east. The waters of the lake began to heave
in commotion. The tone of the voices changed
from that of hilarity to one of fear. Soon he re-
cognized the sound of a sail-boat approaching.
Robert strained his eyes, but the darkness ob-
scured everything from his sight. He only knew
that the boat was being driven furiously to the
shore. He hesitated to think of what might hap-
pen should the boat be dashed upon the rocks,
and he too far from any dwelling to procure as-
sistance.

"Oh, Mr. Wellington, oh, save me! We shall
be dashed to pieces," were the words that came

distinctly to his ears. The loud roaring of the
wind drowned the answer to the pleading voice.

Nearer came the voices, fiercer the waves raved
—then a crash. The boat had been dashed upon
the rocks, as had been feared. One cry, Robert
heard but one, and leaped into the water. A flash
of lightning revealed to him the sinking form of
Laura. He struggled, and with almost superhu-
man effort bore her in his arms to the shore. Then
—but only for an instant, he struggled with hu-
man thoughts, the next, the man rose triumphant
over self. Again he plunged amid the turbulent
waves, and drew the exhausted form of Clyde
Wellington to the shore. He had clung to the
wreck, and the waves dashed over him until his
breath was almost gone. The two thus secured,
Robert hastened to the nearest dwelling, and soon
returned with men and lanterns.

Did Laura know who her preserver was? At
the moment he grasped her she knew the hand
that rescued her from death, and the keenest ar-
rows of remorse entered her heart.

The men bore her to the house. Mr. Wellington
busied himself about himself, taking particular
pains to see that he was comfortably wrapped in
blankets, which, at Robert's request, had been
brought. By the latter's exertions all the party
of the boat had been safely brought to the shore,
with the exception of two young ladies, who were
drowned immediately on the upsetting of the boat.
It was said intelligently to convey to Mrs. Clifford,
who felt in a measure responsible to their parents
for their safe return to their homes. The bodies
were not found that night, but the next day they
were secured and sent to the homes made desolate
by the sad disaster.

After all were well cared for, Robert returned
home and related to his ever-anxious mother the
events of the evening. She loved him for his nobil-
ity, and prayed that his brave heart might as
faithfully serve his country.

Had Laura Deane been less favored with for-
tune's gifts she might, perhaps, have been proud
of the offer of one so noble and true as Robert
Gray. As it was, she, like most young girls, had
an ideal of a lover something above the ordi-
nary standard—some one whom she had not seen in
her daily walks of life—one who had seen the
world, and possessed elegance and refinement.
In after years she learned that true refinement
has its basis in principle. She learned to discrim-
inate between external mannerism and true eleg-
ance. Had she been less favored in this world's
goods, she might never have spurned the offer of
a manly heart; but confident and at rest as re-
garded her material comfort, with very little
knowledge of the world or of herself, she existed
in a sort of ideal world. To her young and ro-
mantic imagination the person who might claim
her hand must be brought to her life by some
great, stirring event—something out of the com-
mon course. Her fancy had been strongly im-
pressed already by young Wellington, but after
the danger of that hour a new feeling had come
upon her. She thought less of the new acquaint-
ance, and more of the old faithful friend.

The next day as she sat wrapped in blankets in
the great arm-chair, her eyes kept constantly turn-
ing toward the house of Robert. The sun went
down, still he did not come.

"Do you think, mamma," she said, unable longer
to keep the subject of her thoughts to herself,
"that Robert would go without bidding us good-
by?"

"Why, he's been gone three hours. He took
the morning train. He came here, but you was
asleep, and he would not have you awakened.
He left a good-by for you."

Laura turned deathly pale at the words of her
mother. It did not escape the notice of Mrs. Deane,
who thus became more convinced than ever that
her child was self-deceived in regard to her own
feelings. But she found comfort in the thought
that time would throw light upon the subject.

That evening Clyde Wellington called. In the
fascination of his smiles and flatteries, Laura for-
got for the time her sadness, and when he left the
flush of joy even was upon her features. Each
day brought him to the house of Mrs. Deane.
Sometimes he took a long ramble in the grove,
often with book in hand, from which he would
read for an hour or more. His voice was deep
and well modulated; his selections made with
fine, appreciative taste, and it was not strange
that after such interviews Laura grew to admire
him, to consider his presence necessary for her
happiness. When he was absent she became dull
and listless. And yet it was not "happiness"
that she experienced in his society, though it was
what the world generally calls such. It was ex-
citement and pleasure—a spasmodic joy that came
and went like fever flashes of heat. Happiness is
a permanent bliss that steadily floats our life
barque—pleasure, like mad waves, is fitful, and
though at one moment it mounts us to the sky, it
may in the next dash us upon hidden rocks, or cu-
gulf us in ruin.

The summer glided away. Autumn came, and
painted the field and forest with rich, golden hues.
Clyde Wellington left Cliffdale when the roses
faded. His departure gave Laura an opportunity
to analyze her real feelings toward him. She had
enjoyed his society, but there never came over
her spirit the healthy glow which she felt after a
season with Robert.

Her vanity had been flattered by the preference
Clyde had shown for her society, but he had
left without even asking permission to write to
her. She thought of Robert, struggling, perhaps,
in battle, and wished she had not been so hasty in
her decision. She even longed to hear some tid-
ings of him, and she determined that very even-
ing to call upon her neighbors and try to glean
something from them respecting him.

As she walked down the well-worn path that
led from their garden to Mrs. Gray's, it seemed as
though the grass had grown over the walk. She
felt rebuked by her conscience, and ashamed of
her neglect of kind friends.

Mattie met her at the door, and taking her hand

Poems by A. W. Sprague.

Those of us who knew in life the noble impulses that governed the author of this volume of poems, can never act the part of critic. There was, in her, the true womanly soul, in whose presence one felt the inspiration of something diviner than genius. From her steady, earnest eye, the determination to do the noblest and best, ever looked; and in her quiet manner, one felt the power and strength of interior aspiration. She has left in many a heart sweet recollections, and they do not need any testimonies of what she ever promised unto herself to do and become. None who knew her could ever doubt her under any circumstances. The present volume of poems opens again to her friends that inner sanctuary of her soul, where she sought not earthly fame, or even earthly love, but only to feel the light of divine life, which should quicken every power and attribute of her nature. They lack finish, for she had no opportunity to revise them; and they show the phases of her thought as different subjects and scenes came before her, rather than artistic study. But they are ever upward in their tendency, and breathe a voice of quickened aspiration. "The Real Prayer" shows so tender and loving an appreciation of pure devotion, that we copy it entire:

THE REAL PRAYER.

I stood within a shadowy-aisled Cathedral, vast and dim, And listened to the organ's tone, Like a perpetual hymn. 'T was not the time for service grand, When thousands gather there; Only a few, with stricken hearts, Bent low in silent prayer. The pictures on the walls were works Of some great master hand, And bade the solemn past return, Like faded magnificence. And what a heaven was in the eye And face, upturned, divine, Of that Madonna! Could one help But bow at such a shrine? And, oh, the agony of him— The Christ upon the tree! I turned away, so much, too much, Like stern reality. And saint and martyr, bearing rack And torture for "His sake," O'er all the walls; enough it seemed The heart well-nigh to break. I looked again at those in prayer, And said, "Who knows the heart? Those pictures, like reality, Are but the works of art; And may not these be pictured prayers— The essence passed away— Devotion's form without the soul, The worshippers to-day?" I panted in thought, and said, "Thy soul, Religion, tell me where?" When through the open door there came An answer to my prayer: A ragged little errand-boy, With bundle in his hand, Walked silently, and bent him down Where I had dared to stand. He dropped the bundle by his side, And crossed his hands in prayer, And lifted up his little face, A living picture there. And what an earnest speaking face! How eloquent the form! Face, form, and ragged garments said, "God shield me from the storm." Madonna, saint, and martyr-face, Faded like mist away. "The past be with the past," I said; "Devotion lives, and that is true. That look of earnest, trusting faith, No hypocrite may wear: This poor, lone, friendless, kneeling child— The very soul of prayer!" Day after day I've seen them kneel; Long prayers I've often heard; But never one like that to me— That prayer without a word. And when I weary of the guilt That in devotion shares, I think of that young worshiper, And still keep faith in prayer. Her cheerful, earnest purpose in life, is breathed forth in "Let the Saints be Glad in Heaven:" "I'd rather have a step that brings A joy at every tread, Than all the silver sandals worn By saints to earth long dead. Then bring me life, an earthly life! And let me live it true, Before, O blessed saints in Heaven! I come to live with you." We are told that the poem entitled "The Post" was written with very great rapidity. It has many passages of noble sentiment, and breathes of that living fire, that even then was consuming the too frail body. How much we need such inspired speakers, we must all feel; but are they not living unto us still? On one of the first days after our well-beloved friend had entered his higher life, she came to us, and in beautiful, loving words spoke to us, and told of her entrance into the beautiful realm of spirit-life. There was about her a freshness of life that we had never seen with her on earth. Her soul seemed exultant in its new-found joys. Shall we doubt that with that increased power she still does the work she so loved to do, viz., to labor for the elevation of human spirits? We will trust in the living inspiration that she seeks to bestow, and feeling her calm, strong life still operating for the good of the world, trust still, and labor still, and strive to aid her in doing all she would have done. L. M. W.

Spiritualists' Levee.

In accordance with the notice given in the BANNER of the 25th ult., the Spiritualists of Eden Mills and vicinity, held a Levee on the 4th inst. The weather was favorable, and at ten o'clock, A. M., people had collected, according to various estimates, from fifteen hundred to two thousand. At eleven o'clock a procession formed, preceded by the Eden Brass Band, and marched to the grove. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. Charles A. White, who remarked that eighty-eight years ago our forefathers met to take measures to free themselves from the British yoke, and we have met to-day to free ourselves from the yoke of Greed, Bigotry and Superstition. The audience then listened to one of Mr. Denton's poems recited by Mr. Bent of Wisconsin, in a trance state. He then delivered a beautiful, deep, and sound discourse on the "Old Dispensation and the New." Mrs. A. P. Brown of St. Johnsbury, Vt., entranced, gave a pungent address upon "The Devil, His Origin, Locality and Use." She then read a poem by Miss A. W. Sprague. Volunteer speakers were then called for, and responded in very short addresses by two or three. We were favored with numerous pieces by the Choir and Band during the exercises. Those who were disposed then repaired to the tables where a substantial repast was prepared for the physical man by Messrs. S. Scott and G. W. Denio. In the evening there was a dance in Denio's Hall, in which many participated. Thus passed the first Spiritualists' Levee ever held in these parts, and, although great things were not aimed at, yet we trust much good will eventually result from it. H. C. QUINCY, Sec'y.

P. S.—Chas. Crane of Hydepark, and Albert Holsden of South Troy, Vt., were appointed delegates to the National Spiritual Convention, to be held in Chicago in August. H. C. Q. Lowell, Vt., July 4th, 1864.

There are ten thousand Swiss emigrants at Havre and other ports waiting passage to this country. The Swiss appreciate America.

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

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Follow the Intuitions.

If, while we paid due respect to the reason, and allowed it full play in its own particular sphere, we at the same time gave all the room and margin which belonged to the intuitions, to the silent but powerful instincts of the being, reposing as it were rather on the perceptions of the spirit than on the reasonings of the faculties, we think there is little doubt that there would be very much fewer mistakes than are made in life, and very much more uprightness and honesty of conduct. The fact is, we are not surcharged with faith; we are not willing to take a plunge into the divine current, believing that we can swim there if we do but believe we can. By trusting to our reason as much as we do, and by employing it to the extent we do, we come to think that to succeed as men and women in the world we need but whet and sharpen our intellectual faculties, and keep bright and glittering the blades of wit and reason; but further experience in life undeceives us on this point, and we come at length to learn that there is vastly more power in soul than in mind, and that the individual who actually and practically trusts in God as he goes along will in the end find himself further advanced and better developed than if he had boasted of the highest gifts which a generous Providence had vouchsafed him. There is so much more in growth than there is in gift. The spirit is so much the superior of the mind.

We run our eyes, the other day, over an address before a Commercial College in New York, by one of the Professors, or Teachers, in which he says, that every man living, no matter what his calling or condition, had a peculiar vein of philosophy running through his life and conduct; and that that line might be as old as Plato or Socrates. The lecturer therefore laid down the principle with all possible emphasis, that "ethics should be taught as well as accounts." In discussing the tenets and characters of the ancient philosophers, he divided them into two classes—those who tended to empiricism, and those who tended to idealism. He thought the effect of the power was to lead to skepticism, wild reasonings, and that their teachings in too many instances resulted in demoralization. Of the latter, however—the idealists—he thought the result of their teachings led to devotion, to principle and the natural elevation of man. He further set up the claim that the intuitions of the soul were the true unitary standard of appeal, in all questions pertaining to morals and to the infinite. He held that men are too much in their reasonings, and not enough in their intuitions; and that this was proved sufficiently by the course which men too generally pursue in life. If they wanted to prove slavery, or any form of gratification to be right, they could find plenty of argument; while, after all, their intuitions were to the contrary.

The intellect is whetted to sharpness to realize its ends. But if men, not ignoring reason, but allowing it its proper and legitimate sphere, would prove true to their innate sense, there would be far less trouble resulting in society. There would naturally follow a higher type of manhood in man. If we do but stop to observe with care, we shall find it is the intuitive class in whom we confide, as a general thing. All the Christian graces blossom in their souls. They spread abroad life, health, and sanity among the nations, and are the real pillars of the true Church, and the buttresses of all true and enduring government. We are decidedly and emphatically of the gifted lecturer's opinion in relation to the value and reliability of intuition over reason. To whet and sharpen the intellects is one thing—to awaken and employ the full powers of the soul is quite another. The man who approaches us with his soul, rather than with the powers of his mind, is our man; he can come close to us, reach our inner qualities, get hold of our feelings and sympathies. And so in his own career—he must follow his own impressions if he would be what he can be, what he is capable of being, and what he really ought to be. If he goes ahead, reasoning his way along until he has got where he thinks (not knows) he ought to be, he will never be the individual which it lies within his power to be, neither will he perform that service among his fellows which is clearly within every person's power and privilege.

The Alabama and Kearsarge.

The excitement over the naval fight between these two vessels in the English Channel, is still kept up in the French capital, and manifests itself in a variety of ways. One of the first of the French marine painters has already painted and sent to New York a large picture of the fight, and is engaged upon another, which is to be presented to Capt. Winslow by subscription. The combat is an endless subject of discussion, too, among naval and scientific men. It has likewise entered into literature; and even the restaurants have allusions to it on their bills of fare. And, worse than all, Capt. Winslow has had poetry about the matter inflicted upon him, which speaks of "concealed thunder" and of "monster guns which worry Neptune and vex the mighty deep."

French Sympathy.

Both Napoleon and the French people are hostile in their disposition toward us, and would do us incalculable harm if they only had the power. The Emperor of the French, however, does not know exactly how to enter upon an experiment with our strength and resolution, while he has to furnish so large a force as he does for the subjugation of Mexico. He would be glad to pitch into our interests, if he did but dare; but the business he has undertaken against the Mexicans will be likely to occupy all the men he will have to spare on this side the Atlantic. He is not doing the Mexicans so much harm, after all, as he is doing us good. The forty or fifty thousand men he keeps there do not allow him a very large margin of men to calculate on, as an invading force against the Government of the United States.

Mr. Home's Case before the British House of Commons.

Mr. Home's expulsion from Rome has been made the subject of inquiry in the British House of Commons. Mr. Rochford, who presented the case, claimed protection for Mr. Home, "against the tyranny of the Roman Government." Messrs. Layard, Hennessy and Scully—the last two being Catholics—opposed the claim, and sought to cast ridicule upon the whole matter. Mr. Scully said he did not believe in any spirit, except the case of the "Witch of Endor," which remark excited the laughter of the house. Upon this Mr. Coleman makes the following comment:

"I happen to know that if Mr. V. Scully will ask the opinion of the prince of his Church, Cardinal Wiseman, he will find a very different measure of belief. It is only a few weeks ago that Cardinal Wiseman, in speaking of the modern spirit manifestations to one of his flock, said that he entirely believed in them, and that he could not be a Catholic without doing so."

The conclusion of the whole matter in the House of Commons was, that nothing was done; in the words of the reporter, "the subject was dropped."

Subsequently the following paper was drawn up by the friends of Mr. Home, and is being very generally subscribed to:

"The undersigned, indignant at the unjust expulsion of Mr. Home from the Eternal City, and only without having been guilty of offence, but without any charge of wrongdoing being urged against him, desire to record their sense of the persecution to which he has been subjected.

The Foreign Minister having vainly sought to obtain redress for this outrage on the rights of a British subject, and Mr. Home having incurred considerable pecuniary loss by a sudden and forced ejection from Rome when all his arrangements had been made with a view to pursue his studies as a sculptor, we have entered into a subscription to relieve him of such pecuniary loss, to which we invite the cooperation of those who consider his case one of indefensible and gross oppression.

We desire also to place on record our confidence in the integrity of Mr. Daniel D. Home, and thus give expression to the sentiments of respect and esteem with which we regard him."

"And Darkness Supervened."

A clergyman of Chelsea, one Mr. Morgan, has recently taken his turn in the exposing of Spiritualism. At the close of his last lecture, a woman whom our friend Mason, of the Telegraph, designates as a "medium inspired to refute the statements of the preacher," arose to address the audience, "but before she had time to make her announcement distinctly to all, the gas was turned off, and darkness supervened." Add this to the darkness in which the preacher had already mantled the audience, and that of an Egyptian night must have been as noonday to it. This is apt to be the case when a man whose only knowledge of Spiritualism is derived from hearsay, or from a prejudiced examination, undertakes to enlighten a congregation of persons who are willing to subscribe amen to every word he utters, even before they know what the word is.

It was a fitting close for the evening; a proper benediction upon a people willing to sit and listen to remarks intended to disprove a truth which is the corner-stone of the Christian religion, and the very life and soul of the holy Scriptures.

Were the gentleman's arguments against Spiritualism so weak that he feared a woman's words might possibly destroy their force? Had he nothing but darkness with which to meet her? As the people creep slowly and carefully from their pews, stumbling over stray objects upon the floor, and feeling with outstretched hands their way along, holding fast upon the pew-doors, and so found their way out of the darkened house, strange thoughts must have passed through their minds. When they came all was light and cheerful; when they left all was dark and cheerless. They came for light and they obtained darkness. When the preacher who thus chose to leave his hearers in the dark, puts away the MSS. of that discourse for future use, it would not be inappropriate for him to make a memorandum upon the back of it, somewhat in this form: "Preached this in Chelsea, June, 1864; and darkness supervened."

National Sailors' Fair.

While much has been done for our soldiers of the army, that other, and equally important arm of our national defence, the navy, has been comparatively overlooked. We are pleased, therefore, to see a move made in its behalf, and that a great Fair is to be held in this city for the purpose of providing a home for the disabled sailors who have periled their lives in defence of their country, and for whom the Government has made no provision, except in cases of those who have been in the service twenty years. A managing committee has been appointed, comprising a large number of the most wealthy and influential gentlemen and ladies of this city and vicinity, and a call is made on the loyal and patriotic men and women of our land to aid in the good cause by contribution, either of money or articles of taste and utility. It is confidently believed that the subject need only to be brought before the public to enlist the sympathy and cooperation of all.

A Word of Caution.

One of our most reliable commercial journals remarks that, if we would avoid riots and bloodshed in our cities this winter, the whole community must be determined that prices shall come down. It calls on all the banks to refuse to discount a note that will enable parties to hold up still higher their merchandise. By rigidly adopting this course, it says, they will help the whole community; and before the rigors of another winter set in, we shall see many staples at one half their present prices. And we are assured that there is no lack of coffee, tea, sugar and molasses, and many other foreign goods; that our importations are much larger than usual, and never was there such an abundance of all domestic produce.

Atlanta.

We have every reason to believe that, before this issue of the BANNER will be in the hands of the reader, intelligence will come of the fall of Atlanta. Johnston offered no resistance at all to the advance of Sherman, who had marched southward from the Chattahoochee River, and was within shelling distance of Atlanta. The rebel commander had retired within the defences of the place, and the Union General was getting ready to invest it. There can be but one opinion respecting its fate. If Johnston has really concluded to make his last stand here and now, no doubt Sherman will be very glad to be made aware of it.

The Indians.

A California correspondent suggests that at some of our Conventions an effort be made in behalf of the Indians. He thinks that something should be done to rescue them from the ditch into which they have been driven by heartless men, who, in order to elevate themselves, tread upon the prostrate forms of their brethren. The same writer speaks very highly of Dr. Child's speech on Non-Resistance, as reported in our issue of March 9.

The Chicago Convention—Spiritualism and Politics.

We see it stated in one of our exchanges that the Spiritual Convention to be held in Chicago, on the 9th of August, is for the purpose of forming a political organization. The editor further states, what he likewise knows to be untrue, that the "convocation has been brought about by the Democratic National Executive Committee," and that the Convention of that party was postponed to await the action of the Spiritualists!

We claim to be informed as much as any one of the plans and purposes of the Convention, and we deny, most emphatically, that they have any political basis whatever. Such a denial on our part may seem uncalled for by some of our readers, but in a time like the present, when everything is being drawn into the political vortex, we deem it best to throw an obstacle in the way of the progress of such a false rumor, at its start.

No one can deny that Spiritualism has become a power. The belief in this fact is apparent in this attempt to wed it to a political party. But the nature of that power is very far from being comprehended by the world at large. It is cosmopolitan in its character, not confined to any people or country, and when it is brought into action the whole race of man will feel its quickening and elevating influence. In what way this great lever will move the world we cannot say, neither can any one; but this one thing we do know, it will not become leagued with any existing political organization, or employ the platform of any "party" as a fulcrum. The time is rapidly approaching when the world will be startled by a voice that shall say unto every form of oppression and wrong—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

A New Polar Expedition.

Mr. C. F. Hall, the well known Arctic Explorer, who passed three years, from '60 to '62, among the Esquimaux, sailed July 15th, from New London, Conn., on a second expedition of discovery in the North Polar regions. His life there has only sharpened his zeal to know still more about the latitude and the people, and the very labors and hardships he has hitherto endured throw a romantic coloring around the expedition, which makes it more attractive to him than ever. His only companions on this voyage will be an Esquimaux and his wife, whom he brought back with him, and has supported at his own expense, and instructed in the ways of civilization. A thoroughly-fitted whale-boat is the only vessel Capt. Hall takes, and his supplies consist of clothing and pemmican for himself, necessary instruments and books, and an assortment of goods to trade with the Esquimaux for food, and to pay those whom he will engage to serve him. Capt. Hall has already acquired the Esquimaux language, is familiar with their habits, is known favorably to the people of a large region, and will remain with them from two to three years. He will travel with them in their annual migrations, and will spread everywhere the knowledge of his purpose to learn new particulars concerning the fate of Sir John Franklin, and any other matters of interest in the almost unexplored regions of the North. He proposes to make his winter quarters at Repulse Bay, which is the most northerly-northwest point of Hudson's Bay. Then, by means of dogs and sledges, he will make his way to King William's Sound and Boothia Peninsula. While there, he will visit the north magnetic pole, and commence a series of magnetic experiments. In this vicinity of the country he will stay, perhaps, two years.

No Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury has been forced to return to Washington without negotiating the loan of fifty millions on which he counted in New York; the difficulty arising not from a want of willingness on the part of the Banks to lend that amount of money, but from a clause in the law authorizing the loan. The expectation now is that the Secretary will at once put a six per cent. par loan upon the country, which we have every reason to believe will be at once taken. The Government is behind with its obligations already, to the amount of ninety millions of dollars, and there is no resource left, save in a loan. The Secretary, at any rate, takes back word with him to Washington, that the confidence in the financial strength of the Government, on the part of moneyed men, is unshaken; his impressions, after his week's visit to Wall street, are of the most cheering character. The latest indications are that the Secretary will ask the people to take seven and three-tenths interest bearing Treasury notes at par, convertible or not, according to his option, at their maturity in three years, into six per cents, interest payable in gold, in long bonds. To this denomination of notes he may also add a large amount of compound interest six per cent. legal tender notes and gold bearing bonds.

Monumental Designs.

The committee who have in charge the design and erection of a monument at Gettysburg to commemorate the valor of the brave men who there gave up their lives in 1863, have given notice to competitors for a design that they do not desire to receive a plan for a tall obelisk or column. Undoubtedly, therefore, they will take up with some squat and unexpressive affair, whose base will not begin to hold the names of the four thousand heroes whose blood sealed the victory which was gained for the Union cause on that spot. It is believed to be better that they should not proceed at all, if they design to confine their artists to some wretched plan. To be at all a success, Art must be married to Religion, as it was in the middle ages. This designing a work of art for money is like writing a poem for pay—what is the inspiration worth which gives it life? The cathedrals of old Europe were erected by men who wrought at their tasks with religious fervor and zeal, and not for hire and pay; and if we would have similar productions in our time to become significant to future generations, we must work for similar motives.

The Weather and Crops.

We are all of us rejoiced to hear that the recent rains at the West have done so much good as they have. In Illinois, which is the greatest grain growing State, the crops have been greatly benefited. They are now busily engaged in gathering in their wheat harvest in the southern portion of the State, and the yield is related to be equal to that of last year. And the papers of the great western cities inform us that the wheat and grain crops are in a most promising condition, and calculated to cheer the hearts of all who behold them. The trouble now, however, will be about help to get in the harvest; that is liable to prove as serious a cause of mischief as bad weather. But there always is "a something" to pay with the agricultural business, as there probably is in every other, and we need not give our minds excessive trouble over the idea that there will not be enough to eat, in the first place, and plenty of labor of some kind to get it into the granaries and store-rooms.

The Opposition in England Yielding.

"The Wizard of the North," Mr. Anderson, who made such an ado in New York a few years since with his pretended exposure of Spiritualism, has recently been engaged in the same thankless task in Scotland. He draws large audiences, and puts money in his purse, but entirely fails to satisfy the majority of his audiences. As Mr. A.'s business is to deceive by his tricks, nothing better than deception can be expected when he undertakes to show how "spiritual manifestations" are produced.

A Mr. Taylor lectured for many months in London pretending to expose "the spirit-rapping impostures," but it appears now that Mr. T. was from the very first a believer, and was fully aware that his tricks in no way accounted for the real phenomena of true mediumship. His wife was a medium, and by her he obtained some of the most remarkable manifestations. Mr. Taylor has recently expressed a wish to enter the field as a lecturer in favor of Spiritualism.

One more—a Mr. Chadwick has for years, as a public lecturer in England, opposed Spiritualism, and has been sincere in doing so. Evidences, however, accumulated so abundantly in proof of its genuineness, that he has been compelled to yield, and is now not only lecturing in support of its truth, but has commenced the publication of a paper entitled "The Spirit-World."

The Convention—Answer to Correspondents.

In reply to inquiries made by several of our correspondents, we are authorized by Dr. H. F. Gardner, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, to state that a person attending the Convention at Chicago, need not necessarily be a regularly appointed delegate in order to take a part in its proceedings. It is to be a mass Convention, open and free to all Spiritualists. No credentials, therefore, will be required other than an interest in the objects of the meeting, and the fact that a person is present is sufficient proof that he possesses that.

By reference to the official call on our eighth page, it will be seen that some changes have been made in the prices of fare to and from the Convention, and we would request all inquirers to read the call attentively, and observe how broad and liberal it is.

We are not informed of any special arrangement having been made with railroads and steamboats at the West, but presume that the friends of the cause there will see that something is done. It is desirable that this be attended to at as early a day as possible, in order that the public may be duly informed in time of any arrangement that may be made.

Call for Men.

The new call of the President for half a million of men is based on the supposition that the grand army in Virginia must be kept up at its maximum, in order to wear out the forces under Lee. Volunteers may be received for fifty days, after which the deficit will be supplied by draft. The volunteers, however, will be taken for one, two or three years; but the draft is but for one year. This makes it comparatively easy. Those who go into service this year will not be summoned to duty in the field at present, but will be provided very shortly with winter quarters; the term of service is brief, the bounties liberal, and the prospect is that this is, in any event, the last year of the rebellion. If Grant be faithfully supported, he will certainly capture Richmond and destroy Lee's army. There is no more doubt of that than that the sun will rise to-morrow.

Awful Accident.

As we remarked a week or two ago, this is the season for accidents on steamboats and railroads. There is a real glut of them. The last was the horrible wholesale slaughter committed on the Erie road, one train smashing at full speed around a curve into another, and a train laden with rebel prisoners and their Union guards, numbering about a thousand men in all, losing a little short of a hundred men killed outright, and more than a hundred wounded. The accident occurred merely from the telegraph operator or agent at one station neglecting to inform the operator at the next station that a train had the track, and to let no other train advance until the road was clear.

Sealed Letters.—Illness of the Medium.

The public are requested not to forward any sealed letters to our care for the medium to answer; at present, as her health will not allow her to sit for the purpose of receiving responses to such letters. Letters already sent to this office for answer, we shall retain for awhile, in the hope that the medium may soon be able to answer them. If not, they will be returned agreeably to our standing notice. Due notice will be given when the medium regains her health sufficiently to resume her duties in the holy calling for which she has been chosen by the angel-world.

A New Paper in California.

THE GOLDEN GATE is the name of a new weekly paper published in Sacramento, the first two numbers of which we have just received. It is designed to be a free paper, devoted to the investigation of spiritual science, and the development of a progressive humanity. It is edited by Mrs. Frances H. McDougall, is neatly printed, and promises to be a valuable aid to the cause for whose special advocacy it is established. A more beautiful and appropriate name could scarcely be conceived of, and we trust it may prove to be many a "golden gate" through whose open portals they may see peace, joy and increased happiness. We commend it to the attention and patronage of our California friends.

Delegates to the Convention.

The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., "appreciating the importance of the National Convention," have chosen the following named gentlemen to represent them at the Convention to be held in Chicago, August 9th: Messrs. Wm. G. R. Mowrey, Immanuel Searle, Lauriston Towne, C. V. Kenyon, and L. K. Joslin.

At a meeting of Spiritualists on the 4th inst., at Eden Mills, Vermont, Messrs. Charles Crane of Hydepark, and Albert Holsden of South Troy, were selected as delegates to the above Convention.

Dr. J. H. Newton.

This world-renowned healing medium has gone to Europe. He left this port in the steamer Asia, for Liverpool, last Wednesday, July 20th. Our numerous correspondents who are daily writing to us to learn the doctor's whereabouts, will please notice the above fact.

Dr. L. K. Conoley.

This efficient co-laborer in the Spiritual ranks, requests us to say that he intends laboring in the Western States after the National Convention adjourns. Those wishing his services, either for lecturing or healing, should address him at Chicago, Ill., on or before the 9th of August.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim. These Messages indicate that spirits enter with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth—where in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room. Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Tuesday, June 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Felix Zollicoffer, his family, to his mother, in Fishersville, Ohio; Mary Kelley, to Mr. Rowell, of New York City; Charles Fisher, son of Wm. Anson Fisher, of New York, who died in Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Mary Ann Fisher, to her mother, in New York City. Thursday, June 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Elizabeth Oliver, to her brother, in Cleveland, O.; Wm. L. Smith, to his family, in Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Mary Ann Fisher, to her mother, in New York City. Friday, June 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. G. S. Wise, to friends in Virginia; Alonzo M. Jones, to his mother, in Chelsea, Mass.; Patrick White, to his friends in this city; Margaret Moore, of Manchester, Eng., to her parents. Tuesday, June 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Communication from Gen. Landers, Joe Green, to his mother, and Mr. Albert H. A. Graham, of Savannah, Ga., to his father. Thursday, June 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rebecca Fluxter, of Boston; Ben Conley, to relatives in Williamsburg, Pa.; Eleanor Jarvis, of Clarksville, Mo., to her brother, Col. Joseph Jarvis, in the Army; Charles Williams, to a brother in the Navy; Annie Eldwood, of Hamilton, N. Y. Monday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. Richard Todd, to Thomas Todd of Kentucky; Cyrus Phillips, to his mother, in New York City; Mrs. Mary Ann Fisher, to her mother, in New York City, and her father, Andrew Ullman, in the Army; Peter O'Brien, of the 32d Mass. Reg., to his brother Tom. Tuesday, June 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Eliza Lacey, killed at the destruction of the Arsenal at Washington, D. C., to her mother, Charlotte Wilkins, to the Rev. Wm. in Jersey City, N. J.; Jonathan Withers, of Portsmouth, Eng.; Edward Almon, to his father, Giles Almon, of New Orleans, La.; G. Lewis Bacon, to his mother, in Wilmington, Del. Thursday, June 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Gregg, to her son, Dr. Daniel Gregg, at present in Richmond, Va.; Delaney, to his wife, near Atlanta, Ga.; Victoria, a slave, to Massa George Burgess, of Orville, La.; Andrew Cole Perry, to his brother, Joe, and his parents. Friday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. F. K. F. to his family, in New York City; John D. Ranney, to Capt. Martin, of the 3d Mass. Battery; Francis Steacy, to his mother, Sarah G. Steacy, at Wickesett, Va.; Clarissa Oldroyd, of Montgomery, Ala., to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y. Thursday, July 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hiram Ames, to relatives in Missouri, and Springfield, Mass.; Rachel Hill, to Capt. Alfred Todd, of the 7th Virginia Regulars; John Downey, to his brother, Charles Wilkins, to the Rev. Wm. in Jersey City, N. J.; Hattie Fuller, to her parents, in Cambridge, Mass. Monday, July 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hiram Ames, to his family in Portsmouth, R. I.; Wm. S. Reed, to his family in Galesburg, Iowa; James L. Bowen, Providence, R. I., to his mother, Mrs. Sarah G. Steacy, at Wickesett, Va.; Clarissa Oldroyd, of Montgomery, Ala., to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y. Thursday, July 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard S. Andrews, to Jake Porter, Charlie Allen and Philander Uley; Theodore Ellis, Jr., to his mother, in Bridgeport, Conn.; Edward Wilson, to his father, Gen. Wilson, of the Confederate Service.

Reverend William Andros.

My friends, I cannot make you understand how exceedingly thankful I am for the privilege of addressing myself to you to-day, with the hope that I may reach friends who are near, yet afar off. Three years have passed, as high as I am able to judge concerning time, since I was rudely and violently separated from my body. I was settled as pastor over a small society in Greensboro', Alabama. I lived in peace if not in plenty there for four years. I was not aware that I had any enemies. I owned no slaves, and I made no onslaughts on slavery, for I knew it would be useless to do so. I felt that it was a power I could not control or alter in any way, so I thought best not to meddle with it. But I was a Northern man, born in the good old State of Massachusetts; and when this miserable condition of war was first inaugurated at the South, I found I was looked upon with suspicion, for what, I really did not know; but I was told by one of my neighbors, that I was a Northern man, and as I had not expressed myself in favor of Southern sentiments since the breaking out of the war, it was but natural to suppose that there was a volcano of abolitionism within me that would sooner or later burst forth. So I was looked upon as a dangerous character, and it seems that it was decided that I should be sent North. I had a wife, two young children, one son, the son of a former wife, who were dependent upon me for support. Like all of my calling I was poor, had very little to do with, and when I was told that I must leave the State, I said to myself, God only knows where I shall go. I cannot flee to the North without a sacrifice of everything, and indeed, I had hardly more than money enough, perhaps not enough. It seemed to me as though I must wait for some time before going North, for I had some debts I wished to settle. But while I was trying to arrange my plans, my enemies, it seems, were laying plans, and they thought it was best to assail me by night, to separate me from my family, and carry me thirteen miles from my home, and murder me. I went forth, friends, from my home without a shadow of suspicion or fear, for I went with those I had supposed were my friends, for two of them were my nearest neighbors. They were members of the Vigilance Committee, and they deemed me a traitor, and they said their country demanded they should deal thus-and-so with those who were traitors. When told this, I asked, "What am I a traitor to?" "To your country," they replied. Said I, "Before God you lie, for I am loyal to my country, so help me God! And although I know, and feel that I am about to yield up my life, yet I honor the sacred Constitution of the United States, with the exception of one clause, and that, if it does not outwardly refer to your pet institution, yet does so in principle. That I cannot honor; but all the rest I do." After making free in that way, I was speedily divested of my clothing, and sent, without warning as it were, into this spirit-world. I requested the privilege to pen, or pencil a few lines to my wife, and was allowed to do so; but poor woman! she became frantic at my loss, and in her agony she wandered off, she knew not where, in search of me. But she did not, could not find me; did not find me. When she returned, she was told that she must leave the State. My youngest child has passed to the spirit-world since my death, and thank God for that! My oldest was forced into the Confederate Army, but thank God he escaped, and is now at the North. The other is with my wife, an exile in Texas. Oh, I pray God I may reach her with some thought. I am told in the spirit-world I shall. I want her to know that it is the general belief with us that the reign of slavery is about over; that they who have oppressed us, who have placed the yoke upon the necks of others must suffer as well. They are even now writing that which shall seal their doom forever. But thanks be to God, in their case there is still a chance for them

to improve. I would not place one stone more about their necks, for I feel they are heavily burdened now. I want my wife—Olive is her name—to know that I can return and speak to her; to know that I died without fear, to know that I am alive, to know that I have the power to return, to know that I can commune with her privately, to know also, that my son, who is dear to her, is safe on Northern soil, and will soon, I trust, be able to render her assistance. Oh, sir, say that this feeble tribute of my love is from William T. Andros, formerly of Greensboro', Alabama, to Olive Andros. I think she is near St. Charles, Texas. I have the assurance of those who know more of these things than I do, that she will receive it. Farewell, sir. June 9. Lucy S. Hills. I was a teacher in Macon, Georgia. I was born in Waterville, Vermont, and was twenty-two years of age. I was in the family of Mr. Dasmond, of Macon, Georgia—Mr. William Dasmond. I was persuaded by my friends there to remain until after the war was over. It seems they thought it would amount to very little, and peace would soon be restored. But it was a monster of huger proportions than they had anticipated, and was not to be so easily crushed out. After matters assumed such a direful condition, I then found myself regretting that I had not availed myself of the opportunity of going North in the first of the trouble, for when I was ready to go it seemed impossible. And after making three attempts and failing, I was taken sick, the result of disappointment and exposure, I believe. I had what might be called lung fever, which resulted in consumption. I had no thought but what I could come North whenever I desired to do so. I had no special home; I made a home wherever I happened to be dwelling, but most of my friends were at the North. I have a half-brother in New York City, who, I've learned since I came to the spirit-world, has tried to ascertain my whereabouts, and see if I could get back to the North. But his efforts, like mine, have been unavailing. I hope to be able to inform my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dasmond, with regard to their son William. They have news that he is dead. On the contrary, he is living, but is a prisoner in Federal hands. I also wish to inform my dear old grandmother in Vermont of my death; that I am happy, although I find the spirit-world not at all as I expected, and I would be very glad to say something to her by which she may receive light regarding this new world. During the time I was residing in the family of Mr. William Dasmond, I made the acquaintance of a person calling himself a medium. He was in the habit of visiting at Mr. Dasmond's house, and I then saw something of spiritual manifestations. His name was Bosworth. I know not where he is now, or what became of him, but I learned something of these things. Mr. Dasmond became somewhat interested in Spiritualism, and said he hoped when any one of his family should die, that they would return, if possible, and give him some proof or spirit-communion. He is mourning over the supposed death of his son William, and wondering why he does not return, if Spiritualism be true. I am the first who passed to the spirit-world from that household; and I return and assure him to-day that Spiritualism is true in the main, but in many respects it is not true. I mean by that, that many of the manifestations are spurious; and I also mean that many are entirely genuine. I hope to be able to commune with that person, with that family, but I do not know when and how; do not know if it will be possible for me to do so at all. With many greetings of love, many kind wishes for all I have left, I am still Lucy S. Hills. Thanks, sir, for your kindness. June 9. Dennis Kane. Well, Major General, what are you going to do for me? [All we can.] I'm Dennis Kane, from Troy, New York, and I came to me death by lead, I suppose. They tell us when we come to this place we must speak of our death, what caused it, how old we were, and all those things that will help our friends to know us by. Now, my name you have and manner of death. My age was, as high as I can judge, between thirty and thirty-one; my height about five feet four inches; weight, somewhere between one hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty-five pounds. I've got a wife and one child, and I've not got much of a faculty for sending ideas this way; do not know much about it; have to learn about these things, you know, before you can do much. I am from the 14th New York, sir, Company A. Now seeing as I died for my country and yours—that is, mine while I was here, you understand—you're bound to do the best you can to help me here. [Certainly.] Well, sir, what I'd like to have you do in the first place is to let my wife know I can come; and I'd like to let my cousin Jack know I can come, and a brother what's living out in Missouri, too. And what's better, I'd like him to take my wife and child and take care of them. I believe the town he's living in is Colson; seems to me that's it, sir. Anyway, I want him to take my wife and child out there. He's got—well, some little dislike against me, something about our family affairs, I believe; but no matter; he's more money than I've got, anyway, and my wife's left with a child to care for. It's a small, little, one she's got, and she's not able to do much for herself until the little one grows larger. Till then I want him to take care of my wife and child. Faith, if he do n't, now, I shall be his evil genius, and haunt him day and night. Major-General, if I say I'll do a thing I'm pretty sure to do it, and he knows me well enough, if I say I'll be his ghost, to believe that I'll keep my word. Now I'm here, just as much as I ever was, only without my body; and I claim just as much of a hearing, just as much as if I was here in the body. I want justice done me and my family, if I have lost my body, you know. That's all right, Major, ain't it? Now, sir, about the pay. Faith, it's your hand in your pocket wherever you go here. [What have you got to pay with?] It's a thing of the mind; that is to say, they are ideas, they ain't like your currency. Now I propose to pay you in this way, sir: when you come to the spirit-world, and don't know much about the country, I'll be a guide for you. So you see I'll be able to pay you for your kindness, after all. Hey! will that do? [Yes; or do a good service to any one who needs it.] Ah, faith, I was always ready to do that when I was here. Now, sir, all you've got to say is that Dennis Kane comes here and would like to have his letter reach his wife in Troy—you mark that down—cousin Jack, and a brother in Missouri. [Is your wife in Troy still?] Troy; yes, sir; and working

very hard to get along. Let one of the spokes be knocked out of the wheel, and it's hard work to drag it up hill. [How long have you been in the spirit-world?] I'll tell you the day, sir, but I can't tell you the time, for I know nothing about it. I came to the spirit-world, sir, on the 14th of July. [Nearly a month ago?] Well, if I were to judge, I should say it was about a month. [Were you in Grant's army?] I was; and he's going into Richmond, and I wish I was there to go with him. Faith, I'd like to take something there, if it's nothing but a whiff of the pipe. And there's a good nunny feel as I do; would give anything to only get one foot in there. Well, there's one thing sure of it—I can go there as I am; but I'd like to have gone in the body, musket in hand, and ready to do service. Good-by to you. June 9. Invocation. Maker of the day and night, Father of the sun-beam and shadow, we lift our souls in thanksgiving unto thee. We pray not because all nations have prayed in the past, because all tongues, all kindred, pray in the present, but because there is the spirit of prayer within us. Oh God, our Father, the voice of this nation, like an unquiet spirit, is sounding out in sad tones that war is with them, pestilence and famine are yet to come. Spirit of Eternal Justice, we in our ignorance would ask why thou dost delay thy presence? why thou art standing in the distance? why, oh why, is thy power withheld? The answer comes to our soul: it is for wisdom, and not for folly. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we would ask that the missionaries of love, whose mission it is to bind up the broken-hearted, to look after and tenderly care for those who sit in sorrow, draw near unto this people. May they draw near this hour, and fold in their soft garments of love this afflicted nation. Oh, may they wipe away their tears, and although they lead these children through dreful scenes of woe, yet may they minister to their necessities; may they teach them lessons of eternal love; may they infuse that spirit into their being, so that they may know war no more. Oh, we would take this sorrowing nation in the arms of our sympathy and love, and bear them away from this scene of woe; but our sympathy is not wisdom, and it is well that the Great Father ruleth ever. It is well that his arm is ever outstretched in mercy. It is well that a power superior to our own finite wisdom is ruling in the universe, and to that we bow in humble reverence. June 13. Questions and Answers. SPIRIT.—According to your custom, we wait to answer inquiries from the audience, if they have any to offer. QUES.—In seasons of Methodist revivals, persons are sometimes wrought upon by the power of God, as it is termed, to such a degree that they lose their strength and consciousness for the time, and remain for several hours in a trance state, and usually have visions of heaven and hell corresponding with their religious faith. Please explain the philosophy of this? Ans.—It is a well known fact that all speakers throw out from themselves a certain power, by which they are able to psychologize certain sensitive members of their audience. At the places you refer to, there is usually a large amount of this psychologic influence, and there are also a liberal congregation of sensitives—persons who are susceptible to this psychologic power—who can be brought under the will of another, so as to become unconscious for a time. Now such, we believe, as lose their consciousness are mediums, not only to psychologic influence, but to spiritual influence, also. It is no mystery. It is simply the action of law as old as the universe. In all places of religious excitement, whether at camp-meeting or under the dome of the church, the influence is the same, and is capable of being excited by these persons at all times. They are simply the sensitives of your land, and are acted upon according to natural law. Q.—Whence do the sensitives receive their impressions of heaven and hell?—from the mind of the psychologizer, or from their own? A.—Generally from the mind of the psychologizer. Pictures that are existent in the ideas advanced by the speaker are generally reproduced while in this abnormal state, and you know that these pictures are generally shadowing forth some kind of heaven or hell. Q.—How is it that they appear as pictures upon the mind of the sensitive? Are they impressed upon the optic nerve? A.—We believe they are impressed upon that vital element in which the brain is ever submerged, that spiritual element, if you please, through which and by which all thought is born into external being. We believe the pictures are produced this way. They are a living reality to the one who sees them. They will always tell you they do not see with the eye. This should prove that the optic nerve has little or nothing to do with producing them. Q.—Was the light in the bush, which Saul perceived on his way to Damascus, a demonstration of psychology, or a spiritual manifestation? A.—We are informed—and we have full faith in our informant—that this was a direct spiritual manifestation; that the power showered upon him was from disembodied spirits; persons who were able to overthrow his darkness with light. Q.—The effect of these images when produced by persons in the form, you call psychology; when out of the form, a spiritual action. Is that the distinction? A.—We are not aware that Paul perceived any of these images. Q.—He saw the brightness. A.—Yes; and so many mediums at the present day see lights passing from disembodied spirits. They are able to see these luminous bodies, or the atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Q.—In this case of Saul when on his way to Damascus, can you tell us who produced those pictures? A.—It would be an impossibility. We might as well inform you of the precise time your present war would end. Q.—Who addressed the words to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" A.—That we cannot tell you. It was said to have been from one the Christian world recognizes as its Saviour. It might have been; we cannot tell. June 13. Luther C. Ladd. I have been trying to give some manifestation in this way, ever since my exit from this world of yours. I went away from earth on the morning of the rebellion. I believe my life was the first one sacrificed in the cause, and I'm very glad of it. I wouldn't have it any different now if I could. I went expecting to do something toward crushing out the rebellion, and hoping after the trouble was over to come home again. But Fortune, Providence or God—it matters not, I suppose, by what name you call it—decreed otherwise. I had hard-

ly set foot in Baltimore before I was called higher. I know very little about this thing—in fact, I know nothing which could be of any service to me in regard to this Spiritual Philosophy. When I got to the spirit-world, I made the best of my condition, and very soon learned to be content and quite happy. But I've ever been seeking to find a way to come back as I'd like to, that is, to my friends personally; but have never been able to come at all until to-day. My experience in earthly things is rather limited, as I only lived about seventeen years here; that of course was n't much, as I was obliged to labor for my support, and of course did n't have any better opportunities of getting knowledge than others that are poor, except they're fortunate enough to get some showered down upon them from the invisible world. In that case, they're lucky, for it do n't cost them anything to get it, and you can't shut out light that comes in that way. When there was a call made for troops, I joined the Lowell City Guards, so as to go to war, for I thought it would be called upon first. Sure enough I was right, and I went, fully determined to do something. I do n't know as I did much, but I certainly gave the nation my good will, and that was about all I had to give, anyway, for I did n't have a chance to see any service before I had to give up my body. So I was rather disappointed upon finding myself in the spirit-world, but little more experience in these matters has taught me to be quite contented and happy. Now if my friends would like to talk with me in this way—talk with Luther C. Ladd that was and is—I should be glad to talk with them. I can't tell them much, but I can tell them more than they know, for they do n't know anything about the spirit-world. I'll give 'em some information, and as they've all got to go there, I take it that a little knowledge won't come amiss. I was a native of New Hampshire, but was in Lowell at the time of my volunteering, and went from there. Good-day, sir. June 13. Joe Baxter, Colored. Massa, I tell you what it is, you've got a good deal to do before you take Richmond; you got something to do, all of you, before you take Richmond, as true as you're a born child; all of you've got something to do. You can't go in there without a good deal of sacrifice, and an army almost as large as half your Northern population. But I bless the Lord, for I believe that you'll get into Richmond, for I believe this good old Father Abraham is going to put you all in there. You ain't going in before the 4th of July; no, you ain't going in before then. You can't get in, there's no such thing written in the book of your destiny at the North. You're going to hear another call soon. You'll have to go, and he won't let you put in your money to save your heads. No you won't, you've got to go, good many of you that have staid to home. I had a talk with my old massa—what I was slave under for twenty-two years—last night, and I told him that God was on the side of right, and the white man at the North. But he was n't of that opinion, and I said, "You see who's right, old Joe, or you—you see who's right." My old massa is a great believer in these things. He talks with his father and his mother many times in this way, and once in awhile some of us come; and he do n't think he's doing wrong to have slaves. He's conscientious about it, but he's wrong, for all that; I told him so. He did n't think it was me. He did n't believe that it was old Joe Baxter who came and talked to him last night. He says, "If it is you, go where they let spirits come and talk at a public circle, in Boston, and tell me what you said to me to-night." So I'm here; so I'm here. That old massa is in Washington. He's holding his tongue, because he can't say anything to better his condition. He's got his medium there now. I tell him "that God is on the side of right, and he says all over the land, 'let my people go; and if you holds on to them, he'll be sure to make you suffer for it—be sure to punish you in some way.'" Massa, I wish you could get in before the 4th of July, into Richmond, but you won't. Now you see old Joe Baxter comes here, and I appeal to Massa William Baxter, of New Orleans, to prove that I come here and told what I said to him last night. Next time, old massa, believe what I tell you there. If you do n't I may say something you won't like—something that may put you in a tight place there. Good-by. June 13. Lieut. A. A. Romney. I was lieutenant on board of the Merrimac, at the time of her engagement with the Monitor. I was wounded during that engagement, and died in consequence. I shall be under infinite obligations to you, sir, if you will inform my friends at the South that I am anxious to commune with them in this way. You will please say that A. A. Romney, second lieutenant on board the Merrimac, desires to commune with his friends in South Carolina. I am extremely anxious; there is much that I left undone that I should like to perform, if possible. Do not fear, sir, that I shall interfere with your affairs as a nation, for I come here solely from personal motives; because I wish to commune with my friends, my family, those that are dear to me on the earth. [We shall print your message.] For which I shall thank you, at least. June 13. Dr. William H. Brooks. I, William H. Brooks, was surgeon in the 11th Georgia, and was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. I have a brother who is three years my senior, in the army at the North. I am anxious to find a way by which I may commune with him. I understand that my friends at the North are thinking rather hard of me; have been told strange stories in regard to my entering the confederate army. I do not come here to refute those stories, but simply to say that I will give them the truth if they will give me a chance to commune with them personally. I entered the confederate army from motives which I think were good. I was not pressed into the service, as my good mother supposes, but on the contrary I voluntarily entered the confederate army in the capacity of surgeon. I had served but a short time, and in my sympathy risked too much and lost my life. I do not regret it; I am glad I am what I am, and would not return if I had the power to. I understand that my brother is a captain in the army of the North; in the 9th Ohio I believe; of what company I cannot tell, but am informed that it is the 9th Ohio. It asks that he give me an opportunity of talking with him as I talk here with you. Then I can tell him the whys and wherefores of many things that are now mysterious to him. And from him I hope to transmit intelligence to my friends, many of them, in the body. Farewell, sir. June 13. Louis Carroll. My father is a prisoner in Richmond, and he do n't know that I'm dead. I lived in Chicago when I was here. My mother lives there now. My mother is with a sister now. She is not living where she was when I was here. I want to tell my father that I'm dead; and my mother—she's broke up house-keeping and gone with her sister, and a gentleman here says your papers go through to Richmond very often. They go through to Richmond, particularly when there's anything in them to put them through for. He told me to come here, and he'd see what he could do for me. My father lost his hand and he's been sick, but he's well now; his name is Carroll—Josiah Carroll. My name is Louis Carroll, and I was most eight years old—most eight years old. I ain't been in the spirit-land but a little while—two or three months only; ain't learned much. My mother—she's an Adventist. My father's nothing. [Has no particular religion?] No, sir. I want—I should like to tell him I died in February—died in February; was n't sick but four or five days, and I haven't been homesick at all in the spirit-land. Whenever I staid away from home a little while I felt homesick, but I haven't been homesick here. I broke up the drum my father gave me. I stove the head in. Mother's got it now just as I left it. And when my father goes home he'll see it. He told me to let him see it looking pretty well when he came home. [Did you drum too hard?] Yes, sir; I lost one of my drum-sticks, and had a piece of wood what had sharp corners on it; that's how I come to stove it in. It's got my name on it, on a brass plate. 'Twas my father's present to me just as he went away. I should like to tell my mother, too, Uncle John is here. He says my father will soon be exchanged—coming home—will soon be exchanged. She'll like that; I'm sure she will. I'm going now. Oh! my Uncle John says, tell my father that I—went to the spirit-world the very day he exchanged his quarters from down stairs—from down cellar, to up in the sky parlor of the prison. [In Richmond?] Yes, sir; that very day I died. Now I'm going. June 13. Olive J. Swazy. Oh, I am here! Oh, I am so thankful for it! I know I should come. I—I told four of my friends who have no fixed belief in a hereafter, that I was sure I could return, and I would do so if this Spiritualism was true, so soon after death that they should know that there was no possible means for here obtaining the knowledge that I shall give here without my coming. Oh! my life here was a hard and miserable one, and you'll pardon me if I do not recall it. I'm only here, sir, to prove that this glorious philosophy is true, as far forth as I can. At one o'clock, this very day, I said good-by to my friends. It is now scarcely four, I am told. You'll be careful about the dates? Mary, Jennie, Rose, Adeline, and Fanny, I come to redeem my promise. Oh, be true to the teachings of the angels. They will lead you out of darkness into light. It's true, all true, more than true. Oh, glorious truth! I died of pneumonia, sir, at one o'clock to-day, in St. Louis, and my name, my proper name, Olive J. Swazy. June 13. Written for the Banner of Light. OH, TAKE ME HOME! BY MRS. F. R. HUBBARD. Oh, take me home, for I am lone and wreny, I've waited long, and watched for thee to come To bear me safe across the darkness river, That lies between me and my spirit-home. Oh, take me home, for earth has cast its shadows Far o'er my path, and darkened life's bright day; And I am left to grope my way in sadness— Oh, come and drive these clouds of earth away. Oh, take me home, for heart and strength are failing; I feel my earthly task is almost done; Life's battle, though severe, will soon be over, And the great victory over death be won. 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ly set foot in Baltimore before I was called higher. I know very little about this thing—in fact, I know nothing which could be of any service to me in regard to this Spiritual Philosophy. When I got to the spirit-world, I made the best of my condition, and very soon learned to be content and quite happy. But I've ever been seeking to find a way to come back as I'd like to, that is, to my friends personally; but have never been able to come at all until to-day. My experience in earthly things is rather limited, as I only lived about seventeen years here; that of course was n't much, as I was obliged to labor for my support, and of course did n't have any better opportunities of getting knowledge than others that are poor, except they're fortunate enough to get some showered down upon them from the invisible world. In that case, they're lucky, for it do n't cost them anything to get it, and you can't shut out light that comes in that way. When there was a call made for troops, I joined the Lowell City Guards, so as to go to war, for I thought it would be called upon first. Sure enough I was right, and I went, fully determined to do something. I do n't know as I did much, but I certainly gave the nation my good will, and that was about all I had to give, anyway, for I did n't have a chance to see any service before I had to give up my body. So I was rather disappointed upon finding myself in the spirit-world, but little more experience in these matters has taught me to be quite contented and happy. Now if my friends would like to talk with me in this way—talk with Luther C. Ladd that was and is—I should be glad to talk with them. I can't tell them much, but I can tell them more than they know, for they do n't know anything about the spirit-world. I'll give 'em some information, and as they've all got to go there, I take it that a little knowledge won't come amiss. I was a native of New Hampshire, but was in Lowell at the time of my volunteering, and went from there. Good-day, sir. June 13. Joe Baxter, Colored. Massa, I tell you what it is, you've got a good deal to do before you take Richmond; you got something to do, all of you, before you take Richmond, as true as you're a born child; all of you've got something to do. You can't go in there without a good deal of sacrifice, and an army almost as large as half your Northern population. But I bless the Lord, for I believe that you'll get into Richmond, for I believe this good old Father Abraham is going to put you all in there. You ain't going in before the 4th of July; no, you ain't going in before then. You can't get in, there's no such thing written in the book of your destiny at the North. You're going to hear another call soon. You'll have to go, and he won't let you put in your money to save your heads. No you won't, you've got to go, good many of you that have staid to home. I had a talk with my old massa—what I was slave under for twenty-two years—last night, and I told him that God was on the side of right, and the white man at the North. But he was n't of that opinion, and I said, "You see who's right, old Joe, or you—you see who's right." My old massa is a great believer in these things. He talks with his father and his mother many times in this way, and once in awhile some of us come; and he do n't think he's doing wrong to have slaves. He's conscientious about it, but he's wrong, for all that; I told him so. He did n't think it was me. He did n't believe that it was old Joe Baxter who came and talked to him last night. He says, "If it is you, go where they let spirits come and talk at a public circle, in Boston, and tell me what you said to me to-night." So I'm here; so I'm here. That old massa is in Washington. He's holding his tongue, because he can't say anything to better his condition. He's got his medium there now. I tell him "that God is on the side of right, and he says all over the land, 'let my people go; and if you holds on to them, he'll be sure to make you suffer for it—be sure to punish you in some way.'" Massa, I wish you could get in before the 4th of July, into Richmond, but you won't. Now you see old Joe Baxter comes here, and I appeal to Massa William Baxter, of New Orleans, to prove that I come here and told what I said to him last night. Next time, old massa, believe what I tell you there. If you do n't I may say something you won't like—something that may put you in a tight place there. Good-by. June 13. Lieut. A. A. Romney. I was lieutenant on board of the Merrimac, at the time of her engagement with the Monitor. I was wounded during that engagement, and died in consequence. I shall be under infinite obligations to you, sir, if you will inform my friends at the South that I am anxious to commune with them in this way. You will please say that A. A. Romney, second lieutenant on board the Merrimac, desires to commune with his friends in South Carolina. I am extremely anxious; there is much that I left undone that I should like to perform, if possible. Do not fear, sir, that I shall interfere with your affairs as a nation, for I come here solely from personal motives; because I wish to commune with my friends, my family, those that are dear to me on the earth. [We shall print your message.] For which I shall thank you, at least. June 13. Dr. William H. Brooks. I, William H. Brooks, was surgeon in the 11th Georgia, and was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. I have a brother who is three years my senior, in the army at the North. I am anxious to find a way by which I may commune with him. I understand that my friends at the North are thinking rather hard of me; have been told strange stories in regard to my entering the confederate army. I do not come here to refute those stories, but simply to say that I will give them the truth if they will give me a chance to commune with them personally. I entered the confederate army from motives which I think were good. I was not pressed into the service, as my good mother supposes, but on the contrary I voluntarily entered the confederate army in the capacity of surgeon. I had served but a short time, and in my sympathy risked too much and lost my life. I do not regret it; I am glad I am what I am, and would not return if I had the power to. I understand that my brother is a captain in the army of the North; in the 9th Ohio I believe; of what company I cannot tell, but am informed that it is the 9th Ohio. It asks that he give me an opportunity of talking with him as I talk here with you. Then I can tell him the whys and wherefores of many things that are now mysterious to him. And from him I hope to transmit intelligence to my friends, many of them, in the body. Farewell, sir. June 13. Louis Carroll. My father is a prisoner in Richmond, and he do n't know that I'm dead. I lived in Chicago when I was here. My mother lives there now. My mother is with a sister now. She is not living where she was when I was here. I want to tell my father that I'm dead; and my mother—she's broke up house-keeping and gone with her sister, and a gentleman here says your papers go through to Richmond very often. They go through to Richmond, particularly when there's anything in them to put them through for. He told me to come here, and he'd see what he could do for me. My father lost his hand and he's been sick, but he's well now; his name is Carroll—Josiah Carroll. My name is Louis Carroll, and I was most eight years old—most eight years old. I ain't been in the spirit-land but a little while—two or three months only; ain't learned much. My mother—she's an Adventist. My father's nothing. [Has no particular religion?] No, sir. I want—I should like to tell him I died in February—died in February; was n't sick but four or five days, and I haven't been homesick at all in the spirit-land. Whenever I staid away from home a little while I felt homesick, but I haven't been homesick here. I broke up the drum my father gave me. I stove the head in. Mother's got it now just as I left it. And when my father goes home he'll see it. He told me to let him see it looking pretty well when he came home. [Did you drum too hard?] Yes, sir; I lost one of my drum-sticks, and had a piece of wood what had sharp corners on it; that's how I come to stove it in. It's got my name on it, on a brass plate. 'Twas my father's present to me just as he went away. I should like to tell my mother, too, Uncle John is here. He says my father will soon be exchanged—coming home—will soon be exchanged. She'll like that; I'm sure she will. I'm going now. Oh! my Uncle John says, tell my father that I—went to the spirit-world the very day he exchanged his quarters from down stairs—from down cellar, to up in the sky parlor of the prison. [In Richmond?] Yes, sir; that very day I died. Now I'm going. June 13. Olive J. Swazy. Oh, I am here! Oh, I am so thankful for it! I know I should come. I—I told four of my friends who have no fixed belief in a hereafter, that I was sure I could return, and I would do so if this Spiritualism was true, so soon after death that they should know that there was no possible means for here obtaining the knowledge that I shall give here without my coming. Oh! my life here was a hard and miserable one, and you'll pardon me if I do not recall it. I'm only here, sir, to prove that this glorious philosophy is true, as far forth as I can. At one o'clock, this very day, I said good-by to my friends. It is now scarcely four, I am told. You'll be careful about the dates? 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Obituaries.

Passed on to a higher life in the angel-world, from East Ed-
ford, N. H., July 28, 1864, B. D. Penny, aged 43 years.

Wm. H. Hicks, of Co. I, 27th Michigan Infantry, son of John
and Ann Hicks, of East Edford, N. H., died at the battle of
Cold Harbor, on the 24th of July, 1864, at the age of 21 years.

Wm. Hicks was a believer in Spiritualism. With the knowl-
edge he possessed of the bright future, his last days on earth
were a triumph over much physical pain, his mind being fixed
on the field of battle three days and nights after being
wounded. His body was brought home for interment in
Washington. His body was brought home for interment in
Washington. His body was brought home for interment in
Washington.

From Northford, on the 13th inst., of diaphragm, Emily L., only
remaining child of Fred L. and Susan H. H. Child, of Cold
bury, aged nearly 4 years.

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Miscellaneous.

ASTROLOGY AND MEDICINE!

DR. LISTER, ASTROLOGER AND BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.

A STATEMENT of the Disposition and Qualities of the per-

son, and of the Disposition and Qualities of the per-

son, and of the Disposition and Qualities of the per-

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearts, angels that are to be, It may be if they will, and we repair, Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

No. 6.—ERNEST,

AND THE SAILOR'S HISTORY OF A SEA-SHELL.

"Children," said Aunt Ratie, as we walked through the green lane up toward the beech grove, "do you see those sunset clouds? I have been watching them and studying their forms, until I seem to see beautiful objects. See, now, is there not a golden archway that one fancies opens to heaven? And can you not look through, and in the deep blue of the sky almost see the faces of beloved ones?"

"Yes, see," said Arthur, "there is a hand just over the archway, and there, just to the right, is a cherub; one can almost fancy it moves."

"But what's the use of seeing things that are not?" asked Anna; "I know clouds are clouds, and sky is sky, and I do not want to fancy anything else."

"Well," said Aunt Ratie gently, "if we only look at things as they are, and never see their beauty and glory, we shall have a dark world to live in. A cloud has its use, and it also has its beauty, and through them both we can learn of the wonder and perfection of all things. God placed in us the love of beautiful things, that we might find something higher and better in everything about us than its mere use; for everything we see and hear is meant to bless us outwardly and inwardly—outwardly by its use, and inwardly by its beauty. If you do not quite understand what I mean, I will make it plain to you, if I can, by telling you what Egbert told Gertie and me one beautiful autumn day. He had taken us out into the woods, as we have now come, and seated us on a bank of dried leaves, and said:

"Girls, what do you know about God?"

"Oh, I know a great deal," said I; "he's a Father who loves everybody, and especially good children."

"And what do you know of him, Gertie?"

"Oh, I know very little, except when I feel him in my heart, just like sunshine, or moonlight."

"Well," said Egbert, "that is knowing a great deal; but I wish to tell you what happened to me many years ago. When I was quite a little boy my mother died, and my father was gone most of the time on the sea, and I had no one to love me very dearly, as mothers and fathers do, so I was sometimes very sad and lonely. My father sent me up among the mountains, that I might grow strong and become like other boys. Here I lived with good, honest people, who took care of me, and meant to be very kind to me; but they told me nothing that I wanted to know, for they talked about their farm and their crops, and how much wheat would be worth a bushel, and how many potatoes they could raise to an acre. The women told of butter and cheese, and the best way of making them, and the children, like their parents, talked of berries and nuts, and planned how many they could gather and sell. This was all very well for a part of life, but small as I was, I felt that there was something in me that potatoes would not feed, and so, notwithstanding the generous bowl of bread and milk they gave me, I felt hungry all the time. We lived in a nice farm-house, and the farmers had large, spacious barns for their hay, and granaries for their grain, and they allowed me to come and go when I would, for my father paid them a generous price for keeping me; but, as I said before, I did not feel contented or happy. I wanted something I did not find.

One day I took a long walk through the woods, and amused myself hunting for beech-nuts. After walking through the path I came upon a little clearing, and saw before me a poor but which had a garden-patch before it, in which grew fine vegetables, and also some flowers, which the frost had not yet injured. They looked very beautiful to me as I saw them, and I wished I had some; so I ventured up near the door of the hut, thinking I would ask for one of the purple asters. I was delighted to see a little boy within, and I stepped up into the doorway. He turned his head toward me, but his eyes did not meet mine. He was dressed in the poorest of clothes, but his face was so cheerful and pleasant that I did not mind his attire. When he spoke his voice was low and sweet, so that I thought of the whip-poor-will, with its sweet, sad tones.

"I cannot see you," said he, "but you must come in, and you will find a seat, and perhaps tell me who you are."

"Why can't you see?" said I.

"I am blind; but I hear very quickly; so I know you were coming a long way off, and I knew you were a boy by the sound of your step, and I knew you were a gentle boy because you walked softly, and I knew you were not very happy because you did not spring and jump, and I thought perhaps you wanted something, because you stopped and then came directly forward."

"I did want a flower," said I, "and I thought perhaps some one would not mind giving me one."

"Oh, I am glad you love flowers," said he, "are they not beautiful?"

"But you can't see them?" said I.

"No, not as you do; but I can find their beauty if I cannot."

"I did not understand him, so I said, 'How lonely you must be here. Do you love alone?'"

"No; I have a father and some brothers who are away at work, but I am never lonely; you see I have so many things to love me that I can't be lonely, and there is so much that is beautiful to learn of in everything, that I have more than I can do. My mother lives in Heaven, and she loves me so dearly that she never gets tired of teaching me how to find God in everything. I was trying this morning to find him in the soft wind that blew in at the door. The farmers say, 'What a fine wind! It is a splendid day to harvest our crops,' and the boys say, 'What a fine wind to blow off the nuts!' but my mother says, 'Hear the wind! It tells thee of a loving care that keeps thee and all the earth.'"

"But I don't hear my mother," said I, "although she is in heaven, too."

"That is because you do not listen to hear her. She keeps speaking to you I know, for all mothers love their children; but come, let us go out together, and go up this high hill. If you will just take hold of my hand I can show you the path. I know it by touching the trees."

We went out together and walked slowly up a winding path, for I was so glad of some one to talk to that I would gladly have gone anywhere with him. He told me how he became blind when a little baby, and what a sad life he had until he began to find the goodness and beauty of every thing. He told me about the flowers and called

them God's smile. He told me of the clouds and called them God's writing. He told me of the sky and called it God's mantle, and said no one could be poor who knew how to find God's riches. I did not understand all he said to me, but I felt as if I was with a great teacher who knew everything and could instruct me in all I needed to know. We came to a large rock and seated ourselves upon it.

Ernest, for that was the blind boy's name, put his hand in his pocket and took out a box of crumbs and scattered them about, and told me to sit very still. Soon little birds came hopping about us to gather the crumbs. I was delighted and had never felt so happy before. I seemed to feel that everything was loving me as it did Ernest, and I was no longer homesick or lonely.

"There is nothing I so much wish to see as the clouds," said Ernest, "I think I could read so much in them."

"But I can see them very well," said I, "and I have never read anything but just about the rain and the wind."

"Then I must tell you how," said he. "The sun shines on them when they are dark and makes them bright and beautiful, so they tell me; then I read that the dear Father in heaven makes all troubles excellent to us if we let His love shine into our hearts. At sunset they are most radiant; that means that when death comes, it will be the most beautiful part of life. The blackest bring storms; that means that the greatest troubles are of great use, and help to bring the brighter day. Oh, what wonderful writing there must be on the sky! but come, let us go down, for you have a long walk home to the farm house, and I must be getting things ready for our supper."

I walked home that night happier than I had ever been, for I had learned a lesson I had wished to learn. I had found how beautiful and good is everything. I began to study for something within in the flowers, and the grass, and the clouds, and I found something to love everywhere. My father sent for me soon after, and it was some months before I saw Ernest again.

The long, cold winter had passed, and the beautiful spring had come, when I again went up to the farmer's home to spend the summer. One of the first days after my arrival, I went over to see Ernest. He was so ill that he could not sit up, but so cheerful that you could not think that he was sick. He told me beautiful stories of the angels that he had seen, and of the home that he was going to.

"I shall not die," said he, "but live close to everything beautiful, and see with my soul. I do not feel as if I was blind now, for I see a great many things that my father and brothers do not. I see my mother bending over me, and I feel her hand soothing my pain. Do not, forget," he added, "that the best business you can do is to find beauty and love in everything."

Those were the last words I heard him speak, for the next day when I went to the hut, his body was dead, but his spirit truly lived.

"Oh, what a pity he should die," said I. "I wish I could have seen him."

"I am sure it was beautiful he should die," said Gertie; "for now he sees, and will never be blind any more."

"What I wanted to show you, was this," said Egbert, "that it is what we have of beauty within us that makes everything seem beautiful about us. I was telling that noble sailor, Simon, who saved my life, about Ernest, one day, and he said, 'I will tell you a story about a sea-shell. It is called the Rosebud of the Ocean, because of its beautiful bluish tint, and ladies prize it greatly as an ornament for their parlors.'

There dwelt far down in the silent, calm depths of the sea, a tiny atom. It was so minute that one would never imagine it could be of any value; but there was within it something as wonderful as dwell in the great chambers of the ocean—it was life. As day by day that life beat, the little atom grew, until it knew within itself a great happiness, and a great desire. A wish sprang up within it to become something better and nobler, and that wish was its prayer. The beautiful maidens of the sea, Coralina and all her fair sisters, heard this holy wish, and bore it to the great sea king. He said:

"What would the little atom have?" And they answered:

"It would not have any gifts, but it would become beautiful and pure, that it might show that life is within it."

Then the sea-king replied:

"Let its prayer be answered, and do each of you minister to it, and we will see what it will do."

Then the sea-maidens carried all that was necessary to the little atom, to help it in its growth and the acquisition of beauty. They carried beautiful sea-weeds, and tiny, glowing particles of earth and stone; they infused into the water all kinds of food, and then they said:

"Now it can become just what it will. If it will be beautiful it may be, but it must do all the rest itself, for it has the life of the great sea-king within it, and our gifts are all about it."

"I presume," said one, "it will be nothing better than a sea-oyster."

"If it keeps wishing that beautiful wish," said Coralina, "it may become more beautiful than all the inhabitants of the sea." Then she whispered to the little atom, and said, "Never cease thy prayer, and thou shalt have it all answered."

Then the little atom said to itself:

"If I can become all I desire, I will become the most beautiful of all the sea-treasures."

So it began to build its habitation, and worked unceasingly day after day. It seized the best of all the treasures about it, and transformed them all into its beautiful dwelling. But it grew so slowly, and seemed so insignificant, that it became often discouraged; and had it not been for the words of Coralina, it would have been content to be only a common sea-oyster.

One day the maidens came to see what progress it had made, and they all turned and laughed, saying:

"Fie! it is no better than any shell that we toss on the shore daily."

But Coralina heard the faintly breathed prayer from the tiny chamber, and whispered again:

"Do not fear, thou canst become as beautiful as thou wilt." So the little shell said:

"I will toil on and not grow weary."

It worked again, more and more industriously, and prayed more and more earnestly, until it builded for itself a far more beautiful structure than at first. When the sea-maidens came again, they said:

"Oh, that is very well, but is no better than others have done." But Coralina whispered:

"Keep true to thy beautiful wish."

Then the little shell worked away more busily than ever, thinking ever: "I will be true to the holy life that is within me."

came to its beautiful chambers, and within its pearly borders one could read the beautiful prayer of its life. When it had completed its work, and all the maidens came to see, they said:

"Oh, how lovely! and is this the sea-rosebud of a holy desire?"

Then Coralina took the beautiful shell and bore it to the glorious kingdom of her father, and when he saw it he said:

"This indeed is after my own heart; let it become the favorite of the sea, and we will call it 'Rosebud,' because within its heart it kept the beautiful, holy life that I gave unto it, but was never content until it blossomed forth in beauty."

"Oh, Aunt Ratie!" said Bertie, "what a poet that old sailor was! His story makes me think of that beautiful poem by Holmes."

"So it does," said Arthur; "and I am going to find it and speak it in school next week, and then, Aunt Ratie, I will repeat it to you."

"Do you suppose," said I, that the old sailor meant that we could all be as beautiful as we wished, for I can't believe that?"

"Yes," said Aunt Ratie, "and he was right. We cannot change our features, but if our spirits are beautiful within, they will shine out until even our faces will look lovely; and if we have holy and pure desires, we can become almost anything that we wish. And now come," she added, rising, "I will show you a 'Rosebud of the ocean,' that Egbert brought home to me."

We followed her to the house through the green lane, and she opened the cabinet in her little sacred room, and took down that exquisite shell that bears its flowery name; and as we looked into its pearly chambers and saw its blushing beauty, we felt as if we should see a beautiful maiden coming forth with a prayer on her lips, and as we placed it to our ears and heard its sweet air-music, we fancied it said, "Make me noble, beautiful and pure!"

"The story of Ernest," said Willie, "means that we can find goodness and beauty in everything if we have it in ourselves."

"Yes," said Aunt Ratie, "and thus we find the goodness and love of God."

"And the story of the Rosebud," said Anna, "shows us how God dwells in our life, and we can show His beauty and love in ourselves. I always thought I must try to become beautiful by some outside show."

"Real beauty always begins within," said Aunt Ratie, "but it took me a long time to prove it to be so. But how late it is! Let us have the candles and one song, and then we will separate for to-day."

Read old tradition, there I stand, The leader of a rebel band; Five letters all compose my name, No two of them are just the same; If you're not versed in classic lore, Four letters tell how to get more. Of these five letters transcribe four, 'T will show you my mesmeric power; Three of these letters give the name Of one who my envy did inflame; Four of these letters on your sheet Would show my character complete, What men are anxious most to do Four bring before your view; Transpose four letters, they will hide The fears I cause a youthful bride. Again, four of them give an ancient name, Whose sons leap on me all the blame; Now I've so plainly spelled my name, Tell who I am, and whence I came. COSMOS.

Rebus. Read old tradition, there I stand, The leader of a rebel band; Five letters all compose my name, No two of them are just the same; If you're not versed in classic lore, Four letters tell how to get more. Of these five letters transcribe four, 'T will show you my mesmeric power; Three of these letters give the name Of one who my envy did inflame; Four of these letters on your sheet Would show my character complete, What men are anxious most to do Four bring before your view; Transpose four letters, they will hide The fears I cause a youthful bride. Again, four of them give an ancient name, Whose sons leap on me all the blame; Now I've so plainly spelled my name, Tell who I am, and whence I came. COSMOS.

Enigma. I am composed of 19 letters. My 10, 2, 6, 12, 16 comprises the greater part of our common food. My 7, 3, 14, 4 grows in dense tufts on rocks and trees. My 17, 13, 11, 18 is a useful metal. My 15, 9, 11, 16 is what many people have become. My 1, 13, 11, 3, 7 is what most ladies know how to use. My 19, 17, 18 is what many people love too well. My 2, 6, 12, 17, 8 is a boy's name. My 5, 17, 18 is what we all should avoid. My whole you will find advertised in the columns of the BANNER. EVA.

ANSWER TO CHARADE BY X. E. W. X.—Mistake. ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM BY SAME—Past time. (Pastime.) ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY ORESTES—The Battle Field.

A Good Example. MR. EDITOR—It is stated in the Herald of Progress, July 16th, 1864, that the price of paper four years and a half ago, was about four-fifths of a cent per sheet. To-day it is two and a half cents. Now as I have subscribed for your paper to the 17th Sept., 1865, and knowing that you cannot furnish it to me or any other person without a loss at the present price, and to prevent any such calamity to its suspension, I transmit one dollar additional to said subscription, with the hope that others may be induced to follow my example. Yours in earnest, JOHN COSGROVE, Soldier's Home, Washington, D. C., July 18, 1864.

A Field for Lecturers. A few of us who have stood for twelve years and have labored hard to convince the people of the reality of spiritual communion, now begin to see the fruits of our labor. We have speaking, seeing, writing and healing mediums, and this writer is now used as a pantomime medium. A. B. Williams is a son of Abraham Williams, the old pioneer, who came to Illinois some thirty years ago, and in 1840 emigrated to Grand Island, Mich., to which place his son removed in 1859, he then being an opposer of Spiritualism, so much so that he would not read anything on the subject. The old gentleman having read some works on Spiritualism, became a partial believer, whence a controversy arose between the father and son. The latter claimed that if spirits could come, they could come there as well as anywhere. The old gentleman held the same opinion, and concluded to form a circle and test the matter. One was therefore formed, which resulted in the development of the son as a healing, speaking and singing medium. He then gave his father such tests as brought him out a full believer. The son came back to his old homestead with his family to live, where he is visited daily by patients, for the treatment of disease. He has given many good tests by way of describing diseases, and has healed some diseases which have been of long standing. Richard Marshall, a skeptic, who had had a lame back for six years, being at one of our circles, was perfectly cured in two hours and thirty minutes. A little girl of nine or ten years of age was cured of fits, of several years' standing, and which had baffled the skill of some of the best physicians, by laying on of hands a few times. I will further say that the people in this vicinity are thoroughly aroused. We held meetings in Stephen's Hall last fall and summer, where large and respectable audiences were in attendance. We wish to give an invitation, through your excellent paper, to some of the lecturers on Spiritu-

alism who may chance to come in this direction to give us a call, and if convenient, a course of lectures, as we believe much good can be done. We have a large hall fitted up in the town of Vermont for that purpose, and we wish you to occupy it.

Come, and such as we have give us unto thee. You will come by cars to Bushnell, or to Lewiston, thence to Vermont by stage. Once there you will find a warm friend in the person of Rhoades Dilworth, or John Merriam. J. HALL, Vermont, Fulton Co., N.Y., 1864.

The National Convention. MR. EDITOR—In common with all true friends of human progress, who are acquainted with the grand mission of Spiritualism, I rejoice in anticipation of the great good that may result from the National Convention of Spiritualists at Chicago, on the 9th of August. My good hopes are based upon two considerations:

First, The parties that will compose the Convention will consist of women as well as men, and hence the gentle, tender spirits of mother, wife, sister and daughter will help to suggest and permeate the doings of the Convention. There will be present, not only the most receptive, but the most progressed minds of both sexes, from all parts of the country, all of whom will be attended by their guardian angels and spirit circles, which, in the aggregate, will form an innumerable host of the most and best who have ever walked on earth, or peopled heaven.

Second, The object of the Convention is more grand, because more comprehensive and beneficial in its purposes than any that has preceded it. It is not to build up a new party or to establish a new creed; but to vitalize all parties with the love of God and Man—in promulgating truth as found in all creeds, and thus establish the kingdom of God upon earth by a realization of the great fact that of Faith, Hope and Charity, CHARITY is the greatest.

Let every community of Spiritualists contribute their means to send delegates, and thus hasten forward the good time "when Righteousness shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep." JOHN BELSON, Washington, D. C., July 18th, 1864.

Suppression of Truth in Canada. We make the following extracts from a private letter dated Quebec, July 8th:

The Davenport Brothers have been exhibiting their wonderful mediumship in Montreal, and I was in hopes they would have come to Quebec, but was disappointed. Only one Montreal paper had the courage to advertise and give a report of their performance, which was very favorable and fair. But the subject was smothered up, and although four nights were announced, I heard of no more than the one which was fully attended.

We have had in Quebec a Madame Dimont, advertised as a clairvoyant. She here was only a few days. As soon as I heard of her I went to see her; but here, also, was I disappointed, being told at the hotel where she resided, that she left the city that morning, by order of the authorities. Churchdom takes alarm at the appearance of anything of the kind, and leaves no means untried to prevent its diffusion. Such is the land I live in. Still, let us hope that the light will pierce through and dissolve the clouds of ignorance.

Wonderful Manifestations in Rutland, Vt. We are having convincing proofs here of the power of spirits, through the mediumship of several mediums, one of whom, Horatio Eddy, is so fastened with ropes that he cannot possibly move his hands in any manner. He is then placed with the room and played upon at the same time, and while there, the ropes still tied about him, his coat is taken off and put on again under all the ropes! He is sometimes tied to a pole at the top of the room. His sister Mary is carried by unseen hands around the room above the heads of the skeptics. Lights are produced appearing like beautiful flowers. Spirit hands are placed on the heads of many. Musical instruments, bells, etc., are carried about the room and played upon at the same time, through Wm. Eddy and A. J. Sargeant convincing tests are given. All these things are awakening great interest and producing good results. Rutland, Vt., July 8, 1864. M. W. D.

At Chicago. Mr. T. W. Taylor extends an invitation to those attending the Convention at Chicago to give him a call. His place of business is at 104 Randolph street. In a letter from Mr. T., dated at Memphis, he states that the friends of the cause in that city, and in all places he has visited, express great interest in the approaching Convention.

First Grand National Convention of Spiritualists. At a Convention of the Spiritualists of New England, held in Boston, in March last, the following Resolutions and Resolutions, after a full and free discussion, were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That the facts given to man through communication with the spirit-world, conclusively prove that a portion of the inhabitants of that world are interested in the elevation and improvement of humanity, and are associated together for the perfecting of wise plans to accomplish so desirable an end; and that it is the duty of the human race to cooperate with the good spirits of that world, in the establishment of a fraternal and social liberty, equality and fraternity throughout our world.

Resolved, That we believe that the exigencies of our times demand that measures should be taken by which this concert of action on the part of Spiritualists should be brought about, and for that purpose, we recommend that a National Convention of Spiritualists should be convened at some central point in the great West during the coming summer.

Resolved, That this Convention appoint a committee of five to correspond with the friends of the movement throughout the country, and select the time and place where the Convention shall be held, and make any other necessary arrangements for carrying out the spirit of the foregoing Resolutions.

H. F. Gardner, H. B. Storer, Mrs. Annina M. Spence, Miss Lizzie Doten and Henry C. Wright were appointed the Committee.

That we most earnestly recommend all Spiritualist associations and neighborhoods to appoint one or more of their best minds to attend this proposed Convention when called.

After careful examination and deliberation the Committee have decided that the greatest facilities for the accommodation of those who may attend for the Convention can be had in Chicago, Ill. They therefore most cordially and earnestly invite all Spiritualists throughout the country to meet in Convention in the city of Chicago, on Tuesday, the 9th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue from day to day thereafter during the pleasure of the Convention, for the purpose of a free interchange of thought upon all subjects embraced in the foregoing resolutions, and to take such action in the premises as they may deem best. And as the Committee fully recognize the identity of interest of all Humanity in the "New Dispensation," they would extend the same cordial invitation and greeting to the Spiritualists of all climes, and to unite with them in their deliberations.

"No pent up Utens confines our powers, For the whole boundless universe is ours." It was said in a former notice, all Spiritualists realize the great fact, that we live in a transition age. Old things are rapidly passing away in the religious and social, as well as in the political world. Behold all things must be formed anew. And the time has fully come when the millions in our country who have received the glorious light of the incoming day, must decide whether, by associated action, they will give direction and shape to the new, securing to all and each the greatest possible amount of individual, social, religious and political freedom, compatible with the greatest good of the whole; or, whether religious and political domination, the rulers of the past, shall, in the reconstruction, so frame our Constitutions and Laws as to crush the millions, for the exclusive aggrandizement and benefit of the few. Slavery, cruelty, oppression and wrong have had full sway under the old regime, based as it was, and is, upon the Mosaic code of barbarisms, and it is for us to decide whether they shall rule the earth, or the more rational and beautiful theory of the Brotherhood of all races of men, and the Fatherhood of God shall furnish the basic foundation of the new Church and State.

In conclusion, the Committee would urge upon the attention of all Spiritualists the recommendation contained in the last resolution. Do not fall to have a representation from every city, town or hamlet. Come, and let us reason together. Arrangements have been completed with the Vermont Central R. R. Company to convey passengers from the following places to Chicago, and return for \$25, exclusive of meals on steamer, or

not exceeding \$30 meals included, the round trip: Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester and Fitchburg, Mass.; Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Keene and Portsmouth, N. H.; Burlington, Montpelier and St. Albans, Vt.; and Ogdenburg, N. Y., by the following route: over Vermont Central Railroad from Boston to Ogdenburg, thence via Barre Lake of steamers to Chicago, and return by the same route. Tickets good from July 20th to October 1st, inclusive. Tickets to be had in Boston only of L. Mills, Esq., General Agent, No. 5 State street, and at the ticket offices of the Vermont Central in the above mentioned places. From the State of Maine passengers will be conveyed over the Grand Trunk Railroad to Port Sarria, thence by the Lakes as above for the same fare, viz., \$25 for the round trip, or \$20 including meals on the steamer. Apply to William Flowers, Esq., General Agent, Bangor, Me. The Spiritualists of New York can make satisfactory arrangements for reduction of fares by calling upon E. P. Beach, Esq., General Agent of Grand Trunk Railway, 27 Broadway, New York City.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman. H. B. STORER, Secretary.

All papers favorable to the movement will please copy.

Grand National Convention. For the information of the friends in New York and the New England States who desire to attend the National Convention in Chicago, permit me to say that the fare from New York City to Chicago on return, via Buffalo, Sarina and the Lakes, is \$30.70, exclusive of \$35.70, including meals on steamer, for the round trip. From Buffalo to Chicago and return, \$12 without, or \$17 with meals on steamers. Excursion tickets to be had only of E. P. Beach, General Agent, No. 27 Broadway, New York, and George H. Tryon, opposite the Erie street Depot, Buffalo. Single meals on steamer, fifty cents, or passengers can carry their own provisions. No extra charge for berth on steamer. For particulars in regard to fares from the New England States, and depots for the sale of excursion tickets, see notice in another column. Tickets good from July 20th to Sept. 1st, inclusive. United States currency and notes received at all refreshment rooms on the line of the Vermont Central and Grand Trunk Railroads and on the steamers.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman, Com.

Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists and friends of progress of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., will hold their third Grove Meeting of this season in the grove near Mr. Henry's, in Parisville, Aug. 20 and 21, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Speakers from the Chicago Convention on their return East, will find a cordial reception with us, and if need be, their extra expense provided for. Stopping at Potsdam, or Napp's Station on the N. R. R., N. Y. By order of Committee, REV. JAS. FRANCIS, Parisville, N. Y., July 14, 1864.

Grove Meeting. The Third Annual Grove Meeting of the Spiritualists of Superior, near Pilsbitt, Mich., will be held on the 6th and 7th days of August next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Speakers on their way to the Chicago Convention are respectfully invited to attend. Accommodations free, and as large a fee given the speakers as can be obtained. Moses Hull is engaged, and others will be unless response is made to the above. By order of the Committee, WM. F. GOODELL.

Annual Meeting. The fourth Annual Meeting of Spiritualists will be held at Centreville, Bradford Co., Pa., on the 21st day of August, commencing at 10 A. M. Spencer, Pa., July 17, 1864. WM. M. PALMER.

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