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Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

SECOND SECTION CONTINUED.

THE PERPETRATIONS OF DEPRAVITY.

One of the schoolmates of my boyhood was remarkable among them all for that cleverness of demeanor which wins the appellation of "a good-hearted fellow." As he grew to manhood he cultivated the acquaintance and fond regard of a "Blue-eyed Mary," whose surname written on his heart was "Darling." There was a happy marriage; and the subject of this occult reference, was the youngest of a respectable family, who inherited the old homestead as the likeliest stay of his parents in their declining years. In this "sweet home" were born, in timely succession, three loved offspring of conjugal satisfaction, to whom the young father was never wanting in the manifestations of natural affection, when he was sober. But alas! the hopes and joys of that happy household were shortly and forever blasted by the invigilant love of rum. The grandsire had always drunk a little, and encouraged his children to do likewise, but charged them not to drink "too much." James never meant to; nobody thought he ever would. But "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging," in the brain even of moderate indulgence. By slow degrees the promising son, the loving husband, the would-be best of fathers, all were drowned in his daily dram; till at length he gave himself up to such fits of intoxication and madness as moved him to lay violent hands on the idols of immortal love. He threatened to kill his blue-eyed Mary, and attempted to dash out the brains of his inoffensive children. For this he was sent to the House of Correction, from which he came forth as a protégé of a band of "Washingtonians," under whose auspices he made several unsuccessful attempts to reform; but died ere long, in what should have been his prime of life, a drunkard's death.

A drunkard's death!—that is awful enough, when viewed only from its sensuous side. But some of its victims have returned in spirit, to tell us that the posthumous effects of rum and tobacco are more deplorable than are ever experienced in the body.

I must not dismiss this topic without adding a word as to the soul-debasing effect of flesh-eating. In the first place, I invite attention to the everywhere obtrusive fact that mankind, with very few and almost adorable exceptions, are unreasonably and unamiably selfish. Nobody disputes this, though all marvel at each other for seeming to cherish what everybody abhors. In the next place, I ask the reader to observe that mankind are not generally so extremely selfish as are most of the older animal tribes of earth. Now and then a man betrays an almost brutal selfishness, and then we call him *hoglike*. In the third place, I wish to say as briefly as possible that the essence of human selfishness, and of bestiality in all its forms and phases, is nothing more nor less than the transferred life and mortality of brutes. Such is the inevitable effect of eating their carcasses, as I shall try to evince.

I know not who was first impressed with the occult verity that "all things are engaged in writing their history." But some eight years ago this pen was moved to trace the thought—

"That all substantial things and essences
Which meet and part in Nature, give and take
An abiding impress of what they are.
This is association's perfect law.
"Is seen in iron hardening by heat,
In a magnet's marriage-rite with steel,
"Tis better seen in mortal forms of life,
Which never quite return to what they were.
Thus Nature is the scribe of all events.
So every man and woman is a book;
And every animal, and plant, and flower,
And pebble, and fragment of changeable earth,
Jlath in itself its own adventures tale,
Only recorded, yet to spirit-eyes
As readable as any printed page."

These lines express an inference from psychometry. When the science of this art is perfected, and its philosophy comes to be understood, it will be impossible to elude the force of other influences of which at present there is little or no conception. One of these I am about to broach in explication of the probable source of human selfishness and animality. It is that the *vegetative life of all flesh is mentally polarized, or flesh itself is occultly characterized by the living habitudes of its individual animus*. This is a mysterious phenomenon, indeed, but no more so than the older revelation of an artificial magnet.

The author of "The Soul of Things," a book which brings to light many abstruse realities, tells us that "houses become so imbued with the influence of the people that live in them that sensitive persons can feel that influence as soon as they enter; and if it is unpleasant they have a feeling of uneasiness, or positive unhappiness, as long as they are subject to it." Can this be true of wooden habitations, and not of the more susceptible tenements of animal life?

Again the same writer says "the baker puts his life in his loaf, and influences persons for good or evil, who eat his bread." What then would be the effect if one should eat a piece of his flesh, or the hand that made the bread? If a baker puts his life in his loaf, does not a butcher put some of his in the meat which he handles? And is it likely that the character of a butcher is more contagious to the meat-eater than that of the creature out of whose body one's dinner is taken?

To a person who is psychometrically sensitive,

a lock of hair will reveal the character of its owner; so will a letter that of its writer. So will a piece of spar rib tell something of the man who slaughtered its living complement; but it will tell more of the creature of whose being it was once an essential part, and whose habitudes of body and mind are vitally recorded therein. Will these affect the eater? Experiment proves that they may affect the psychometrist. Mrs. Denton in psychometrizing a piece of whale-bone, felt like a whale. (See "Soul of Things," page 62.) Why then should not any one after dining on pork, feel like a hog—very selfish? Everybody knows that pork-eaters do, only they are not intellectually psychometric enough to be sensible of the gastronomic source of their swinish propensities.

III.—THE DOINGS OF CONSCIENCE.
Love is the law of harmony, and its reciprocity is the essence of happiness. It is as natural for man to love woman and woman man, as to breathe the air of life. But, in the language of common sense, there are two kinds of love, which are as distinct from each other, though not as readily distinguished, as lewdness and chastity. The one I shall call human, and the other bestial. Human love is spiritual as well as physical, and is born of the soul; whereas bestial love is merely carnal. Human nature is subject to both these kinds of love, and the workings of the latter are as often manifest in mankind as those of the former. To know how to distinguish this from that, is of the highest earthly consequence to the prospective votaries of Hymen; and yet, for a common inability to discriminate, they are very often confounded. This is the parent of all calamities in sexual intercourse, of which in time colluding parties repent. Copulation is chaste and harmless only as the overflow of *spiritual* love, which holds that of the body in wholesome check. It is only in marriage wherein that abounds that conjugal satisfaction is ever found. But when the most intimate of all human relations is sought primarily for selfish gratification; when its motive is a vagrant appetite which fancies the physique of sexuality and conjugal delectation, instead of the ideal of conjugal want and nuptial constancy; that is what I call *Conscience*—the greatest mischief-maker that society unwittingly harbors.

Conscience is the root of all unchastity—of all lascivious imaginings, obscene utterances and lecherous actions—the only instigator to *masturbation, seduction, promiscuous fornication and marital incontinence*. It is very often the occasion of unhappy marriages, as well as of matrimonial infidelity, defection and divorce. Disgusting and painful to the moral and benignant sensibilities of human nature, as are the social manifestations of these vices and crimes, it may be our duty to contemplate them, nevertheless, enough to be animated with a reformatory will to extirpate them from the heart of humanity and face of the earth, instead of tolerating by our inattention the interminable propagation of their awful incentive.

MASTURBATION is a health-destroying and soul-stunting vice. It tends to enervate the physical powers by the same principle as blood-letting or privation of food. Phlebotomy saps the fountain of life, while every crisis of amatory passion causes an effusion of life itself. The use of food is to make blood; the use of blood is to vitalize and renovate the body; and the use of the vital element itself is to mentalize the brain and nourish the physical form of the human spirit. The life-element is also the medium of mind in all its operations, and is normally expended in the various processes of sensation, cognition, volition, digestion, assimilation and secretion. These are the principal agencies of human development, and to this end they must work together in harmony. It is the harmony of the latter three which constitutes health, the harmony of the former three which constitutes sanity, and the harmony of each with all which constitutes a happy and progressive individuality. There is, however, a single mode of secretion whose utility is reproductive rather than educative. The dormancy of its organs is no hindrance to the growth of individual character. Their active state, indeed, is not quite harmless, except within certain rational bounds, and should never be encouraged but with procreative intent. Even to this end it is a life-giving process by which an ideal object of parental love is quickened to a conscious entity. When this end is disregarded and its means are resorted to for sheer gratification, there is, however unwittingly through ignorance, a reckless waste of life's spiritual essence. A man might as well go without eating in spite of hunger, or submit to venesection for a daily loss of blood, as to be prodigal of the aural product of digestion by which the soul subsists. Thus the persistent onanite starves himself in the fullest sense of the word, and so the prime effect of his delusive habit is emaciation. Then follows an insatiable appetite, a dispeptic stomach, a fetid breath, a feeble and broken voice, weakness of the eyes and irritability of the nervous system, a tremulous hand and a haggard look, with general debility and emaciation of the outer man. These are some of the physical consequences of draining the organism of life by excessive spermatic secretions. The mind, of course, participates in all these failings of the body, though it suffers mostly and primarily for want of healthful exercise. For the vice under consideration reacts upon the lewd fancy by which it is prompted, which is vivified by indulgence until it dominates all the mental powers, as that does the physical, making Animateness the leading organ of the brain. This represents perpetually the objective ideal of carnal desire, putting out the eyes of Reason and Conscience, and filling those of conception "full of adultery, that cannot cease from sin." This again occasions a disuse of all the better faculties of human nature, causing them gradually to die out. The sequel of all is a surreptitious imbecility, which begins to be manifest by obliviousness and occasional aberrations of intellect, followed

by decline of self-confidence and self-respect, and in their place the birth of shame, distrust, diffidence in conversation, especially with the opposite sex, and a consequent slinking from society. Finally, if reform be too long delayed, the hapless wretch either degenerates to an idiot, or comes to himself only to deplore his fate and be hurled by desperation into the maelstrom of insanity and hopeless death. Thousands of youths, in every generation, have perished thus as victims of this most shameful vice; than which, in the diction of Christian mythology, the Devil lays no snares for human souls more foolingly successful.

SEDUCTION is a crime more nefarious, and contemptible too, than any deed which the Bible ascribes to Satan. The fabled tempter of Eve, Job and Jesus, was really less infernal, it seems to me, than the fiend in human shape that goes about,

Not "as a roaring lion," for something to devour
For hunger's sake,
But slyly as a serpent plying the charmer's power
A life to take,
Wooling immaculate girls in Love's name to defour,
Their hell to make—
Atrocious raki!

The seducer's only successful method is a complication of sacrilegious lies. He approaches his intended victim, who of course knows nothing of his real character, in the guise of an earnest lover, or at least professing the conjugal want of a virtuous and honorable man, averring his affection for her as verifying his ideal of a wife. He is well dressed, polite, affable, graceful in deportment, and to all outward appearance a perfect gentleman. Herein is his forte. These traits of good manners are what commend him to the best society. With these, he has no need of letters of introduction or third-party go-betweens. The personal impression of his *debut* is more effective than the best reputation, and in his case supercedes the want of it among strangers. To these he adds a practiced skill in certain amatory arts, by which he enforces his prepossessing claims, and insinuates something of his own wily passion to the hearts of his feminine subjects, without awakening a suspicion of his salacious design.

When an unsophisticated girl, or a susceptible woman, admits such a man to a private interview, even for an hour, she is already ensnared. If her personal temperament is negative to his, at it will be in ninety-nine of every hundred of his attempts, he does not want a longer time than this to entangle her mind in the spider-thread of his sinister will—to establish a psychologic connection, as the beginning of a pathetic union, of which she is the passive subject and he the controlling agent. This secret communion will last until ruptured by his conscious defeat or satiety; though not to be strengthened except in subsequent meetings. One interview makes another probable, and that another still; until, the point of his mental ascendancy being attained, in the nick of a concerted opportunity, he snatches the morsel of his voluptuous passion, and abandons his victim forever—quickly deserts the thing that held his pleasure, as 'twere an empty bottle whence the wine is drained. This is the end of his seductive power in this case, and also of the charming illusion which rapt a heart to ruin. Now she has come to herself, and let us imagine, if we can, some of the constituents of her wretchedness.

One of these is the fact of her disappointment—her sudden, soulful sense of personal bereavement. Hitherto she has fancied her amorous endeavor to be all that he pretended—the embodiment of her conjugal ideal. She has dreamed only of the faithful counterpart of her confiding heart; never of the virile phantasm that now disappears in light and turns her day to night. Now the shocking reality bursts in painful conception upon her, and she feels unutterably sad and forsaken.

Another element of her woe is shame and self-reproach. She is dismayed at her own folly, and seeks in vain to excuse her seeming guilt; for she knows nothing of the abstruse principle by which a manish monster clothes himself in manly attributes, and sways the chastely feminine will to his immodest purpose. Had she known, she had never been caught in his snare. But as it is, ignorant of her own innocence, she blames herself almost as much as her inveigler. She loathes herself, and yet it is her innocence which makes her conscious ruin. Never till that hour, but ever after, she is haunted by the virgin's ghost. *Can she ever be married?* Never! Never can she give her hand to a worthy suitor, without a confession which must shame her heart and maybe murder Love. So she thinks.

And there is one more ingredient in her cup of misery—one more reason why she calls herself *undone*! That delicious thought is born of a heartless society. She knows—she always has, but now she realizes, how cruel is the world to all such unfortunate as she. Will anybody pity her? Will anybody pity her? Will not her own sex, all her former associates, cast her out of the circle of friendly intercourse and beyond the pale of respectful regard? Will not even her dearest kindred refuse to share in her disgrace, as a fallen and polluted creature? To whom then may she look for sympathy, or where hide herself from living shame and contempt? Whether, oh whether shall she flee for an asylum in this her direful agony?

Perhaps to the nearest river. Thousands have done so, and found in suicide an awful, indeed, yet welcome refuge from what to a sensitive, wounded spirit, is more dreadful than any form of death. Others, with stouter hearts and a will to "smile at Satan's rage and face a frowning world," finding everybody in league with their seducer, have chosen the brothel, where alone their peculiar misery finds company, and whence they may react with vengeance upon mankind, by enticing as many as possible of the lecherous race to share with them the hell of the lecher's making.

PROMISCUOUS FORNICATION is a masculine crime. Prostitution is apparently its feminine

coincidence, but not verily; it is merely incidental to male licentiousness, as a sequence of exorbitant virility and man's dominant relation to woman. I know the very opposite of this has always been presumed, or at least arbitrarily maintained for public opinion. The Bible deals largely in denunciations of "strange women," without a word of warning to the gentler sex, in reference to *strange men*. In society, harlots have always been the scapegoats of the lecher's sin. Even in these latter days of reformation, there is much exclusive ado about the pest of prostitution, as if it had no male accomplice. But the esoteric fact is somehow beginning to transpire, that brothels are the haunts of infamous men, no less than the homes of debased women; the former being the real agents, and the latter the mere mercenaries, of criminal intercourse. When and where was the vile woman ever known to see her debaucher? "The boot is on the other foot." He purchases her concubinage; and the price of this is her motive. His is lust. However despicable her calling; however self-ruinous her craft, it is her living, nevertheless—his pleasure is her business, and his demand her opportunity. Let that cease, and there would be an immediate end of prostitution; for harlots are not so *strange*, in the scriptural sense of the word, as their venerated patrons, who out-number them everywhere, ten to one.

It would be an instructive lesson, and a moral service to mankind, if some of these *unfortunates*, as they really are, would give the world the benefit of their experience, together with all the motives by which their erratic course has been secretly shaped. I doubt not that a faithful history of their eventful lives would essentially modify the vulgar opinion of their deserts. I am sure it would reveal some phases of human misery which they only are conversant with, and move many a heart to pity that now relates to them only by scorn. As much as this is inferable from the hurried mortality and loathsome disease with which their abominable vocation is cursed. The average length of a harlot's life is said to be about four years. As to what death is to such improvident spirits, or how dubious to them is the aspect of life beyond it, I can only think it more dismal or terrible than any fancy but that of experience can adequately picture.

But what of the instigators to such hell-bent dereliction of soul and body's interest, for time and eternity, as harlotry verifies? Only the assurance that they have their reward.

Character is the maker of happiness, and righteousness communion is its make. It is only progression in these that can vehicle souls to Heaven. By character I mean development of human nature. All human beings have more or less of it; and the more one has, the happier one may be. And by righteous communion I mean the mental and material realization of the natural uses of things. The more varied and perfect is this, the larger is one's scope of enjoyment—the more grateful, delectable and elevating, is life.

One communes with an orange by eating it, and with all Nature, externally through the senses, and internally by means of rational perception, sensibility and taste. Without an appetite, or alimentive taste, there could be no agreeable communion with essences; and so without intellectual taste there could be no exalted communion with the world of sense. In like manner, the value of social communion is proportionate to subjective wisdom and worth, or to one's interchangeable treasures of thought and power of sympathetic inspiration.

From this standpoint of rational observation, look at the debauchee. Has he much character, or little? and does his profligate habit tend to enlarge, or diminish, what little he has? Does it exalt and ennoble, or abase and debase him? The latter is its inevitable effect. His habitual crime is death to manliness. It is incompatible with ordinary benevolence, or the least appreciable regard for the welfare of its subordinate and virtually compelled accomplice. It is such an offense to Reason and Conscience as none but an utter stranger to generous impulses and the sway of moral and rational principles can be guilty of. It is not communion with Woman, but *mis-communion* with one of her animal functions, and that mainly to her expense. Yet the fornicator never hesitates for a thought of this, but even shirks as far as possible all partnership in her disgrace, makes no amends for the later sufferings which his lustful gratification naturally entails on its female instrument, and sometimes makes merry with his comrades in meanness, over the very cheapness of salacious indulgence.

Such conduct cannot but brutify its agent. It does not merely occasion disuse of the rational and moral faculties; it flouts and smothers them. It minifies the noblest attributes of human nature, while it enlarges and promotes those which are common to men and brutes. In this way it not only debases the man, but tends to extinguish all that immortalizes the soul. According to the testimony of some who have crossed the threshold of spirit-life, "a spirit is not necessarily immortal, but can be gradually extinguished, as a lamp, burning for an indefinite time, and then slowly going out." * * * It can, by a course of debauchery, gluttony, lust and crime, annul its charter to immortal life, and gradually fade into oblivion. This is true of spirits considerably advanced." (See Arcana of Nature, Vol. II. Chap. XX.)

However this may be, the debauchee exemplifies the extreme folly of preferring the beastly clysium, temporal and groveling as it is, to the growing Heaven of angels. He sells his spiritual birthright for something less substantial, the zest of which is more transient and unsatisfying, than Jacob's mess of pottage. He surely *sows* to the flesh, whereof he can reap in the end only corruption. Until he repent, he is vending his way to the abyss of spiritual death. If this be not his fate, his better destiny is behind him, to be reached only by retracing his steps with greater purga-

torial pains than priestcraft ever fabled. He is not happy now, nor can he ever be, till after a season of soulful discipline which will seem to him as an age of torment in the flames of ineffable hell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIVINE PERSONALITY VS. OMNIPRESENCE—NUMBER NINE.

Believing the doctrine, "God is a Principle, and not a Personality," so confidently affirmed by many of the prominent advocates of Spiritualism, is but a gilded name for old fashioned materialism, tending to undermine the religious feelings of those who adopt it, I have earnestly sought to induce some one of its endorsers to test its rationale, by applying it in determining why the original atoms first began to combine; common sense teaching that if it failed to solve that problem, it could not be accepted in explanation of the continued and present combinations.

Having, on the premise that God is a Spirit, offered for their criticism a solution of both the origin and nature of all material atoms, and why they began to, and have since continued to combine, I did hope that are these some one of those who deny Divine Personality and assert Divine Omnipresence, would have given your readers the opportunity of comparing the reasons on which our respective conclusions are founded. Though disappointed thus far, I still hope this desire will be gratified, and when it is it shall have my careful attention.

I propose now, by another train of thought, to show the rationale of the doctrine that God is a Spirit, and, therefore, necessarily not omnipresent, but localized.

Prominent among the teachings of Spiritualism is the doctrine that "God is progressive." This is affirmed by those who deny and those who accept his personality. It is, therefore, important to consider and define in what Divine progression consists, as an aid and guide in our conceptions of the Divine nature. In the general economy of Nature we recognize both a continuous and an ascending progression. We accept that the different genera and species of vegetable and animal life have been, and are, progressively developed and perfected through reproduction, and this is termed continuous progression of inherent but latent nature—or, I submit, "capacities and affinities." We also accept that the lower rudimental forms of vegetable and animal life have been and are the immediate parent source of successively born higher and complex forms of life, and this is termed, "ascending progression," whether we hold life thus ascending as "a principle," or a spiritual substance, during its progression from a lower to a higher form and manifestation therein.

Now when Divine progression is affirmed, it should be defined as either continuous, or ascending; for the question is of too much importance to be carelessly considered, or confusedly comprehended. While believing in the perfection of the Divine attributes of wisdom and power, my effort will be to show you may rationally accept that "The Divine Perfection"—or, in other words, the Omnipotence and Omniscience of Deity—is continuously progressive; and if I can do this, I will have disposed of Mr. Palmer's very plausible objection of my masterly inactivity, heretofore published in the BANNER, the validity of which rests entirely on the implied assumption, that God is not progressive, and, therefore, could not consistently with his own nature have been passive during the eternity preceding the beginning of his creation.

Before considering the point of progression, it will be well to define the sense in which the terms Omnipotence and Omniscience will be used to describe the power and wisdom of Deity. Appealing from Theology to Reason for my faith, I conclude that the annihilation of matter is impossible; hence, that it is both self-existent and eternal. Now with this conclusion, sanctioned by my Reason, it would be sheer bigotry to ignore that the Divine Omnipotence is limited by possibility, and being so, that the increase of Divine power necessarily involves a corresponding change in the limits of possibility. Hence, if we recognize coexistence of Matter and Spirit—whether we regard spirit to be "a principle" or a substance—we must inquire for, and seek to comprehend, their inherent mutual relations, and thus better judge whether the limits of possibility have been, and can still be, changed. If this limit is in principle true as to Divine Power, it will, I submit, apply in degree also, to Divine Omniscience, and as I purpose endeavoring before closing these papers to show that the immortal human spirit possesses the attribute of independent volition, I shall have occasion to consider in detail the question of, Divine Omniscience being alike progressive. Requesting my readers to keep in mind the sense in which I shall use the terms Omnipotence and Omniscience, in considering the question whether Divine perfection is progressive, let us examine the revelations of Nature as interpreted by modern science and the teachings of history, as construed by the prevailing philosophy.

First, as to the material world, we accept that however numerous may be the suns and systems composing the universe, each and all were originated and formed through and under the same economy and law. Hence, the true history of our Sun and Earth is a key to the history of the universe as an organized structure. Now we accept that our sun revolves in its orbit around a more interior central sun, analogous to the revolution of our earth in its orbit around our sun—and as we also accept that the organization of our sun necessarily preceded that of our earth, consistency requires us to conclude that the organization of our sun was necessarily subsequent to that of the more central sun around which it revolves. We are thus constrained to accept, as a postulate, that the numerous suns embraced in the universe were not simultaneously, but consecutively organized,

and, therefore, that as they collectively constitute a unit, it necessarily has its centre and its circumference. This proposition is a premise with its logical conclusion, that the universe itself is limited in dimension, hence not coextensive with unlimited space—cannot be evaded or avoided, if we seek to reason from the known to comprehend the unknown. Nor can its teachings be reconciled with the doctrine of Divine Omnipotence, or the assumed dogma, that matter, in its primitive or self-existent condition, or state, is inherently atomic, or capable of self-action. In the necessary recognition of a circumference, we must also accept the existence of space beyond, or reject the idea of its being endless. If we admit that it thus exists and bounds the universe, we may consistently suppose it is filled with self-existent matter, unchanged in its primitive inherent condition, or state; but in doing so we cannot consistently accept also, that Divine Power has been, or still is, present and operative there; for the action of Divine Power involves change in the condition of matter. Now, aware that most of these ideas have been presented previously in my argument, I have repeated them only because in my next I will try to logically infer from the premise of suns being consecutively organized, that each additional sun in the process of creation involved a corresponding increase of creative governing and sustaining power—hence, that this power has been, and is, progressive; and if, as claimed, this increase of power is referable only to a conscious Personality, then in this we have rational grounds for accepting that God is a Spirit, not Omnipresent, but localized.

Hoping that Spiritualists will not hastily determine the important question, "What and where is God?" but rather invite and encourage its most detailed and careful investigation, I trust my views may yet attract that rigid criticism which may aid me to discover whether my faith in Divine Personality is an error, or founded in truth, and in aiding me alike, aid others who are unable to accept that "our Father in heaven" is not a conscious Personality or Spirit, but a "Principle," present in all matter, and, therefore, constituting the Fox, the Whale, and the Tree, as well as Man, "a part of Deity." PHILADELPHIA.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

BY J. M. ALLEN.

There has ever been a class of minds whose aspirations were toward the true, the pure, the lofty, the great, the good. These have always been in the minority. They have suffered irretrievable losses from man's cupidity. They have dug and delved in the vain hope of accumulating wealth for the accomplishment of their beautiful purposes. Their labor has been in vain, simply because their lives were so connected with other men's lives, that their aspirations could not avail them—their hopes could not be fruited. They were checked at each step by the false conditions surrounding them. Like the chameleon, whose varying hues result from the complexion of things around it, they have suffered themselves to be diverted from the true objects of their soul's aspirations by the more positive attractions residing in the masses around them. Thus they have been swallowed up in the gorging mass of other's animality, rather than built up into the expanded selfhood of harmony. The world has thus suffered greatly in loss of moral worth and intellectual impetus; and the ages have rolled on without that vigor of progressiveness which might otherwise have attended them. The world must needs progress slowly; and it is thus the lot of humanity to be revolved in endless cycles of progression, rather than to move in a direct, upward line. The time has come when men can begin to feel that nature has designed them for infinite progression, and thus to look with complacency upon the ills of life, remembering that life is endless. From these two postulates, the present minority of truth-loving, wisdom-worshipping philanthropists, and the endless progressiveness of humanity, we proceed to the consideration of some of the ills which beset humanity at the present time, and of the means in God's providence to be employed for their gradual removal.

In the first place let us consider the outward. That presents, except in rare instances, no harmony at all commensurate with the requirements of health, prosperity or equality. Thus the world is divided into sick and well, poor and rich, low and high—the first in each duality being greatly in the preponderance. The true destiny of man is perfect health, prosperity and equality. Has this been attained? Never. The present age is, perhaps, as free from direct violations of nature's laws as any which has preceded it, and yet it is so lamentably at variance with true action in the physical realm, that the world is full of false conditions of body, purse and status. There is scarcely to be found a soul whose easement is free from the encroachments of disease. There is scarcely to be found one whose expanding is not checked more or less by the structures of poverty or the engorgements of wealth. There is no soul in Christendom, whose rank is strictly just in the social scale. It is either puffed up with undue honors, or kept down by a false estimate of worth. It is either proud from prosperity, or cowed by adversity. It is either wickedly violative of the laws of health, while yet in the enjoyment of it, or groaning with anguish at loss of it. No wonder that the sighs and groans of oppressed humanity have reached the angel world, and brought forth workers in the cause of physical regeneration. No wonder that the "sick and bleeding" of earth have been the first to be reached by the philanthropic element of Spiritualism. The physical structure of things manward is so distorted, torn and sapped, that the spirit cultivators may well be engaged in such work as Dr. Newton and his co-workers are carrying forward as mediums, instruments in their hands. More than that: the instruments of regeneration are not simply those bearing upon the physical conditions.

The causes of these conditions must be reached, ere the world can be considered safe. These causes are, first, Ignorance; second, Willfulness. These two must be removed ere the end and aim of this portion of spirit cultivation be accomplished. The world must be educated into an understanding of the Laws of Health, and subdued into a willingness to follow them. This must be done ere the higher and more internal manifestations can be reached to their fullness. The world cannot be regenerated fully, until the basis of all harmony has been established—sound physical health; and this cannot be until man has acknowledged Law in his physical being. The oppression of poverty and false rank, can be done away only by repeated and powerful blows at the spirit of avarice and oppression which has caused them. This brings us again into the inner realm, and we see that education, in conjunction with an infusion of the spirit of philanthropy from the angel shores, is alone sufficient for the removal of these gigantic evils. The world must be educated—it must be inspired. Who shall educate—who inspire? How is it to be done? By instilling into the mind of the Present, old truths belonging to the Past? By repelling

Spiritualism? By rejecting the government of the Spiritual Congress? By ignoring the action of spirit education? By denying the necessity of a reform in alphabetic representation? Nay! nay! In neither of these ways; but by a persistent striving after the high and holy, pure and gentle, wise and loving; by a yearning after spiritual things, and a seeking for spiritual gifts; by a willing obedience to the mandates of wisdom, as revealed from the higher life; by a cultivation of the spiritual nature; by the building up of rational systems of culture; by appreciation of the labors of angels and mediums; by systematically striving to obtain a positiveness of good which shall counteract the encroachments of evil; by building up a public sentiment favorable to the establishment of a philosophy based upon Spiritualism, a religion founded upon science, and a socialism acknowledging the universal brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity. These things must needs be, or the world will ever be filled with a preponderance of selfishness and discord, and a minority of truthful progressiveness and earnest lovingness.

The world needs something else than bigotry and intolerance—schools filled with the spirit of self-sufficiency, fashion usurping the place of common sense, Mammon reigning in the churches, ambition filling the hearts of the public servants, and lust reigning throughout all classes. Needing thus a change, the world must have it; and it must come, first, from the establishment of Spiritualism in the hearts of the masses; second, from the adoption of the Universal Alphabet by the body of Spiritualists in Convention assembled, as a basis for the building up of a University; third, from a recognition of the Spiritual Congress by all the governments of earth. These are sufficient, and only these, for the overthrow of the temple of Error, in which man has so long worshiped, and the construction of a correct and enduring foundation and vestibule to the grand temple of Truth, to be erected afterwards by the combined forces of earth and heaven—the divine architects of the future ages.

Will man stand erect in his true dignity and worth, acknowledging the guidance of higher powers, and content to be taught by the true teachers of humanity—the progressed souls of angel life—walking hand in hand with them, and looking trustfully upward at each step of his earthly pilgrimage; believing in the wisdom of the higher life, and in the power thereof to infuse love and light o'er all the sons and daughters of earth? Let him be willing, in these days of trial, to stand boldly for the right, regardless of the frowns and sneers of an unappreciating world. Let him seek to render himself positive in good, that thereby, the sum-total of positive power for the regeneration of the nations be increased, and the revolutions of time bring the cycles of progression more rapidly higher and higher toward the perfect day of harmony and peace, wisdom and joy, universal and unending.

Discharge your duties faithfully, oh, Spiritualists of America and the world! Be ready to receive each new mission, and willing to work therein. Discard not the new truths, as they come fresh from the angel shores, for the elevation of humanity in the flesh. Keep pace with the requirements of each succeeding year, and hesitate not to demand all that may be necessary, of government or any other institution.

The times require co-operation. Unite your forces. Be a power increased by mission. Grapple with the issues which may soon be presented, as becomes men and women, earnestly philanthropic, and fearlessly faithful to the high truths of the day. Be firm, loving, and patient—wise as the requirements of the hour necessitate—and ever hopeful. God and the angels will guide and bless, and bring triumph to the cause of truth and progression.

The hope of the world lies not in the establishment of false theology, unlinked with science. It lies in the regenerating power of wisdom-directed culture, as vouchsafed to earth from heaven through the inspirations of Spiritualism. Education and spiritualization are sufficient for the salvation of the world, and in these are we to discover all that man can ever require.

Let the forces of heaven play freely around you, oh, philanthropists of the world! and you shall be rewarded by the usherance in of the true systems of culture, which shall revolutionize existing crudities, and reveal to man the resplendent glories of the Sciences of Human Life!

East Bridgewater, Mass.

"INTEMPERANCE."

BY D. H. SHAFER.

I have just been reading an article in the BANNER of the 11th of June, on "Intemperance," by E. G. Willard, in which she says, "Woman must be freed from bondage—from man's dominion over her—she must be redeemed from her outward condition—from those hells of infamy into which men have plunged so many of the sex. Every vile house of infamy is a manufactory for drunkards." Again, "How long, oh Lord, how long shall man rule over woman, and steep himself in iniquity? What can be done?" But let your reader re-peruse the article. I feel impressed to add my mite of observation to that of Mrs. Willard's, having studied long and learned that there is no effect without a previous cause.

Having recently finished my duties as an assessor of one of the most popular and central wards of this great city, whose constantly growing population now numbers over two hundred thousand inhabitants—this ward, the second, includes within its boundary the Burnet House, Gibson House, Walnut street House, Galt House, Pike's Opera House, Wood's Theatre, Mozart Hall, Palace Garden, Catholic Institute, Mechanics' Institute, Ohio Medical College, Dental College, Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, Common School Library, Chamber of Commerce, Post Office, Custom House, U. S. District Court, U. S. Sanitary Commission Department, National and other Banks, &c. Now, friend BANNER, the reason why I am so explicit is, that in so distinguished a part of this celebrated Queen City, I found within the limits of two blocks about forty houses and places of prostitution, and over three hundred females as occupants, many of them young and handsome. In mentioning this fact to a friend who has been engaged in public matters connected with this city, his estimate of the total number of unfortunate females of this class falls but little below ten thousand for this place alone. Many of these I knew in former years, in the days of their innocent childhood, as children of religious parents, or of families connected with some of the sectarian churches. Their early education has been woefully at fault; kept under rigid moral restraint. The rod, in accordance with Solomon's maxim, not being spared; censured and blamed, and punished for undeserved imaginary faults; forced in very early life to assist in earning the means of living; a cultivated desire for outward show and adornment—these and other causes have tended to produce such degrading conditions.

A large proportion of outcast females have been trained in the sectarian Sunday Schools, reared

in gossiping families and neighborhoods, and thus have engendered causes, the sad effects of which are apparent to every keen observer.

The proprietors (female, of course), of such houses as I have referred to, now are licensed by the Internal Revenue Department, under the head of "Retail Dealers in Liquor," and a few who are enabled to own their houses, are licensed as "Hotels—Class 5."

Friend Willard says, "If any one can see how intemperance can be brought to destruction by anything less than a providential convulsion, he can see further than we can." Men and women who believe in the teachings from the angel world, who believe and practice moral purity, let your "light so shine" out before the world in charity and sympathy for women who are in slavery more destructive and abasing and degrading than the colored slavery of the South. I say work, "work while it is called to-day." "For he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Go to work, gather in the children into Sunday Lyceums, collect them together, teach them that every good thought prompts to good actions and deeds, and let every individual, male and female, "cease to do evil; learn to do well," and soon will error die in the land.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUMMER EVENING.

BY D. PARKER.

Softly and silently the earth has rolled and drifted for another night; Gold and purple drapery fold the sun in his couch where the twilight waits; Breezes from the southwest now sleep in the cool valleys and woods; Birds are breathing out their last day-adieu notes, and dropping off to sleep; The workful bee has gone home with his load for the winter storehouse; Or sleeps folded in crimson sheets to the fragrant bosom of the rose; The cows, herded at home and milked, lie quietly chewing their cud; The frogs have commenced their evening chorus of amative croakings; The night-hawks have been over their game of soaring and playing at be-peep; The whip-poor-will sing out their lullabys in the woods, or by the still farm-house; The cricket winds his tiny life whilst the World Spirit softly unfolds, And spreads Sleep's soothing mantle over the weary husbandman; The winds that have been all day loaded with bird-songs and flower-fragrance, Straying and frolic over the fields all full of hope and promise, Are now harkening to the night-voices in prayers, hymns and praises.

This is the hour for meeting and mingling with the seen and the unseen; The hour when watchful angels come full of health and helpfulness, Throwing their nets, woven of the silken threads of sympathy, over weary pilgrims, And infusing magnetic life into the souls and bodies of earth's toil-worn laborers.

The day's last and night's first hours have met, kissed and parted in the glowing west; The day's door is now closed, and the echo has died away over the mountains; The lily has folded its petals, and sleeps easy on the bosom of the still water; Moonlight dims the stars, and all things seem bound in liquid sympathy and love; Plants and flowers spread or fold their leaves in harmony with the hour;

Fire-flies, like little stars, float silently over the grass-fields and waysides, Where it looks as though fairies were holding their festivals, with torches and lanterns. I plunge in the amorous tide of this voluptuous and sweet-breathed night, And on it I will float to the shores of the land of the hereafter.

The earth looks as though it might be a grand vestibule to God's great Temple, Where there was more to see, admire and wonder at than it afforded time for.

Naked is the night, and warm, and her touch thrills one with inexpressible pleasure; I resign myself to the witchery of the hour, and become enchanted and carried away with it; It flutters its wings, and shakes its soporiferous dews and drowsiness over me; All things seem liquid, and ready to float into and mingle with each other.

I go to the flower-garden, my best place to muse and contemplate:

Here I can best make out my list of the benefits of the day and of the night;

Here I can come into harmony with myself, and with all below and above me.

In the pale moonlight I walk its winding paths amongst the sleeping flowers, And wonder how the Life-Spirit forms and sustains so much use and beauty.

My thoughts run wild and free to the verge of measureless heights and depths;

I see the coming and working of the ever life-giving spirit of the world,

Passing in and passing out, ever young, and never weary of giving and taking;

So over and over again it is new birth into the seen and unseen forever.

I gaze upon the waving outlines of grace and beauty in the horizon, Where the distant mountains seem peering into the sun's bed-room.

Watching the day's closing eye in the calm overflow of the young night.

Let them watch there whilst I look after what is nearer home.

I think of the poor wayfaring man, with no friend to soothe or stay him.

And of the poor, toll-weary mother, who hugs her babe to her breast and says her prayers; How some anxious parents may be watching over a sick and dying child;

How some fond mother leans and weeps over her hectic daughter;

How the wretched drunkard reels home from the dram-shop, to beat his wife and children; How the gambler comes home frenzied, the last copper staked and lost;

How the beggar seeks from house to house for lodging in the woodshed or barn; How the honest laborers are resting and renovating for the toils of a new day,

Whilst this Sabbath-like stillness broods over the dusky landscape.

I gaze over and up and down the valley of the gentle Concord,

Where may be seen the high and the low—the best and the worst of humanity.

I hear the bells of the Spindle City, and think of the life and mind they rule;

Think how much health, innocence and virtue has been damaged there;

Think of the dollar-and-cent scramble of the crowd, and of the bruised and skinned-alive;

Think how many lives are there carded, spun and woven into cotton cloth,

Which so often answers only the purpose of wind-ing-sheets for the weavers.

I gaze upon the silent woods, bathing in the general night-dews;

They will come clean from the baptism for the kisses of the morning-sun,

Which will then help them make their toilet by the still waters.

I gaze upon the unruffled river, where the wakeful frogs croak and scream;

Where the muskrats are playing, swimming and diving for their clam-supper;

Where the dragon-fly sleeps upon the bullrush, over squads of water-beetles.

Over its calm bosom I see the pleasure-boat glide with its happy lovers.

They look at the mirrored moon, stars, wooded hills and banks;

In silence they gaze at each other, listening to the night's unwritten music;

So each appearing to the other all-sufficient for heaven and earth.

I hear the merry laugh of the hilarious and lively school-boys and girls;

They are full of budding and blossoming life, and feel its expanding stimulants.

Out through the eye, the cheek, and lip it peers, and in the graceful form of motion;

They gather here and there in groups, or walk the streets for pleasure and pastime;

They are unfolding and coming to know what love looks and feels like;

Already they plume themselves, and bashfully try their winning ways;

Artfully each strives to keep the most attractive side in view.

Summer, sunshine and love glow in their eyes, and their hearts beat time to their music;

Each look and motion is amative, and cupid easily bags the whole flock.

Young Love's promises are all fair, and he finds welcome and flowers.

I know how it all feels, for I have been over the same ground, and know all the coverts and by-ways;

When the stern realities of life come, these hours will help to soften them.

This is the hour and place for me, and I cast anchor here, and wait a little while;

Now, calmness, peace, and moonlight spread over all the wide landscape;

I stretch my gaze over the wonderful beauty that broods and watches over it;

No time can be fitter to soothe the spirits fervered in the world's strife;

None fitter to come into use and harmony with the great World Spirit;

To search into the use and meaning of life, and find how and where it comes and goes;

Or to commune with the departed, who yet remember and love us;

To give freedom to the fancies, and pry open the secrets of the universe;

And so in the All in One and One in All, find the sphinx-riddle solved.

Now the fever of the market-places cooled down, and men breathe freer;

The hum of its busy life has died away, and night-voices come uppermost;

Now the heart and soul may expand, and become more just and companionable;

From this time to midnight tired life will be dropping off to rest,

And sailing in dreams over smooth or turbulent waters, as it has been true or false.

The lover waits the slumber of the loved one for the serenade;

Presently she will be dreaming and listening to soft and witching music;

She will be walking in pleasant valleys carpeted with grass and flowers;

She will hear sweet sounds and echoes, and wonder how she can be so happy.

The noise is hushed in the street, and the invalid feels the influence of the opiate;

The contentions of the day are hushed, and the wounded are housed and cared for;

The curses and blows that have been dealt, are being eased and repented of;

The day's pleasures and pains, lights and shades, will be dreamed of through the night;

The new enmities and friendships, the new losses, crosses and burdens;

The disappointments and changes, the arrivals and departures;

The success and failures, with their good or bad returns;

The good or bad resolutions, with the right or wrong done in the day's work;

The brightening or darkening of prospects, hopes and anticipations;

The friendships formed or broken, the loves accepted or rejected;

The love that runs smooth and dead, or such as is crossed and made alive;

The life that fares hard and rises, or such as is pampered and stands still;

The hope that is hopeless, or the hope that patiently endures the most;

These will effect the night and its dreams, and will expand or contract the soul.

All rivers run into the ocean, but no two run alike, or often in the same direction.

I will watch the effect of all these, and come and speak of them again.

I see and hear vastly more than I can yet tell the cause or meaning of.

I am ashamed of myself that I so poorly understand and discourse of what I see;

But I shall have things by the handle by-and-by, and better know what they are good for;

I shall dig into and come at their meaning before I have done with them.

There is a way to the root, or heart and core of a matter, that is worth walking in;

I know the voices of the night and day deride me for my meagre account of them,

And constantly call in my ears for more life-like and truthful pictures;

But, softly, now I must rest awhile and renovate for new efforts;

Move and rock gently, oh Mother Earth! and let thy weary children sleep;

Thy Bridgroom holds thee through the night, close-folded in His arms.

Beer Drinking.

A very readable article in the August Atlantic on beer drinking in Germany, lets us into many of the ways of the quiet and contemplative people who indulge in this philosophic style of tipple. The writer says that "the most common manifestation of Barrenan beer drinking is a perpetual tasting, and not a pouring down of the liquid, a glass at a time. These people seem to have the art of doing this thing so gradually and quietly that the soothing liquor passes gently into the circulation, and produces an effect very different from that which would result from swallowing it in a glass at a draught, enabling them to drink without visible effect a much larger quantity in the aggregate." Theodore Parker, in his correspondence, speaks of one of his learned German friends as having his skin continually full of beer.

A Soldier's Sensations at Death on the Battle-Field.

COMMUNICATED TO HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was a summer day, hot and stifling. We were in the woods, for the shade was without coolness. The calm was unbroken by the slightest wind, and all day the soldiers cursed the luck that brought us into the wilderness to stifle and perish, martyrs to the abominable gnats and flies.

We had heard the distant cannonade, and amused ourselves by conjecturing what it could mean. We knew the enemy were in force ahead, but where they would make a stand we could not determine. But of all these affairs, no matter. They will only show you how I came into the action. When we received orders to march to the front, we did so with alacrity. The boys gave a shout, and took up almost a double-quick through the wood. In an hour we were on the appointed field. The blue smoke hung tangled in masses among the trees, and far away, where the batteries were stationed, it shot up in columns black and portentous. I saw all this at a glance. One's senses are wonderfully quickened in battle. We seem to live an age in a minute, to grasp everything at a thought. Did I think of danger? No. The bullets whistled past me, the conic shot howled overhead, and ever and anon shells burst around me, yet I felt none of what is called timidity. Humanity is a strange affair. Our emotions are ruled by others as much as ourselves. Once I remember in a skirmish a mule team ran away. We thought it a stampede of the teamsters. The weaker ones in the ranks fell back; others followed; then the first broke into a run, and we all followed, and for more than a mile we ran at our utmost speed, until so exhausted we could go no further, when we rallied to find no one in pursuit. The terror of that race I cannot depict, it was so agonizing.

Now, however, our courage was braced by the charge, and each man was sustained by the combined courage of all. We met the balls unflinchingly. Even when our comrades began to fall, our courage faltered not. "I am hit," said a soldier by my side, one whom I loved as a brother. "Where?" "I scarcely know," said he, "but somewhere in my body. I will load again." While he was loading, I fired, and as I began to load again, I turned to my friend. "Ah, John, how pale you are." "Yes, yes; steady my gun." He took true aim, and fired. "There, that's my last," said he, and he sank, not suddenly, but slowly, as one by one the fibres of his body gave way, down to the earth. A great blot of crimson crept through his blue blouse, and its deep centre told where the messenger had entered. I forgot the battle. I heard not the orders, or even the thunder of the cannon. I poured water on the face of my dying brother. He could not drink, though he gasped for water. "The children, the children," he murmured. "Who will tell Fanny she is fatherless? And—and their mother—oh, do not forget—forget their mother—" "John," I called, "do speak, do speak to me!" But he spoke no more. The life scroll wove from his features; a radiant smile came there, like a signet of an angel. How terrible was that mockery—an angel-face smiling like sunset, or as though reflecting the light of the half-opened door of immortality, but the hands grasping a rifle, and their last act was aiming that musket, charged with death, at a fellow being!

I stood and gazed. The smile gradually vanished. The cold and regretful features were ashy and livid then, and below them a dark spot of blood. I was mad then in my grief. I seized my rifle, and marched forward to join my comrades, far in advance. I passed many brave fellows whom I had known in their vigor of life, now weltering on the grass, or already rigid in death. "Let me get in sight of those who robbed me of my friend. I will aim close; I'll draw a bead every fire." Well, I fought for two hours. The battle was against us. Slowly we lost what we had gained. Inch by inch we fell back. One by one we met those who had fallen, and our sadness was increased when we thought they had fallen in vain. I thought no longer of danger. We did not retreat, but were pressed back, as though a wall was before us, and slowly moving, crowded us away. We had almost reached the position where three hours before we had begun, full of life and courage, the affray—a miserable wreck, broken but not defeated, with half our brave men strewn like leaves over the plain.

A darkness came over me; I felt the earth strike hard against me. I had fallen. Was I wounded, or dead? I could not tell. I was in no pain, but I could not move. After a time the ringing left my ears, the mist lifted from my eyes. I saw dimly, but enough to know that my friends were gone, and our enemy were about me. A keen pain shot through my limbs. I knew they were injured, and I was stunned by the fall. I was not mortally wounded. After the battle, when the field was searched for the wounded, I should be cared for, and after a while go home on furlough. A sunny face would meet me at my gate, and a little pet darling mount my wounded knees and call me papa. Ah, what joy, what an ecstasy of delight! A thousand thoughts like these shot through my mind like gleams of lightning.

Then I heard the rough voices of combatants. They had made a stand directly over where I lay. Our soldiers fought well in their retreat, and many a grey enemy went down before their accurate aim. One was aiming his piece directly over me, when he was struck dead. He fell across me. I tried to push him off, but could not. I endeavored to move, so as to change the pressure from my chest, but I was too weak. I could only suffer and think. Others fell around me, one directly across my aching feet; but although the pain was intolerable, I had no strength. There I lay and suffered. The combatants had moved on, and I knew by that that my comrades had yielded. Their voices had grown hoarse in the distance. I could no longer hear the rattle of their guns. Here I am, I thought, a morsel of flesh endowed with life, feeling, thought; a thousand just such wrecks strewn this field. What are we? Yet small as we are, other hearts than ours will bleed with the news of our ruin. Far away on the mountains of Vermont, many a quiet home will be made desolate when it learns of our fearful fate. There will be eyes that will grow intimate with tears, and hearts will be filled with unutterable sorrow. What could I do but think?

But oh, the dead weight that crushed me! It grew heavy with my every breath. It was like a horrid nightmare—a corpse resting its cold weight on my breast; a corpse pressing my bleeding limbs.

Night came down, and with the night the rain. Darkness unutterable in the physical world, and oh, what unutterable darkness of the mental. In the great caverns of the heavens there were scornful flashes of lightning, and low, growling thunder; and often I heard the groan of a wounded man, as his smart stiffened in the rain. All night it rained; all night I felt the dead pressing my life out.

When the morning dawned I was almost unconscious of living. I remember of watching the

grey east—my head rested on that side, and I was too weak to turn it over, or it had become stiff in the rain. Then as it became light, I heard artillery. There was fierce, jarring thunder, telling of fierce battle. I heard the jar of the wheels and the tramp of horses. They were coming. Ah, I thought, I am to be trampled down, and ground to dust. I endeavored to shout, to tell them I was not dead. I could not whisper! On they came, maddened by the reckless spirit of war. The iron-footed horses were over me, they touched me not, but the dreadful wheel—I saw it coming; it came directly to my eyes—that was the last I remember. All was perfect silence. The sounds of war passed away. I think I was in perfect sleep, for I felt, heard nor saw nothing. When I awoke—and it must have been a half hour afterwards—John was standing before me, as I supposed in perfect health. "You here?" I asked in astonishment; "I thought you were dead." "So I am," he replied; "at least, I have lost my body, but you plainly see that the body is not all there is of a man, for my body is dead, and yet I exist." "Well, I think I have dreamed, or else am dreaming." He smiled as he replied, "You, too, are dead." I scarcely need tell you that our conversation lasted for hours before I was fully convinced that I was dead.

Since then I have watched the advent of spirits from the battle-field. The emotions they manifest are as various as the dispositions of the departing. Some arise from the body perfectly bewildered; others are filled with unutterable hate, and only desire to avenge themselves on the foe. Many meet dear friends, who await their coming. Mothers—guardian spirits of their loved sons—stand ready to conduct their freed spirits to that land where war shall be no more. Others linger over the battle-field, sternly striving to obtain revenge. I once saw a Northern and Southern charge bayonets, and mutually kill each other. I paused to observe what their spirits would do. As they arose to this shore, they stood casting looks of hate at each other, but by instinct feeling that immortal bodies could not injure each other they slowly turned away, repelled by that principle, so cogent here, that we cannot approach any one we hate, nor go away from those we love.

But I would speak to you of one thing more. I returned to my home. I was ahead of the telegraph. My wife sat by the window. I read her thoughts—they were of me. My little girl slept in her crib. Ah, that I might impress her with my presence. I endeavored to do so, but could not. She dreamed pleasantly of my return—I who, as she dreamed, would return no more. How I trembled when I thought of the agonizing moment when the terrible dispatch should be received.

But I pass it by. I shall come to you again.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY IMMORTALS TAUGHT.

BY WILFRED WYLLIES.

The dead sleep well, and know no vain regrets; The immortal rises as the mortal sets; Wrapped in the glory of "the second birth," They heed no more the woes they knew on earth. But roam for aye, a bright, immortal band, 'Mid flowers and sunshine, in the summer land; Or fly perchance, on Mercy's errands sent, To guide our own the way their footsteps went.

Oh, 'tis a sweet—a most consoling thought, That we, by these unseen immortals taught, Walk life's rough ways, with instinct true supplied.

That shames the boast of reason's vaunting pride; Tell the sweet presence of attendants near, Whose forms we see not, nor their voices hear, Yet know by intuition's finer sense, A subtle power—a guiding influence, Which fills our souls with rapture most intense.

Correspondence.

A Few Thoughts for the Consideration of the National Convention.

As one deeply interested in the dissemination of the Angel Gospel, permit me to contribute my mite for the general welfare, through the columns of your widely circulated pages. As the time for the National Convention approaches, all religious-minded Spiritualists will feel the necessity of harvesting every good thought, every practical suggestion, and thus strengthen the utility of our work in the future.

The day of stern, unremitting labor is upon us, and while some of our co-laborers are retiring from the field, having sown the seed which is now being gathered into heavenly store-houses, let us not forget that the index-finger of Emancipation sweeps the whole circle of Nationalities, telling us, as workers of to-day, the extent of our modern Macedonia. I am surprised that any soul, having accepted the philosophy of Spiritualism, can, for a moment, allow party limitations to fasten the cord of despotic policy upon the mind. I am more surprised that any Pauls or Peters of to-day, having, by virtue of mediumship, a living knowledge in place of blind faith, should, with the angel baptism upon their heads, narrow that holy consecration down to the absurd idea that it was ever, like the claims of an arbitrary Priesthood, designed especially for any one people, color, or grade of mind.

Again, with the overwhelming conviction forced home upon us by all the private and public revelations of this Pentecostal age, that man is and must be in subjection to the higher powers of wisdom and truth, how can we consistently erect a tribunal upon a finite platform before which to arraign the more exalted wisdom of superior intelligences? If Spiritualism has come to earth to institute upon the ruins of the past a system of favoritism, selecting its one peculiar people, after the manner of every Moses, according to the law of party and the prophets of sectarianism, what real claim has it to the love and confidence of God's great family who have long sat in darkness and the shadow of oppressive enactments in Church and State? So-called Spiritualists everywhere boast of a free platform, and a gospel so free that all shall know—from the least to the greatest; but what real liberty do we possess after all?

The spiritual lecturer, the apostle standing with uncovered head to receive the divine consecration coming in all its pure and sacred flowing from the holy spirit of God's appointing, cannot be unimpaired of the fact, that by the majority of Spiritualists, (for I am talking to them,) every motion, act, word, intonation, accent, emphasis, style of dress, &c., becomes the special object of criticism, and must be measured by the standard of the fashionable world. And this great, fashionable world becomes the standard again, either in its religious or political bearing, in deciding the merits or demerits of whatever inspirations may be given. If a man is a "Republican" in the party acceptation of the term, he prefers and must have a speaker

of like sentiment. If he is a "Union Democrat," he will support the Union as it was, but does not want to hear anything about a Free Gospel, for certainly that means Abolitionism. If he is a secret Copperhead with a very smooth coat of policy, (not principle) drawn over him, and can take a draught at pleasure from the great fountain of living inspiration, it is all delightful," perfectly scientific," and "no disputing it," till he sees a group of half-finished brethren whom God clothed in darker hue, led by some celestial intelligence to drink from the same never-failing spring. One would think his soul would break all chains at this sight—that he would stop drinking from that well of peace only to break forth into songs of sweet rejoicing—only to listen to the choir of the angel bands, and strike anew the harp of his own divine nature that its ringing melodies might be among the first to roll the glorious tidings onward, till all the world should hear! But no! he starts in wild alarm—displeasure is depicted in his countenance—the waters now are just as sweet to the Ethiopian as to him. He had thought the golden cup should never be profaned by lips fashioned of the blood of the slave. He cannot take home to his soul the sacred revelation of old, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men"—the fundamental precept of our first heaven-born declaration, "All men are created free and equal"—and while all heaven rings in grand acclaim at the fulfillment of the idea, wrapped in the trammels of a sordid hope, he turns again to the flesh-pots of old Egypt, to feast with the Pharos and Belshazzars of earth, till a new hand-writing upon the walls of Time shall reveal in stronger colors the eternal Proclamations of God.

In the metropolis of Dauphin Co., and the seat of the Penn. Legislature, drunken soldiers cheer Jeff Davis under the very walls of the Capitol, as if to try the loyalty of the citizens, or see how far they may go in attacking their political sentiment on the one hand, and fanning the flames of disloyalty on the other. Of all things it is most desirable to the true teacher to swing clear of all political limitations and obstructions, and when the outward sense is acted upon by the antagonisms of external policy, to find in the Gospel of Righteousness an equalizing, harmonizing power. Therefore, when individual societies, sects, or factions seek to hang upon the necks of God's appointed ministry the mill-stone of oppressive systems, such restraint and imposition become a heavy burden not to be borne; and yet, for one, would not roll off this burden by harsh denunciation, or the weapons of a malevolent spirit. The angels have ever taught me the lessons of love and forbearance. This does not require of me or any other teacher a compromise with the powers of oppression, but it does require of me that unswerving obedience to the right, as revealed to my understanding which cannot be affected by the inharmonies of the political world.

I have been led to these remarks from seeing Mrs. Wilhelm's article in the BANNER, dated at Baltimore, in connection with my own observation and experience within the past few months. One year ago last spring, I labored in the Monumental City, with great spiritual advantage, to myself, at least. Here I found some of the most staunch and earnest Spiritualists, liberal and hospitable in a high degree, within the circle of color, sparing no pains within their means to make attractive their meetings and comfortable their speakers. Their deeds and words of charity and benevolence I shall not soon forget. Having been educated under Southern institutions, they could not take the same view which presented itself to the people of the North. I was content to do my duty among them, occupying neutral ground on all these local, disputed questions with which I had no desire to become entangled.

But I have not traveled, read the papers, met mixed audiences, and dispensed the word of the angel Dispensation, with my eyes shut, or my ears closed. On all the highways and byways of life, in public assemblies and private gatherings, most intimately associated with our people in a business capacity, are a class of men, women and children more or less tinged with the African blood, from the quadron to the pure negro. On the capital grounds, in Harrisburg, the most delicately clothed and beautiful children were for hours away from their mothers, attended by, and guarded only by domestics, or servants of the negro or colored race. On all the public walks I met them with their youthful charges; and as I peeped into hotels and private dwellings, nursery apartments and sick-rooms, one great fact stood before me, mightier in its arguments than all the opposition of conservatism combined and multiplied, a thousand times! Setting aside the question of the superiority of races, and taking a purely selfish view of the subject, these thoughts were presented to my mind.

God has so disposed human events that the colored population of the South is daily rolling its mighty Exodus upon us. Our own available men and means are becoming decimated, and, to a degree, exhausted. The labor they have left, must be performed by others. In the performance of such labor, we do not want ignorant men or women, whom we cannot trust; we do not choose immoral, uncivilized, or vicious domestics to take charge of our children, and pour the baneful influences of their undeveloped natures upon the plastic minds of the rising generation, and we are strictly responsible for any neglect on our part as a people, to secure to our offspring the very best means of moral culture and spiritual growth. Whatever may be the future relation and condition of the races, we can deal directly only with passing and existing conditions.

But viewing this subject in the light of divine reason, with the spiritual gospel ever sounding in our ears, how can we excuse ourselves for any manifest departure from its commandments? This gospel was to be preached "to all the world"—"to all people," there was no distinction made, the glad tidings were to reach the ears of all God's children. The chains of the oppressed were to be loosed, and all people were to go free. Revolutions on every hand were predicted, and the details of the present war were given years before the occurrence of actual events, with such precision and accuracy, as to prove beyond all doubt the power of prophecy in our day. In the advent of Spiritualism, we hailed it as the harbinger of a glorious state, in which "liberty should be proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." But now that the royal edict has gone forth, and each glad wave that touches the American shore rolls on to distant climes, the anthem of redemption, Conservatism gathers up the broken chains, and with artful policy seeks to weld its scattered links, and bind in mental bondage those whom God has made free. And "Spiritualists" cry out, "it is not time yet to carry this gospel to the blacks!" Such Spiritualists would not have speakers touch on political relations, but they bring to every meeting their boiled-down notions, and do virtually impose upon speakers their particular political creeds.

"No," say some, "we only wish that politics shall be left entirely out of the question—that there shall be no allusion thereto; give us the re-

ligion and philosophy of Spiritualism." The speaker assents it is "deep, sound, practical." The authority of Justice was never plainer.

But the same speaker who has given them the blessed inspirations of the preceding hour, touched with the baptism of angels, announces a determination to labor on all suitable occasions for the colored population, and invites all interested, to attend a meeting at Bethel Church, that they may by their sympathies and influence assist in the elevation of this degraded and despised people. Then it is that one sees the work of judgment commence. The faint-hearted, the partialists, the Peters and Judas's, the nominal professors of Spiritualism, show their true colors. The day of judgment has come to them, and they cannot but gravitate to their true plane. They are not yet ready to give up all and follow the Christ of the New Dispensation. Nor can they give us one single reason for their course, consistent with the inculcations of our beautiful faith.

They cannot tell us why the freedmen should not be taught the principles of morality and self-government; why they should not be encouraged to live nobly, truly, and as men possessed of God-like attributes; why they should not be cheered by the strains of the angel gospel, or why their capacities as a people should not be made consistently available in the physical and moral structure of our great body politic. To all our arguments we are met by this class of minds, with the shallow answer—"The time has not come for such instruction."

If the intelligent Spiritualists of America can, after years of painful travail, now that the throes of national revolution are revealing every sad error of the past, attempt to clip the wings of the overshadowing Dove, they must expect such darkness of soul, as is only known by contrast with the heavenly light! It is absurd to even suppose we can draw an arbitrary line, and say to the controlling powers, "Thus far shall ye go, and no further." But with the law of grateful obedience to the powers of Righteousness ruling our own souls in harmony, we may rest assured all will be well.

Instead of lugging forward our political prejudices and jealousies as a prohibitory power in this great work of human regeneration, let us sound the clarion notes of emancipation from the angel trumpet, with sweet and steady strain, till the bloody sword shall be sheathed forever—till brothers, waging unsuccessful war in glorious cause, shall lay down their arms to join in the labor of love; when hands long raised in deadly combat shall again be clasped in fraternal cooperation, and when they shall retrieve the errors and mistakes of the past, by lifting the yoke of despotism from every neck. God speed the day.

And now, lest I encroach too much upon your columns at this time, let me briefly suggest to our National Convention the necessity of increased facilities in the prosecution of our work. With such an army of teachers, why should not our progressive order enjoy the same advantages on lines of public travel that ministers of other orders do? If a Methodist minister has a commutation ticket on the railroad or steamboat, why should not a Swedenborgian? If a Swedenborgian, why should not a Spiritualist? Especially, as a Methodist minister may be, and is often found a believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism? The Methodist, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, does no more to support the government, or promote the general welfare of society than does the Spiritualist. The business operations of Spiritualists do as much to support lines of travel as those of any religious order—more, because they are largely in the majority, when compared with any one class of religionists in our country. I hope something will be done to lighten the expenses of lecturers, and enable them to clothe themselves in this time of exorbitant prices, or many a call from the famishing will have to pass unheeded by those who would fain give, if possible, a free gospel to all that ask it.

Hammon, N. J., July 22d, 1864.

Letter from Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

New York is brimful of people. Every cellar and garret—every nook and corner is crowded with human souls. It is said there are over one hundred thousand Southerners here—escapes from war, fever and famine. New York not only represents every state in the dis-Union, but it is the refuge for all nations, the representation of all tribes out of Heaven and in Hades. Many-tongued Babylon has pitched here her tent. Along the lanes, and in Wall street, Jerusalem has established her "old clo" depositories and her gold markets. The red, black, and white men have joined hands, and Fate seems to have sanctioned the union; but, like some other married people, they do not live in the most perfect peace. The law of divorce or of harmony will come to their rescue by and by—perhaps.

From my window I watch the bleak-eyed, dirt-encrusted children, over-hauling ash barrels for bits of coal, and swill-tubs for food; and the blessed little fortunes trudging along, oblivious of the squalor and misery at their side. Fifth Avenue sends forth her quota of splendid street-sweepers, and Fifth Points contributes largely toward the mass of filth that follows in the wake of flowing, trailing skirts. Plenty of blessings and beautiful hearts and homes, and great, loving, human souls, hid in a bundle of rags, are waiting patiently for the crumbs that the rich man's dogs refuse to eat. Blind beggars are stationed like lamp-posts at street corners, not to give light, but to ask for light to hold the kettle. But I am not writing these things in a spirit of complaint. I only state facts; wish, in humanity's blessed name this surging tide of poverty and misery were but a fable born in a disconcerted brain.

Gail Hamilton would forbid the bans of saints with sinners, of deformity and beauty; but, on the whole, I like it. I would not put a drunken man at the helm of a ship, but would give him a berth in the cabin and preach to him temperance. I would not link my fate closely with that of a gambler, a debauchee, but I would keep them within the pale of humanity. A pile of compost would be useless without the vitalizing element; depravity would be a waste, a curse, without the redeeming trait of the divine element; were wanting. The nightingale is a wicked looking bird, but his plaintive voice gives him a welcome to our enclosures. The peacock is attractive because of its feathery robe, but none care to hear his unmusical voice. I, therefore, think it was "fore-ordained" that ugliness and gentleness, love and hate, life and death, should dwell together, and acknowledge God the author of them all.

I like New York vastly; I like her for the sake of her dead, whose deeds have made luminous their way to heaven, and for the living who are nobly working—heads and hearts—for the suffering and dying, for the soldiers in camp and in the hospitals. I like the enthusiasm, the bravery, the enterprise, and loving-spirit of New Yorkers. I like the clashing of pens, the cross-firing of politicians. I read the Times, the World, the News, the Tribune, and Bennett's Herald. But, by reading I do not know if Washington is, or should be,

in rebel hands; whether to deplore or rejoice over the fate of the "Alabama"; whether Abraham Lincoln is best fitted for a President or a rallsplitter; or if Justice would hang Gen. McClellan for a traitor, or give him the hero's crown of glory; but a woman is not expected to know much about political matters. I do not.

Well, I am to leave this city of my love for a season. To-morrow I go to New England to visit the deserted home of my childhood, to look upon the graves of my kindred, and to shake hands with the few who remember me. Then I turn toward sunset. When the patient typo is putting these misshapen lines into type, I expect to be listening to the speakers in the first United States Convention of Spiritualists. FRANCES BROWN. New York, July 18, 1864.

On the March.

After our excellent and interesting Convention at St. Charles, July 4th, where I had received the good-by and God-bless-you of the many friends I met there, I took my departure for the lower Egypt of Illinois, about three hundred miles south, not to buy corn or land—the first was scarce, and of the second I had my share already. I found the weather very warm, the land well watered with showers, crops looking well, except those effected by the extraordinary cold of last winter, which cut off the peaches entirely, cherries mostly, blackberries and other fruit, even apples partially. It is a hard scare on the new settlers, and will serve as a wholesome check on the too rapid immigration to that region, but does not in the least discourage me.

I spent ten days at my new home, where my son-in-law is preparing food and shelter for our family (for it is only one, as we have long since found it will not divide, even though some of us are already out of the home). On Sunday I had an appointment to lecture at South Pass, but rain prevented; and had the rain stopped, the mud, for a few hours, would have held the feet with a tight clasp—do not think Egypt is paved with gold; it is clay inlaid with rock. Egypt is not ready for Spiritualism; it is good missionary ground for anti-slavery Methodists, and the more illiterate and noisy the better they will succeed among the old copperhead settlers of the railroad.

I expect to move to South Pass in September, and spend a month there lecturing on Democracy and Loyalty to a Government that holds out its protecting constitution and laws for reformers and radicals to work under.

Early apples were ripe there this year about the middle of June, tomatoes soon after, strawberries were late, but ripe about the 20th of May. Chicago, and the towns on the central road that passes our place, furnish a hungry market and good price for early fruit of every kind.

From South Pass I returned North, visiting several friends on my way, and learning that Bro. Todd was prospering at his Decatur Station, where he is engaged for a year to lecture each Sunday. Found the friends hungry and waiting for speakers along the route, but I could not stop to lecture till I reached Joliet, in Will Co., a small city which, although near Chicago, is in politics and religion better adapted to a location in Egypt, and needs missionaries nearly as much. How Nellie Wiltie lived and lectured there a month! I do not know, unless by the congenial atmosphere of two or three families; but probably she did not meddle with secession sympathy and political treason; but I attacked them first, and aroused the rattlesnake and pro-slavery religion and politics; but it only lissed and ran away, and did not come to see or hear me, nor let any others it could prevent. The politicians and religionists were greatly offended that I should use the Court House to talk loyalty, and then Spiritualism; but I did, and left some good seed sown in a few hearts. I expect to visit Joliet again, when it is more enlightened; but now its religion and politics are on a par, both coppery and snaky; probably they have read the snake story in the Bible, and try to be "wise as serpents."

I am now in the high latitude of Whitewater, Wis. WARREN CHASE.

July 24, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.

BY E. A. HOLBROOK.

Ah, wonderful things are the tongue and the heart! Though they seem but as sister and brother, Yet often they dwell at a distance apart, And the one is bellying the other.

The one sees the truth and drinks deep at its fount, The other seeks praise from the many; The one is transfused in fire on the mount, The other with fire from Gehenna.

The one sees the good that still dwells in the race, The other portrays but the evil; The one reings a queen both in beauty and grace, The other is serving the devil.

The one looks on love as the baptism pure, Through which man must rise in position; The other on hate as the weapon to cure, And keeps back the soul on its mission.

The one views the sorrows of earth with a sigh, In pity would haste in relieving; The other brings reasons for passing them by, Self both deceived and deceiving.

The one ever renders for evil a good, Its foes it would vanquish with kindness; The other goes forth under banners of blood, To crush and to smite in its blindness.

Through shadows of darkness the one sees the light, And faint in its love would pursue it; The soul by the other is held from the right, Till the one learns in sadness to rue it.

The one bears the fragrance of hope on each breath, A love for the wayward, abiding; The other breathes hate and the vapors of death, A blame that is merciless, chiding.

The one in its struggles seeks to be true, And vanquish old Error's dominion; The other, revolting against all that is new, Seeks refuge in public opinion.

Oh, welcome the day when the angels above, Who weep at earth's sorrows beholding, May find a response in the deep gush of love That comes from the soul's true unfolding.

When the heart and the tongue shall have ended their strife, And, united as sister and brother, Shall walk hand in hand through the journey of life, And respond and be true to each other, Watertown, N. Y.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," replied her brother.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

BY DAVID PARKER.

Tell the fainting soul and weary form There's a world of the purest bliss, That is linked as the soul and form are linked, By a Covered Bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other shore, We must pass through a transient gloom, And must walk unseen, unhelped and alone Through that Covered Bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms, For the universal toll Is the outer garb which the hand of God Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim and the Bridge is dark, And the river it spans is wide, Yet faith points through to a shining mount That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march To climb up that golden ridge, We must all lie down for one night's rest, Inside of the Covered Bridge.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

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

L. JUDY PARKER will lecture in Chelsea, Sept. 4 and 11; in Worcester, Sept. 18 and 25. Will respond for the fall.

Miss MARTHA L. BROWN, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell, Sept. 4 and 11; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 9; in Springfield, Oct. 16 and 23; in Philadelphia during November; in Taunton during January; in Springfield during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April. Address at New Haven, Conn., Geo. Beckwith.

J. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Belfast, Me., Aug. 14; in Guilford, Aug. 15; in Milford, Aug. 22; in Taunton, Mass., Sept. 4 and 11; in Foxboro, Sept. 18 and 25; in Portland, Me., Oct. 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Exeter, N. H.

Miss SARAH A. KURTZ will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Me.

Miss E. M. WOODRUFF will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for the coming year; and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

Miss FANNIE HUBBARD FELTON will speak in Chelsea, Aug. 21 and 28.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Old Town, Me., during August. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Rockland, Me., Aug. 14, 21, 28 and Sept. 4, 11; in Portland, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; and Dec. 4, in Taunton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Oct. 9, Nov. 14, and Dec. 11; in Bucksport, Oct. 16, 23 and 30, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, N. H.

JAMES M. ALLEN speaks in Ellsworth, Me., Aug. 14; in Watnam, Aug. 21; in Verona, Aug. 28; in Taunton, Sept. 4. Address, Rockland, Me. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and also for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. FRANK WHITE will speak in Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 14, and Sept. 18 and 25; in Plymouth, Sept. 4 and 11; in Taunton, Nov. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Jan. 11 and 18; in Lowell, Jan. 25 and 31; in Springfield, during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Miss LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Pavilion, 51 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. HATCHEL will speak in Phillips, Me., Aug. 14; in Providence, R. I., during November; in Taunton, during October; in Foxboro, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Quincy, Sept. 21 and 28. Address as above.

J. M. FERRIS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

SCOTT M. JOHNSON will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 26 and 27. Will not engage for August. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery.

WARREN CHASE may be addressed at Chicago, Ill., till further notice. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. The opposite Sundays not yet engaged. He is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

WALTER HYDE lectures every week in his office at Hope Chapel, New York City. See advertisement. Address, 720 Broadway.

J. G. FISH will speak in Cleveland, O., during September. Will answer calls to attend funerals, picnics, give meetings, and to lecture week-day, or on any other day, on public appointments. Address according to appointments above.

LEO MILLER will speak in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Cleveland during October. Address as above, or Detroit, Mich.

W. K. REPLY will attend the three days' meeting at Milford, Me., Aug. 26, 27 and 28; will speak in Rockport, N. Y., during September and October; in Milford, Me., during October; in Stamford, Jan. 1 and 8; in Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUNTERSON will speak in Vermont during August and September, and also in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 4; in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27.

Miss EMMA HOUTON will lecture in Somers, Conn., Sept. 18 and 25; in Worcester, Mass., during October and November. Address as above, or at any place, on any day, on public appointments.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Watstock, Vt.

Dr. and Mrs. L. K. COXLEY will lecture and heal in Central and Northern Illinois this summer and fall, after July 15, until further notice. Address, Chicago, Ill. Will furnish Spiritual and Reform Bazaar tickets at wholesale prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Lowell during September.

W. F. JAMESON, trance speaker, Albion, Mich., will speak in St. Johns one-half the Sundays of each month.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes eight words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

Dr. H. E. CAUVENY, trance speaker, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture. ap11-1y

Miss EMMA HARDING, San Francisco, Cal. ap11-1y

CORA L. V. HATCH, Present address, New York. Jan2-1y

Miss SUSIE M. JOHNSON intends spending the fall, and perhaps winter, in the West, should employ her services. Those desiring her services will please by an early application. Address till August, Bradley, Me., care of L. B. Emery. Jy2-3m

INA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government, Address, Hartford, Conn. Jy2-3m

Miss SARAH A. HYMAN, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoun, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mar12-1m

Dr. H. E. CAUVENY, Milford, N. H. ap22-1m

Mrs. CURTIS A. FRENCH NEWCOMB, trance speaker, will make fall and winter engagements to lecture. Address, Volney Iowa, care of M. S. J. Newcomb, Esq. May28-10m

Mrs. LIZZIE M. A. CANNON, Yonkers, N. Y., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public notice) her services are desired. Will take subscriptions for all the spiritual papers. May28-3m

Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Jy2-3m

Mrs. C. FANNIE ALLEN's address will be Stockton, Me., after July 9. She will now receive calls to lecture for the coming autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. Jy2-3m

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN may be addressed at Cleveland, O. Jy16-1y

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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BURDEN OF EVANGEL THE
PROPHET.

CHAPTER VIII.

1. It came to pass when I had inquired, How long, O Lord, shall be the shedding of blood to make atonement? that an angel touched mine eyes in the night-vision:

2. And I beheld, and lo! a scroll divided into three parts, and years were written thereon as with letters of fire.

3. And the first was dark with clouds, whence dripped blood, flashing mad like unto lightning in summer; and the second was as a sea of red waters, whose waves clash in discord, and a voice said, This is the year of deluge; and the third was like the first, but the red on the further edge thereof faded into blue, as is the sky after the storm passeth away.

4. Then the angel that was with me said, Keep the years in thine heart, that men may not cease to fear the Lord because of appointed deliverance, but write thou the signs and the seasons for warning.

5. For the Lord hath determined a three-fold punishment for the House of Washington—for the number is perfect—they shall know I am Justice, and change not.

CHAPTER IX.

1. I heard a voice behind me, saying, Evangel, cry to arms upon the housetop, cry and spare not till the army is as the trees of the forest.

2. When I hastened to obey, the angel flew East, and North, and West, and South, with words of great eloquence; and whosoever he went there was much alarm and shouting.

3. And I saw the mountains and valleys were full of soldiers in arms; and there were chariots of war, and horsemen with sabres; and they moved in order by tens, and hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands.

4. Then I prayed, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? for my countrymen are rushing to the battle, and I am left. Is it not for me, also, to fight where the North and South are reaping the harvest of death?

5. I was sore oppressed, and when I slept in heaviness of soul, my angel came and said unto me, Stand in thy lot and place for duty.

6. Thus he showed me: There was a plain, and a multitude hurrying to and fro:

7. And I said to the young men and maidens who were all drunken with wine and pleasure, For what are ye come out in excitement? And they answered with haste, We have heard thou wast to fight to-day, and are here to enjoy the battle.

8. Then I sought me a sword, and lo! it was dull; and when I would whet it, my enemy came with a sharp sword, and his countenance was sorrowful and fierce.

9. And when I shouted aloud to my company, even as they were drinking in revelry—Trust ye in the Lord, for your cause is just—we met in combat, where was gathered the multitude crazy for blood; but my heart sank into deadly silence, for my enemy was my familiar friend and beloved; and I cried to the Lord, Alas, must I fight against mine own brother?

10. Immediately I rose up from seeing in spirit, and was moved to say to the people, Ye were called to repentance, but ye are drunken and debauched! Ye love blood! Ye court adultery! Ye pant for battle, that ye may have power! Ye fight, that ye may get glory! But the Lord will not give you victory till he hath punished you seven times.

CHAPTER X.

1. Behold the South! She deceiveth herself; but her sword is sharp; she is convicted that her cause is of God. Her women gird themselves to sacrifice; they give their jewels; they refuse gay attire; they turn their hands to industry; they comfort their sons and brothers when they depart, and when they return, and when they bleed, and when they die.

2. And I asked, Are our kinsmen right? Are they on the Lord's side?

3. And thus still voices answered in my meditation: Nay; but they are brave, and their courage faileth not, and their zeal is beautiful in my sight. Shall not they prevail? Yea, they shall prevail, until the North hath kissed the sceptre of Humility.

4. Who speculateth in cotton? Who trafficeh in human life? Who getteth up parades and vain show of strength? Who driveth the bondmen and bondwomen back to slavery when they fly for a refuge to Northern tents? Who refuseth to break the chains and to let the oppressed go free?

5. Is it not my justice, saith the Lord, that the defenders of Liberty shall learn righteousness in loss? I will give the battle southward, and the Northmen shall fall into confusion, and bring shame to America. Lielow in your desolation, ye lost fields of blood, and let an adulterous generation say, Here the Lord's hand did punish us; here we learned penitence.

6. Weep, oh North, in thy bereft homes! Pour out thy tears as rain, because of the slain of Columbia's daughters! The lights have gone out on the family altars; the watch-stars have set; the sun of the New World is turned to mourning; the fountains of life are broken up; the gory floods drown us; the fresh graves cannot be counted. Cast yourselves down into the dust, oh sinful children; and ye shall cry, Alas, we cannot hide from the avenger of Slavery.

7. Oh, Promised Land! Oh, torn and bleeding country of my love when will thy lamentation blend with repentant prayer? Behold, I will not remove chastisement until thou shalt regard my Higher Law, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Appointments.

Dr. Wm. B. White speaks in Waltham next Sunday afternoon and evening. The Doctor is often influenced to speak in several different languages.

Geo. A. Pierce, of Auburn, Maine, a trance speaker, is again in the lecturing field, and ready to answer calls.

Henry George of Baltimore, Md., a trance medium, is ready to receive calls for lectures. Address care of O. B. Murray, box 1201.

Moses Hull writes to us that he has changed his residence from Battle Creek to Kalamazoo, Mich. He says the good cause is progressing finely in the West.

Miss Flavia Howe, a trance medium, who has done a good work in Connecticut, can be addressed by those who desire her services as a lecturer, at Windsor, Conn.

W. K. Ripley speaks in North Windham, Me., Aug. 14th.

Father E. F. Martin will lecture, by spirit-influence, at the Indian Spring Grove, West Townsend, Mass., every Sunday, at 5 o'clock P. M., when the weather is pleasant.

Warren Chase will be in Chicago, at the Convention from Aug. 9 to Aug. 15. Will lecture in Prophetstown, Ill., Aug. 19, 20 and 21; in Morrison, Ill., Aug. 23.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

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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.*

Particular Notice.

ADVANCE IN PRICE OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

On and after the 15th instant, the subscription price of this paper will be \$3.00 per annum. Single copies eight cents.

The Good of Spiritualism.

Still the hackneyed phrase greets our ears at every step; still the shortcomings of the undeveloped individual are laid to his faith in the intercourse of spirits; still moral delinquencies are ascribed to the influences our belief exercises over the pilot mind and yielding will; transgressions of all shades of darkness are said to be caused by Spiritualism; we are accused of Atheism, of Free passion—as it is rightly named, for Love is pure and free—of a thousand-and-one fanciful vagaries and extravagancies. We are voted crazy, deluded, and given up to all abominations.

But this verdict is always rendered by opposers who have never investigated the subject in the true and candid spirit of inquiry; or of half-investigators, who, shocked in all their religious prejudices, or conventional ideas of morality, by some startling spirit-speech, or disgusted with the displays of half-developed mediums, have retired from the search, not caring to know the philosophic reasons for the unsatisfactory manifestations, and not caring to learn of the laws of conditions, so indispensable to successful mediumship. Let us ask the bitter opponents of the faith that has inspired, cheered and strengthened so many thousands, what great, visible good Christianity in all its phases has done to the world? We still have cruel wars, direct oppressions; slavery of all kinds thrives rampant among us; atrocious murders are committed; legalized prostitutions and butcheries are sanctioned; rapine, violence, retaliation, lawlessness, usury and velleth theft, stalk through the land, despite of Christian teachings; yet have they been given for eighteen hundred years to the world, and Spiritualism is yet in its first swaddling clothes.

But says the pious Churchman, that is because the spirit of true and pure Christianity is not accepted, and hued out in the hearts of the masses. Even so with teachings from the spirit-world; fully accepted and practiced, they would abolish all the evils we complain of. By sure and gradual steps mankind is marching toward that glorious goal.

The physical manifestations, the test communications, the rapping, writing, speaking in trance, or by inspiration, all have shared the commissioned good, and left an impress of holiness on the human heart. Spiritualism has converted life-long Atheists to a joyous conviction of immortal life and endless progress. It has soothed the anguish of bereavement, by direct appeals and loving consolations from the fully identified spirits of the departed. It has brought ineffable joy to mother-bosoms; it has softened trial, and made visible by the understanding of its laws, the benign and guiding Providence so many assail in mockery of His noblest attributes of Justice and Love. Through a firmly settled faith in the nearness of the soul-lands, men addicted to vicious practices have turned in timely, honorable repentance from the evil of their ways; conscious that a spirit-mother's eye is upon them, they dare not go on in a reckless course. Better than a thousand vivid portraits of hell and its attendant torments, for the moral restraint of man, is the sweet guidance of love; that promising eternal progression awakens the dormant powers of the will that lie paralyzed beneath the soul-cramping teachings of the popular theology.

Spiritualism is opposed, by reason of its inherent principles, to all forms of impurity; to all degrees of oppression; to all secret misdeeds. Its injunctions of absolute purity apply to the wedded as to those outside of its pale. It enjoins temperance and moderation in all things. It sweetens the hardest toil, and strengthens for the fiercest conflict, for it has proof of ever continued inspiration, and it knows that trial and discipline are the aids of the spirit's purification.

Spiritualism builds no temples of architectural grandeur; but it erects fane of worship in every aspiring human soul. Its linked fellowship of philanthropic hearts on earth are united in indissoluble bonds with the beneficent spirits, who ever feel the throb of inextinguishable human sympathy.

Spiritualism has healed the broken heart; has uplifted the fallen, and has led to peace and harmony the once discordant, rebellious soul. It brings a sense of safety no other views of life and the transition can bestow; for it tells of a God of immutable law, in whom there is no change.

A peaceful spirit of harmonious content pervades the household wherein the spiritual religion and philosophy are received. Men grow better, purer in intent and thought; their aspirations are for imperishable treasures; they overcome misfortune by their serene faith and unclouded hope; they learn forgiveness in all its sweetness; they see and feel the Father of all worlds, in all the varied manifestations of His Beauty, Wisdom, Love and Power.

Spiritualism prevents religious despondency, for it casteth out all fear, through perfect love to God. Its cheerful atmosphere guards from delusive imaginings; it has no Devil to terrify—no shrieking lost souls to appal with; and yet its moral code is severe as it is simple; its mandates are direct and enveloped in no mysterious wrappings. Faith and Reason walk hand in hand along its illuminated valleys, and over its mountain heights. It teaches men and women to know themselves—to strive for physical redemption, as for moral and spiritual truth. Has Spiritualism done no good?

We shall print in our next issue, an ably written paper, entitled "My Religion," in which many of our readers no doubt will feel a general interest.

Mr. Beecher on Churches and Creeds.

A recent number of the Independent publishes a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher, in which he takes a common-sense view of Churches and Creeds that must somewhat shock the Orthodoxy of the old school Calvinists. He says the arrogance of theology in contrast with the humility of sacred Scriptures, is very striking—a fact that Theodore Parker probably had in view when he said that ministers usually preached Theology at their hearers instead of Religion to them. Mr. Beecher says that if every man was accustomed to think, and was honest enough to tell exactly what he thought, no man would have a theology that was any more like another man's than his nose, or his mouth, or his eye was like that of other man's; that the theology of the Church for eighteen hundred years has been, to all intents and purposes, a rod of iron. It has said, believe or be punished; and each sect has built its throne, and demanded obedience as much as though there was no other sect in the world. If they could not convince a man, they stoned him, and chained him, imprisoned and burned him. They do not punish in the same way now. They do it by a more exquisite process of social torture. For instance, Orthodoxy teaches its children that the word Universalist means everything evil, as much as the word devil does, until forty red dragons are in the child's imagination not more terrible than that word.

A man rises in an Orthodox Church, and says he has adopted new views about the atonement and God's government. That man may be acknowledged by every one as a godly man, but because he is true to his own conscience he must be cast out for the honest expression of his thoughts. On the other hand, a man holds to every point of the Creed—never violates Church rule, observes Sunday, and never says anything against the Bible, and though he is so proud and greedy that he minister, the deacons, the members, and his wife mourn over his worldliness, nobody thinks of casting him out. Thus, continues Mr. Beecher, pride and selfishness, and greediness, and worldly-mindedness, and vanity thrive in the Church, but differences of opinion on questions that no one really knows anything about, set men asunder and array them against each other.

A case is mentioned of an elder who was expelled from a Presbyterian Church, because he went on the Sabbath day to hear a Spiritualist preach. He was the best man, by the consent even of those who expelled him, in that Church. Mr. Beecher remarks upon this that he might, perhaps, have spent his Sabbath better, but if he thought he could not, I take his side, and say it was a part of his Christian liberty to judge for himself what would do him the most good.

Our readers will fully agree with Mr. Beecher in the leading points of this discourse. He admits that the Church, in every age, has so constructed God's fold, that multitudes of his own sheep could not enter therein, and that the popular notions of the Bible will inevitably tend to produce doubt, distress and infidelity. He says, for generations, in the hands of the priesthood, the Bible has been the bulwark of ignorance, and has stood in the way of reformation and the progress of truth; and even to-day, in Europe, aristocracy and monarchy and papacy are entrenched behind it.

Mr. Beecher advances many more equally liberal views in this discourse, but we have not space in the present crowded state of our columns to present them. It is certainly a good sign of the times that such views can be preached to an Orthodox people, or, even, to what is technically called an "evangelical" one. For years Spiritualists have said the same things, and have fought against this idolatry of the Bible, which every thoughtful, free mind could see was the greatest hindrance to every form of progress. And for such service they have been termed "infidels," and have had every opprobrious epithet in the vocabulary of theological denunciation thrown at them. But as our friend H. W. has now opened his heavy artillery upon our opponents, they may consider it best to silence their guns, at least for a while.

"There is hope of a tree," as a friend of ours invariably remarks upon doubtful subjects, and we can do no better than to apply it to the Orthodox Church when we see such life showing itself among its branches.

Coincidences.

That which many receive as miraculous, is, at least, only according to the ordinary laws of nature. It was once thought more than strange, that an event, occurring in a distant locality, should be predicted in much of its detail some time before it occurred, or that it should be recited even while it was going on; yet such is no unusual occurrence in these times, and should be received rather as a common fact than a subject for wonder. On the morning of the late great battle before Petersburg, we were advised by the superior intelligences of all that was going on; and it was told us that we were losing a great number of men, which soon came to be known as a fact. The details were given us of the raging battle, with startling minuteness; which accounts subsequently received fully verified. Let no one say that the spirit telegraph is not of the first importance to man.

The Denmark Question.

The manner the Danish question was put in a way of settlement, was like this: The Cabinet of Berlin caused it to be announced to the Emperor Napoleon that the German allies, or that Prussia at any rate, were disposed to make peace with Denmark, and would readily offer such terms as the latter would accept, provided England was left wholly out of the affair. The plan was, for Denmark to deal directly with Prussia, and no sort of voice or interference from England was to be allowed. By this course, Napoleon became the friend of Denmark, instead of England, which had been trying to play that part from the first. Napoleon caused these overtures to be made known to Copenhagen, and the king at once dispatched his brother to Berlin to propose an armistice and a subsequent settlement of the affair at Paris. And so, if the plan works, England will be left out in the cold.

Economy in Expenses.

Necessity makes us do what we otherwise never might do; and in this sense necessity is our best friend. Thousands of persons will be compelled to put themselves on comparatively short allowances of money and supplies generally, who never stooped to think of such a thing before. It is good for them, too. They do not know, as yet, upon how little they can get along; and getting along, too, much more happily than they used to, under the old system of extravagance and recklessness. Whatever compels a man to think, reflect, and exercise prudent forethought, tends to make him moral and a better man. Our people have heretofore wasted all they have earned, or very nearly; now they are to begin to save and be frugal; and the improvement in their character will very speedily be manifest.

The Life of Indifference.

Until this war came, even if not afterwards, the feeling of what called itself and was called the better class of our people led them into what may be styled an Indifference in manners, which, if unchecked, was certain to lead to a want of faith and hope in everything high or holy. There is a view which some men take of life, utterly beneath what should be set up as a standard for themselves or anybody else; it is that which affects to be dissatisfied with all that is about us, which pretends weariness, and satiety, and even disgust, with what ought to interest every healthy being, and which professes inability to be satisfied or gratified with anything the world around us has to offer.

It may all of it—the sentiment—be summed up in the brief maxim of the Latin poet Horace—"nil admirari"; that is to say, there ought to be no tendency in a person to give way to enthusiasm, if he would most heartily enjoy the world and all that is therein. Some persons put on this air of indifference, thinking it a sure token of superior breeding. They would much rather appear to be at their ease than to take an interest in anything that is going on, or to let their enthusiasm be excited by however noble or lofty a topic. They profess the greatest horror of bores, and of being bored. Let them say to themselves, something slight, something of manner, they eschew everything that would betray even an ordinary human interest.

A writer in a late number of Blackwood well and concisely sums it all up, when he observes that "Indifference is the tone of the day. No one must be eager, pleased, displeased, interested or anxious about anything. Life is to be treated as a tiresome sort of thing, but which is far too much beneath one to be thought of seriously—a wearisome performance, which good manners requires you should sit out, though nothing obliges you to applaud or even approve of it. This is the theory, and we have been most successful in reducing it to practice. We are immensely bored, and we take good care so shall be our neighbor. Just as we have voted that there is nothing new, nothing strange, nothing amusing, we defy any one to differ with us, on pain of pronouncing him vulgar."

There is no question that this sin lies at the bottom of the sins of the day. Suppose, now, that it is to go on and rule our social system: where shall we finally bring up? On what shall we rest our feet at last? If this skepticism in everything that is holy and good is to prevail, upon what shall be founded and established the faith which is to sweeten, and strengthen, and make whole the heart of our society? If it become vulgar and out of the fashion to give up to a feeling of trust, of sympathy, and even of admiration and worshipfulness, on any occasion and all occasions in life, what shall supply the impulse which generates individual and social power, and gives energy and the formative agency to institutions, and systems, and laws?

Just to think of a society in which nothing is more unfashionable, and therefore unpardonable, than to be guilty of letting out one's feelings in the direction of what is truthful and noble! How low must it be sunk in comparison of the standard which resides in actual, real truth! What can be the character and worth of its men and women? How much better can the best of them be than the worst? Where is the secret, spiritual lever to be found that is to lift such a body of human life out of the dead level of mere existence, into the region of activity, and aspiration, and elevated joy?

These men think—or say they do—that it is beneath them to be moved by a sensation of any sort. They would not be guilty of it, for the world. They would put a wet blanket on everything that contains the germ of a healthy aspiration, as if even that would betray too much life for their notions of manners. Everything must be sacrificed to externals, to appearance, to the manner; hence, there can be no life with them, no real health, no self-forgetfulness, no impulsiveness, and no growth. They spend their lives in heading off, and running down, and crushing the life out of life, and insist that there is no better object in life than that. We be to us all, if this is to be the inspiration by which we are to be moved. There can not be much worth living for, on a plan like this.

Archbishop Whately.

It may not be generally known that this distinguished logician and theologian, whose life by William F. Fitzpatrick has been recently published in England, was a believer in Spiritualism. This is apparent from the following passage which we quote from Mr. Fitzpatrick's memoirs:

"Many years ago Whately became an enthusiastic believer in mesmerism. Its various ramifications, under the names of od-force, biology, and animal magnetism, he embraced with equal devotion. He often spent whole days in concentrating the analytic powers of his mind upon the consideration of their bearings. He was delighted with the idea, and could speak or dream of nothing else. He went from one extreme to another, until he avowed an implicit belief in clairvoyance, induced a lady who professed it to become an inmate of his house; and some of the last acts of his life were excited attempts at table-turning and other fantastic exhibitions of spirit-rapping. He never said his companion; and I frankly avow that I am a complete skeptic of everything connected with clairvoyance." "Do you presume to limit the power of the Almighty?" "No; but does your Grace go so far as to assert that a miracle has been performed?" "No miracle at all, he went on to say; 'only the operation of a natural law.' His companion was posed."

The Right Rev. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, born in 1789, was one of the most eminent theological and political writers of the present century. He has written largely and well upon nearly every topic he has treated. Logic, political economy, theology, have all received illustrations from his pen. Like Mr. Senior, the eminent writer on political economy who died a few months ago, Whately made no secret among friends of his belief in the spiritual phenomena. Here are two men second to none among the strong intellects and profound scholars of their day, who admitted, after long and careful and thoroughly scientific investigation, the great truths which we are promulgating. Do not two such instances amply controvert the assumption of those shallow opponents who are continually asserting that belief in Spiritualism is confined to ignorant, unscientific, untrained and enthusiastic minds. The credulity which rejects testimony is often more fatuous than that which accepts it.

Notice to Advertisers.

Advertisements will be inserted hereafter in this paper at the following rates, viz: Twenty cents per line for the first insertion, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

New England Women's League.

The New England Women's League have issued an address, in which an appeal is made to the women of New England to unite in an effort to to lessen their general expenditures, and to patronize home instead of foreign manufactures. They state that "the excess of our imports over our exports has long threatened the most serious consequences—perhaps even the financial ruin of our country," and that of these imports the women are very large consumers, it is in their hands to do much to avert the impending evil. The address closes as follows:

"But it is not the Government alone which will be benefited by such action on the part of the women of the country. Every poor man in the land will rejoice in reduced prices for the necessities of life, now kept so high chiefly by the high price of gold. Every soldier's widow and orphan child will have cause to bless us for this new proof of our sincere determination to do our share in behalf of our country, in support of her living defenders, and in memory of her glorious dead. Shall we withhold such aid and sympathy? There is much hard work to be done before the war can be ended. To hasten, as far as possible, the desired consummation, requires the united energy of all loyal citizens."

We ask the men of the land to fight bravely—we pity and despise an action on their part. Do we not owe it to them to offset their bitter sacrifices with our own easier ones? We admire the spirit of other women of other times who have laid all their possessions on their country's altar. Shall we not imitate as well as admire?

Impressed with the importance of lending our aid to prevent the trouble that is sure to come to a country drained of its specie, and desiring to prepare, by a wise simplicity of living, for whatever trials may be in store, we ask the women of New England to unite with us in a pledge for increased devotion to the duties of the hour.

And to this end, let us use our whole influence, and every endeavor, believing that mankind must approve, and that God will bless."

It cannot be gratifying to every well-wisher of our country to witness these efforts to cause a diminution of our imports, and to rely more, if not wholly, upon American products. We trust that these efforts will be carried out to their fullest extent, and that there will exist a sense of pride in the matter. There is no reason why nearly every article American people consume, may not be drawn from American soil, or wrought by American hands. If a general preference is given for home articles, we shall soon see the disguises thrown off, and thousands of counterfeit labels and wrappers sold for waste paper. For it is a notable fact that one-half of the goods in our stores that are passed off as foreign, are manufactured in our midst. An immense quantity of those of foreign countries are printed, and the trade in them alone is very large. It would seem natural for a people to claim for the products of their own country a superiority over those of another, instead of foolishly aping the customs of another people and buying their goods. But it has not been so here. We trust, however, that a better day will dawn after the terrible night within whose shadows we are now learning our hard lessons. One of the good results of our present conflict will be a more individualized nationality.

In furtherance of the plans of the League, an office has been opened at No. 10 Bedford street, in this city.

The Great Heat.

Some people, more impatient perhaps than others, are disposed to call the present heat from which we are suffering, "the everlasting heat." Such persons clearly believe in a duration of the scorching process for which we are unable to find any warrant whatever. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," we have been enjoying, as an Irishman once said of bad health, some awfully hot weather; but as for there being no "let up" to it, and its being likely to last into the large figures of the present century, we have neither faith nor fears in that direction. We shall get through it as we have got through everything else, and with all the less trouble if we do not go about making an unconscionable fuss over it. But still, fuss or no fuss, we have a perfect right to have our say over the awfully hot spell with which we have been afflicted. Did any of our readers and friends ever know of such weather? Whoever heard of the like in a temperate latitude, or in one which is called such by geographers and that sort of men? Here we are having the mercury at nearly eighty, when we come down to breakfast in the morning! It is insufferable, past endurance. An irritable man can just as well fret himself into a spot of fat on the floor as not. The only way left for one to keep cool is by keeping calm. We sit and tried to think of good wintry snows, and splotchy puddles in the streets, and winds cold enough to make our noses and ears look blue again, with no other object than to keep ourselves cool by the sheer power of imagination; but it only provokes us the more to think that such luxuries existed somewhere, and we can have nothing at all to do with them.

Messages Confirmed.

In the "Message Department of our paper of April 9th, we published a communication from Pat Trainer, in which he said he was a member of Co. E, 17th Mass. Regiment, and was killed near Newbern. We have been informed by John A. Marston, Co. G, of the same Regiment, that what is there stated is true in every particular, and that he was personally cognizant of the events.

On the 18th of June we published a message from Thomas Holland. We have received a note from Mr. J. Child, of Dorchester, in which he confirms the truth of the message. He says it is from an old friend and acquaintance of his on old Front street, now Harrison Avenue, in this city; that it reads just like him, and that he was much gratified to see that he gave his name and calling as the wood and coal dealer of that location.

We are constantly receiving such evidences of the truth of the messages that are weekly given in our columns.

Welcome Rain.

The new moon of the last month hung over more than sufficiently to hinder one from depending a powder-horn from it, yet we got no rain of any consequence all through the month. In August, we did not look to see what kind of a moon we had, whether wet or dry, because we had about given up our faith in signs altogether. Yet, for all that, we are having grateful rains and showers all around us. The earth is drinking in the moisture with thankfulness, and the farmers begin to look up, and their spirits revive, beholding the blossoming of new hopes again. As matters look, we are likely to get a good crop of grass for a second crop; while pasturing may be, as it has been, very late and plentiful. Vegetables and corn will do well under the stimulus newly given them by the rains, and we may hope for something like at least an average amount for the fields of early and late autumn.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
J. K. B., BATTLE CREEK.—Your letter and money has been mailed to your address at Coldwater, Mich.

Money and Taxes.

The trouble with our financial system is, it should have been investigated and strengthened by receipts from taxes before. The first year of the war, little or nothing was said about taxes; the second year, what with excitement and a desire to secure their reflection, members of Congress were in much too confused a state to do anything that had a system to it. They began very hastily to adopt the features—and they were invariably the most criticisable features, too—of English tax laws, excising everything which they could lay their legislative hands on. There should have been an unit levy of taxes, or collection of them, rather, instead of the mixed and halting mode which was hastily adopted of seizing hold of property of all kinds wherever found, and taxing it; thus obstructing the operations of exchange by levying on the manufacture, the transmission, and the transfer. But the lesson chiefly deducible from our past and present experience in this matter is this, and it is too plain an one to be overlooked: that we need, and, if we would finally save our country whole, we must have a better class of men in public life, men who have broad and intelligent views on the great questions of national finance, social science and statistics, instead of the paltry politicians whose loftiest ideas in connection with government are that it is essential, because it is comfortable, that they should continue themselves in office. Public service and public life are two very different things, though so commonly confounded. We shall live in the hope of seeing a better class of public service soon.

A War of Ideas.

To show that, as this is not a war merely for victory but for principle, it must be waged until those principles are firmly rooted in the new life of the nation, a writer in one of the New York journals puts it in the following manner: "This is a revolution—a war of ideas—and the ruling class of the South, those who are bound to slavery and who will never abandon it with life, must be conquered and will be practically exterminated; and then the great non-slaveholding class—their military organization being broken up and emigration pouring in from the Free States—will gradually change their minds and become converted to freedom and the Union. But to say that this is done already is a simple folly. There are months of bloody battles and years of wearying struggles on a diminished scale before the first steps to this revolution of the South are accomplished. We must all be patient. Time, Time is needed. Neither party can retreat or compromise. It is an absolute and irreconcilable struggle of principles."

War Photographs.

One of the greatest triumphs of the photographer is to be found in the startling accuracy with which he reproduces the actual scenes of war, while they are yet going on. Mr. Brady, of New York, has supplied his gallery with a series of views of the recent forward movement of Grant's army from the Rapidan to the James, which will be invaluable to the future painter of battle scenes and to the historian. What has been done of course done to the life. There is War, just as it is, none of the wrinkles of its stern visage smoothed out. We have had nothing so truthfully startling in modern times. The arts may tend to make us realists, as we often hear it charged; but, in the present instance, the reality is enough to move the imagination of the beholder with most wonderful power.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We give our readers a variety of articles this week. The Essay on our first page, which helps those who read it thoughtfully, or enable them to help others. "The Hope of the World," and "Intemperance," will be found of more than usual interest. "Summer Evening," by Dr. Parker, is a fine poem. "A Soldier's Sensations at Death on the Battle-field," will interest many who sympathize with our brave soldiers. The communications from the invisibles, in the "Message Department," will command the eager attention of readers. "A few thoughts for the consideration of the National Convention" will interest others also.

The Congregationalists are trying to raise \$100,000 for a "Congregational Home" in Boston, to which the Congregationalists of the country may resort when they visit the city, and in which may be gathered and properly arranged the remaining histories of the fathers of New England—the books, sermons, pamphlets, together with paintings and other memorials that will illustrate New England or national history, past, present and future.

Tom Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes," or rather, exclaimed Byron, "because it grows less by paring."

There are at least 4,000,000 of Germans in the United States, one-third of whom—that is, 1,333,000—are Lutherans. Estimating two-fifths as confirmed adults, it gives between 400,000 and 500,000 who are members of the Lutheran Church of Europe.

Petroleum is pronounced excellent for wounds. It dispels flies, expels vermin, sweetens the wound, and promotes a healthy granulation.

As a fop was riding a very fine horse down the Camden road, a young and pretty lady was evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and impudently asked, "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the reply; "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey."

A party visiting the White Mountains, ascended Mount Washington, on Friday, during the last week in July, and encountered a severe snow storm of three hours' duration. The ladies suffered very severely.

The postal regulation allowing "book manuscripts and proof-sheets" to be forwarded at the rate of two cents for four ounces does not include MSS. for periodicals nor communications for newspapers, as some have contended.

The New York Herald says "the fires now breaking out in every part of the country need looking after. They are too simultaneous to be altogether accidental. Rebel emissaries or rebel sympathizers ought to be carefully watched in the localities where these fires occur."

A mischievous boy, whom a man held over a boiling vat at Mechanics Falls, playfully threatening to throw him in, struggled so much that he did fall in, and was burned to death.—*Exch.*

Which one is responsible for the loss of life—the boy, or the man?

A soldier in one of the late battles was sitting very coolly behind one of his guns, when the shot was falling very fast; being asked by the chaplain whether he was supported by Divine Providence, he replied, "No, sir; I am supported by the Ninth New Jersey."

A cat at Portland has a pleasant way of laying a live woodcock at the foot of her mistress, nearly every morning. The birds are never dead, and but very little injured.

Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, or rather the cause of the circulation, is beginning to be disputed; for blushing, sudden paleness of the face, flushings and chilliness of the body frequently occur without any disturbance or modification of the heart's action. The steady movement of the blood in the capillaries, the circulation through the liver without the intervention of any propulsive force, the fact that after death the arteries are usually found empty, among other things, cannot be accounted for on the hypothesis that the heart is the sole mover of the blood. The new theory is that the action is a chemical one.

Punch's last.—When is a policeman like a Samaritan? When he comes out of some area.

A French paper says that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately.

In a Scotch church, a descendant of Nabal having put a crown piece into the plate, instead of a penny, and starting at its white precious face, asked to have it back and was refused. "In once, in forever," "Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Joems, the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny."

A sister of Harriet Martineau killed herself in England, recently, by throwing herself under the wheels of a railway train as it was entering a station. She was thirty years old, and in good circumstances.

Jean Paul thus addresses young girls: "The young men fall on their knees before you, but remember it is as infantry before cavalry—that they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on bended knees takes aim at his victims."

A dog in this city has been named Quota, because he never seems to be full.

Morrissey, once the poor and brutal pugilist, is said to be now worth \$500,000—is a great stock operator, and keeps several of the largest gambling houses in the city of New York. He is a steady man now, drinks nothing, and does not gamble himself. He has a lease of the race-track at Saratoga, and brings up, at his own expense, detectives from New York, to keep pickpockets away and preserve good order.

THE MYSTERIOUS MISSION TO RICHMOND.—Mr. Edmund Kirke, in his forthcoming volume, entitled "Down in Tennessee," to be published in a few days by Carleton, of New York, will give us a detailed report of his mysterious visit to Richmond, Va., the rebel capital. For cool daring and patriotic self-devotion, this brief exploit of Mr. Kirke, accompanied by Colonel Jaquess, has few parallels in the history of the war. Under the graphic and powerful pen of the author of "Among the Pines," the description of their dangerous adventures through the army lines, and among the wary Confederates, must possess a thrilling interest, and the book will be looked for with considerable eagerness by all classes of the reading community.—*Boston Transcript.*

Renan's "Life of Jesus" is creating a great stir among the Christians of the Levant, where it has been made the subject of "solemn reparation services." The archbishop of Smyrna, apostolic vicar of Asia Minor, has published a pastoral about it.

A moral debating society out West, is engaged in discussing the following question: "If a husband deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned, the man or the woman?"

"Boy, you are not far from a fool." "Well, as we ain't more than three feet apart, I give in to that," was the reply.

Fifty or sixty years ago it was customary to chronicle marriages as we now distinguish deaths, by setting out the virtues of those named. Thus we find the following in an old Boston paper:

"Married in Boston, by Rev. Mr. Howard, Feb. 5, 1778, Mr. ——— merchant, to Miss ——— of Boston. The Honorable department of the one, together with the very amiable Qualifications of the other, here unite to contribute additional Beauties to the Marriage State."

A Dutchman being called upon to give a toast, said: "Here I wish to the heroes what sit, fled, and died at the battle of Bull Run—which I am one."

HOW FRUITS BREATHE.—It is well known that respiration has long been made on the respiration of plants. M. Cahours has recently investigated the respiration of fruits; deeming it an important part of the physiology of vegetation; and he finds that ripe apples, oranges, and lemons respire by consuming a portion of the oxygen of the atmosphere in which they are placed, and giving off an equivalent quantity of carbonic acid. Darkness diminishes, and diffused light increases the amount of carbonic acid, and it varies with alterations of temperature. But when once decomposition sets in, the quantity of carbonic acid is rapidly increased.—*Chambers' Journal.*

M. Jolly, of Abbeville, France, is in possession of a beautiful drake, which, by perseverance for two years with a bird organ, he has taught to sing several different airs. His success in this instance has determined him to try the same experiment on a turkey, and he expects to succeed.

A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of Odometers to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they "just step down to the Post Office."

John Warner of Cambridge, who died last year, gave away over eleven thousand dollars during the last five years of his life, mostly in small sums to poor people. A few years ago he burned up notes and mortgages, the collection of which would distress the men against whom they were drawn, to the amount of about twenty thousand dollars.

A woman is jealous of her whole sex; not because her husband, but because all other men run after it.

New Publication.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW; or Morality and Religion in their relation to Life; an Essay upon Physics of Creation. By Henry James. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale at this office.

The theme of this book is a great one. Spirit is the substance and Matter the shadow. Its character is comprehensive, scholarly, clear and powerful; but it tells with withering severity upon the institutions that have set forth superior claims for morality and religion. It deals with religion as it has been and as it is. It handles its professors fearlessly, and just as fearlessly it tells the uses of the devil and his followers. The author does not talk about himself, but about his subject, which he handles with complete power. His mighty blows of truth are not kept back by any pretence of professional pretence that covers or has covered religion, but they smash flimsy externals and fall on solid foundations. Wherever the author carries his readers he carries light to show the object he exhibits.

This book is valuable, and will be a source of rich enjoyment to minds of deep religious thought and feeling.

Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots.

This Association was formed for the benefit of the orphans of soldiers and sailors dying in defence of our Government. Its first effort was to secure a grant from Congress to the several States. At this stage, the Institute wavered in its decision between two methods presented for election; the one having regard to temporary institutions for those made orphans by this present wicked rebellion; institutions which having accomplished the end of their creation in aid to this class of youth, should cease to exist; the other having regard to permanent institutions of general utility, embracing in a peculiar manner the desired provisions for patriot orphans contemplated in the former method.

Adopting the latter method the Institute joined in an application to Congress for a grant to the several States in the interest of agriculture and the mechanic arts permanently—an interest to be amplified by the action of the States severally, providing in connection with the reception and use of said Congressional grant, a reward for patriotism, conferred upon the representatives of those dying for country. Hence to the national legislators at Washington was presented the contained bill of a general and permanent benefit to all, with such a reward for patriotism as would at once be an element of governmental force in quelling the rebellion, and an act of justice to those for whom the State is in loco parentis.

The bill for the Congressional grant in the interest of agriculture and mechanic arts received the Presidential signature July 2, 1863. Without delay the Institute prepared a petition to the several Legislatures, urging their acceptance of the national grant, and in their acceptance to render available to our patriotic orphans all the advantages arising from the establishment of the Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Farms, compatible with the design of the national bounty, and benefiting a grateful State toward its defenders.

The Institute, seeking through Legislatures and voluntary associations those additional provisions necessary to complete the plan as originally entertained in advocating the Congressional grant, and also such other local or State patriot orphan-homes as may be deemed requisite.

Connecticut, through her Legislature, signified her acceptance of the grant in December, 1863; in 1863 she granted the able to the endowment of the Sheffield Scientific School, a department of Yale College in the interest of agriculture and the mechanic arts, conditioned that one-half of the pupils educated on that foundation be named by the State to occupy free scholarships; and in 1864 the Legislature, in its late session at New Haven, enacted that in the selection of candidates for the scholarships reserved to the State, preference should be given to those who have made orphans by the death of a parent in the military or naval service of the United States.

The New York Legislature, April 14th, 1863, enacted that the Congressional grant, 900,000 acres, should go to the endowment of the Agricultural College and School of Mechanic Arts, the People's College at Havana, Sullivan County, N. Y., and the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., and that the qualified candidates in their selection from qualified candidates shall give the preference above named as obtaining in Connecticut.

Some States have not signified their acceptance of the Congressional grant; for the benefit of such, the time for acceptance was extended by an act of the late session of Congress. Other States have signified their acceptance, but have not yet determined what disposition they will make of it. This is true of Vermont and New Hampshire.

It is gratifying to be able to state that the Hon. David Culver, of Lynn, N. H., has recently made a very munificent proposition to the New Hampshire Legislature, offering a valuable farm of four hundred acres, with buildings, valuable quarry and water power, together with \$30,000 in cash funds, to aid in the erection of additional buildings, and apparatus for the practical operation of the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, upon the conditions that the State shall see fit to accept the same, in trust, for said objects, and shall associate and employ with this donation the funds received from the United States, agreeably to the provisions of the act of Congress of July 2, A. D. 1862, toward the endowment of the Institution.

It is contemplated by the Hon. David Culver and the friends of his proposition, to establish a primary department for the training and instruction of those not qualified to enter the collegiate department, and in the selection from candidates qualified to fill either department, to secure a preference for those made orphans by the death of a parent in the defence of our Government.

Much supplementary work remains to be done in all the States.

Simultaneously with these labors, the Institute has sought to procure scholarships in the colleges and other institutions of the several States, prize positions as a reward for patriotic service, and sacrifices of the father to be conferred upon his children in cultivating any peculiar talent so as to benefit the individual, and utilize such cultivated talent in blessing society.

From its commencement, the Institute has sought to procure records of patriotism and statistics of orphanage, through local, voluntary associations, and through legislative action.

It is gratifying to be able to state that the Hon. David Culver, of Lynn, N. H., has recently made a very munificent proposition to the New Hampshire Legislature, offering a valuable farm of four hundred acres, with buildings, valuable quarry and water power, together with \$30,000 in cash funds, to aid in the erection of additional buildings, and apparatus for the practical operation of the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, upon the conditions that the State shall see fit to accept the same, in trust, for said objects, and shall associate and employ with this donation the funds received from the United States, agreeably to the provisions of the act of Congress of July 2, A. D. 1862, toward the endowment of the Institution.

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Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LUCY HENRY.)

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

No. 8.—THE LOVE STORY.

One cool October evening we entered the pleasant cottage, and found a bright wood-fire burning on the hearth, which cast fantastic shadows on the wall, but which illumined the tall brass andirons and the old clock, so that they seemed cheerful companions.

"Shall we have candles?" asked Aunt Ratie. "Oh, no!" we exclaimed; "nothing is so beautiful as this firelight."

"I always think of Longfellow's beautiful poem," said Arthur, "at such a time:

"When the evening hushes are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the flinty wall
Dance upon the parlor wall,
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

But do you know that my teacher says that the poet only meant our memories that the dim, shadowy light quickened, and that we must not believe that our beloved ones ever come back. What do you think, Aunt Ratie?"

"I think the poet was altogether right, and meant just what he said," replied she; "and what a beautiful thought it is. You wonder what makes me so cheerful in my loneliness; it is this blessed truth that cannot be alone, for ever some beloved one is near to comfort and bless me. I can assure you that the greatest solace I had in my struggles and efforts to do right, came from the thought that the dear Father in heaven gave his angels power to watch over and bless me."

"But, Aunt Ratie, will you tell us a little more about yourself, and how you managed all your affairs?" asked Anna; "for really, I begin to feel as if—"

"Who knows yet but you will be a dear Aunt Anna?" said Willie.

"And live in a nice cottage, and wear a Quaker cap, and bake delicious cookies!" said Dertie.

"Let us dress her in Aunt Ratie's cap and apron," suggested Willie.

Aunt Ratie took off her snowy cap and apron, and we placed them on Anna, whose delicate features looked out from the white border like the blushing heart from out the opened petals of a rose. The white apron descended to her feet, and with the knitting in her hands, she looked as demure as a little Quakeress.

"Now for the story, Aunt Anna," said I.

"Well, give me Aunt Ratie's experience," said Anna.

"That can't be put on like a garment," said Aunt Ratie; "no I see I shall have to be story-teller awhile longer. Let me think—I ended with a history of my first housekeeping; to-day I will tell you a love story."

"Oh, splendid!" said Anna; "I have kept hoping all the time that you would come to that part of your history."

"I did not say," said Aunt Ratie, "that I would tell you a love story about myself. But to begin. I told you that I had not let Egbert or Freddie know of any change in my life, therefore, when they came home they were greatly surprised to find me living in a new and humble home. At first Freddie was greatly troubled that I had not called on him for aid; but when he found how much I had learned, and how happy I was in the feeling that I was independent and able to help myself, he said he was as proud as if he was captain of the finest ship that ever sailed from port. When I invited him with Egbert and Gertrude to a supper prepared by my own hands, he declared he felt as if in the presence of the Empress. It was that very evening that he brought me the set of china we used the other day, saying that I was to imagine myself drinking from a service of gold and silver, made in honor of the conquests I had gained; victories over weakness and pride, and the acquisition of patience and fortitude. You may well suppose that I was well rewarded for all I had suffered. I remembered no more my burned fingers or my heated face, but only that I was worthy the esteem of my friends."

That same evening, which I remember well, was bright with the moonlight, and mild with the southern breeze. I walked by myself down the lane to the little brook that made soft music as it flowed over the rocks. I wanted to be alone, that I might think of my life, and be happy in all its blessings. Perhaps I wanted to think, too, of the pleasant words that Freddie had spoken to me; and to remember the bright glow of his eye, as he looked around my snug but pleasant home. You must remember that we were no longer children, but I was twenty years old, and Freddie four years older, and that he was called Mr. Staunton, and I Miss Raymond."

"Why, Aunt Ratie!" broke in Anna, "was not that the name of the gentleman that visited our village last year, and who called on you—that splendid looking man with such a kindly eye, and who smiled on us children as if he had known us always?"

"Not quite so fast, Anna," said Aunt Ratie, "a story-teller must never get in advance of his present chapter. I sat down by the brook-side, and became so absorbed in my thoughts that I did not notice the sound of approaching footsteps, or hear the low murmur of voices. When I first noticed them I knew it was Egbert and Gertrude, and I was about to depart, when his sad words, 'Is there no hope for it then?' made me pause."

"No," replied Gertrude; "I am poor, and your father can do nothing for you—for us to marry under such circumstances would be folly."

"But there is Fred," said he, "he insists upon helping us. He told me he would not take his pay from my father, who, you know, owns the ship now, unless I would divide the pay with him. I will not think of his doing it; but I know he will help his dear sister Gertrude, and then we shall have a share in some vessel, as he proposes. We have loved each other so long and well, Gertrude, that it is a pity we cannot live together and sacrifice for each other. If I only had a snug little home I could work, and we could lead the happiest of lives."

I rose very softly and went away, but thinking to myself, your wishes shall be fulfilled. The next day Fred—or, shall I call him Mr. Staunton?"

"Oh, please do not!" said I; "we love Fred, but Mr. Staunton is a stranger to us."

"Well, the next day Fred asked me to ride with him to the seashore. I had not been since the unfortunate day when my willfulness had caused

such trouble to myself and others; but as I remembered the lesson of that day's trouble, I did not feel ashamed, but thankful for an experience which had done so much toward giving me a more humble spirit. As we rode along, he told me of his prospects. He said that with his past success in some adventures he had made in India, he had succeeded in gaining money enough to purchase a share in a merchantman, and that if he could command it himself, he should be able to have quite a fortune by another voyage.

"And if you do not make the purchase," said I, "what then?"

"Why, I shall have to work my way up by hard toil," said he.

"Then he told me how long he had looked forward to the time when he could claim me as his wife, and we could live together in happiness and peace. I need not tell you of all the pleasant words I heard, for it is an experience you have yet to gain; what I wish to tell you of, is the struggle I had to do right. When I remembered what Egbert had said to Gertrude I knew it was my duty to refuse to marry Fred, in order that he might help them, which I was sure he would do. I thought of my lonely life in the little cottage, of my days of toil and weariness, and contrasted them with a life with one I loved. It was a great temptation, and perhaps I should have yielded if I had not just then come in sight of the cliff where I had once shown my selfishness and willfulness. I said to myself, 'May heaven help me to do right.'"

"I sat very still for a time until I felt strong in spirit, and then I said simply, 'It cannot be.' I thought my heart was breaking as I said it, but I added no more, and he was too proud to ask any questions. I did not even tell him how glad I would be to say yes instead of no, for I thought of Gertrude, and felt as if her happiness would compensate him for every sacrifice. After a while I began to talk of Egbert and Gertrude, and told him of their plans and hopes, and that it was only the want of money that kept them from being the happiest of mortals."

"They shall not long want that," he said.

"Oh, how glad I felt as he said it; and as he looked me full in the face I think he read my whole thought. I feel sure he knew the reason why I had refused to marry him, for he said, 'There is some reward for this.'"

"And that is how you happened to be an old maid," said Anna.

"That is how it happened that Fred sacrificed his prospect of owning a share in the merchantman; for he bought a fine farm for Gertrude and presented it to her on the day of his departure, not allowing her time to even thank him. He went nobly forth to work his way up by hard toil, and I went back to my school-keeping and my hard work. But there is always a compensation for those who do right."

"I do not understand quite what you mean," said I.

"We always have a reward for right doing," said she, "and for every sacrifice we make. One of the rewards I had was in the love that Gertrude's little darling girl gave to me. She was like a blossom that unfolded in beauty. She was like lilacs and roses and violets; she was like sunshine and sweet spring days, and her heart was like heaven itself—so full of love was it. When I looked at her I felt so glad in her that I thought of no sacrifice or sorrow of my own. And just when we loved her most she died. She closed her eyes with a look of glory in them, and the angels took her. I had always thought that I should die if she did, but I saw how tenderly the angels took her and cared for her, and then I knew that she was blessed, and so I lived to think of her as a beautiful angel. Her name was Lily, and if you were to ask me what makes me good and loving, I should tell you it is the thought of that beautiful angel. How can I do anything that would disturb her beautiful spirit?"

"Why, Aunt Ratie, what do you mean?" said I, "does what we do disturb the angels?"

"If we expect the pure and good to be near us, we must live so purely that they can. Now I know that the angel Lily is very often with me. I see her beautiful form and feel her beautiful presence, and as long as my spirit is calm, she can be glad in my life; but if I should make my spirit unloving or harsh, do you suppose that she could be near me? Thus you see that although I thought it was the greatest affliction I could have, when she died, yet I have found that through her I am finding out more of heaven and of true goodness than I ever knew before, for she is like a beautiful star that gleams in every darkness—like a beautiful gateway of light ever open to glory."

"But after Lily's body died, I did not like to live in the little cottage any more. I felt as if I wanted a quiet place that I could make beautiful and a fit house for her. Just then some debts that were owing to my father were paid to me and I bought this little cottage under the elms, and had money enough left to live on without teaching."

"But, Aunt Ratie," said Willie, "did not Mr. Staunton get rich after all? You said that compensation always came."

"And so it does, but not always as we expect. He has never become rich in money, but he is rich in his goodness of heart, and I believe he will yet have a full reward for all his sacrifices."

"And then you will marry him," said Anna.

"Oh, how splendid! but how young you look without your cap, and how soft and black your hair is. I should never think of your being an old maid now. I believe, after all, you are not Aunt Ratie, but Miss Ratie Raymond."

"Do tell us more of Fred Staunton," said Arthur; "was he really that Mr. Staunton that came here? and will he not come again and—"

"Why not ask it all?" said Anna, "will he not marry you, and can't we come to the wedding, and shall you wear a white dress and a veil?"

We all laughed merrily, and Aunt Ratie with the rest; but she added, "If I should tell you what will be, I should tell what I do not know. I am to tell you what has been. I have given you some pictures from my life. You know why I am Aunt Ratie and no one else. You know how I learned to overcome my faults, and to become loving and generous. Perhaps I have other lessons to learn in life. I am not as old as you have thought me. Lily always loved to see me in a cap, and would laugh and crow when I put it on, so I continued to wear one for her dear sake; and when I put on my white apron I think how she used to play in its folds, and so I seldom go without one. These are the sweet memories that make life seem beautiful."

I have not told you a child's story to-day, but I hope I have helped you to understand life better, and to be prepared to always do that which is right, leaving the rest to follow as it will. But our fire burns low, let us brighten its embers, and then we will have some apples and nuts, and try to feel the joys of the present."

"But Aunt Ratie," said Willie, "don't you feel anxious about that which is to be?"

"Why should I? I am very sure that the past has been all right and best, and why should I doubt the future?"

"But if Mr. Staunton—"

"Do say Fred, and not Mr. Staunton," interrupted Anna. "Who would think of Aunt Ratie's marrying that boy?"

"I will tell you what you can call him: Captain Fred, for he is now really a captain."

"Well," said Nellie, "if Captain Fred should not come back or should be shipwrecked, should you think all was right?"

"This world is not all of life," she replied, "what we need will be given to us sometime; if not here yet in the beautiful hereafter. Whatever you doubt, do not doubt that."

And so we sat by the beautiful firelight, and it indeed seemed as if a divine presence was with us, and I am sure we all felt more and more determined to do right and leave the rest to God.

Enigma.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 37, 5, 39, 16, 34, 1, 9, 32 is a battle of the present war.

My 4, 20, 15, 1, 39, 30, 41, 12, 45 is a general of the Union Army.

My 17, 7, 39, 2, 8, 38, 39 is a useful appendage to an army.

My 6, 3, 11, 14 is a kind of food loved by Indians.

My 13, 18, 31, 45, 24 is a kind of bird.

My 20, 10, 22 is what every soldier in the Union Army should take.

My 19, 23, 27, 37, 28, 25, 42 belong to a ship.

My 33, 44, 26, 36, 29 is a means of defense for a fort.

My 40, 35, 43, 2 is much used by pugilists.

My 31, 24, 45, 20 is a plant. A. H. M.

Conundrum.

By E. W. W. X.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY C. A. P.—Peace, Liberty, and Freedom.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUMS—Because it makes ice nice.

Because it makes an old one a sold one.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Plea for Southern Kansas.

Here in Kansas we have had a hard struggle to establish freedom for all, but we have got through, I think, for Liberty is the watch-word, and Progression the law of the age. We claim the right to think, speak, and act for ourselves in all respects, without regard to the rights of others; and as the elements are now clear, and as Nature has made a fine climate and soil, and given us timber, stone, coal, water, and the broad prairie for cultivating, nothing is wanting but the hand of industry to cultivate the same, that it may bring forth those fruits, grains and vegetables, that are necessary for the subsistence and happiness of man. I wish to say to you, and through your useful paper, to the reformers generally, that there never was a more inviting spot for an organized body of reformers, than in Southern Kansas. I have been here four years, and desire no other place. We want industrious and discreet persons to come here and engage in the different branches of labor. We want those who can manufacture, and who can use the tools of our own country. Let us show our independence by our works. We want farmers, all kinds of mechanics, and in fact everything that is wanted anywhere. The country and climate need only to be seen and experienced to be appreciated. No one can portray it on paper; so come, one and all, for there is plenty of land for you.

We want the capitalist with his means to buy machinery, and mechanics to put it into successful full operation. We want operatives to work the machines, and men and women of all trades, for it is now somewhat new. Here plenty of home-stand land may be had for settling on it five years and paying sixteen dollars for government expenses. We have saw-mills, meetings, and schools, but there is plenty of room for more. If any wish to come to Kansas they can't be too soon in coming, for the good time has arrived when all men can freely think, speak, and act for themselves, just as Nature has designed they should, and Kansas is just the place. It is coming from the Eastern States you will make Chicago one point, then to Quincy, then St. Joseph, then Leavenworth, by railroad, then by team to Bourbon County, and from there to Kansas City, and from there let them write me at Marmaton, Bourbon County, Kansas.

Belief W. Stoddard.

It may be recalled by some that I called attention to this remarkable medium one year ago. A second letter from him, informing me of the death of his father, and the failing health of his mother, and the destitute circumstances he is left in—helpless as a child—induces me to lay a few items of his history before the readers of the BANNER, hoping some will be able to send him a few dollars if they cannot spare dollars. When a child he was taken with epileptic fits, which he has suffered with to the present time, somewhat reduced by spirit-agency since he became a medium. At about the age of twenty-one, had no education, parents poor, and he one of a large family, never able to work, because a writing medium several years ago, and has been taught many truths by spirit-agency. He is now a powerful and successful Spiritualist. He will write, and spell, and use words he never heard and could have no knowledge of. He has written several valuable essays on deep and profound subjects, which he has in manuscript waiting some friend to publish, and they are well worthy of it. Any person who will send him a small or large note, and receive in return, a description of him or herself in rhyme, condition, prospects, etc. All I have seen were quaint, appropriate and correct. Do not let him suffer for your mite; send it and you will be rewarded in both worlds. Address him Belief W. Stoddard, care Mrs. Lucia H. Cowles, Chardon, Ohio.

A Card from a Soldier.

The soldier who was present at Mrs. Wing's, N. Y., on the evening of the 21st of March 21st, takes this method of tendering his deepest gratitude to those invisible beings who, through the mediumship of Mrs. Chamberlain, gave so many proofs of their presence and love. Those manipulations, made apparently by little hands, were tearfully suggestive of others made but a short time before by a dear one in the form. While bells were ringing most violently, and the guitar was floating about the room, being thrummed in perfect time with the bells, there was quite a tempest of the smaller articles of furniture. The sprinkling of water, after singing, "The morning light is breaking," was quite refreshing. But particularly timely was the second baptism, which seemed to have been suggested by the remark that "Rich dew of grace come over us."

In many a gentle shower.

For the other manifestations, of which I cannot now speak, I thank you.

A. U. Co. D. 55th Mass. Reg.

Before Petersburg, July 26, 1864.

A Case of Cure.

This is to certify that I had the lung fever in May, 1863. It left me very weak, and I was unable to do any work, or even to walk. After recovering from the fever, I commenced blowing and filling up so much so that I could hardly get my breath. I was attended by doctors from Columbia and Harrington—I was then living in Harrington—but I could get no relief. Some thought my trouble was dropsy, and others, heart disease. I have been so bloated and troubled for breath that I have not laid down in bed for over a year, and I have not been able to get up since. Since coming to Cambridge I have had one doctor; but he could not help me. On hearing of Dr. William B. White, sympathetic, clairvoyant, magnetic and electric physician, my sister wanted me to go and see him. I had no faith in his system of practice, but I put myself under his treatment on the 13th of July, 1864, and in three days the swelling had gone down so much that I could wear dresses which I had not been

able to for a year. When I commenced visiting him, I had to ride both ways, but now I can walk both ways. I am now so far recovered as to be able to lie down and sleep all night; and I feel as well as I did several years previous to my illness. The public may think this too much to believe, but if any one wishes to know how I was, or how I am now, they can call at J. D. Bardwell's, No. 63 Cambridge street, East Cambridge, Mass. MISS JANE B. FREDLE.

East Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 1st, 1864.

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

TO A MOTHER BEREAVED OF HER ONLY CHILD.

BY DR. A. JOHNSON.

Your cherub has indeed fled; but call it not death. The jewel has but left its casket—the butterfly is basking in its native element. The beautiful white-robed angel—brightest of Heaven's train, clothed in her garments of humility and purity and grace—came upon an errand of mercy to transplant your rosebud from this crude atmosphere of sin and woe to a region more congenial, where she may inhale the odors of Paradise and bask in the smile of God; where she may gather perpetually the white flowers of peace and joy, as she passes through the endless spheres of glory, ever progressing in happiness toward the full embodiment of celestial love and wisdom. She is now wending her way in the Summer-Land to the city of the Living God. Nor can she with her intensified nature forget you. She still nestles, fond mother, in thy bosom, both in thy waking and sleeping hours. No; no; Heaven is not a state of dull inactivity, nor is it a state of mere indifference to the affairs of poor, benighted travelers, who are wending their way through this pilgrimage of pain, with bleeding feet, lacerated heart and drooping spirit.

We have the blessed assurance in the primitive history, that glorious chart of life eternal, that God's messengers are all ministering spirits sent to becomen us on to their own blissful abodes, where reigns eternal harmony. How consoling the thought! How blessed this boon of the Heavens! How full of soothing influence to believe that the departed are leading us on with greetings, which, though they fall not on these outward ears, still operate as sweet incentives in the tollsome pathway to the Father's Kingdom. This blessed prospect should silence all murmurs against the ways of Providence.

Does the loss which you have sustained seem irreparable? Let this console you, that it is all gain to the departed, and that, after you have crossed the turbid stream, she will be the first to greet you in the sunny realms of eternity.

New York, 1864.

Three Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Old Town, Milford, Bradley and vicinity, will hold a three days' meeting in Milford, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

It is expected that the Davenport Brothers, whose celebrity is world-wide, will be present, and possibly the Davenport Sisters; also, some prominent Spiritual speakers and lecturers. Among them W. K. Ripley, H. P. Fairfield, C. Hayden, I. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. A. A. Currier, Emma Houston, Susie M. Johnson, and we hope, a host of others. All lecturers, mediums and Spiritualists are most cordially invited to come and share with us our homes, hearts and hopes.

To friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance, and want every niche of room occupied.

Come! one and all! Let us join hand and heart, that we may more effectually work—

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

H. B. EMBURY,
NEWELL BLAKE,
A. ROLEY,
I. M. ROBINSON,
J. J. NORRIS,
Committee of Arrangements.

Bradley, Pendocot Co., Me., June 25, 1864.

County Convention.

The Spiritualists of Boone County and vicinity will hold a Three Days' Meeting, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 24, 25, and 26th of September, next, in the incorporated town of Belvidere.

A free platform will be sustained. Each speaker will be responsible only for his or her ideas.

Speakers from abroad are expected to be present, among whom is Rev. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Mich. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made to entertain those who come from a distance.

By Order of Committee,
H. Bidwell, of Belvidere; D. Chapman, of Bonus; D. H. Ellis, of Manchester; S. Wellington, of Calcutta; S. Lovett, of Springfield; A. S. Royal, of Flora; Wm. Wadsworth, of Leroy; H. Willard, of Boone, Committee.

CHARLES GORHAM, Cor. Sec'y., Belvidere.

Vermont Annual State Convention.

The Annual State Convention of the Spiritualists of Vermont will be held at Montpelier, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 24, 25 and 26th of September. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Mediums and speakers in and out of the State are especially invited to be present and participate. Ample accommodations will be provided at Montpelier on reasonable terms. Arrangements will be made with the several Vermont railroads to carry members of the Convention for fare one way.

GEORGE W. RIPLEY,
NEWMAN WEEKS,
NATHAN LAMB,
GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Cor. Sec'y.

Rutland, Vt., July 30, 1864.

Grove Meeting.

A Grove Meeting will be held at Howland Springs, Trumbull Co., O., commencing on the evening of Friday, Aug. 19, and continuing Saturday and Sunday. Rev. Moses Hull will be present, and other prominent speakers and mediums are expected. Ample provision will be made for friends from a distance.

BAZZEL BOWELL,
L. NICHOLS,
D. CHERNY,
CAROLINE STULL,
BARBARA BUNDZELL,

Committee.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Ridgetown, Bradford County, Pa., will hold their third annual Grove Meeting, on August 21st, in E. B. Beckwith's orchard, three miles south of Wellsburg Depot. Speakers engaged: Mr. and Mrs. William Palmer, J. W. Mapes, and others. All friends of reform are invited to attend.

Committee: Mr. A. H. Voorhis, J. Carley, P. Miller, Mrs. E. B. Beckwith, Mrs. E. Voorhis, Mrs. G. W. Mead.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Progress at Mechanic Falls, Me., will hold a Grove Meeting in the grove near the village, on Sunday, Aug. 21st. W. K. Ripley has been engaged to attend, and other speakers are expected. A general invitation to all.

Mechanic Falls, Me., Aug. 1, 1864. For Order.

Annual Meeting.

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

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HOSPITALAR Hall.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited.

CHURCH.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Mr. H. Grandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—S. Frank White, Aug. 14, and Sept. 15 and 25.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church. "The Children's Progressive League" meets at 10 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during August; Mrs. E. A. Ellis, during September; Mrs. C. Horton, during October, November and December; Chas. A. Hayden, during January.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rogers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M. and in the afternoon at 2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, Sept. 4, 11, 18 and 25; Mrs. E. C. Clark, Sept. 11; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 18 and 25; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, Oct. 2 and 9; Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, Oct. 2 and 9; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Dec. 4 and 11.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall, regular on 2 and 9. Mrs. M. Spencer engaged:—Mr. E. Fairfield, Sept. 4 and 11; Sarah A. Byrnes, Sept. 18 and 25; Charles A. Hayden, during October; N. Frank White, Nov. 6 and 13; Mrs. Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 20 and 27; Mrs. E. C. Clark, Nov. 27 and 24; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, Dec. 11 and 18; Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, Dec. 18 and 25; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Dec. 4 and 11.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, except the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, and 31st. Speakers engaged:—N. Frank White, Sept. 4 and 11.

PROVIDENCE.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoon at 3 and evening at 7 P. M. Progressive League meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 A. M. Speaker engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, during September.