

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XV.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR. }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Light Cent.

NO. 23.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

Oh! tell me not of skies most clear,
And brightly, deeply blue;
Oh! tell me not of rays of light
Of purest golden hue;
Tell me not of the flow'rets fair,
And spicy odors sweet,
For these are not the precious things
My vision longs to meet.

Oh! tell me not of piles of gold,
Or gems of radiant hue;
Tell me not of my trusted friends—
Of love sincere and true;
Tell me not even that my child
Waits his accustomed kiss,
Thou' dearer than my life, 'tis not
His lovely form I miss.

Tell me not that my brother's arm
To lean upon is strong;
Tell me not my sister's smile
Is brightest in the throng;
Nor tell me that my father yearns
His welcome to bestow;
Say not my blessed mother's voice
Can heal my spirit's woe.

But bring me back the pulseless heart,
Cold 'neath Virginia's sod,
Yes, bring me back the noble form
Which once so proudly trod;
Bring back to me the gentle tone
Which ne'er spake aught but love—
The manly breast which never failed
My sure support to prove.

If this thou canst not, say no more
That earth is lovely yet,
For me the sun at noonday hour
In darkest clouds hath set;
No light, no hope appears to me
This side the open grave;
Oh! with my child to tempt the flood
Which did his footsteps lave,

And meet him on that blessed shore,
Once more my own, my own,
Bound to my heart in stronger ties
Than ever earth hath known!
But hush, weak heart, I wait *His* time,
Who holds the severed chain
In His own hand, till He sees fit
To fasten it again.

Hopkinton, Mass., 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LUCY'S LOVE, AND HENRY'S PHILOSOPHY.

ORIGINAL STORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Henry, the only son of Judge Patterson possessed a thoughtful and aspiring mind, and was destined, like his father, to become eminent. He lost his mother in early life, but was blessed with the love and confidence of his only sister, scarcely a year younger than himself. Born to trust in and reverence nobility of mind, and finding it represented in her brother, Lucy's happy childhood had passed, and maidenhood had come before thought or experience intimated to her that all young men were not like Henry; that such nobleness as his must needs lie "in the souls of other men, sleeping," though never dead.

So the swift and happy years glided away. The little brother and sister strolled hand in hand over the broad acres and fair pleasure-grounds of Judge Patterson's estate. But soon the great (and good) Jurist died, and that magnificent estate became their sole inheritance. In the absence of both parents, the religious feelings of the orphans centered on heaven and its spiritual realities, while their affections toward each other were greatly deepened and intensified. Yet they continued, as before, their rambles over the hill-sides and through the expansive and bountiful orchards of their early home—only the landscape seemed somewhat sadder than when their father used to lead them, each by the hand, while he discoursed of Nature's God; showed them the woods in virgin bloom, the fields with their rustling corn and waving grain; or shook from his bending stem the early apple or peach, to illustrate the goodness of their invisible Father in heaven.

In the year 1823, on a beautiful Sabbath morning in June, the brother and sister were reading from their favorite poets in the arbor of the orchard. Memories of golden play-hours still lingered on the threshold of their departed childhood; but to Lucy had come a new revelation. Higher in the mansions of her soul than the image of Henry had ever shown, rose the revered form of Edgar Mansfield, a young lawyer whose hand and whose fortune she had promised to share. In a few days she would be separated a thousand miles from her brother and the enchanted spot of her birth.

Henry forbode sorrow to the happy lovers, admonished like a philanthropist, but yielded to the new-born utterance of fate, like a philosopher. Turning her eyes from the pages of Dante, in reply to his doubts based on similarity of temperament, the sanguine Lucy said:

"I trust your prophecy will not be verified. As I have confided in you so I will ever believe in the goodness of Edgar and in the fitness of our attractions. Before marriage, and for my sake, he has signed the Temperance Pledge as well as pledged his love. His heart is true—I know it is—and I will trust him."

"I do not know it is not," said Henry calmly. "Indeed, I also trust his heart no less than you; but I cannot trust his head with his own heart; still less with Lucy's. We cannot defy conditions

and I doubt his moral ability to redeem either of his pledges."

"Why, Henry, how grave you seem, and how critical! Is life so fearful—is my purpose so wild and causeless—that you, who never gave me a painful word before, should reserve all your irony for this supreme moment? Know, brother, that censure may destroy as well as correct, while charity hopeth all things. Edgar has scarcely drunk a drop of alcohol in his life; and yet he has pledged himself to abstain totally, which my noble brother, who distrusts him, has refused to do, even for example's sake."

"I have refused or neglected to sign many other pledges," rejoined Henry, "to which so many subscribe through feeling rather than intelligence; not because I would not set a good example, but because I would; for why should I assume crutches for example's sake, when to walk without them entirely is a much better example? Indeed, it is because the pledge may prove a needed, if not falling staff to your ardent, generous, and not ungifted Edgar, that I would open your eyes to both good and evil. I would not see you too willingly rely on the fair promise of the lover, as though it were the infallible word of the philosopher."

"You speak very strangely," exclaimed Lucy, her eyes beginning to fill with tears, "and with cruel coldness, when coldness from you is most painful. You seem like some frigid, unapproachable, and unsympathetic oracle, pronouncing woe, woe upon me, if I do what not for me to do were a woe greater than you can pronounce. Oh, Henry! must Edgar's love and mine, the aspirations to be good and do good which, you allow, inspire us both—with all the moral and religious purposes that spring up in our hearts—go for nothing, because our temperaments agree, or we may not be able, like you, to render a reason for an attachment already authorized by its own inspiration?"

With a smile on his lips the philosophical brother answered:

"None of these things can go for naught. There is Nature in everything. It may even be best that you should marry. But if time shall illuminate my words, without abating the affection that impels their utterance, it may prove also for the best that I have spoken. For not the less, but the more earnestly will I call after you and yours, if all other promises fail, and you are clothed in sorrow and disappointment. While I am glad that Edgar has signed the pledge for your sake, I had rather he had signed it for the drunkard's sake, but still rather that he had left it unsigned and unbroken, for the sake of universal temperance. Of his good purposes I speak not a disparaging word; and yet, paradoxical as it must seem to you, in the purity of your heart, men are not to be trusted for their good purposes alone."

CHAPTER II.

Sixteen years have transpired since Lucy and Edgar joined hands in marriage, and left the town of Patterson, N. J., to reside in a Western city. The cloud that was but a small speck in Love's rosy sky, on the morning of that memorable conversation in the arbor, now spans the heavens, hiding from Lucy almost the last gleam of hope for the return of Edgar to the path of temperance. For more than three years had she sought to uphold his rapidly descending footsteps; for more than twelve months had she striven to hide his open degradation in the deep and holy chambers of her heart.

But truth is imperative. Lawyer Mansfield's once pleasant homestead is now dilapidated. The door-yard gate swings upon one of its hinges, rendering the strain nearly beyond its power of endurance. The paint has faded from the cottage walls. Even the flowers by the walk and at the entrance of the garden gate, are deserted by the delicate hand that planted them. They have faded, like those rarer flowers of Lucy's wedlock, infantile buds, blasted in the incompatible climate of their physical life, but which exhale their fragrance in the angel home.

The beautiful scene is changed! the dream of childhood! maidenhood's Eden love! maternity's ineffable bliss! Edgar is in the gambler's saloon. Lucy is in the empty parlor. In the middle of the floor, bereft of its carpet, in the chill air of January, her only surviving infant in her arms, she is hastening to kindle a fire, for she expects a visit from her brother. She has not seen him since her marriage; nor is he aware of Edgar's fall, for in every letter Lucy trusted still to reclaim her husband. And yet with money that Henry, in his anxiety for her possible privation, had sent to her, she has just procured a bundle of kindlings for the parlor stove, and some bread from the baker's, still undone from the brown paper in which it was wrapped, upon the table in the kitchen. Her servant-girl, though long persistent and faithful, had left this very morning because her wages were unpaid.

"Henry must be already at the depot!" and a tremor of distress flashed along Lucy's sensitive nerves as the thought entered her mind. Why was it not a tremor of joy? Was it Henry's coldness or Edgar's neglect that now pierced her heart? With the unpaired infant in her arms she is struggling to produce a flame in that cold and desolate parlor—not alone for Henry's, but yet for another's sake—for the flame of her love is still burning in deathless constancy, even while the red wine flames in the eyes of Edgar, as with trembling hand he shuffles the atheistic cards in the drinking saloon.

The brother had indeed arrived; he was already at the gate; his foot rested upon the threshold. Through an uncurtained window he had caught a glimpse of Lucy as he passed—pale, emaciated, with a faded woollen shawl upon her shoulders—and he divined the rest. She thought she heard that light, deliberate, unwavering step of long ago, and in momentary forgetfulness of the present, a thrill of joy dilated her bosom as she rested her

habe upon the floor to meet the companion of her childhood. But her nervous system—unrecovered from the exhaustive demands of maternity, and a renewed struggle that no pen may describe, between her emotions of grief at Edgar's neglect, and of mingled love and wounded pride at the prospect of meeting her long absent and greatly-revered brother—gave away before the pressure. She sank upon her knees on the naked floor, in the midst of the scattered wood and kindlings—the fire still unlighted—her slender fingers pale and numb with the winter's chill. In her bodily weakness and mental pain, these words—the brief, unelical prayer of the drunkard's wife, spoken in a subdued voice as if, they might not be heard by mortal—fell upon the waiting and quickened ear of Henry:

"Oh, my Father God! save me from this hour, snatch me from this bitter woe. Deliver thy child, remove this cup from her lips. By thine infinite name restore my lost one—my Edgar—wandering, wretched Edgar."

With the quickness of inspiration, as if that prayer were addressed to himself, the brother withdrew from the uncrossed threshold. For an hour he sought in street and lane of the city of Chicago, for Edgar Mansfield, the once illustrious lawyer of his native State. He penetrated to the gambler's saloon in a disreputable avenue. But not recognizing the changed figure or voice of the young lawyer—by nature manly, and of persuasive eloquence—he addressed the whole party with the story of a woman, exposed to the breath of winter without fire or fuel, and awaiting the welcome arms of death, in a part of the city to which he would lead them if they would go immediately to her relief. Most of them yielded to his appeal. But when they arrived at the spot and saw the woman and the child pale and livid upon the parlor floor, with death already pictured in their faces, they stood aghast. Addressing the half-intoxicated men as one having authority, Henry said:

"It is too late! Leave them with God whose promises never fail, and who will take them to himself."

He waved his hand for them to depart. They all obeyed save one, who stood with clasped palms, fixed eyes, and a rapidly sobering countenance, gazing at the work of his own hands. Henry stepped before him, and said:

"I am this woman's brother—Henry Patterson. Sixteen years ago I resigned her trusting spirit to your love and protection. I now leave you to take charge of her burial."

And true to his word, he followed the retiring gambler into the street, and departed from the city, leaving Edgar to his meditations.

A week transpired, during which time the brother remained at a retired watering place in the country. One fine Saturday morning Lucy, who had almost despaired of the promised visit, saw a vehicle stop at the door.

"I cannot be mistaken this time," she said to her husband, as a passenger alighted. "It is not Edgar now coming back to me. Oh, it is Henry! it is Henry!"

Why that gust of joy running through her soul, as if youth had come again, and the rosy sky? The gate hung upon both of its hinges; the doorway fence and the weather-beaten house had been painted; there was a carpet upon the parlor floor, a fire in the grate, and on the altar of two united hearts.

At the end of a three months' sojourn, on the eve of her brother's departure, the wife said playfully to her husband, as he laid their sleeping child in its cradle:

"Which was the best on the day of our betrothal, Lucy's love or Henry's philosophy?"

To which Edgar replied, glancing lawyer-like, from one witness of his case to the other:

"Your love was best for me, for without it I should not have married, nor signed the pledge, nor would you have prayed for my reform. But Henry's philosophy was best for us both, for without it your prayer would have been unanswered, and my pledge unredeemed."

"True," responded Lucy; "you have spoken well, Edgar. We did not see Henry's prophecy, for love was so strong that it blinded our eyes."

"But strong as was Lucy's love," said Henry, with a smile arching his lips, "what would have been Edgar's prospects had her eyes been opened? Would she have served philosophy by drinking the hemlock?"

"No!" exclaimed Lucy; "but I have drank the hemlock in my weakness, and philosophy has served me in the person of my noble brother."

"You must not speak proudly, as if Henry were your handmaid, or your Edgar, who loved you but deserted you in your sorrow," said the husband, with animation.

"Oh, my noble Edgar! think you I spoke disparagingly? Did not Jesus serve his disciples—Peter among them—by washing their feet?"

"Not as a philosopher," said Henry, impatient to divest the comparison of his painful personality, "but as a religionist, and in Love's free service."

Useful Maxims.

Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises; live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue. Good character is above all things else; your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never play at any game of chance. Earn money before you spend it.

For the Banner of Light.

My Religion.

[CONCLUSION.]

All commentators agree that whole passages have been added to the Bible, and others left out. Sir Isaac Newton, Adam Clarke, Albert Barnes, and others, reject as spurious I John 7: 7. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." They reject this, though the passage strongly upholds the Trinity, of which they were the advocates.

1. This text is not contained in any Greek manuscript which was written earlier than the fifth century.

2. Nor in any later manuscript earlier than the ninth century.

3. It is not found in any of the ancient versions.

4. It is not cited by any of the Greek Ecclesiastical writers, though to prove the doctrine of the Trinity they have cited the words both before and after this text.

5. It is not cited by any of the early Latin Fathers, even when the subject upon which they treat would naturally have led them to appeal to its authority.

6. It has been omitted as spurious in many editions of the New Testament since the Reformation. It was omitted by Luther in his German version. In the old English Bibles it was printed in small types, or included in brackets. In 1580 it began to appear as it now stands, by whose authority it is not known.

The Word of God should be perfect and unalterable; if it was God's book once, it must be so now; the same Deific mind which inspired the pen should have watched its work through all succeeding ages; so that no transcriber, translator or printer could mar its pristine purity.

Yet the Bible has been thus dealt with. I am not surprised at any addition or interpolation of records that came through the early Fathers. Those who could deluge churches and chapels in blood, press defenceless women between boards, pry open their nuptials with hot irons and so compel them to partake of the sacrament, would be guilty of any enormity.

Dr. Congrat made a translation of the Bible some years ago, in which he made twenty thousand emendations of King James's Bible, the one now in common use. Think of it! Twenty thousand improvements of the Word of God! John Mills collects thirty thousand readings of the New Testament alone. Now the question is, which is correct? which did God dictate? If we believed in an infallible Pope, the matter might be easily settled; but man knows. Mosheim informs us there were multitudes, soon after Christ's ascension, who wrote Gospels and Epistles, forging the names of Apostles and other illustrious characters, to give them currency. If you would see a specimen of such, look at the Apocryphal New Testament, and mark its puerile inventions. Now who can say that some of those spurious writings did not find favor with the Council of Nice, and form a part of "Holy Writ."

Spirit.—"All right and unanswerable."

Here is a case where the "Word of God" has been forced upon us by the Council of Parliament. In 1534, the King of England, Henry VIII, caused the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, which were submitted to Parliament, adopted, and by it declared to be the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore infallible. But notwithstanding this infallibility, during the three hundred years that have rolled on since then, there have been many alterations, all by Act of Parliament. The largest alterations of the Christian Church. You may consider the form of baptism a trivial matter. Not so with the Baptist. He deems it of such vital importance, that he will not commune or hold Christian fellowship with those who differ with him in opinion.

But it is said, if you reject one part of the Bible, you might as well reject all.

That does not follow. In reading Roman History, we may reject the fable of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf, and yet give full credence to a thousand facts therein recorded. If Euclid's Elements and the exploits of Baron Munchausen were bound up in one volume, we surely might reject the latter without throwing away the everlasting truths of the former. So with regard to the Bible; we may reject its marvelous stories, and still retain all that concerns with the attributes of Deity; yet believe the truths that it teaches and be benefited by them.

The Church and the clergy have made the Bible an idol, and those who do not bow the knee to the image that has been set up are denounced as infidels, and treated as the vilest wretches. But error cannot always rule, neither can falsehood be forever triumphant. The time has come when everything must be examined, and nothing can escape the strictest scrutiny, however old, however sacred, however firmly rooted it may be.

How can a man understand religion without investigation. He may be a devoted member of some particular church, may have listened with delight to the exposition of a certain form of religious belief, but having never compared one creed with another, what does he know of the foundation of popular theology? He may read all the publications of his denomination, may know the Bible by heart, and still know nothing beyond his own creed. Such a man is a thorough bigot. Engage him in argument, and he answers you by quoting texts. If the Bible says so, that is sufficient.

Such was precisely my case. Previous to 1845, all my knowledge of theology was derived from the three successive pastors of my church—Nesvins, Backus and Plumer—and from the columns of the New York Observer, which I diligently read for thirty years. Great was my astonishment, and hard the struggle, as gradually the light broke through the mists of prejudice which so many years had engendered.

It should be known that most of the Heathen have their sacred book, or Bible, and that the veneration felt by the Brahmin for his Shaster, the Persian for his Zend Avesta, the Mahometan for his Koran, the Chinese for the writings of Confucius, is not a whit inferior to that felt by the Christian for his Bible, and all claim to be founded on the same authority—Divine Inspiration. The Bible is a collection of spiritual communications of unequal character, varying in their degree of light and knowledge according to the capacity of the individual through whom they were

made, and the necessities of the age that received them.

It should be remembered that the Bible nowhere purports to be a final revelation from God. It is not a book, but a collection of many books—not the writing of one hand, but of many hands—not the product of one age, but of many ages—not the collection of men for whom an earthly inspiration is claimed, but of the Fathers of Councils, composed of ambitious, and now acknowledged to be worldly churches, warring with each other centuries after the apostles and prophets had gone to their rest.

The great truths revealed in the Bible I not only do not dispute, but rejoice in. There is Truth, holy, divine, inspiring Truth—in the Bible, but it flows through the channels of human frailty and error; and there, as everywhere, God calls upon us to exercise our reason in the separation of the one from the other. A fair investigation will not invalidate a single truth recorded in it, but throw light on many dark passages and harmonize many apparently contradictory ones, making the spirit of Jesus the standard by which to judge all prophetic and apostolic teachings.

You will pronounce me an infidel, perhaps, because I do not believe the whole of the Bible to be divine. If by an infidel you mean a disbeliever in your peculiar views, I plead guilty to the charge; but with just as much propriety I can style you an infidel because you do not believe as I do. I am an infidel in all things that I regard as unscriptural, and more especially whatsoever I think conflicts with the love, mercy and goodness of the Father.

The word infidel, which the Orthodox are so ready to hurl against every one who differs from them in opinion, has no terrors for me. Socrates was an infidel, because his noble soul was in advance of his countrymen. Galileo was an infidel, because he asserted what all are now willing to acknowledge is the truth; but the Church said it was against the Bible, took him in hand, and he had to bear the name and suffer the fate of an infidel. When each of the sciences have become demonstrated truths, then it has been found an easy matter for theologians to adjust their Scripture interpretations to these truths. The clergy never lead—they follow.

Jesus was called Samaritan, or, in other words, an infidel, because he spoke the promptings of his own heart, regardless of the Bible of his day and what the priesthood taught. He was denounced as an Atheist to what those around him worshipped as God, and so he was; but he was true to himself, even unto death, and so far succeeded in impressing others with his spirit that the obscure and despised infidel of Nazareth became the hero of Calvary, and the object of love and worship to kingdoms and nations for eighteen hundred years.

If it be infidelity to believe that "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works"—that he has made a revelation of his will to every human soul—that he ever speaks to us by his laws which surround us and by the nature he has given us, then let me live and die such an infidel, assured that I live in obedience to God's laws, according to the light he has shed into my soul and the "talent" he has committed to my charge, I shall enjoy his smile forever.

But those who make use of the term infidel, do it reproachfully. When they meet a man whose arguments they cannot answer, and whose life is irreproachable, all they can do is to raise the cry of infidelity. This answers such troups: for who is going to discuss with an infidel? What minister will soil his holy fingers by coming in contact with such an one. It also saves the Church from contamination. Only persuade the members that a certain man is an infidel, and they will shun him as they would the plague. They will no more dare to read his writings than put their hands in the fire.

It is that I have written it must have been perceived that my strictures apply only to portions of the Old Testament. It is unnecessary to specify them more particularly, as the tenor of my remarks sufficiently point them out.

The God of the Old Testament is powerful, terrible, partial, jealous, wrathful, bloody—is to be worshipped with sacrifice—the blood of bulls and goats, with costly spectacles by the priesthood, and sacrifices to him in a special place, at particular times, and burn their fat and kidneys "as a sweet smelling savor."

Such seems to have been the conception of God with the leading minds of the Hebrews at the beginning of their national existence. Such a God I can neither love nor worship.

As time rolled on, so did their ideas of Deity expand. They ascribed to him a human form, and cast, best Old Testament idea of God is found in Proverbs and the latest Psalms, written several hundred years after those before referred to. In these God is represented as all-wise and always present everywhere. How exquisite the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the utmost parts of the sea, even there shalt thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me; if I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me; yet the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

There God is unchangeable; his eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good—no thought can be withheld from him. What grand and beautiful conceptions of God are there in Ps. 103, 104, 107. So in almost the whole of that admirable collection, as in the language of earth it sings of the Infinite God.

There is a great change also in the manner of worship. At first it was a mere external act; offering a sacrifice; a bull, a goat, a lamb. But as time rolled on what new light seems to have dawned upon them? Listen to this from the 51st Psalm.

"Have mercy upon me, oh God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my guilt. Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it—thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, oh God, thou wilt not despise."

Look at this from Hosea: "I desire mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than whole burnt offering."

Or this of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?"

What a progress from the early times! Such a being as this whom Jesus called "Father," I love and worship with my whole heart.

Spirit.—"You have here given Religion its true colors."

The advent of Moses was to separate Religion from the Fetishism of the Canaanites and the Polytheism of the Egyptians, and connect it with the Doctrine of One God. No doubt the priests of the day exclaimed with phariseous horror, "What, give up the garlic and the cats which our fathers

prayed and swore by?" but it came to an end. The advent of Jesus was to separate Hell from the obnoxious ritual of Moses. We know the result. The Seribes and Pharisees were shocked at the innovation, but the ritual went its way. In the time of Luther a new problem arose; to separate Religion from the forms and ceremonies and the corruption of the Catholic Church. The issue is well known.

Now a New Dispensation has suddenly burst upon us; shedding far and wide its resplendent rays of Light and Knowledge; it has broken down the barrier which separated the material from the spiritual, and is destined to restore the pure and simple religion taught by Christ.

To world objects to the process it does not flow through Orthodox channels, and the laws revealed not Christ for precisely the same reason—he was not born as they had determined he should have been, and because he did not teach the doctrines which they had resolved could only be Orthodox. The clergy occupy the same position to-day that the Jewish priests did two thousand years ago. The yoke of theological despotism is hard to bear. Millions of professing Christians have lowered down terror-stricken to the superstitions which have been preached as divine truths.

The great stumbling-block of Religion was made by the Nicene Council when it admitted so many objectionable books into the Canon; that, together with the dogma, *believe all or reject all*, is the cause of so much infidelity, especially among the educated.

Look at the scientists men of England, France, Germany, America—they do not consider it part of their business to prop up a popular error. Take the hundred foremost men of science in all Christendom, who are not of the clergy, and not ten of them have any belief in the common Ecclesiastical conception of God. Some have a better, a true idea of God, but dare not avow it, and some alas, seem to have no notion at all. Accordingly men of science turn from the gods, and become Atheists. The cause often lies at the Church door, and not in the scholar's study.

According to the teachings of the Presbyterian Church, of which I was for more than thirty years a member, God is an awful King, into whose hands it is terrible to fall. Originally, man was made pure and upright—he was tempted beyond his strength, and "fell." His first sin brought him the punishment of being driven from Eden—just him at once from his happiness—left him poor and miserable, and blind and naked—transmitting to each of his children all the guilt of the original sin—in Adam's fall we sinned all. Man has now no power of himself to discern good from evil, and follow the good. His best efforts are but *Moby rays*. In God's sight his prayers are an abomination.

To all this I bowed in submission to the Church, though my heart revolted and my reason never gave a full assent.

The highest flight which the most inspired poet ever took in praise of the spotless character of Jesus, I respond to with my whole heart. He stands far above all that were ever honored with a divine mission—absolutely alone—no predecessor—no successor. God anointed him with the Holy Ghost, and he was anointed with wisdom that transcendent and unapproachable wisdom which he exhibited, and gave him the supernatural knowledge that he possessed—communicated to him the sublime and perfect doctrine that he taught, and sealed his mission by the wonders which he performed. His mission was divine, but not his person. Christ is not God, neither is he equal with God—there is an impossibility. "There is but one God." Christ is not the Creator—but, at the same time, he is the highest creature being that has ever been developed—our King and Head—our Leader and Director—our Teacher and Guide.

We read that Jesus was born in Bethlehem—not that God was born—that Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man—not that God increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with himself, or any of his creatures. That Jesus himself as he began to be about thirty years of age, was baptized, was anointed; that he prayed, that his soul was troubled, that he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; that he was asleep; that of his own self he could do nothing; that an angel strengthened him, that he gave up the ghost; in several places that he died; that he sat on the right hand of God; Jesus is tempted; he is ignorant of many things, he corrects himself—*Math. x: 33; xviii: 11*; he is dejected, discouraged, he asks his Father to spare him trials; he submits to God like a son; he who is to be the judge of the world, knows not the day of judgment—*Mark, xiii: 32*; he takes precautions for his safety; shortly after his birth, it is necessary to secrete him to avoid those who desire to kill him; the devil tempts him, and does not go far. Can any part of this be applied to the Great Creator? Christ says, "Ye believe in God, believe all in me." He does not add, "for I also am God." He also says, "I ascend to your father and my father, to your God and my God."

Spirit.—"We say that agrees with our views, and we approve of what you have written."

I do not believe in original sin, the fall of man, total depravity, endless woe, nor the Devil. I do not believe in a partial God; consequently I reject the idea of Election, Reprobation, Predestination, and I was about to add, infant damnation, but that horrid dogma I heard from the pulpit, although it is not long since I heard from the pulpit, "there is no scripture warrant that an unbaptized infant can be saved."

I said that I did not believe in Original Sin and the Fall of Man as popularly taught. "Every man falls who departs from truth, from right, from God. But neither you nor I ever felt guilt for Adam's transgression, or any man's transgression over whom we have had no influence. You cannot feel it if you try never to disobey. Adam's sin is—it was Adam's affair, not mine.

Human character is depraved, but human nature, never. The soul is born of God—in Spirit of His Spirit, and however it may be enveloped in vice and crime, cannot be totally depraved. To say that a nature that came from God is corrupt, is a fallacy, and makes him the author of sin, and the remorseless punisher of his own work. But to say that a nature being may cry about the passions and tendencies of his nature, and involve himself in the necessary consequences of such abuse; is alike the dictate of Reason and the testimony of experience.

In most men we find a capacity for good; in the best a tendency to evil. None perfect—none totally depraved. Not cursed of his Creator, but children of his Father. Not hopelessly lost; but endlessly related to the spirits of the Blessed by the Eternal Law of Progression.

Ignorant of the original Scripture writings, unskilled in theologic lore, I shall not attempt an argument founded on mistranslations and false interpretations of the text to show how unsound is the doctrine of eternal punishment. I leave that to able pens. But I copy from a printed article showing how untenable this has been done by one of the ablest scholars of the day, and what was the result of his labor.

A child is born whose parents are united in bonds of harmony and love, with affections pure and minds unfolded in wisdom. He will naturally be so educated as to render him a useful and esteemed member of society; his life here serene, and in the next world supremely happy.

On the same day comes into the world another child, scarce half made up, his body diseased, his mind enfeebled, his father, perhaps, a felon, his mother something worse; led early into crime, he is hunted through life by the ministers of the law, and terminates his career in a prison or upon the scaffold.

Had these two children the choice of their parents, and an unobscured knowledge of the tenets of the Sectarian Church, provided comfortably enough for the first, but what provision does it make for the second? He, too, is a child of God; made in his image, a creation of the same all-wise, all-powerful and all-loving Father; and what provision, I ask, does this religious system make for him? It consigns him to the unquenchable flames of an eternal hell; giving him damned souls for his companions, and heads and tails for his tormentors. This is the wise disposition which creeds, dogmas, and theologies make of the human race. A few, the number is but small, very small, not one in a thousand pass from a life of many sorrows into mansions of unimagined bliss; while the vast masses of God's children add lustre to His Glory, and magnify his name by shrieks of agony and curses of despair throughout endless ages!

On the same day comes into the world a third child, scarce half made up, his body diseased, his mind enfeebled, his father, bows not in worship to a kind and loving Father, an infinite and perfect God; but to an omnipotent monster!

Monstrous, too, the thought that God had created a being, a principle of evil—the Devil—which

was forever to dispute with him the dominion of his own most glorious work, and draw within his influence, and consign to endless and infernal tortures, the larger portion of that great Creator's noblest work.

According to Orthodox theology, a man may live three-score years and ten, the time allotted him from year to year, that earth has ever seen. His last day approaches, he lies upon his bed, the priest comes in, supplicates with him, and just before the closing scene he nods assent to the teachings offered him, partakes of the sacrament, and passes away. Where does he go? Direct and straight to heaven, and there through the ages of eternity, he enjoys all that could be enjoyed in the immediate presence of God.

Another man lives the same number of years, upright, just and noble in all his practical relations with mankind. He says: "I do not believe in the creed professed by this Church, or that—my own mind is my own Church; God is my father, I trust in him." Where does he go? Down deep into realms of woe—for what? Because he was a bad man? He was not; but because he could not accept the Church's theory, and for no other reason whatever. The other goes to heaven—for what? Because he was a good man? He was not—that is not *indispensable*, it is convenient for example's sake, but I affirm it is not necessary; the Christian plan of salvation has no absolute requirements of virtue to secure happiness in the future; a death-bed repentance is sufficient.

I believe in the atonement, but not as taught by the Church, that the Father sent his only-begotten Son to die for our sins, and that we are to be laid upon an innocent man. I expect to suffer for my sins and no one's else. I believe that alienated man, whether estranged by ignorance or vice, must be made at one with goodness, holiness and love. I do not believe that God needs to be reconciled to man, the creature he has formed and blessed. God never was estranged. His nature is unchangeable; but man must be reconciled to God.

Spirit.—"This is all truth."

The publication of my little work on Spiritualism three years ago, which brought on me such unmitigated woe, leaves me but little to add on the subject. The comfort and consolation which the knowledge of this truth has afforded under sore trials, I can find no language to express. I may safely say, if ever I experienced the love of God and of man shed abroad in my heart, that love has been quickened, purified, intensified. If I ever rested for purity of heart and mind, it was through the ministrations of the Holy Spirit, those yearnings have been stimulated and increased; and if I ever received aid in overcoming the world, the flesh, and evil surroundings, that aid has been imparted to me under these angelic ministrations.

If such manifestations are evil, will may we all ask, "Who will show us any good, or teach us to distinguish between good and evil?" If such are the workings of Satan, he has no other power than to transform into an angel of light, a teacher of purity, a friend of God and man.

The loved ones from their higher home—my wife's father among the number, so unexpected, one whom I never knew—have given me, again and again, unmistakable proof of their presence, and of their continual sympathy in whatever concerns me, both temporal and spiritual. But for this I know not how I have been sustained. My avowed and adherence to this faith, has cost me all that a man holds dear on earth; robbed me of my wife and children, and made me a wanderer in exile, dependent on charity for bread—my son living in affluence—without a dollar, and of raiment scarce a change, thus to eke out in poverty the few remaining days of a troubled life. Far sorer was the pain driven to me, than to be to the bottle, the asylum, or to a suicide's grave.

I know it is because of ignorance they do it—like St. Paul, they think they are doing God service—that religion requires them to shield my grandchildren from the contaminating influence of such infidelity. But the scales will yet fall from their eyes, and they will behold the sin they have committed, in all its naked deformity. Oh, the remorse that they shall feel! God grant that my name may not be deferred until they reach the spirit-land—then their suffering will be fearful.

We speak of the days of the martyrs, as though they were past. True, the Smithfield fagots no longer burn; the Inquisitor's rack stretches no more the quivering limb, unless in secret, but we have martyrs still for conscience' sake.

But can I be faithful to my own experience, who I know that the day will come, when I shall be in our every repentance, struggle, suffering, joy? "Forbid it heaven! I must go forward no matter what awaits me; I cannot go backward and deny God's Truth. Whether in honor or dishonor, poverty or plenty, friendship or desertion, my face is set, and God leads the way. Could I by a word blot out the past—restore to me my family, with their hearts bound to me more lovingly than ever, and have also bestowed upon me all the wealth and honor that heart can desire—but at the same time blot out all the light and knowledge which this New Dispensation has shed in my soul, I would say, no, no, ten thousand times no! Come rather poverty, contumely, alienation from children's love, sickness, affliction in whatever form; and come, too, that chiefest of God's blessings, which men call the "King of Terrors," but to me, my solace of woe, my Haven of Rest."

Spirit.—"This is the Truth of God. Go on, my son, the angels are your constant ministers who will record what you have written, and have it in remembrance when you are called from earth."

August 30.—I asked my spirit-friends to invite Theodore Parker, and took occasion to express the high regard I had for his works, and that many of his works, which I had read again and again, and that to him I felt indebted for much of the religious knowledge I had acquired.

To my great satisfaction Mr. Parker acceded to my request and addressed me as follows:

"I am astonished, my dear sir, to hear such words from one who was to me a stranger. I am delighted to hear that I have done some good in the world, and that my books are read by those who never heard me preach. I am sure I am misunderstood by many, and that in time all the world will entertain more liberal opinions. * * *

I was at the congress and heard you read your essay, and was delighted with every thought. I approved of it all, and the wonder is where you got it from; it is not taught in any of the Churches. All you say about the Council of Nice is correct, and I am confident there is not a spirit here who will contradict you. I am pleased with what you say about Spiritualism, for it is the truth of God; with the manner you treat the Old Testament, it is precisely what I myself believe; and I am sure there is no spirit here who differs from you. I am pleased also with the noble sentiments you express about the persecutions you have endured. All these things meet my hearty approbation, and I am sure every one feels as I do."

So kind, sir, as to give me your views on the subject of the Sabbath.

"I will, and give a different view from that entertained by narrow-minded theologians.

When it became necessary to set apart a particular day for the worship of God, a day was fixed and all the people assembled for that purpose. It never entered into the mind of Deity to set apart a day holy for him. This grew out of the necessity of upholding the authority of the priesthood. This was the custom long before Moses lived, and when he wrote the Pentateuch, if he did write it, he merely copied the custom of the day. Then it became necessary to add the authority of Deity to confer its observance.

It is a universal law, that man requires rest, and the day was set apart for a physical rather than a religious purpose. But in process of time it became a religious duty to keep this day of rest as holy to the Lord; and the priests endeavored to enforce this idea by making the people believe it sinful to do any kind of work on that day. Thus it went on from age to age until it became a superstition, and the day was regarded as holy unto God.

At length this day, originally the seventh, was changed to the first. This was done by early Christians, that the day might not accord with that kept by the Jews. It was done at first in order to make as great a difference as possible between the two religions; but afterwards it became necessary to fix it as a permanent thing, and the day was established as we now have it. I believe it is of no consequence which day is kept, provided a fixed day is set apart for the purpose; that is all that health requires; but all idea of sanctity attached to it is absurd."

Please give me your thoughts about the "Devil."

"When the world was first formed, no idea of God prevailed. The people were ignorant and scarce above the brute creation. All the ideas they had of Deity was the sun, moon and stars. As the sun came forth, bringing light and heat into the world, they thought he was the source of all good, and began to give him divine honors; but when darkness came upon them, they thought that to be the spirit of evil, and began to worship what they supposed to be a power that could do them harm. Thus two Deities are formed in the minds of these ignorant people; one the Power of Good, the other the Power of Evil.

In the course of time, as this selfish the religious desire of the people, they began to form a regular religious service, and religion was compounded of a Power of Good and a Power of Evil.

It soon became obvious to the priests that the power of evil could be turned to a good account in keeping the people in subjection to priestly rule. As many ages rolled on, this idea fixed in the minds of the people, kept increasing from age to age, till it became too strong to be eradicated; and when the Pentateuch was written, the idea of a devil took the form which it required ages to produce. Such has been the origin of a superstition so derogatory to the character of God.

When Christ came, such were the deep rooted prejudices of the people, that he had to yield, in some measure, to a superstition which would require ages to eradicate.

I have given a brief summary of what would fill your pages. Faith in God will destroy the evil consequences of such a belief, but nothing else will."

I here copy a part of the printed article before mentioned.

"That there are those among us who take, in sincerity, the poetic fictions of Milton for Bible doctrines, is quite evident; but that there are others more deeply learned in the early history of man and things, who dare not tell all they know, is pretty evident likewise. Bearing upon these points let us take the testimony of one among them, eminent for his experience and research; one versed in all the theologies of the world, and who has a knowledge of divinity; one whose life gives evidence of the good one man can do when his intellect continually expands and blends with desire for progress, instead of being cramped into the tortuous windings of upholding a creed, which no amount of endeavor can ever perpetuate. This man is the Rev. Theodore Clapp. If the light he bears aloft has, as yet, thrown but a few gleams upon that upper pathway, it has power to dispel the dark shadows from the lower one. Let us trace his progress for awhile after he has attained that position where the most highly educated among them generally settle down upon their school-taught creeds, and strive not to get beyond. He says: 'When I entered the ministry many of my opinions, though sincerely held, rested only on the principles of imitative authority. In my early days I had to encounter just such men and noble men, belonging to each of the different denominations in Christendom. For some years after my settlement I was invited almost every Sabbath to preach on some particular subject. This fact imposed upon me the necessity of looking into the foundation of many doctrines whose truth I had always before taken for granted. Hence I became a very hard student.'

One day I must prove that Samson actually lived and performed the extraordinary feats recorded; the next Sunday I was called to explain the cherubim and the four wheels, or the deluge, or the destruction of the Canaanites, or Jonah and the fish, or the case of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Every Biblical difficulty was brought to me for solution, and it was my especial province to give authority. I have been professedly derived from the sacred volumes since the days of Tertullian. These efforts changed and rectified many of the opinions which had been imbibed from venerable teachers, and opened to me new wonders and beauties which I never should have seen had my life been passed in the regular, quiet, prescribed routine of ministerial duties in a New England parish.

Illustrative of this he relates the occasion of his becoming acquainted with an English gentleman of splendid talents and acquisitions. This gentleman (Judge W.) came to hear him preach one morning—not that he cared for his religious tenets, but to judge of his abilities as an orator and scholar. The subject that morning by special request of a member of his congregation, was upon endless punishment. At the outset he told his hearers that endless punishment was incredible to human reason; so he confined himself simply to a rehearsal of those texts which he imagined taught the eternity of future woe. After the audience had dispersed, Judge W. remained; they were introduced and walked home together. The Judge remarked to Mr. Clapp that he had once studied the subject upon which he preached, with especial attention, thinking to it himself for taking holy orders in the Episcopal Church; but he being out of his power to do that, and not believing in other doctrines, he abandoned the idea and became a student at law.

Judge W. was a superior linguist, and well versed in the original scriptures. When we parted that morning he said: "Mr. Clapp, I have a particular favor to ask. You told us in your sermon that there are hundreds of texts in the Bible which affirm in the most unqualified terms that all these who die in the state of sin will be eternally and unholily through the ages of eternity. I will thank you to make me out a list of those texts in the original Hebrew and Greek. That some of such an import occur in our English version is undeniable; but I think they are mistranslations. Two, five or ten will be sufficient."

I replied: "It will give me great pleasure to grant your request. I can furnish you with scores of them, but I have next Sunday for my opportunity; confident that he had most egregiously misinterpreted and misunderstood the word of God, and rejoiced in his speedy discomfiture."

The very next day I made the best arrangements for collecting the *proof-texts*—setting a table in one corner of my study, well furnished with the appropriate books—lexicons, Hebrew and Greek concordances, commentaries, English, Latin and French Bibles, and a few other necessary trappings, the history and antiquities of the Jewish nation. I had no authorities but those in the highest repute among trinitarians of every denomination. With the help of Gaston's Collections and the references in the Larger Catechism of the Presbyterian Church, access was easy to all the passages of Scripture relied on to prove the doctrine of endless sin and sorrow. I began with the text of Isaiah, which I had copied out, and to my utter astonishment, it turned out that *Orthodox critics of the greatest celebrity were perfectly familiar with these facts!*

And yet to this very day we are surrounded with clergymen, who, either in the innocence of ignorance, or with the craft of trade, palm off these fictions for truth.

"Still, I was sanguine that the New Testament would furnish me with the arguments I had sought for. I scrutinized time and again, whatever in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, are supposed to have any bearings upon the topic, for the space of eight years. The result was that I could not name a portion of New Testament Scripture which fairly interpreted, affirms that a part of mankind will be eternally in scores of texts, which no act of disingenuous interpretation can explain away."

Mr. Clapp affirms that up to this time he had never read any of the writings of the Unitarian or Universalist divines, and that the conclusion he was forced to arrive at, "was counter to all the prejudices of early life, of parental precept, of school, college, theological, scientific and professional caste."

Quite to the point is the following quotation from Theodore Clapp:

"I enjoy an extensive personal acquaintance with ministers of various denominations in England and Scotland. Neither in or out of the pul-

pit have I ever heard one argue in favor of the doctrine of endless evil. I am satisfied that no intelligent clergyman among us embraces it. How inexplicable that educated men, closing their eyes against the irrefragable evidence of unbounded goodness and power in the natural world around and within them, should make themselves believe that final, hopeless, remorseless misery is the grand, sublime consummation of the Creator's moral achievements. The horrid doctrine is not to be found in the New Testament."

(Original.)
RAINBOW FANCIES.

BY MISS A. W. SPIAGUE.

Science may talk of the rainbow,
And say 'tis but sunshine and rain,
'Tis my strike down my fine airy castles
In its march—but I'll build them again;
For I turn a deaf ear to their prating,
And now, at the closing of day,
With this glory encircling the heavens,
I believe not a word that they say.

Earth has not grown old or grown prosy—
Its beauty what soul cannot see?
All ages are Classic and Golden,
All gardens of Eden to me.
I believe in the Elves and the Fairies,
In Gods and in Goddesses, too,
In Dryads, and Nymphs, and Witches,
That charm you—what else could they do?

I know that the spells are no fancies,
That bind me through long summer hours,
All Nature has master magicians
Hid away in the evergreen bowers.
Away, thou stern hand of the ages,
This beautiful frostwork shall stay,
If to worship God's earth makes a Heathen,
I confess I'm a heathen to-day.

And see in the grand arch triumphal
A gateway to Isles of the Blest,
And pray, oh! so wildly, to enter,
For I know that beyond there is rest.
Or a Mussulman praying at sunset,
I gaze on this brilliant unknown,
And dream 'tis the path of the hours,
That circle great Allah's high throne.

Or a Jew, look upward rejoicing
At this bow of bright promise in heaven,
Or encircling some mountain in grandeur,
Behold some new Sinai's given;
Or when this fair circle of bowers,
Bursts out from a storm-battered sky,
'Tis a wheel of Jehovah's great chariot
Of storm-clouds—now thundering by.

Or a Catholic now I behold it,
A halo around the pure head
Of the Virgin; its tints of deep crimson
The blood by her matchless son shed;
Or a Protestant, dream in its radiance
Of the crown that in Heaven I'll wear—
(Who cares for the crown, if the loved ones,
The Angels and God are but there.)

Or a child of the forest, I wonder
If those that have passed from my home,
With this Bow are the bold, fearless hunters,
O'er the hunting-grounds ever to roam;
Till I know the Great Spirit can only,
His hand can alone draw the Bow,
With his quiver of arrows, the sunbeams—
And I bless him, the great Manitou.

But I find there's no end to my fancies,
They gather like stars in the sky;
So I'll cling to your wisdom, proud Science,
The world may believe you—not I.
And oh! thou bright rainbow receding—
The Angels are shutting the door—
Take with you one love-freighted message
To dear ones who've gone up before.

And to thy last tints I'm bequeathing
This prayer to the Father most high:
Let my soul be a beautiful rainbow
Reaching back to the earth from the sky.
But I'll cling to my faith in the fairies—
There's Heaven wherever they've trod—
And I'll never turn back to the ancients
To believe in the presence of God.

Children's Department.
BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
All our hearts' desires that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LITTLE HEART.)

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.
CONCLUDED.

No. 10.—Patient Waiters are No Losers.

We all followed Anna readily into the kitchen, because we had learned that she was a girl of more than usual penetration, and we felt quite sure that she had something important to reveal to us.

"I tell you what it is," said she, "I do believe Aunt Ratie will be married Christmas."

"What makes you think so?" said several voices.

"Well, as Aunt Deborah says, I kinder feel it in my bones."

"Which bones?" asked Willie; "in your elbows or your thumbs?"

"Now stop plaguing me, Will, while I tell you what I thought out while Aunt Ratie was reading, though I heard every word she said. I remember when Captain Staunton was here, not more than two years ago, that he said to Aunt Ratie just as he was leaving, 'It will take me only a year and a half, and then my voyage home, when I will follow so merry a Christmas that the world will seem as if new-born. Don't forget; I am sure of it.' Now the reason I happened to remember this was because I had heard Elder James talk about the millennium coming, when the earth would be new-born, and I thought perhaps this pleasant captain knew something about it, and that it would come about Christmas time this year. But since I've heard the whole story, I feel sure that he is coming back to marry Aunt Ratie, and if he is, why you see we must all make her a splendid present. You see we were each going to give her something, but I thought perhaps it would be better to form a company, and get something grander."

"But what can it be?" said I.

"Oh, we must all think, and that is what I called you out for; for I didn't want Aunt Ratie to think that I suspected anything. It would n't be polite you know, to really ask her."

"Well, I don't think it very polite to stay out here," said Will, a little disturbed that Anna had thought of something that he had not thought of.

"I dare say that the captain has no thought of coming back at present."

"Well, I intend to keep one eye open for a week," said Anna, "for I think it would be splendid to have some beautiful gift ready that would show to Aunt Ratie how much we love her."

"So do I," said Willie; "but then girls are always langling something."

"Let's go back," said I, "and wait a few days, and then we will meet again and decide what to do. I nominate Willie to call us together at such time as he shall think best."

Willie, invested with this authority, was quite reconciled, and immediately arranged to meet Anna every evening, that they might consult together. When we returned to Aunt Ratie, we found her sitting quietly knitting, with her usual sweet smile upon her face. We apologized for our absence, and took our leave, but we kept up a busy talking about the probabilities of Aunt Ratie's marriage, and agreed to keep very secret the little that we knew.

Many days passed away, and there were no new developments, and we had all decided that Anna was altogether mistaken in her conjectures, when Willie announced to us that a letter had arrived that very mail for Aunt Ratie, and that he had carried it over himself, and that he was sure that Aunt Ratie looked more pleased than usual, which he considered a sign that it was from Captain Fred. We decided that we would all meet, as if by chance, at Aunt Ratie's that evening, and perhaps she would read us the letter.

It was a clear winter's night; the stars shone from a cloudless sky, and the very air seemed filled with their glory. Aunt Ratie opened the door as she heard our voices, and her face was as clear and cloudless as the heavens.

"See children," said she, "does heaven seem so far-off when you look at those glowing stars? I feel as if its glory touched the earth each moment on such a night. No wonder that the ancients read grand histories of their gods in the heavens, for we can read there even the beautiful history of a Father's infinite love and power; but come in, it is cold, and I have a brisk fire, and had just brought up some fine apples, for I was expecting you."

"Expecting us?" said Anna.

"Yes, for I had received another letter from Capt. Fred, and I knew you would all be glad to hear it."

"Well, that is just what we came for," said Anna, "though we did not mean to ask to hear it; but Willie told us you had one."

"And how did Willie know?"

"Oh, I guessed, like a Yankee, that's all."

"No, that is n't all," said mischievous Anna; he said you looked unusually pleased, and then—"

"I'll tell," said Willie; "Anna has been guessing these ten days—guessing Capt. Fred was coming back."

"Good Yankees both of you," said Aunt Ratie. Anna's face glowed with delight at finding at last some probability that her conjectures were true.

At last Aunt Ratie took from her pocket the letter, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR RAY—My mission has been successful. I went to the island and carried back the many articles that I knew would so greatly benefit my old friends. I found them improved in many ways, for the good Simon had been their teacher. He decided to go home with me, and now do not forget the last words I said to you, for I believe they will be true."

"There," said Anna, "I know!"

"And what did my Anna know?"

"I knew he was coming Christmas, and that—that—"

"Hush!" said we all.

"Well, children, will you hear the rest of the letter? Captain Fred, adds, I would like to tell you one of the good Simon's stories, just as I used to long ago. He told it to me as we sat together looking at the happy group of natives at their toll. I had just said to him, 'After all, 'Patient waiters are no losers.'"

There once lived a nobleman who had two sons, and they were his pride and his hope. One was a beautiful boy with bright black eyes, and a ruddy face; the other had mild blue eyes and fair hair. The former loved all the wild sports of the field; the other loved better to search in the woods for flowers, and the rocks for gems. When they grew to be young men, their father said:

"My children, I would gladly keep you at home to be my comfort and stay, but you must learn more of the world than you can by remaining with me. Go out and find what lies beyond the mountains. I have two treasures to give you. One is a casket full of gold and gems, enough to exchange for all the beautiful and rare things that you may see. He who has this casket can never want a treasure that the world can give. The other gift I have for you is a golden staff. It will buy nothing rare and beautiful, but it has a wonderful power; it gives patience and fortitude to the one who bears it."

"I will have the casket," said the dark-eyed youth, "if my brother is willing, and yet I would give him the privilege of choosing."

"I was about to ask for the golden staff," said the fair-eyed boy. "I have often longed for my father's calm endurance, and now I find that it lies in my power."

"Well, my children," said the father, "go forth. You will both return after many years, and I shall hear in my old age the adventures of your youth, and live again in the pleasures that you will bring to me."

Many years passed away, and the father became impatient for the return of his sons, from whom he had heard nothing. One day, as he sat watching the eastern hills, he saw a long cavalcade advancing slowly down their steep slopes. As it came nearer, he recognized his two sons in advance. One looked young and fresh and strong, while the other was bent, and seemed old and weary.

"Alas!" said the old man, "my boy to whom I gave the staff has become worn with travel, while my other son comes fresh and bright, with the many possessions he has gained."

But as they approached nearer, he saw that it was the one to whom he had given the casket that seemed so old and worn, while the one who held the staff had all the vigor of youth upon him. When he had greeted them and told them of his long waiting for their return, he begged a history of their adventures. He summoned all his household into the large hall of his castle, and the two sons prepared to tell of what had befallen them.

"Let me speak first," said the dark-eyed one, "since I made the first choice in departing. You saw us return over the hills, and saw our large cavalcade that bore hither the treasures that we had gained. You thought that they belonged to us both; but I have returned with nothing, while to my brother belong all the vast stores that you saw coming from beyond the mountains. I went forth with treasure enough to purchase all the splendors of the earth, and I return with nothing; while he went forth with only his staff of patience and fortitude, and returns laden with riches. I was impatient and careless, and wasted my treasures with easy hand, and would not stop to gain others. Wherever I went, people said, 'Here is the great prince that has untold treasure,' and so they sought to overreach and extort from me. I

got angry with them, but could not endure a moment their ill conduct. I had them beaten and punished, but that did me no good. I left enemies wherever I went. I traveled over all the kingdoms of the world, and gained nothing. Finally I have returned, weary and sick of the world, without a friend or a treasure.

'Alas! my son,' said the old man, sorrowfully, 'I could weep for thee. Let me hear how my other son has found the world.'

'I am altogether glad and happy, my father, he said. 'I have found the world full of love, and beauty, and goodness. I went forth, and patiently strove to gain the wisdom and goodness of the world. Whatever I attempted to do, that I had patience to perform. When I wanted love, I strove to deserve it, and then waited until it was given to me. When I wanted riches, I toiled unweariedly, and waited patiently for the results. I traveled over all the kingdoms of the world, and people said, "There is the man who possesses nothing but patience and fortitude; let us help him to gain other treasures." So they gave me of their substance, and, best of all, of their love. And now, dear father, I return to you laden with all good things; and, best of all, I bring to you the affection of thousands, who praise you for giving me so noble a gift as the golden staff of patience and fortitude.'

'Oh, my son,' said the old man, 'I indeed am glad that I have bestowed on one of my children a treasure worth possessing. Let the golden staff be henceforth the emblem of power, for he who bears it shall be indeed a king, and inherit the treasures of the earth.'

'I am glad Simon is coming back,' said Anna, 'he tells such splendid stories; but, Aunt Ratie, do you really think that patience is so very great a virtue?'

'I think that patience and fortitude will give us the best of treasures in our own spirits. In my own life I have shown to you what it has done.'

'Yes, and it will do more, I am sure,' said Anna. 'Simon was right.'

'We did not linger as long that night by Aunt Ratie's cheerful fire as usual, for we wanted to hold a consultation together. We concluded that Anna's conjecture was true, and that Capt. Fred would really come back at Christmas, and marry Aunt Ratie. We decided that night to unite all our treasures in money, and send for a silver fruit basket to present to her, and also to make her each some gift with our own hands. Willie decided to make a rustic basket, in which Anna promised to plant some English ivy she had already grown. Arthur agreed to make a frame of moss for a picture that Bertie was to paint. Susie said she would make a soft-cushion, and I promised to weave a hair necklace from all the girls' hair, and an anchor for the boys.

How shall I describe that blessed Christmas Eve? Capt. Fred did come, though not until just at sundown, and after we had entirely given him up. Aunt Ratie had put on a brown silk, and had taken off her cap and let the soft hair fall over her temples. She looked at least ten years younger, and really beautiful, with her mild, placid face. There was a wedding. The dear Aunt Ratie put off her maiden attire, and became a beloved wife. Should we love her less? I think we really feared that she would love us less, and we all looked very sad as we saw her turn her eyes past us to Capt. Stanton. But after the ceremony was performed, and she came to where we stood and kissed us each, and said, "Now you will not only be an aunt, but an uncle, in the little cottage," we were reassured, and were ready for the genuine sailor's kiss which our beloved hero, Capt. Fred, gave to us.

When he opened his package of treasures for each of us, we understood that Aunt Ratie had written to him all about us, and we then felt called upon to treat him as an old friend ever afterwards, and a true friend he proved to all of us. He helped the boys to find some worthy business, and he took the girls' journeys to the city, and treated us all like his own dear children. He and Aunt Ratie grew old outwardly, but in spirit they were ever young, and in their happiness showed that true goodness always finds its reward.

The good Simon, used to come occasionally to see us, for we all claimed his visits, and he never lost his gift of story-telling, but gave us beautiful lessons of love and goodness, in the form of some tale. Perhaps some one will repeat them to you sometime. Egbert and Gertrude, with their three lovely children, used to come to the cottage every summer, and Anna tried to become like Aunt Ratie to them, making them cookies and telling them stories.

Thus we close the history of Aunt Ratie. Has she not taught us love, and charity, and patience, and faith, and hope, and gentleness?

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack, there came a little bird and alighted upon the shoulder of an artilleryman, who was engaged in ramming down the charge after the ammunition was put in the gun. The gun he was loading was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. Of course the gunner was obliged to move his body quite violently, and one would have supposed that the little bird would have been immediately frightened away; but no: he kept his position like a little hero.

When the cannon was discharged, the dear little creature would run his beak and head under the man's hair at the back of his neck, and remain until it was quiet again, when he would draw it out, as if to see that all was going on well. An officer took the bird in his hand, but as soon as it had its liberty it immediately returned to the shoulder of the gunner.

Of what was the little bird thinking? Who can tell? Did it go there for a place of safety, or was it trying to bear that gunner some message of love? Perhaps it came as a bird of promise, to tell him if he felt there was a beautiful land of love that he would go to.

Many officers and men witnessed the scene. We wish one of them could have told us whether the brave little bird returned to the woods, or followed the gunner after the cannonading was over.

Enigma.

In me are letters twenty-three, And all reforms do agree That of great importance I shall be, When every mind my truth can see. My 9, 2, 13, 3, 18 is what kings sometimes do tyrannically. My 12, 7, 10, 21, 16 is what we should ever discountenance. My 3, 7, 4, 1 is what we hope reforms will continue to do. My 23, 6, 20, 2, 17 are characters used in music. My 14, 7, 13, 11, 12, 2 is in Europe an honorable title. My 15, 10, 18, 12, 4, 15, 18 is one who works hard for the "restoration of the Union." My 5, 19, 9 is a proposition. My 8, 9, 6, 21, 14, 20, 23, 2, 17, 17 is necessary to success. My whole is what thousands join in saying. White-water, Wis.

Conundrums.

What verb might a child use if he saw a rippo pear hanging on a high log? Why are most puzzles like a characteristic that some malicious persons assign to women?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY X. E. W. X.—"United States Sanitary Commission." ANSWER TO RIDDLE BY S. F. R.—"Clover."

THE RIVER OF TRUTH.

Flow gently, sweet River of Truth, on thy way, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a spiritual lay Of those thoughts sleeping 'neath the crumbling sod, Who yet bathe in thy waters, sweet river of God.

Thou sweet bird, whose echoes resound through the glen— Ye wild, whistling breezes mid the homesteads of men— Your octaves, replete with spiritual food, Are Nature's pure harmony misunderstood.

Beautiful sweet River, thy towering hills, Far up in the realms of pure, running rills; Where the loved, not sleeping, are revelling on high, Whilst quaffing thy waters beyond the blue sky.

How pleasant thy banks, sweet River of Truth; Where bright flowers bloom for the children of earth,

When earth's friendships and loves united shall be, As the light of the spheres creeps over the sea.

Thy current, sweet River, in beauty shall glide, Through earth's darkened scenes, whatever betide; And the soul of humanity in wisdom shall lave, Whilst gathering strength from thy silvery wave.

Flow gently, sweet River of Truth, on thy way, Flow gently, whatever earth's bigots may say; And reflecting the smile of angels above, Thy waters shall dance in the sunshine of Love.

EDGAR C. DAYTON. (T. G. FONSTER, Medium.)

Original Essays.

"CRITICISM" CRITICIZED.

BY E. HANCE.

I observe in the BANNER of July 2d, Mr. Editor, some criticisms by Bro. Hacker, and desire, with your permission, to make a few remarks on the same. I do not call in question the motives, or doubt the goodness of friend Hacker; but I think his remarks are calculated to mislead the simple, and muddle the ideas of those who have not a clear comprehension of the subject of human governments.

He says, "It is surprising to me that Spiritualists cannot see that all governments founded on, or supported by carnal weapons, are at war with Spiritualism." &c. Now I think it is surprising that all "Spiritualists" cannot see that all governments of every description are a necessity, for the time being, to every community, and that the form of the government will be an exact index to the development of the community which projects it. Doubtless some individuals in and under most governments, are so far developed as to be "a law unto themselves;" to all such the law, which is of necessity founded on "carnal weapons," need not be interfered with, or in any wise molested by.

Now the idea I wish to combat is, that any man (or class of men) can isolate himself, and stand aloof from his fellow-man, however depraved he may be; the more degraded he is, the more need he has of the sympathy and assistance of those who may be more advanced (in some points) to help him onward in his journey to a better condition. No; mankind is a unit, and I consider that no one has the right, if he could, to isolate himself from his fellows, however degraded they may be; not that he should mix with him in his excesses or dissipation, but as opportunity offers, to assist and enlighten him to better his condition, either in a physical or spiritual point of view. As the whole community is involved in the consequences of every wrong committed by any one of that community, so it is the duty as well as the interest of every one who desires a better state of things, to give his exertion and his influence to bring about an advancement toward a higher state of perfection, and not stand back and refuse to do any thing because the highest state of ideal perfection cannot be reached at once. It is an old and trite saying, "that the world was not made in one day."

Again, he says, "My prayer is that all governments which look to carnal weapons for support, may be dashed to the earth." &c. My prayer is that the whole human race may be so far developed as to become a law unto themselves, then all governments supported by "carnal weapons," would be superseded and become obsolete, which must be a slow and gradual process; but that a progress is quite visible when we compare the present with the past, we can see that the more barbarous enactments and usages are constantly being modified to suit the higher spiritual development of the more advanced communities. So instead of standing back and finding fault with the corruptions of the governments and officers, and complaining that only rowdies make and administer the laws, suppose we step forward into the ranks of active participation, and do what we can, however little it may seem to be, to lessen the evils complained of. If all would honestly do this, is it not likely that some improvement would be made? The fact is, all governments are a natural necessity; and if it were possible "to dash all governments which look to 'carnal weapons' for support to the earth" to-day, to-morrow Ruin would rule; the day after, Lynch Law would step in to check the anarchy; and the next day the community would appoint agents to administer such regulations as would be necessary to maintain some kind of order.

By taking a comprehensive view of the subject of "governments," whether it be the management of children by their parents, from infancy upwards; the successful direction of the school, or the peaceful ordering of a civil community—they are all alike, simply "governments," and equally necessary, whether the laws be oral or written statutes, and the object of either should be to address the moral and spiritual faculties as far as capable of comprehending it, instead of the animal instincts—the success of every family or community depends on the judicious combinations of these laws or regulations. This interpretation of the objects and uses of governments, will give the key to unlock the tangled and interminable discussions about the propriety and efficacy of corporal or capital punishments in civil communities. Hence in barbarous communities the laws must be more directed to the animal instincts, than in more enlightened communities, where the spiritual faculties are more developed.

I am aware that certain extreme advocates of the efficacy of the "moral suasion" principle, who stoutly claim that the principle of love and forbearance is more potent, and will better overcome and disarm brute force superior to "carnal weapons," which I readily grant, provided it has a correspondent element to operate on; but in the absence of that, the physical instincts must be restrained by sufficient physical force to protect the

Innocent from the rapacity of the voracious. For a case in point, I have only to cite a notable example, the history of which we are all familiar, viz., the Crucifixion of Jesus. I suppose few will claim a higher exercise of the "moral suasion" principle, than was possessed by him; yet it did not convince his persecutors, or protect himself in that age and community; and how far it was right for him to sacrifice himself in order to establish an IDEAL for the benefit of future generations, is properly and wholly a matter for him, and every other person so circumstanced, to judge for himself.

The idea for "all true Spiritualists and Christians to stand aloof, and permit rebels against God to humiliate each other," is a left-handed method of applying and interpreting the Harmonical Philosophy, to my notion, instead of using every effort to enlighten and change the conditions which produce the evils complained of, and sympathize, yes, sympathize with the parties, who, we may believe, are misguided under adverse influences, and striving to injure their fellow-men. And in conclusion, I would remark, that as all matters pertaining to the affairs of men are produced through the medium of instrumentalities and agencies of various kinds, whether it be governments or individuals, we cannot, if we would, prevent taking our part in the universal movement in the grand progress of events, although we may perhaps give ourselves some inconvenience by being obstinate, and in trying to prevent the sure destinies which Father God and Mother Nature are certain to accomplish. Fallington, Pa., 1864.

POPULAR FAVOR.

The study of popular favor is strange and complex; how it can be secured and managed, or held, furnishes deep study alike instructive and interesting.

Life is a demonstrative problem containing many corollaries and schollums, and before we can fully appreciate and understand how to attain and rule popularity, it is necessary for us to understand that proposition and solve these corollaries and schollums, or in other words, he who would know human nature must make it a deep and earnest study. One whose ambition seeks singly for popularity is ever regarded by the public with suspicion, at least by all who are of the thinking or deductive class; while on the other hand, he who becomes truly popular from correct principles, seeks with popularity the benefiting of his fellow men.

The man who follows the routine of life, walks in the trodden path, accepts the virtues of his day and advocates them zealously without venturing a single step ahead, secures simply a passport to present favor; but he who originates, or is instrumental in giving truth which is wholly or generally unknown, but that will be adopted or divulged in the future, though by so doing he banishes present popularity, may be sure that the generous enthusiasm of public favor will fall upon him in due time, even though his perishable or changeable body may have long lain in the tomb.

The astronomer who, sinking under the weight of torture more than flesh could bear, recanted his belief in the rotary motion of the world, by that act took a rapid step toward attaining immediate popularity, but the moment he declared that the world still moved, that moment he banished popularity a century beyond his grave.

And what a similarity is to be found among the advocates of Spiritualism, let one but deny or renounce and forthwith he is almost worshipped; but let him again advocate unpopular truth, and he is at once despised.

Experience indicates two distinct classes of popular favor, that which elevates the people to its own standard, and that which goes down to the people; to live above the people is to forfeit our present ease with the prospect of fame after death, but to live with the people is to ensure death after fame. He secures the truest as well as the highest popularity, who, knowing the right dares maintain it, and having discovered it dares promulgate it. A refusal to accept, or a hesitancy after conviction to boldly assert, is an indirect admission of weakness and an outright crime.

Time alone weighs the false and discloses the truly popular; it rends the veil asunder before which worshippers bow to do reverence to the holy of Holies within; it uncovers the false, the hypocritical, so that the narrowest circles and the trooping millions as they pass, can easily discover and know upon whose altar burns the actual incense and the popular fame.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Some points of our philosophy have been fully and plainly demonstrated during the few years of its late revival and progress, but many are yet obscure and only mooted—open to experiment and discovery.

First, it is fully established that the spirit, or soul, is an organization in form, of more or less subtle, elemental and impermanent matter. Whether a simple or a compound, is not settled. I believe it is a compound of various substances, as the body is; others believe it a single and simple substance, and eternal in duration. I believe it is not eternal in duration of the form it appears in to us after separation from the body. When and how these points will be settled, I know not; they are not yet.

Second, it is well settled that the cerebrum, or top brain, is the gateway, when not destroyed, through which the soul goes out of the body; but when this portion of the body is broken up, and suddenly and wholly scattered, still it is evident the soul finds a way of separating and holding its form as perfect and complete, showing that this brain-head is not essential to its birth, or existence independent of the body; yet I think all experience goes to show its necessity for the formation of a soul, as we do not find the evidence of soul existence in forms below, or rising from forms below the cerebrum. What the real relation of the soul to and with the brain is before, at, and after death, is not settled by our philosophy.

One thing is certain, viz: as many vague, crude, and absurd theories come to us from spirits as from mortals on these points.

Thirdly, it is not settled how much and how far the subtle and wholly, or partially, impermanent matter of their forms is subject to the laws and motions of the earth and bodies on or near its surface, but it is certain they must partake of, and be governed by, its motions, both in its orbit and diurnal, or they could not hold their relation to persons and places on its surface. If so, as they move out from the surface of the earth the diurnal motion must be greatly increased, and by the law of gravitation and centrifugal force they would be sent off in a tangent, or curve, with great velocity. But there is evidently some law relating to them and the matter of which they are composed that we are not acquainted with.

How they get out of one sphere of planet and

motion into another—if they do—is yet to us an unsolved mystery. Theology has no solution, or relief, except its immateriality, and consequent non-existence theory, which, in its whole and parts, is essentially immaterial in another sense of the term. Short-sighted persons put a God in to fill out explanations, and long-sighted ones leap such chasms without a bridge; so none can follow but the jumpers. I must have a solid bridge before I go over, and feel its timbers as I go.

I am sure spirits stay about persons and places for a short time after they leave the body, hence are involved in the motions of the earth; that they are relieved from these, or if so, how and when, I am not posted. When they go, and how they fare in the long line, I do not know. There are many beautiful theories of the "summer land," few of the winter land, but the geography is quite incomplete, and the surveyors' maps are hardly in outline. Many of us stand on the "unsteady planks that sway and bend" beneath our feet. Experiment we want, and testimony and reason. Wild theories are of little value.

Correspondence.

Lowell—Spiritualism—Plenit, etc.

Permit me, dear BANNER, to say through your columns to the many friends inquiring for me, that after a rest of one month among the green hills and valleys of Vermont, I again enter the field of labor assigned me eight years ago by the angel-world. The last year has been one of peculiar interest. In my visits to many new places in New England, I have been brought in contact with many minds who were heretofore strangers to me. Everywhere I found unusual power developing in the hearts of the people, under the divine influences of our beautiful Philosophy. Although disintegration seems written upon everything in the outer world, yet the universal principles of peace and harmony are welling up from the interior fountains of life, to arrange and reconstruct on a higher basis.

In no place where I have lectured do I see greater advantages for growth in spiritual truths, than in this city. Some of our best speakers and most prominent test mediums have been developed here, and others are now being brought before the public. There seems to be the indelible word *Progress*, written upon everything pertaining to true Spiritualism, and in no place does it seem more brilliant than in Lowell. The Lyceum is suspended here for a few weeks, and many of the dear friends I met here in March and November, have left the city during the sultry weather, to enjoy the country with its invigorating influences, to return with renewed energies; yet those remaining are steadfast, always abounding in kind words and noble deeds, thus, too, cheering and beautifying life.

August 10th the Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity held a picnic in Excelsior Grove, Westford, about sixteen miles from this city. As I entered this beautiful grove made so by Nature, with a few additional comforts arranged under the supervision of Messrs. Walker and Cutler, I was reminded of a Methodist camp-meeting. Though I heard not the enthusiastic songs pealing through the grove from the more zealous Christians, as of yore, I heard angel-voices whispering their sweet words of peace and hope, like a silent murmuring, on every breeze that waved the beautiful branches of Excelsior Grove.

The utmost freedom and harmony prevailed. Each had come for a "good time" and all seemed at perfect liberty to choose their own way of having it. Consequently some formed circles to hear direct from the spirit-world; others, being desirous of exercising their muscular power, and pay due respect to the excellent music and fine dancing floor prepared in the grove, joined in the graceful dance; others were engaged in shooting at targets, swinging, and boating, there being a fine little lake surrounded by beautiful scenery, adjoining the grove, furnished with boats for as many as wished to ride. Thus passed the time from ten A. M. to three P. M., (with the exception of the rich repast of luxuries prepared for the occasion) when the company were invited to be seated near the platform or speakers' stand, to listen to whatever might be said. Mr. Constantine of this city made appropriate remarks. A poem was read by Mr. Courier. A speech was then given by N. S. Greenleaf of Lowell, whom all know as an able speaker. The audience then cheered us with singing, after which a few thoughts were given by the writer. Thus passed one of the sunny days of earth-life, manifesting the truth of the saying, "There is a time for all things." At six o'clock, we were reminded it was time to return to our homes; thus all separated, wearing the same cheerful faces as in the morning, and feeling in their hearts, that life, true and earnest, was indeed "beautiful."

I am to remain in this city during August; from here I go to Portland, Maine, where I am to speak the first two Sundays of September.

Thus, kind friends, through the BANNER, I have greeted you and bid you "God-speed," and to this beautiful BANNER I would say,

Long may you wave O'er the homes of the pure, Our people to save.

Lowell, Mass. Aug. 12, 1864. S. A. HORTON.

Spiritualism Ignored at Saratoga.

You will perhaps be surprised, Mr. Editor, to learn that we are having one of the gayest and most successful seasons ever known at Saratoga. I have never before looked upon this exhibition of display and fashionable extravagance and folly with such feelings of disgust as I do at the present time. It may be on account of the bereavements I have suffered in this dreadful war, or the haunting images of our suffering soldiers, or the starving condition of those who are prisoners in rebel hands, that has injured my taste, or broken my ability to appreciate what is so gorgeously presented before me to admire. It may be that my fears are unfounded, and that I ought to look upon all this with delight, as giving evidence of the glory, prosperity and greatness of our country. It may be my own dyspeptic imagination that conjures up the thoughts that success, as exhibited at Saratoga, is not the best evidence of real and useful prosperity. What is it that is most patronized and popular at Saratoga? First, the races; next, drinking and gaming saloons; and next, the churches. These all stand No. 1 of their kind, each being an institution, with some others that it may be as well not to mention. All these, perhaps, in a place like this can only be expected; but what is here the most unpopular and despised, and which of the above named institutions is the most active in making and molding popular sentiment? The Church joins hands with what it professes to regard as the lowest element in human society, to destroy the effects of those in spirit-life who are working to convince mankind of immortality, and the need of a better and more useful existence.

I am reminded of these things by the manner

in which the Davenport Sisters were received here, and the exceeding unpopularity of the manifestations that took place in their presence. When we realize how great must be the efforts of those immortal ones who for our own benefit alone have so exercised their skill as to produce the wonders that they exhibit through these innocent and artless girls, and then to see them excite so little interest, in fact, to see them persecuted and scorned for these very efforts to bless us, is only another proof of the strange inconsistency of man.

P. THOMPSON.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1864.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

Two 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. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

L. JUDD PARDEE will lecture in Lowell, Sept. 4 and 11; in Worcester, Sept. 18 and 25. Will respond for the fall. Miss MARY L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Stafford, Conn., 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, Pa., Oct. 30 and 31; in New York, during January; in Springfield during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Wash.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Milford, Aug. 28; 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, Greenwich Village, Mass.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Locks' Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for the year commencing the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locks' Mills, Me.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT 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.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK 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.

Mrs. J. GREENLEAF will speak in Rockland, Me., Aug. 21, 28 and Sept. 4; in Glenburn, Sept. 11, Oct. 2, Nov. 6, and Dec. 4; in Stockton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Oct. 9, 16 and 23; in Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, Me.

JAMES M. ALLEN speaks in Verona, Me., Aug. 28; in Stockton, Sept. 4. Address, Stockton, Me. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, also attend funerals.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 4 and 11; in Chelsea, Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Nov. 6 and 13; in Quincy, Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

MISS LIZZIE DORR will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, Mass., during October; in Lowell, during January and May; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. M. J. FOWLER will speak in Lowell, Sept. 4 and 11; in Stafford, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

J. M. FERRISS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of next month.

MISS M. JOHNSON will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery.

WALTER CHASE will attend the Convention at Belvidere, Ill., Sept. 18 and 25; in Stockton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Oct. 9, 16 and 23; and at South Pass, Ill., after the 1st of Oct. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday during October; in Lowell, during November; in Worcester, during December; in Lowell, during January and May; in Chelsea, during February.

Mrs. M. J. FOWLER will speak in Lowell, Sept. 4 and 11; in Stafford, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Portland, Sept. 4 and 11. Mrs. JENNIE S. HUNT, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Oct. 18 and 25. Address, Taunton, Mass.

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

WALTER H. NYRKE lectures every week in his office at Hope Chapel, New York City. See advertisement. Address, 729 Broadway.

J. G. FISHER will speak in Cleveland, O., during September. Will answer calls to attend funerals, planing, giving meetings, and to lecture week-days, and on Sundays, on week-day appointments. Address according to appointments.

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

W. K. RIPLEY will attend the three days' meeting at Milford, Me., Aug. 28, 29 and 30; will speak in Stockton, N. Y., during September and October; in Somers, Conn., during December; in Stafford, Conn., during January; in Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 15 and 22. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Vermont during August—address, Exeter, Mass., Vt.; in Quincy, Mass., Sept. 4; in Portland, Me., Nov. 6 and 13.

Mrs. EMMA HUSTON will lecture in Somers, Conn., Sept. 18 and 25; in Worcester, Mass., during October and November; in Taunton, Mass., March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

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

DR. AND MRS. L. K. COONLEY will lecture and hold Central and Northern Illinois this summer and fall, or until further notice. Address, Chicago, Ill. Will furnish Spiritual and Reform books at publishers' prices, and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

FATHER E. F. MAHONY will lecture, by spirit-influence, at the Indian Spring Grove, during October; every Sunday, at 5 o'clock P. M., when the weather is business.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak in Greenboro', Henry Co., Ind., Sept. 7 and 14; in Caledonia, at the Quarterly Meeting, Sept. 14 and 21. Subscriptions taken for the Banner of Light, and books for sale.

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

W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Alton, Mich., will speak in St. Johns once during the month.

ADDRESSES OF LECTUREES 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 read accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]'

- Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavillon, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture.
MISS EMMA HASTING, San Francisco, Cal. sep18-1y
CORA L. V. HATCH, Present address, New York. Jan2-1y
MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON intends spending the fall, and perhaps winter, in the West, and desires to be notified of any appointments. Address till August, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Emery. Jan2-3m
MRS. SARAH A. HORTON, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. mar12-6m
MRS. SARAH A. HORTON, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoon, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. mar12-6m
MISS LIZZIE DORR, of Philadelphia, Pa., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public routes) her services are desired. Will take subscriptions for all the spiritual papers. aug28-2m
MR. A. P. BROWN, of Danville, Vt., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. aug28-6m
MRS. JENNIE S. HUNT, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. July-3m
MRS. C. G. FAYETTE ALLEN will address in Stockton, Me., after July 15. She will now receive calls to lecture for the coming autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. July-3m
J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, from Massachusetts, desires to make engagements through the West, to speak wherever the friends may desire his services. Address, Iles Moines, Iowa, care of Lewis Lucas, Esq. aug27-3m
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN may be addressed at Cleveland, O. July-2m
MRS. C. A. PULIFER, of Onida, Knox Co., Ill., will answer calls to lecture, or speak on funeral occasions. July-3m
MISS A. P. MURPHY will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, 56 Cambridge street, Boston, Mass. July-3m
DR. HORATIO L. TAYLOR, clairvoyant and trance speaker. His Post Office address until August will be Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence in Brief.

Letter from Chelsea.

Mr. Editor—Our citizens have been enjoying for the past month some of the most beautiful lectures...

Mr. White's last lecture of the course (on Sunday evening last) was on the present rebellion and its ultimate results.

May the day not be far distant when the dogmas and superstitions of the past shall fade away...

Mrs. Fanny Burbank Felton lectures here next Sunday and the following, and these are held in many private families during the week.

With success to the BANNER in its endeavors to enlighten humanity on spiritual things, I remain, yours respectfully, PROGRESS.

Wholesome Suggestions.

DEAR BANNER—Enclosed please find one dollar to help make up deficiencies in your current expenses...

I hope you will take the hint, and put your paper on such a financial footing as will make its suspension from that cause an impossibility.

Yours truly, JAMES THOMPSON. P. S.—I have made speeches the other day, by an opponent asking, "What can two million Spiritualists in the United States support two first-class papers?"

Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1864.

The Cause in Indianapolis, Ind.

The cause is prospering here under the lecturing of Mrs. White, and as it gains in influence and numbers, the opposition of the churches becomes more virulent and determined.

Aug. 5.

Correction.

Mr. Editor—I have always been gratefully mindful of the fidelity, taste and general precision of your compositions in setting my copy; so much so that I am doubtful whether it was a misprint or a slip of my pen which caused the word "physical" to take the place of "psychical" in my last.

Leeds, Me., Aug. 11, 1864.

Will Others do Likewise?

Enclosed you will please find fifty cents, which amount please add to my yearly subscription to the BANNER, for I am satisfied that you cannot sustain yourselves at the price (\$2.50) which I paid you for the BANNER for one year; and if labor and material advance still higher, I am willing to advance for the support of the BANNER of Light correspondingly.

J. B. TAYLOR. Janesville, Mich., Aug. 9, 1864.

Healing Mediums.

Last week I attended the lectures of Mr. Walter Hyde of New York City, and I must say that I was highly pleased, not only with his gentlemanly deportment, but also with his practical spiritual knowledge he conveys to his numerous students relative to the development of media, and the cure of disease by the laying on of hands.

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS. 306 River street, Troy, N. Y.

Help Wanted.

We hope some good lecturer will remember Monmouth and Young America in their travels. All we need is a little stirring up. Some avow their belief, but more believe who do not avow it.

Young America, Warren Co., Ill., July 31, 1864.

A REPORTING MACHINE.—A novel and curious instrument has been invented by Mr. Bryois. It is for the purpose of taking short-hand notes with more than the usual rapidity. It consists of a series of levers worked by keys like a piano, and acting on a set of types which impress themselves on a slip of paper that is gradually unrolled.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CENTS?—There was coined at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia during the month of July 2,350,000 cents and 2,270,000 two cent pieces. When it is remembered that the cent coinage at the mint has averaged about half a million per month for the last two years, and knowing as we do that there are not quarter enough in circulation for change of even the small fractional paper currency, the question may well be put, "What becomes of all the cents?"

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

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.

Insincerity in Social Life.

Who is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our actual lives, and pour adequate shame on our mutual impositions? Smiles on our faces, with envy and jealousy underneath; cordiality in our grasp, with no connecting nerve between the fingers and the heart; deference in our professions, with no suitable esteem, no genuine respect, no sacred sincerity, invited to be used with a fraud lurking in their politeness; getting the company together by one falsehood; greetings of indiscriminate and extravagant welcome receiving them with another; fashions made up of composite illusions, ornamenting them with another; ceremonies of elaborate make-believe, maintaining their mock dignity with another; and dishonest regrets at the farewell, dismissing them with another—who will dare to affirm these do not enter appallingly into the staple of what we call civilized and elegant life?

The above extract is made from one of Rev. Dr. Huntington's public discourses. It contains a volume of sober truth, enveloped as it is in caustic satire; and ought to command the reflections of every thoughtful person.

It is not well, we know, to find too much fault with our modern society, faulty as we know it to be; for men and women are but human beings at best, given to error through their ignorance, dogmatic in the possession of nothing more than half-views of things, unwilling to be set right when clearly in the wrong, loving their present habits of thought better than other habits which they will not pretend are superior in any respect, and at no time wholly devoted to the pursuit of what is true and lovely for its own sake.

Yet in criticizing we do not necessarily give way to fault-finding. Every social institution ought to receive just and constant criticism, or it cannot be expected to stand long. The quotation above is a criticism, and a timely one. It contains hints of the very qualities which should combine in the formation of all good and healthy society, though it throws out those hints negatively and positively. Of the many faults which cut out the heart and core of our social life, none are worse than this of insincerity.

There can be no positive and permanent good where it is. A man covers all noble traits with a pall, when he throws around his conduct this much too fashionable garment. Many persons think it vulgar to say what they mean, and even rude to act out the sincerity which slumbers within them. A strangely vicious education must have received, to believe that the worst side is better than the best, and that untruth is preferable to truth. But when we look about us and find this state of affairs is really becoming fashionable, and that it is openly and confessedly practised by all classes of men and women who try to attract popular notice and to rule the popular sentiment, we may well pause in astonishment before a fact so full of a fatal significance.

Why should we not all of us aim to be truthful one to another? Why should it not be as "fashionable" to be ourselves as to seem to be somebody else? Upon what can that fashion be based, which forbids a person from betraying sincerity, and commands him to be insincere? And yet our people not only tolerate, they actually prefer such a base and irresponsible tyrant as this fashion, and attempt to establish a permanent society upon it, which shall stand for the real character of our whole people? Not artificial structure merely, but a thoroughly deceitful, treacherous, and false one! Is it not monstrous, that such a scheme can be deliberately devised and persistently adhered to? How long can such a social structure stand, at the longest?

Emerson remarks, in one of his Essays, on that lying-in-wait simile which lurks about the mouths of persons who would appear to be what they really are not, and characterizes it as the most disgusting badge of deception which a man can wear. Yet how many do wear on their faces that treacherous smirk, concealing either a spirit of sneakishness or of villainy? It is the falsest banner which any individual can hang out. If we would show ourselves courteous, polite, and kind, what is the need of trying to overdo it by grinning about it? For what is that perpetual grin intended but for deception—to convey the impression of a very different feeling, if only in point of intensity, from what one truly entertains. And so in regard to other emblems, and signals, and practices. When one goes beyond the limits of what the finer and nobler instincts assure him to be a kind courtesy and a genuine politeness; by the very act of overdoing the matter—even if he does not intend actual deceit, much less anything so bad as treachery—he to that extent practices untruth and is wicked.

We need not go to the extreme which coarse and vulgar natures would naturally fly to, and say to a person's face what it does not become us to say, blunt out what we conceive to be his faults, and publish the list of our imaginary grievances to him. There is no more truth in this sort of abusive truth-telling than in the other. If there were, we should all of us be by the ears every day of our lives. What we think of a person to-day, may not be our opinion to-morrow; hence it is becoming to practice patience, and silence also. Besides, we were sent into the world to be something more than censors merely, although there is no sort of danger that we shall exercise too rigid a censorship over ourselves. If we are careful to practice the simple truth with ourselves, the example which our characters will offer to others will be a thousand times more effective than all the verbal censorship that was ever coined into phrases. We can very soon purge our society of the gross evils at which we complain, by proceeding to purge ourselves first, and presenting to others pure characters, of a crystal truthfulness, through which sincerity shines as the light of heaven traverses a window. There is where the work of reformation is to begin. We need not wait for some powerful organization to take us up and turn us out all new, through the

operation of its mysterious machinery; but the work to be done we must do at home, of our own motion, and because we love purity and truth better than insincerity, and heartlessness, and fraud.

Spiritualism Abroad.

We have received the London Spiritual Magazine, from which we glean a few items of interest respecting the progress of Spiritualism in the old world. Although a party of very astute philosophers in Glasgow exposed "the delusion" not many moons since, it appears that it won't stay exposed, but having been, as these astutes thought, annihilated in one phase, now presents another upon which they can flash their dark lanterns—and every dark lantern they are, too.

A gentleman residing in London, who has for many years been honorably connected with the literature of England, and acknowledged to be "a clear, vigorous, and very instructive writer," has, with his wife, conducted some experiments which have resulted in furnishing them with personal evidence of the presence and power of spirits.

A distinguished clergyman in London has had such manifestations in his own house that he has become a confirmed believer in Spiritualism. He is not less bold than eloquent, and will, ere long, enunciate in his own way the important truth which has so suddenly burst upon him.

"Having been present at a séance in the house of that clergyman, and who is justly celebrated for his wonderful gifts of genius, and the broad view he takes about humanity and Christianity, I wish to state that nobody present, and least of all, our amiable host, entertained the least doubt about the spiritual cause of the astonishing facts we witnessed, or about the wonderful powers of Mr. D. D. Home as the medium through whom these manifestations were obtained. We had the usual raps in such a way that appropriate answers were given, we had the movements of sundry articles of furniture, a grand-piano-forte included, which was lifted entirely into the air, a motion which would appear spontaneous, if furniture could give intelligent answers to our questions. We had the music, the concertina being played in so charming a way, with far distant echoes, that the utmost mortal skill could scarcely have produced such harmonious tunes; we had the manifestation of children's hands moving under the surface of floating gossamer shawls and dresses; we had the ladies addressing the spirits of their children, answered by distinct responding raps; we had bracelets unfastened, and removed, and all the circumstances of the Home séances which are so justly celebrated through extensive regions of our globe."

Two instances of apparition are given which are very striking. In Nov. 1853, a Mrs. Smith and her son were passing through a narrow lane which was protected by a turnstile. As they approached the stile they both saw a woman approaching, and as Mrs. Smith passed through one way, the woman passed through the other. Mrs. Smith noticed her light dress, bonnet, &c., and felt her dress brush against her. The mother and son believed it to be Susan Gilbert, a friend of theirs, but they thought it strange she did not speak, and still more at seeing her, because they supposed her ill in bed. Looking after the figure they saw it suddenly disappear, which so frightened them that they ran home. On the following morning they went to see their friend, and found her in a dying state. Those who attended her said she "had gone off" several times as if dead, and rallied again. She died three days after the meeting at the turnstile.

Some years ago, Mrs. W—sailed for the West, India, to join her husband, who had obtained a government appointment at St. Kitt's.

When the vessel was within two days' sail of her destination, Mrs. W—, whilst standing in the cabin, felt her arm strongly grasped as if by the hand of a man. Looking round, she asked who had done it. None of the passengers were within reach, and all assured her they had not seen any one touch her. Shortly after she again felt the same sensation, and thinking that some one was taking a jocular liberty with her, she withdrew to her room. Later in the evening a lady passenger called her attention to the state of her arm, which was discolored, showing the distinct print of a hand, with the fingers and thumb reversed.

On her arrival at St. Kitt's, friends came to meet her, accompanied by the clergyman of the place, who gradually broke to her the intelligence of her husband's unexpected death, which, it appeared, had taken place on the day and at the hour she felt her arm grasped on board the ship.

An interesting article upon the "Spiritual Experiences of General Sir Charles Napier," distinguished for the part he took in the Peninsular War, under Wellington, and one of the greatest commanders and most distinguished men that ever lived, proves beyond a doubt his belief in the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals. Spirits talked with him and he with spirits. He became informed of "table moving," and at once accepted the phenomena as real.

Reports of wonderful manifestations in the presence of Mr. Home, continue to be given. These are similar to those through the mediumship of the Davenport, Mrs. Chamberlain, and others in this country, and are, like them, given under such circumstances that preclude all possibility of deception. Mr. Home leaves England about the first of September for Australia, with the design of giving a course of lectures in the principal towns. A renewed interest in Spiritualism is occurring in that country. At a circle there, information was received concerning a missing steamer, which subsequently proved correct.

More "Hersey."

The Third Congregational Society in Portland, Maine, desired to settle Rev. Mr. Walton as pastor, but the Congregational Council refused to install him on account of his liberal views. Whereupon the society engaged him to preach to them for one year. The Christian Mirror gives the following explanation of Mr. Walton's "heresy." "We understand that the candidate affirmed his belief that Christians and Christian ministers, in proportion to their faith, are as really inspired as were the prophets and apostles, and that this inspiration is as authoritative to themselves as is the Word of God; that God dwells in every Christian in some such sense as he dwelt in Christ; that the punishment of the wicked may not be eternal, but end in annihilation; and that heathen and others not having had the privilege on earth, may in another world have the offer of salvation. The candidate also gave the council to understand that his views had undergone a great change during the last year, as the result of an interview with some Christian friend. On several important points, he distinctly stated that his mind was not made up."

High Price of Peaches.

Rotten peaches are selling in this city for ten cents a quart, and such are scarcely fit for the pigs are displayed by dealers with the expectation that people will buy them. Passably fair peaches are selling for twenty-five cents a quart, and good ones at ten and twelve cents apiece! And this while hundreds of bushels are so rapidly decaying that there will be nothing shapable left of them in a week except the stones. Such charges as these are an outrageous imposition upon a good-natured public. If they were called for by existing circumstances there might be some reason in them, and if there were reason in them, we might quietly submit. But there is none; and the strangest of all is that buyers cannot see the fraud. In Philadelphia such a basket of peaches as we are asked to pay five dollars for, can be bought for twenty-five cents! New York is being surfeited with them, and fair prices prevail, but here in Boston we have to wait until the fruit is rotten, and are then expected to pay a price for it which would be extravagantly high even for good ones. It is not many years since good peaches were sold in this city for twenty-five cents a peck. We do not expect to get them for that now. We are willing to double it, or treble it, or even quadruple it, but when we are asked to pay eight or ten times the old price—well, then we grumble, and think we have a right to. Any fruit-grower of New Jersey or Delaware who would consign a stock of peaches to this market, and deal them out to consumers at a fair profit, would confer a favor upon Boston people and enrich himself.

The Farmers of the Country.

The London Examiner recently contained an article, whose central idea was a sound one and good one, viz: that the farmers of America give the tone and temper to the national character, and shape the conduct of national affairs. Nothing, in our view, seems more true than this very position. It is a mistake to suppose that it is by the noise and clamor, the effervescence and over-activity of the cities that the country is managed, or that the expressions of opinion in the leading cities shape or color the management of public affairs. The true influence comes from the country—from the land and those that till it. The influence of cities like New York and Boston and Philadelphia is scarcely felt at all at the West, and over the breadth of the land. The people living in our cities are surprised, on rallying forth a hundred miles or less by rail, to find how little their doings are talked about, and what slight effect they have on the great population of the country. We rejoice that it is so; that upon the population of the country at large, and the agricultural population especially, depend the fortunes of the nation, including its integrity, its power, its glory, and its entire future.

Our Mining Wealth.

A leading New York journal remarks concerning the vast mineral and mining wealth of the country, that it is a singularly assuring fact that the outbreak of the war has been accompanied by the discovery of immense mining resources and by an extensive development of mines already existing. While the country is struggling for the preservation of its political and territorial integrity, and the hearts of its citizens begin to quail lest the enormous military expenditures should exhaust their available resources, tidings come from the Pacific coast, from the interior of the far West, and from the shores of Superior, revealing the existence of mineral treasures that must lay the basis for an illimitable expansion of our national wealth and power. At the same time, the creation of a powerful iron navy, and the manufacture of arms and military accoutrements for immense armies, have produced a marvelous activity in the coal and iron trades, placing them in a position of wealth and independence they have never hitherto occupied, but which they have greatly needed to put them on equal terms of competition with the corresponding interests of other countries.

The National Convention of Spiritualists.

Last week we were only able to give a brief synopsis of the first day's proceedings of the National Convention, held at Chicago on the 9th inst. This week we commence publishing a full and official report, and shall continue to do so till it is finished. The report is very interesting, and will elicit the attention of Spiritualists everywhere, it being the first National Convention of Spiritualists ever held. We are informed by Mr. O. H. Crowell, one of our partners, who was present, that the attendance was very large, and the sessions quite animated, and important measures were discussed. No doubt much good will result from the deliberations of the Convention.

Living on Stuff.

The Detroit Free Press says that five years since a married couple in that city had a quarrel, and the wife declared that she would not speak to her husband until he apologized. For five years she has kept her ill-natured vow, and not a word has passed between the two until a few days since a reconciliation was effected. We have heard of an old lady who told a friend of hers that she guessed she could "live on stuff" just as long as anybody else; but we think she would have given in before the terrors of a five-year siege. We knew one couple—and an Orthodox clergyman and his wife, at that—who neither ate, drank, lodged or spoke with one another, for some seventeen years. It is not right that any law should compel such persons to remain man and wife, which they are not in any just sense.

Books and Tobacco.

We hear, or read rather, that the son of Dumas, the French romancer—or Dumas, fits, as he styles himself—is a confirmed hypochondriac, living in continual fear lest he shall be taken out of the world by consumption. It seems it has been his habit to consume cigars to the number of twenty-five and thirty a day—surpassing somewhat the limit usually reached by the Emperor himself. One day he was idly turning over the leaves of a medical journal, when he came to the article on Nicotine, which is the active principle of poison in tobacco. So impressed did he become by what he read, he immediately threw away the cigar still in his mouth, and silently took a resolution to smoke no more—a resolution which he has thus far kept with strictness.

Walworth's New Novel.

The Albany Evening Journal says of the new novel by a son of Hon. Chancellor Walworth, which is having a success remarkable for these hard times, "Hotspur has a tendency to mysticism and Spiritualism, and is generally unhealthy." On the other hand, N. P. Willis's Home Journal says, "We pronounce Hotspur, in plot and execution, the greatest success of the season, and we shall in futuro make extracts for our readers."

New Publications.

FIRST GOSPEL: Being the Gospel according to Mark; Translated and Arranged with a Critical Examination of the Book, its Life of Jesus, and His Religion; by Leicester Ambrose Sawyer, Translator of the Scriptures. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This work, the fruit of great labor and conscientious painstaking, fully follows our remarks of week before last on Mr. Beecher's discourse on a superstitious adherence to the creeds and the Bible. The translator has for a long time labored in this field of Biblical criticism, and brings to his task scholarship and the results of a large experience. We are exceedingly pleased with the whole performance. It rests on common sense and plain intelligence, and throws down the pretensions and assumptions that have never helped but have always hindered in every effort to grasp the real spirit and meaning of the Bible.

Well says the author in his "Note to the Reader," "Amid the shock of arms, and during the settlement of great national questions of justice and expediency, the higher questions of religion ought not entirely to sleep." And with as much truth he adds, "Religious science ought not to languish and be feeble when all other sciences are healthful and vigorous. Christianity can only lead the world and become universal and permanent, by abandoning all false assumptions, and perfecting its doctrines and methods so as to meet the universal and permanent demands of human nature. God is the father of love and truth, never of malice and delusion."

Mr. Sawyer discusses the text scientifically, and therefore with candor and in the spirit of truth. His translations will inevitably have the effect to excite fresh interest in the reading and study of the Bible, and to add new graces to the heart of him who reads and studies in a spirit divested of superstitious influences. To deepen our piety, especially by familiarity with the Holy Scriptures, we must cultivate boldness and candor in all our investigations of God's word, whether in what is written or what is created. We cannot admit a doubt that Mr. Sawyer is doing most excellent and lasting service, in helping to scatter clouds of doubt and superstition which are sure to make anything but true Christians.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September opens with "An Adventure on the Coast of Australia," finely illustrated. The illustrated Esquimaux scenes are quite interesting. This number is above par. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for September, which the ladies wait for with so much impatience, is elegantly illustrated with its usual variety of fashion plates, etc., which, added to a fine table of contents, makes it very desirable. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

Our review of "Man and his Relations" is crowded out this week.

Cabinet Organs.

Musicians are agreed in respect to the superiority of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs. Mr. Gottschalk, the distinguished pianist, says a New York paper, pronounces the organ "truly a charming instrument, worthy of the high praise it has received, and sure to find its way into every household of taste and refinement which can possibly afford its moderate expense." He also declares it far superior to everything of its class he has seen. He knows of what he speaks, having tested them thoroughly in his concerts the past year. Our most eminent organists fully endorse this testimony. We need only add, therefore, that there is nothing in regard to which it is more true than that "the best are the cheapest," than in regard to musical instruments. A thoroughly good instrument lasts a lifetime, while an inferior one soon gets out of order and is worthless.

Mason & Hamlin have their new factories in full operation, and are turning out a greater amount of work than any maker of this class of instruments in the country, and probably in the world. Yet they are scarcely able to supply the demand. This fact alone is good evidence of the excellence of their work.

The New Stamp Act.

It is important for all to know that stamps are now required on all bank checks, drafts or orders for money drawn on banks or trust companies. Also on all money orders drawn on individuals or any corporations exceeding ten dollars in amount. Receipts for the payment of any sum of money, or for the payment of any debt due, exceeding twenty dollars, not being for the satisfaction of any mortgage or judgment or decree of any court, and a receipt for the delivery of any property, must have a two cent stamp affixed; also, on all receipts for the delivery of goods. By not complying with this requirement, persons lay themselves liable to a fine of fifty dollars. All bank checks for sums of ten dollars or over require a two cent stamp. Business men would do well to remember these things.

Appointments.

Hon. George Thompson, the celebrated English lecturer, is to address the Spiritualists of Portland, Me., next Sunday.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Dover, Me., during Sept.; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6th and 13th; in Taunton, Nov. 20th and 27th.

Mrs. A. A. Currier speaks in Montpelier, Vt., September 4th.

Warren Chase lectures in Rockford, Ill., on Sunday, Aug. 28th.

Walter Hyde lectures every week in the "Electro-Therapeutic and Medical Institute," No. 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Also, attend funerals. See advertisement. Address as above.

Miss C. Augusta Fitch will make engagements for the fall and winter to lecture and attend funerals. Address, P. O. Drawer 6505 Chicago, Ill.

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—An Irishman was brought before a court on the charge of bigamy. Being asked by the judge how many wives he had, a little woman by his side said, "Shure, and that's not the question your Honor shud' ask him—he knows that he has only one, and that's me; but when he gets a dhrap too much he thinks he sees me in all the women. I tell you he's as true a man as ever lived; and he loves me, his own darling Mary, better than all the world besides. It's the liker that gets the other wives for him."

The people of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island have voted to amend their State Constitution so as to allow their citizens who are in the army the privilege of voting.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Vacation for our Free Circles. Our friends and the public will bear in mind that our free circles are closed until the 1st of September, when they will again be reopened.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Tuesday, July 5.—Invocation: Answer to Thought Question; Col. Fourke, of Virginia, to his family, and Col. Wm. Wright; John D. Hensley, to Capt. Martin, of the 3d Mass. Battery; Francis Stacey, to his mother, Mrs. Sarah C. Stacey, at Wicksville, Va.; Clarissa Olden, of Montgomery, Ala., to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y.

Thursday, July 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Hiram Ames, to relatives in Missouri, and Springfield, Mass.; Rachel Hill, to Capt. Alfred Todd, of the 7th Virginia Regulars; John Downey, to his brother, Timothy Downey, near New Orleans; Hattie Fuller, to her parents, in Cambridge, Mass.

Monday, July 11.—Invocation: Answers to Secret Questions by a Minister; The Coal Oil Question; Is Allan a Hindu? God? Hiram Davis, to his family in Portsmouth, N. H.; Wm. S. Reid, to his family in Galley's Ford, James L. Bowen, Providence, R. I., to his mother, now in New Orleans.

Tuesday, July 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. Boland, of Norfolk, Va., to his father, Capt. J. T. Cooke, of the 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery; Geo. W. Shappell, to his mother and sister, in Morristown, Pa.; Jennie Ross, to her mother, and Joseph in the Army.

Thursday, July 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Richard S. Andrews, to Jake Porter, Charlie Allen and Philadelphia; Theodore Ellis, Jr., to his mother, in Bridgport, Conn.; Edward Wilson, to his father, Gen. Wilson, of the Confederate Service.

Invocation. Holy Spirit, let thy mantle of love fall upon us; fold us so closely within it that we may seem lost in thee. Even as night loses itself in day, so Spirit of Eternal Love, may we lose ourselves in thee.

Those whose name we cannot pronounce, by whose love we are ever surrounded, whose tender mercy never forsakes us, we praise thee; from the deepest avowals of our soul we gather up choicest gems of praise to offer thee. Thou, whom the nations call God, whose presence no one is without, we lift our souls in glad thanksgiving unto thee, turning away from darkness unto light, from ignorance to enter thy wisdom; turning away from the shadows we would enter thy sunlight.

Oh, our Father, thou hast no need that we bear our offerings unto thee. There is a power within us that ever prompts us to turn to thee. In darkness the soul looks up and strives to behold thy light; in sorrow the soul turns to thee for care and comfort. We thank thee, Spirit of All Time, that thou hast endowed us with that consciousness of thy presence which makes our immortality. Oh, we praise thee that in darkness we can ever know: there is light beyond. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, yet we will fear no evil, for thou art with us. Though we may be surrounded by inharmony and confusion, yet will quiet be within us. Though war rages wildly without, the fair dove of peace shall fold her white wings closer to our souls. Oh, Spirit Presence, we adore thee, not alone with mouthed utterances, but with that deep, intuitive adoration with which soul adores thee. We give thee all praise, all honor, all glory, through Time and Eternity.

Questions and Answers. SPIRIT.—According to your custom we now wait to receive questions from the audience. The friends need not delay, nor need they fear to offer their questions.

If the friends have none to offer, we will consider one already before us. It is this: "If I renounce my belief in old theology, shall I not be without a foundation upon which to stand?" Our inquirer further asks, "Should my question be considered, will the intelligence be kind enough to say something in connection with it by which I may know that I am the person referred to?"

We know of no better way than to give the name of the individual, which we believe to be Thomas K. Davis. We are informed by his friends that he claims the Southern portion of this Continent as his home, that he is at present an exile in Canada. "If I renounce my belief in old theology, shall I not be without a foundation upon which to stand?" You will surely be without the foundation old theology has furnished you; but are you sure that that foundation will not pass from under your feet, whether you will or no? Are you sure that you have any volition in the matter? Question your own soul and see. It seems to us that if the foundation had not already begun to decay, you would hardly have asked the question you have; hardly have put forth this dove, which, like the fabled dove of Noah's ark, may return bearing you sweet intelligence.

The present seems to be filled with antagonism toward the past, so far as religion is concerned. It would seem, from the signs of the times, that all humanity are taking one grand stride out of the past into the present with regard to religious belief. Soul after soul is putting forth questions concerning the right and the wrong that has ever clung around religion, with every grade, every class of all time.

Our dear friend has many things to learn, but that which seems most necessary to him is a knowledge concerning himself, and the requirements of his own being. If old theology will furnish him ample food, there is no need of asking for anything better. But if old theology does not provide him with food enough, then there is need of his going out into the highways and asking, demanding something different. Nature ever furnishes a supply for all the demands; human life can make no legal demands upon Nature which she cannot easily supply.

My dear friend, since you fear to let go of that which has been your shield in the past, we would recommend you to make an earnest appeal to your God, the great spirit whom you have ever revered; turn to him and not to us. Ask that he will give you strength to stand without a foundation till one can be given you. Ask, and believe that he is all powerful; that he will answer, that as you need light he will bestow it upon you; if you need a foundation to stand upon he will sustain you until that shall be given you. Believe us, your demands will be answered. Turn to him, lift your soul out of the miasma of doubt, and pray earnestly that the sunlight of faith may fall upon you. This is all we have to say in reference to the subject you have offered us. June 28.

Eliza Lacey. Oh, my mother, sir, I would find her. I—I have been told if I should come here I would find my mother. [You can give such thoughts to us as you desire, and we will send them out, and they

may reach your mother. You are disappointed because you do not see her here.] Where is it? What place is it? [Boston. You remember the place? Boston, Massachusetts?] No, sir; I don't reside here, but in Washington. [District of Columbia?] Yes, sir. [Who was your mother?] Eliza Lacey. Oh, I know she's so distressed about me. Can I go to her? [Not direct. You must wait until she gets this word, that you come here.]

What happened, sir? Was the arsenal blown up? [Yes, that was the case. Was you one of the victims?] I suppose so, sir. [You're a little confused.] Yes, sir. [There was some ten or twelve blown up.] Was Margaret Dunn killed? [We can't say, but think that name was upon the list of persons killed.]

Oh, well, can't I go to my mother? [Not directly.] Well, will you tell her? [We will; then she may give you an opportunity to go to her.] Oh, well, tell her I—I'm so unhappy in the spirit-world—I'm so wretched there, tell her. I am confused. [We see you are. You'll benefit yourself by coming here.] They said it would, but I supposed it would be because I should meet my mother. [All your feelings at the time of the disaster come upon you. But those will pass away, and when you come again you will feel different.] Oh, I thought all the world was going to pieces. [We don't doubt you.]

Well, then, you can't take me to my mother? [No, not to-day. Give your name and age.] Nineteen years. My name, Eliza Lacey. Oh, cannot I go to her? [Be patient, you will go to her in time.] Maybe I shall understand it better when I come again. [You will reach your mother, be patient.] Oh, I'm so terribly frightened. June 28.

Charlie Wilkins. Hallo! hallo! hallo! [How do you do?] What's the matter? [There's no trouble with us, is there any with you?] No, sir, not as I know of. Listening to that young lady talking; seems you don't pilot us any further home than this. [Not at once; we send your message first to your friends.] Send an advance guard, hey? [Certainly.] All right; I understand, capt'n.

I was in the 10th New Jersey, sir—I take it this ain't Jersey? [No, it's Boston, Mass.] Well, first place, I'd like to know if the folks got my letter that I wrote the day before battle. I should like to have my wishes carried out. I asked that something might be done, in that last letter I wrote home, and I want them to do it just the same as if I was living—the same as if I was on, what do you call it? [On the earth.] That's it; you know I fell in battle.

Now I tell, do n't I, what my age was? [Yes, it is well to.] I was in my twenty-first year; have got three brothers and a sister, a mother and a step-father. Now if you will just say, will you, if you can, that Charlie Wilkins, of Jersey City, would like to speak with his friends at home, will you? [Yes.] I do n't know now what I shall do when I see 'em. I can't tell what I shall do exactly. But if they can, let 'em furnish me with one of these—[Medicines?—]wheels, I call 'em, and I'll do something with 'em. I can't tell what they would say to me if I should come, but I can do something to let 'em know I'm there; and I've got a good deal I'd like to say; but I don't want to say it here; I want to say it to my folks at home.

They need n't feel bad about my death, for I'm happy enough, satisfied enough. I went out in a good cause; could n't go in a better one. I was a little disappointed when I first got to the spirit-world, and met those I'd killed, because you do n't like to have 'em coming to you and telling you that you sent them home. [Did you find many?] Oh, yes; some dozen or so; but if I'd had another dozen added to them, I should have been worse off than I am now. I guess it ain't just the right thing. You can't help it, you know, after you once go to war. If you belong to the army you must fight.

[Where was you killed?] Hal' Spottsylvania. Been down there? [No.] Better go down there; there's work enough to be done. Pretty lively times down there. Oh, tell my sister Jennie, that that er handkerchief she sent me in that last bundle of things, I got one of the boys to tie round my arm when I was wounded, and I rather guess it's there now. I do n't think anybody's taken it. Well, captain, the best of friends must part. You won't forget to send my letter, will you? [No.] Do the best you can. June 28.

Jonathan Withers. I was a believer in your beautiful Philosophy, and though I lived many, many miles away from you—the ocean rose between my home and yours—yet I've read your paper many times, and tried to induce my family to believe as I did; but they cling to their old religion, and I let them alone. But I said, when I was in my last sickness, "I shall go to that place when I go hence, and I shall give you something, God willing, that will cause you to think at least that I was right, and you were wrong."

I am from Portsmouth, England, and my name was Jonathan Withers. I was eighty-four years old. Five years ago I began to investigate this Philosophy, and was soon convinced of its truth. Before that I was inclined to Atheism. I saw nothing to make me believe in the religions of the day, for they shed but little light on all things pertaining to a future state, when this beautiful light came upon me and made me young and strong again.

I am a child in experience in these things, for I have but just been freed from my old body, that was a subject of paralysis for the last several months of my earth-life. I left it this morning, about half-past nine, according to English time. I am here so soon, to let my family know that I can come, that I live, and that Spiritualism is true. They cannot dispute the fact of my coming here to-day. They cannot say that you had time to gather information concerning my death from England. I come myself, thanks be to the great God that ruleth in the universe.

And now I would like to make a communication to my son, who is in this country. I told you, my son, when I did pass on I should find you out here, and should speak to you; and I hoped earnestly that you would not fear to listen to me. Now I'm here; here to give information concerning my death, before the letter can reach you that is on its way here. Now visit some place where I can come and tell you of the light that cheered me through death. Let me show you that which made me joyous during the last hours of my mortal life. Oh, let me open the gateway of the great and beautiful city that has been opened to me, and in the freedom in which I now rejoice.

Had I been longer in possession of my faculties as an embodied spirit, I should be able to stay longer and talk more. For the present I am done, to use with the great subject that God has given me to use for the good of others, but with the time and strength of the lady medium. June 28.

Edward Mason. I am Edward Mason, son of Giles Mason, sir, of New Orleans. I would like to open communication with him, if it's possible. [You can.] You, I suppose, request us to give certain facts about ourselves to be identified by. [They are necessary.]

I was killed by accident, on the 18th of May. [This year?] Yes, sir; was fifteen years of age—five months over fifteen. I should be very glad to open correspondence with my father. He do n't know anything about these things; but I've so much to give him that I can hardly feel satisfied to stay in the spirit-world without making an effort to come to him, at all events.

I remember very well what my father said to me on the morning of the accident: "Edward, you'd better not go. I would n't undertake anything of the kind, for if you do, in my opinion, you'll be sorry for it." Well, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I'm in the spirit-world now; there's no going back. I've dissolved partnership with the body I used to own, and I suppose I shall have to walk through this new life with a body not the same one I had here.

They tell me in the spirit-world, that there are many ways by which we can reach our friends. Oh, by the way, tell him his brother was killed in one of the last battles. I've met him in the spirit-world. [In what battle was your father's brother killed?] He says near Hanover Court House. He was shot by a sharpshooter. [Was your uncle an officer?] Yes, sir; First Lieutenant. He says he, too, should be glad to open correspondence with my father, but knew nothing about this thing till he was attracted here by me, by my coming. My father do n't know, sir, you understand, that he's killed.

I'd like also, to tell my father that the old place in Virginia is all burned down; that there's no so much as a shell of it left. I suppose the ground is good, but the buildings are gone. [Your father once lived in Virginia?] Oh, yes. You'll publish my letter? [Certainly.] Good-by. June 28.

G. Lewis Barclay. In 1850, sir, I left my home, Wilmington Delaware, to try my fortune in California. I was not twenty years of age. I had hard work to obtain my father's permission to go, but I told him I was determined to go anyway, so he gave it, and I went overland. I do n't know how the facilities for traveling are now. Then they were very poor. One day, while going through a mountain pass, we were resting to get a little recruited for our journey the next day, when I wandered off from our camp. I suppose I went further than I thought for, and was suddenly surrounded by some of the natives of that locality, and murdered.

I've learned since that my friends here never knew how I was killed; never knew whether I suffered much, whether I was burnt to death, shot, or how I met my death. I suppose I was disposed of by a club. At any rate, after I was surrounded I felt that I should be killed in that way. I believe they had no other weapons except their clubs. They might have had, but I did n't see them.

I've long tried to come back in this way, but could not till now. If my friends would like to talk with me in this way at home, I should be glad to talk with them. I hear from this side, that my oldest brother is in the army. My father has something to do with it. He's not in the ranks however. My mother has passed through much suffering since I left. I should be very glad to talk with them all. I'll give them a sketch of my travels, tell them what I have seen and learned, if they will but give me the privilege of coming and talking as I do here.

My name was Barclay—G. Lewis Barclay. That's the way I always signed my name, and I shall be better identified by it. I'll be very thankful to you, sir, for whatever you can do for me. [You had better give the names of your father and brother, as a greater test to them.] My father's name is Alexander; the brother's I have spoken of is William. [These facts are only spoken of that your friends may recognize you.] Yes, sir; I understand. [Is there any other fact, or incident of your young days you can mention?] Incidents of my young days? Let me see. I fell on the ice when I was eight years old, and always suffered more or less by it. [That is something your friends can't suppose you could know.] Don't see how it's possible. I never had any serious sickness that I remember of. My life was rather smooth. June 28.

Invocation. Our Father, as this glorious summer-day is laying upon Time's altar its offerings of greenest leaves and fairest flowers, so would our souls lay upon Eternity's altar their offerings of purest thoughts, holiest deeds; and like America's bird of Freedom that is not content to dwell in the valley, but soars to the glory-crowned mountains, and then smiles in triumph upon the world pooling it below, we would ascend to thee. Oh, hast thou not endowed us with immortal aspirations? Do we not hear thee calling us through various sources? We hear thy voice, we understand thy language, and like all else in life, we obey thee. Oh, our Father, who art in heaven, we hallow thy name. We ask that thy kingdom may be understood by mortals. Give us this day that bread upon which soul alone can feed. Forgive us no sin, but rather improve us, that we may learn thereby. For thine is the power, thine is the honor, thine the glory through all life, through all time, through eternity. June 30.

Anterior Existence. SPIRIT.—We now hold ourselves in readiness to deal briefly with whatever questions may be propounded to us. CHAIRMAN.—If the audience are not ready to ask any questions, we will read one from a correspondent. QUES.—My earliest recollections go back to the age of—say three years. Can I have any proof of my anterior existence?—that is, did my soul or its germ, ever exist in a flower, or rock, or other matter, before being born in my present body? ANS.—Contrary to the opinion of certain philosophers, certain scientific individuals, we cannot believe that the soul has come up through the lower grades of life; but on the contrary, we believe that it existed without form, prior to its entering the human body. There is no one way by which we can demonstrate the truth of our theory to any individual, for it is impossible to carry mind back while it is in the prison-house of the flesh.

Q.—Will the spirit ever be conscious of its having been an entity in the past? A.—It is our opinion that as the soul advances it will become more and more conscious concerning its past existence. That it is an absolute entity, we believe. That it ever was and ever will be such we also believe. Q.—What relation does the body of a spirit sus-

tain to that of a physical body in material, when it appears to the material or physical eye? A.—It sustains the same relation that your physical bodies sustain to the outward universe. You are not absolutely bound to that universe, and yet relatively speaking you are bound to it. June 30.

Can a Spiritualist Advocate Slavery? Q.—Can a true Spiritualist advocate human slavery? A.—Never, for Spiritualism is the advocate of freedom under all circumstances; and he who understands Spiritualism, or is in spirit a Spiritualist, can never advocate slavery either of mind or of body. There is a difference between being a professor of Spiritualism and a possessor. One may profess to believe in the teachings of the angels, in the voice of Jesus of Nazareth, but unless that profession is projected into active life, it amounts to nothing.

Q.—Was there, or was there not, a necessity, either human or divine, for the present war in this country? A.—We believe it to be a human necessity, growing out of your human weakness and human ignorance. When you shall have grown strong and wise, then war will be no longer a necessity. Q.—In a national point of view will it ultimate in progression, or retrogression? A.—We believe it will ultimate in progression certainly. The signs of the times are foreshadowing good, and not evil. Freedom is making a very successful war, we believe. Surely, then, the death of slavery and the inauguration of freedom is progression in its broadest sense. June 30.

The Spirit's Opinion of Mrs. Hatch. If the audience have no other questions to offer, we will consider one we have received, and which we would decline to consider on account of its being of a personal nature, were it not offered by an honest individual, who seeks earnestly for truth; at least, a certain portion of human life, and as many times rejected; but it comes now, owned with honesty and an intense desire for truth. Therefore we shall consider it, notwithstanding it is of a personal nature. The question is this: "Is the medium, Mrs. Hatch, guilty of the charges made against her by her husband and the skeptical world?" We presume that the world is aware of what those charges are; at least, a certain portion of human life pretend to understand the case. We presume also, that the husband, or the former husband of the lady in question, is aware of what charges have been brought against her. We presume also, that the lady herself is fully aware of them, therefore we will not place them again before the world, but in as few words as possible hasten to answer the question before us.

It is our opinion that the private life of the lady will bear the most rigid criticisms of the unprejudiced public. It is our opinion that the persons making these charges have done so without absolute foundation. That they may be conscientious, in standing upon a foundation erected by the sayings of her enemies, we do not deny; but we do deny that they stand upon a positive foundation of truth, for we know they do not. The friend who has questioned us in regard to the lady, should remember that those persons who are taken out from the ranks of men or women, who are placed upon the hill-top to give whatever light has been shrouded upon them from the spirit-world to the multitude, are always charged more or less falsely.

It was said that Jesus of Nazareth did not lend the divine life that we have been taught to believe; that he had no followers in his private associations as his followers claimed for him. But notwithstanding he was persecuted by the world of Judea, still the light shone on the darkness could not swallow it up, and the ages have grown brighter under the light to the present day; and it never has been extinguished.

Now we verily believe, had that individual had other than a true life, the light would have ceased to burn long ere your day. The future shall give you a better elucidation of it than we in the present are able to do. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" by their fruits ye may judge of them. If the light continues to shine through the person concerning whom we have been questioned, then rest assured that it shines by virtue of the blessings of the Omnipotent. June 30.

Mary Gregg. I am persuaded 'tis my duty to send a few thoughts to my son who is in trouble at the South. I am aware of my weakness. I know if I speak here at all, it is by the power of God our Father, and if I know anything I know I do speak here as much as I ever did through my own body. It is not now for me to say, but I wish to enjoy the realities of this home beyond time, and how thankful I am for the change I can never impress upon my friends' minds. They may believe that I am glad to be free, but they do not know how rejoiced I was when I knew that I was the accepted of God, had outlived the ignorance and error of earth-life, for I was taught to believe strange fables concerning God and my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make a Heaven for myself to enter enjoy it. I thought I was to be my Saviour. I thought Jesus Christ was to be my Saviour; that all I had to do was to believe on him and live as good a life as I could on the earth, and I would be happy and admitted to his presence after death. But I find I am my own Saviour, that no Jesus Christ could wash away my sins; no Jesus of Nazareth could make me happy. No, I must make

HOPE AND SIGHING.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Of all the months in the happy year, No sadder month could be chosen, When May smiles from April's tears, And blossoms in her countless hues, Of all the hours in the day, He could not find a fairer one, When clouds, from out their gloomy gray, Are blushing welcome to the sun.

With the linnet's chirp his life has birth, The breath he draws is morning's own, Over an incense breathing earth, And through the lattice softly blown, And every bird that leads the air With heavenly music, seems to say, 'Tis meet that all should be so fair, A spotless soul is born to-day.'

Oh, would a mother's eye could look Far in the future's clouded path, And read, as from some mystic book, The blessings and the pains he hath, Oh, would her hand for him could write Deeds yet undone, and triumphs great, To hasten that slow-dawning light Earth's troubled children yet await; To conquer falsehood's loosened tongue, And chill the skeptic's heartless scoff; To scout the sophist, arrow-stung, And hush the traitor's boastful laugh.

How, in the years that spare her life, Her hand shall labor to create A mind with blessed doctrines rife, A heart with generous feeling great, No flaw shall stain the mirrored face Of Conscience, that reflects his deeds; Upon his brow no man shall trace The fruit of gull's deep-planted seeds, A country's praise, when he dies, Shall grace his noble memory here; The pure and good, with streaming eyes, Shall group around his funeral bier.

Of all the hours in the day, He could not find a fairer one, To die with sunlight's parting ray, To die and leave us with the sun, Good-by, sweet dreams that fade with him! Good-by, bright hopes that wear his wings! The chambers of our hearts are dim, We feel the nothingness of things, A heavenly music thrills our ear, Far-distant as the western light, The songs of angels echo here: 'A spotless soul is born to-night.'

OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

"National Convention of Spiritualists,"

HELD IN

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 9th to 14th, 1864.

(Reported by the Secretary, F. L. WADSWORTH.)

FIRST DAY.

Pursuant to a call issued by a Committee appointed at a Convention held at Boston, Mass., a number of Spiritualists from eighteen States and the Province of Upper Canada, assembled at Bryan Hall, in Chicago, August 9th, 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Convention was called to order by Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, Mass., Chairman of the Committee on the call.

On motion, Dr. Gardner was appointed temporary Chairman, and J. S. Loveland, of Williamstown, Conn., temporary Secretary. After a long and somewhat exciting debate, certain suggestions of a preliminary meeting were read respecting the permanent organization of the Convention, and it was voted to adopt them, and, accordingly, on motion, voted to appoint a Committee of one from each to enroll the names of their respective delegates. The following named persons were appointed:—Maine, D. H. Hamilton; New Hampshire, Miss Julia J. Hubbard; Vermont, D. E. M. Wolcott; Massachusetts, John Wetherbee, Jr.; Rhode Island, I. Seale; Connecticut, J. S. Loveland; New York, J. W. Seaver; Pennsylvania, J. F. Furst; Ohio, A. G. W. Carter; Maryland, J. B. East; Canada, H. C. Whiting; Tennessee, J. E. Chadwick; Kentucky, J. E. Taylor; Michigan, Ira Porter; Indiana, J. P. Brown; Illinois, F. H. May; Missouri, A. J. Brown; Wisconsin, J. P. Gallup; California, Charles Pinkham.

On motion, the delegates were requested to appoint a Committee of two from their respective States as a Committee on Permanent Organization of the Convention. The Convention then adjourned till 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention came to order at 2 o'clock, and the Chairman announced the first business in order to be the report of the delegates on the appointment of a Committee on Organization of the Convention. The following named persons were reported:—Maine, D. H. Hamilton; New Hampshire, Miss Julia J. Hubbard; Vermont, D. E. M. Wolcott; Massachusetts, John Wetherbee, Jr.; Rhode Island, I. Seale; Connecticut, J. S. Loveland; New York, J. W. Seaver; Pennsylvania, J. F. Furst; Ohio, A. G. W. Carter; Maryland, J. B. East; Canada, H. C. Whiting; Tennessee, J. E. Chadwick; Kentucky, Mrs. L. Smith, J. L. Taylor; Ohio, Mrs. Laura C. Smith, J. J. Finney; Michigan, J. G. Wait, Mrs. Fuller; Indiana, F. M. Shuey, Mrs. P. Eddy; Illinois, M. W. Leavitt, Mrs. J. S. Fuller; Missouri, O. J. Brown; Wisconsin, A. P. Bowman, A. J. Smith; California, C. Pinkham; Canada, H. C. Whiting.

The Committee reported the nomination of officers, during which time the following named persons were called upon by the audience for remarks: Mr. Leo Miller said this was the first National Convention of Spiritualists held in this country, or in the world. It was necessary on such an occasion, especially to cherish the Protestant idea of the "right of private judgment." Whatever might be the views entertained by any one, if honestly held, they were entitled to equal respect. Let discussion be free, and the truth would eventually come uppermost. We plant ourselves on the Spiritual Philosophy, and may agree to disagree. None but the bigot would so far violate the Golden Rule, or to seek to urge his individual belief upon others. We all agree that certain ends are desirable, but do not all agree with respect to the means to be employed—those must be discovered. We must guard against jealousies and uncharitableness, and especially against that tendency to prevalent of misjudging, or judging harshly, the motives of others. He hoped all would summit their highest manhood and womanhood to aid in the councils of the Convention, that the influence of the Convention might be thrown on the side of truth and right, of free speech, free expression of views and freedom to all physically, mentally and spiritually.

Mr. Ben. Tood then spoke briefly. He thought some in the morning discussion had been over anxious about preserving their dignity. He did not care so much about dignity, if they had but a principle of action. He did not expect entire unanimity in their discussion of great principles. We all have personal views on these great questions; it was better for us that it was so; he sometimes liked to see an angular man go through the crowd; he left his mark, and was felt. It was proposed to enter into a formal organization of the Spiritualists of this country; so far as this could be done for financial purposes it might be well; but further, it would not meet with his ap-

probation. He had heard a declaration of sentiment that pleased him, viz: "We accept all Truth and reject all Error." This permitted all to judge for themselves what was truth, and what was falsehood. He thought each one should stand up for himself, on his own responsibility. The cause of Spiritualism could not die; the individuality of man and woman was its grand Truth, and that was what they should bend all their energies to preach through the world. There was no use in organizing and tying themselves down to creeds; such a movement would carry with it the seeds of its own destruction.

Dr. H. F. Gardner thought there was no need to fear an attempt to organize into a body with a creed to limit their aspirations and judgments. Mr. Warren Chase thought there was no occasion for alarm. We have been for years crowded out of various organizations, some of them worked by strong creeds; some of us have come out from the abyss of atheism; now we stand side by side, a mass of minds as diversified as the blocks in the Washington Monument, yet all capable of combining and forming one grand structure, and strong enough, if combined, to carry through any great measure of reform which we might feel disposed to attempt. There are many errors which need to be tumbled over, and if we all lift together it can be done, and that, too, without giving up individuality to others. If we cannot thus unite we will all return to our several places and work on as heretofore.

Mr. H. C. Wright wished to assure the members of the Convention of one thing that was unmistakably true, viz: "you will find what you carry with you wherever you go." He came here determined to have a good time, and no power in heaven, earth or hell should deprive him of it, for he had brought it with him. He intended to be in harmony with himself, and believed it was more difficult to keep himself in order than anybody else. He wished all to bear in mind that they must be at peace with themselves, and this would ensure their peace with others. If any one saw fit to attack him personally, he assured them he would make no reply. If his life would not vindicate him, words would not.

Mr. J. M. Peabody remarked that he loved harmony. All Nature moved together in perfect order, in sublime harmony. All could agree in this one great fact. We are all one great family, having one Father, and we can all harmonize as to a belief in the law of progress. We need more earnest workers. We see in the Church evidence of great energy, resulting in Sabbath-schools, visitations, tract-distribution, all for the sake of a material gain, and not for the sake of the spiritual temple, in which the human race can worship, and thereby induce others to leave their lusts of spiritual desolation. The great secret of progress for ourselves is in helping others. We need not talk about heaven above. We want to have it here on the earth. Truly it has been said, "If we want it we must carry it with us."

Mr. A. G. Parker wished every man and woman to build the Kingdom of God. We must individualize ourselves. Every great man who has stood on the summit of the philosophic eminence has taught that man is a microcosm. He had no care that any one should labor with him or for him. He cared not for the approbation of anybody; he had carried the sledge-hammer of radical truth for fourteen years, striking at error wherever he could find it. We need no further organization than we have. If we believe in the same great truths, and fight for the same ends, we shall naturally stand shoulder to shoulder in some attacks, but must do it without the dictation of any organization or synod. All organizations at first are humble and pliable. But wait awhile; when they become powerful they are offensive and aggressive. He was opposed to signing any paper, it was too much to sign, and he would not sign a Modest gathering before you could speak in a class-meeting.

Mr. Reynolds, of Wisconsin, agreed with the last speaker. He had been persecuted by organizations. He did not think anything which limited us was consonant with that freedom which he believed to be our birthright. Mrs. S. E. Warner thought we could build a new house on the foundation of the old one, man's spiritual nature. If we do not attempt to build anew we shall never be reformed. We need associative power and union of utterance. We must try and understand what we need, and God and the angels will aid us to work for it.

The Committee on permanent organization reported the following as their choice of officers for the Convention: President—Hon. S. S. Jones, St. Charles, Ill. First Vice President, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Mass.; second do, Mrs. L. C. Cuppy, Ohio; third do, Ira Porter, Mich.; fourth do, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mass. Secretaries, F. L. Wadsworth, H. B. Storor, Mrs. L. M. Patterson, Mrs. A. Bufum. The officers elect were called to the platform, when the President made the following salutatory remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Brethren—Allow me to tender my unfeigned and sincere thanks to this large assemblage, for the high honor they have conferred upon me, by electing me to preside over their deliberations. It is with no small degree of diffidence that I enter upon the responsible duties of the chair, presidential. I behold before me an assemblage of judges and gentlemen from all of the loyal States of this Great Republic, and from the Canadas, presenting an array of talent and liberal progressive sentiment, looking to the elevation and vindication of the human race in general, and for truth, never excelled, if equalled in any former period of the world's history.

Actuated by the most noble attributes of human nature, in this hour of our beloved country's most terrible trials, you not only as true, loyal men and women, who most deeply sympathize for our afflicted country and her suffering sons who are pouring out their blood to maintain the glorious principles of a free Government, but, also, as true philanthropists who have at heart the future welfare of the whole world, and who desire the promulgation of those great and eternal truths which have ushered in such a halo of light and happiness to your innermost souls that you have, as it were, spontaneously left your quiet and peaceful homes and come to this great and wonderful city, in the midst of the night, North-west, for the interchange of thoughts, and for an external manifestation of the great volume of thought of the free and progressive minds of this sixty-fourth year of the nineteenth century—a year pregnant with mighty events!

Untold millions of human beings, yet unborn, will look back to this period—yes, to this very year—and bless all the truly loyal men and women who took a part in this terrible conflict now being waged between freedom and slavery in the most extended sense of the term. And in my opinion, no feature of this marked period of the world's history will stand forth in more bold relief than the doings of this august assemblage of free thinkers—this body of philanthropists—this assemblage of harmonious philosophers—this first National Convention of Spiritualists.

Again I repeat, it is with no small degree of diffidence that I enter upon the duties of the office to which your partiality has elevated me. To most of you I am personally a stranger. My sentiments, it is true, are widely known. They have, to some extent, become public property. As President of the Religio-Philosophical Society, I stand upon a broad and free platform! As broad as the expanded universe and unfolded heavens; and as free, as unhampered by sectarianism as the etherial elements that fill immensity. We have no church, no creeds, no dogmatism to inculcate or maintain. With us truth is omnipotent; therefore we are assured that every sentiment, system of faith, or organization, must sooner or later pass through the trying ordeal; if it be sound and founded upon immutable principles, it will foreverstand; if false, it is surely destined to decay, to die and disappear! These sentiments have been frequently promulgated by me, and long since became incorporated into the spiritualistic literature; and if they have in any considerable degree contributed to my position as your presiding officer, I am content, and I shall deem it an earnest of the broad and liberal sentiments, and highly progressive ideas of this audience, and shall feel free to call for your aid and assistance in promoting that harmony—that fraternal regard for each other during your deliberations upon the great momentous questions that may be involved in the work of this Convention that will ensure an expression of an inspiration worthy of the cause in which you are so earnestly engaged. To that end I most humbly crave your support and forbearance.

appointed on Order of Business; John Wetherbee, Jr., of Mass.; Warwick Martin, of Ill.; D. H. Hamilton, of Maine; Ira Porter, of Mich.; J. W. Seaver, of N. Y.; Dr. S. Underhill, of the Chicago Finance Committee; Warwick Martin, of Ill.; Ira Atkins, of O.; Dr. N. Randall, Vt.; Moses Hull, Mich.; Dr. George Haskell, Ill.

On motion of Dr. H. F. Gardner, the delegates from each State were requested to select from their number a Committee of two to present to the Convention for consideration, some plan of organization. (Also, a Committee of two from each State on Resolutions, and a Committee to be appointed on the Convention Wednesday morning.

Dr. Gardner moved that all resolutions coming before the Convention, come through the Committee on Resolutions. The motion was opposed by A. G. Parker, A. J. Higgins, the Hon. C. B. Denio and others; and supported by Dr. Gardner, H. B. Storor, Warren Chase, John Wetherbee, Jr. and H. C. Wright. The discussion occupied nearly two hours' time, developing some sectional and personal feeling. Finally the motion was put and carried by a large majority.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the sale of season tickets of admittance to the Convention at fifty cents for ladies, and one dollar for gentlemen; also a fee of ten cents single admittance, as a means of defraying the expenses of the Convention. The report was adopted. Adjourned till 8 o'clock, Tuesday.

EVENING SESSION—TUESDAY.

At 8 o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President, H. C. Wright came forward and said he wished to introduce a matter of the greatest importance. All the relations of our life were involved in the safety of this Republic. He was no politician, never belonged to a political party, but in the present crisis there was no question of more importance than the condition of our political institutions. The discussion moved near the chair on the state of the Union, and report to the Convention as early as practicable. The motion was carried, and the following persons named for the Committee: H. C. Wright, Col. D. M. Fox, Leo Miller, S. J. Finney, C. H. Waterman.

John Wetherbee, Jr., from the business Committee, reported the order of exercises for the evening, viz: 1. Devotional exercises, for half an hour, by J. S. Loveland, ditto.

Mr. J. M. Peabody was then introduced by the President. He remarked that he was not prepared to make a speech, but he would not refuse to labor, however humbly, at any time or place. He considered that the grandest subject that could be discussed was the disposition of the soul after the death of the body. There was there any power that could be exercised that there should be a spirit living beyond the materiality of the body? It can be found in Spiritualism. When I reflect that I am a living, conscious being, I am struck with wonder and admiration, and look with joy and veneration to the truths of Spiritualism. I learn from them the universal love of God and the universal brotherhood of man—the fact that man, wherever he is, whether in the wilds of Africa, in the most civilized society, stands on the platform of brotherly equality. We have a great work before us, and must commence at home—turn our eyes inward, and first examine our own inconsistencies, trample our own faults under foot, remembering ever the blessed truth of universal fraternity. I feel the truths of Spiritualism, and wish all would consecrate their souls upon the altar of this truth, and not grudgingly takes away all sin, death or fear of death. I would like to infuse into your souls more power, more energy, more affection for the building up of great principles which we profess. We must all forget sectarian schemes, and labor simply for the elevation of the race. We have a better gospel, a nobler faith than the past, and should therefore work more zealously and harmoniously, so that we may be able to say, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my race." Then we shall hear the voices of loved ones beyond the vale welcoming us to everlasting happiness.

Music by the Cincinnati choir. The President introduced Mr. J. S. Loveland, who remarked substantially as follows: I consider Spiritualism as all comprehensive. Nothing can be done in the most civilized society, and not embraced within it. Here is involved the idea of the universal brotherhood of humanity. If our destiny be the same, then our origin and interests are the same. We have all the same inherent rights and necessities, and our destiny outwrought will open to the grander and more sublime future. If such be the case, what an inestimable present life possesses. The development of the spiritual nature, the highest possible duty which falls to man in this present state of existence; and this development must be universal. There is no disassociating member, no dismembering the divine life which throbs in every human bosom, for the interest of each is the interest of all, the suffering of all the suffering of each. If you kindle a flame in the bosom of another, the cause will equally be in your own hearts, and must eventually be kindled in your own bosom, as destructive as the one before created; for in the spiritual world, as in the natural, the law of retribution will equal the law of action; the injury will rebound with the very force with which it is hurled at another. Living in this world is an important business. To live here and not to live harmoniously, not to develop every faculty to the utmost, will be to go in vain upon the world's stage. There are means of attaining a harmonious culture. We cannot do so by ourselves, on account of our very independence. We are of each other naturally, and must be also to and for each other. This seems to me to be the object of this Convention, and if only attained will make us Spiritualists indeed.

At the conclusion of Mr. Loveland's remarks, H. C. Wright, as Chairman of the Committee on the state of the Union, reported the following resolutions: Whereas, In a crisis so distressing and so perilous to the present and future of the country, the government has the right to expect and receive the sympathetic expression of cordial support of every popular body, whether religious, literary, commercial or political, therefore, Resolved, That this Convention readily improves the present occasion to declare, as indicative of the position it holds and the spirit by which it is animated, That the existing rebellion against the government, having avowedly for its object—First, The denial of the democratic theory of the right of the people to decide, who shall administer their public affairs, and, consequently, the substitution of the oligarchic rule, and secondly, The enslavement of millions of the human family and their posterity, herding them with the beasts that perish, and trafficking in the bodies and souls, is to be abhorred and denounced by every patriot; Christian, and friend of justice and humanity, and resisted and crushed by all legitimate and rightful instrumentalities—no matter how long the struggle, how great the cost, or how fearful the sacrifice.

2. That no compromise is to be offered or accepted, and no terms of peace agreed upon which leaves in existence the oligarchic or slavesholding element in any part of the land, or otherwise if all the virtues of triumph of despotism over freedom, wrong over right, and of treason over loyalty, to be followed in due season by another convulsion still more bloody and exterminating.

3. That as it was against the election of Abraham Lincoln, in whose veins runs the blood of the common people, that the slavesholding aristocracy of the South rose in arms, so the reelection of Abraham Lincoln at the approaching Presidential struggle will be a special vindication of the right of popular suffrage, and a signal triumph of the forces of Liberty over the hosts of Tyranny, in which the oppressed of all nations are deeply interested.

4. That whatever may have been the mistakes or errors of President Lincoln in conducting the war, whether through excess of caution or slow movement, or through any other cause, he has not abandoned every truth, unambiguous and disinterested patriotic spirit will charitably remember the endless difficulties and perplexities of his position, the terrible perils which have beset his path, the fearfully divided state of public sentiment, even at the North, and the crushing burdens that have been imposed upon him.

5. That however slow and circumspect, he has never taken a step backward, but has steadily proceeded onward in the right direction, striking at the root of the rebellion, and seeking to secure the unity of our now dismembered Republic upon the basis of universal freedom and impartial justice, without which there can be no peace.

6. That his best certificate of character as to his honesty and administrative ability is to be found

in the fact, that all that is slavesholding and treasonable at the South, and all that is pro-slavery, factious and secessionist at the North, is heretofore seeking to defeat his reelection—regarding it as the sure sign that the doom of the rebellion and of slavery is sealed.

7. That as the loyal sentiment of the country, even when concentrated upon one candidate, is none too strong to secure success at the polls at the coming election; and as that sentiment has been overwhelmingly expressed in favor of reelecting Abraham Lincoln, therefore, any division on any pretext in favor of any other candidate will practically operate to encourage the rebellion, imperil the safety of the Republic, and to strengthen, extend and perpetuate that sum of all villainy—American Slavery; hence this is no time for the indulgence of personal preferences, of partisan animosities, or selfish ambition.

Whereas, From the time of his nomination to the Presidential office, to this hour, the slavesholding traitors of the South, and their allies in the North, have opposed Lincoln because, in their view, he was an abolitionist; and as such, would use his influence as President, against slavery and slave-labor, and in favor of freedom and free labor; and

Whereas, Their one great argument against him to-day is, that he has actually used the power conferred upon him by the people, by the constitution, and by the rebellion, for the destruction of freedom and free labor; and the preservation of freedom and free labor; and

Whereas, By the action of his political friends, and also by the universal assertion of his pro-slavery political enemies, Abraham Lincoln stands before this nation, and before all Europe, as the political embodiment of the spirit and principle of freedom and free institutions, and as the political representative of the free and the slave-laborer of the nation; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention deem it incumbent upon all the friends of impartial justice and liberty, and of universal progress, to use all the social, moral, religious and political influence, which, in their opinion, they possess, to secure the reelection of Abraham Lincoln in the impending Presidential canvass.

Dr. S. Underhill moved the acceptance of the reports. Upon motion it was resolved, on an amendment that the Resolutions be referred to the Committee on Resolutions, and made the special order of Thursday.

Dr. D. H. Hamilton of Maine was introduced and recited a poem, "The Devil and his home," after which the Convention was declared adjourned till Wednesday morning, nine o'clock.

Three Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Old Town, 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 Spiritualist speakers and lecturers. Among them, W. K. Ripley, H. P. Fairchild, C. A. Hayden, J. P. Greenleaf, M. A. Carrier, Emma Houn, 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.

The 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 oppressed, for the weak resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that we can do."

H. B. EMERY, NEWELL BLAKE, Committee of Arrangements. A. RIGLEY, I. M. ROBINSON, J. J. NORRIS, Bradley, Penobscot Co., Me., June 26, 1864.

County Convention.

The Spiritualists of Boone County and vicinity will hold a Three Days' Meeting, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 2d, 3d, and 4th 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 to attend, and 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 California; S. Lovett, of Spring; A. S. Royal, of Iowa; Wm. Wadsworth, of Leroy; H. Willard, of Boone, Committee. CHARLES GORHAM, Cor. Sec'y., Belvidere.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The ninth yearly three days' meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins, will be held at the hall in Tucker's Grove, in Brant, Erie Co., N. Y., commencing Friday, September 2d, 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Among the prominent speakers will be Lyman C. Howe, of New Albion; Mrs. Hycor, of Buffalo, and George W. Taylor, of North-Collins, N. Y.

A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance will take the stage at Buffalo for North Collins, or the Buffalo and State Line Railroad to Angola.

Levi Brown, Lewis Baldwin, James Varney, Lucy Hawley, Etc., Landing, Committee.

Vermont Annual State Convention.

The Annual State Convention of the Spiritualists of Vermont will be held at Montpelier, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 2d, 3d and 4th 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 in the proceedings. The Convention will be held 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, Committee. NEWMAN LAMB, GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Cor. Sec'y., Rutland, Vt., July 30, 1864.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HOPKINSVILLE HALL.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited. DR. C. I. HINZ.

CHESLEY.—The Spiritualists of Chesley have hired Liberty Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chesley, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—S. Frank White, Sept. 18 and 25; L. WELLS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leo Street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 1/2 A. M. on Friday evening, Sept. 18 and 25; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during September; Nellie J. Temple, during August, November and December; Chas. A. Hayden, during January, February and March; S. Frank White, Sept. 18 and 25; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, Oct. 1 and 8; Mrs. Frances Bond, Oct. 23 and 30; Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Dec. 4 and 11.

TAYLORVILLE, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—H. P. Fairchild, Sept. 4 and 11; Sarah A. Byrnes, Sept. 18 and 25; Charles Hayden, Sept. 22 and 29; S. Frank White, Sept. 18 and 25; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Nov. 20 and 27; N. S. Greenleaf, during December; Miss Mattie L. Beckwith, during January; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during February; Mrs. Emma Houston, March 5 and 12.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Commercial streets, in the afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Jon. George Thompson, of England, Aug. 28; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Sept. 18 and 25; H. B. Storor, Oct. 1 and 8; Mrs. Lloyd Garrison, Oct. 5; H. P. Fairchild, Oct. 22 and 29; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Nov. 6 and 13; Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, Nov. 20 and 27; N. S. Greenleaf, Dec. 4 and 11.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Union Church. Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during August. THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23d street, New York, ev-

ery Sunday. Circulars, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, are per notices in the daily paper. CHICAGO, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Academy of Progressive and Reformatory Studies." Meetings are held every Sunday in Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

THE MISTAKE OF ORIENTEDOM!

OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY. BY GEORGE STEARNS. "The Truth shall make you free."

PART I.—What the Church has had to do with Jesus. PART II.—What Jesus has had to do with the Church. PART III.—What Reason has to do with the Gospel of Jesus. The author of the above work, after stating the pretensions and claims of the modern "Christians," commonly called Christianity, did not originate with him, but with Paul and later writers; hence the common supposition, that Jesus was a Jew, and that the Christian religion was a Jewish doctrine, is a singular mistake of Christendom. He further argues that Jesus himself taught rational and truthful doctrines, and that his disciples, though sincere and honest men, yet lacked ability fully to comprehend his teachings, and hence could only give an imperfect representation of his teaching; that he was a re-embodied exemplar of humanity, and a medium of Celestial Revelations and Angelic Influences; and that the leading characteristics of his doctrine were—One God, the Father of all Goodness—Nature the Method of Divine Benevolence—And Heaven the Fruit of Virtue. "The author displays much ability, research, insight and ingenuity in maintaining these positions, and we might easily believe the more important part of them beyond refutation."—A. E. Weston, in the N. E. Spiritualist. We think the author deserves commendation in establishing a very important point.—Herald of Progress. Price \$1; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office. July 8.

NEW WORK BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

WILL be published early in August, in a handsome volume, large duodecimo, New York, entitled, THE WRONG OF SLAVERY, The Right of Emancipation, and the

FUTURE OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES. BY THE HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN. In One Volume, 12mo. . . . Price \$1.25; postage 18 cents.

FOR SALE BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 SUPERIOR ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF RAVALETTE; ALSO, TOM CLARK AND HIS WIFE;

THEIR DOUBLE DREAMS AND THE CURIOUS THINGS THAT BEFELL THEM THEREIN; OR, THE ROBINSONIAN'S STORY. BY DR. P. H. HANDFORD, author of "Fre-Adamo Man," "Dealings with the Dead," &c. The author, in his introductory, says, "In giving what follows to the world, no one can be more alive to the fact that the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the present is emphatically the era of the great Utilitarian, Revolution, Matter-of-Fact, and Doubt, that the world ever knew, than in the editing of the following extraordinary tale, which is a novel, for departing from the beaten track of War, Adventure and Revenge; 'Politics, Fashion, and Tragic Aids,' which constitute the staple of the modern novel." Price \$1.25, postage free. For sale at this office. May 28.

LOVE AND MOKK LOVE!

OR, HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION. BY GEORGE STEARNS. This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls a "very handsome little work," and of which the Boston Cultivator writes, "It is a novel, and practical essay has not often been written." Its leading topics are:—1. Volgar Concoits of Love. 2. Perils of Courtship. 3. What the Poets say of Love. 4. When and Whom to Marry. 5. Conflicting Notions of Love. 6. Guide to Conjugal Happiness. 7. Characteristics of Men and Women. 8. The Art of Marriage. 9. Rationality of True Love. 10. Wedding Without Wood. 11. The Patheticism of Love's Incidents. Price 25 cents; gilt edition 40 cents; postage 5 cents. For sale at this office.

BANNER OF LIGHT!

A Journal of Romantic Literature and General Intelligence; also an Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

Published weekly at 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass., by WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC H. HICHI, and CHARLES H. CHOWELL. LUTHER COLBY, Editor, assisted by a large corps of the ablest writers.

We hope that none of our friends will withdraw their support from the BANNER, on account of the small sum we are compelled to add to our price, but trust they will see the necessity of giving us a more earnest support, so that we may keep the BANNER afloat, with all the distinguishing features which have characterized its pages, and make improvements as the advanced condition of minds require. We therefore ask the aid and co-operation of the friends of Spiritualism and Reform, to enable us to continue to make it an able and fearless advocate of the Rights of Humanity and Spiritual Progress, and worthy of its name. A very little effort on the part of our friends will place the BANNER in the front rank of success, and thus aid in sending the light of Truth all over the land.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.—Original Novels, notices of reformatory tendencies, and occasionally translations from the French and German.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.—A variety of Spirit-messages from the departed, to their friends in earthly life, given through the instrumentality of mediums, and read by the educated and the uneducated, the wicked and the holy, which go to prove direct spirit-intercourse between the mortal and immortal worlds.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.—Subjects of General Interest, the Spiritual Philosophy, Current Events, Entertaining Miscellany, Notices of New Publications, &c.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.—Original Stories, Poetry, &c., suitable for children, prepared by Miss LOVIE M. WILLES, of New York, and her correspondents.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS—Upon Spiritual, Philosophical, and Scientific Subjects.

REPORTS OF SPI