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## Literary Department.

### VIOLET LEE'S VOW.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

A cool, pleasant room, with a gleam of blue and white, the fragrance of hay-fields drifting in at the open window, a slender form reclining upon a lounge, water-lilies, with their creamy petals and golden hearts, rosebuds, through whose parted lips sweet breathings issue, the melodious trill of a bird swinging in its glided cage, the calm, saintly face of Evangeline looking down from the wall upon eyes and brow not unlike her own—this is the picture that rises before me as I take my pen on this quiet spring morning.

It is a well-formed head that lies there, stranded, as it were, upon the snowy pillow. The heavy masses of hair, smooth and glossy as a raven's wing, are brushed carelessly back from the white temples. The mouth wears a look of dreary, hopeless pain, that speaks of days and nights beneath deep waters, when the soul wearied itself with frantic strugglings, and God alone heard the gasping cry. Suddenly the shadow, brooding so darkly over the wan, pale face, is lifted, the slender fingers cease their restless motion, and the lips grow beautiful with the magical touch of a smile, as the door gently opens and a flash of sunshine enters, in the shape of a young girl.

A slight, graceful form, a little below the medium height, a complexion of dazzling fairness, bright hair rippling away from a broad, truthful brow, and falling in thick, lustrous curls over neck and shoulders, dark blue eyes with heavily fringed lids, cheeks like the cleft heart of a pomegranate, and a mouth that in its crimson sweetness vies with yonder rosebuds—this is Violet Lee.

"Well, Helen! my dear, I have you been asleep as I commanded? and are you quite rested after your long ride over the hills?" inquired the new comer, twining her arms around the invalid's waist, and gazing with affectionate concern into her face.

"I found it impossible to obey your very peremptory order, my fair cousin; but I have answered, yes, to the last question," was the smiling reply.

"Is that so? Well, then, you shall have some dinner, and mind! I expect that you will do justice to it, if from no other reason than because, I prepared it," and with a light laugh, she stepped into the hall, returning almost immediately with a tray covered with a snowy napkin, on which reposed a tiny tea-service, a plate of broiled chicken, some dainty slices of toast, and berries melting in their own sweetness.

With quick, careful hands, she arranged a small table by the couch, and then drew back and surveyed her work with much satisfaction.

"There, Helen! now if you can't eat, I shall really—yes, I shall certainly think that you are a little bit ungrateful."

"Heaven forbid that you should ever have occasion to lay that sin to my charge; but really, Violet, it is a feast that might tempt a more fastidious appetite than mine, but you need not have been at the trouble of bringing it up to me. I am able to go down."

"All that may be; but between you and I, the kitchen of a farm-house is not apt to be a remarkably pleasant place in warm weather; besides, I have installed myself as your chief attendant, and was desirous of entering upon the duties of that station at once."

"I fear that the office will be no sinecure, if I allow you to follow out all your generous impulses. By the way, I believe that I have made a discovery, and I am not sure but that I shall scold if my suspicions are correct. Is not this the native soil of my Violet?"

"Why, Helen! blushing a little, "how did you ever happen to imagine such a thing?"

"Because of the very atmosphere, to say nothing of the tasteful furnishing, breathes of my winsome cousin."

"You like it, then! I am so glad. You see aunt's best chamber is so staid and prim that I thought that somehow you would not feel at home in it, and then, in reality this is the pleasantest situation in the house. The prospect from the window is delightful. I am never tired of gazing at it, and you, who can draw so beautifully, will certainly enjoy it."

"But, my dear, it seems hardly fair that I should appropriate all these things, however gratifying to my artistic taste, to the exclusion of the rightful owner; and before I conclude to do this, I must be informed in what manner you intend to dispose of yourself."

"Well, my very scrupulous cousin, I can settle that matter to your entire satisfaction. I think, at any rate, I have to my own, and that, begging your pardon, is much more essential. I shall sleep in this little room," opening a door at the foot of the lounge. "You see, I have always occupied two apartments, but now I have moved all my superfluous articles to the attic, and have had a cot-bed put in here. One trial has proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that my new quarters are very comfortable, so give yourself no more uneasiness on that score. My being so near you is quite an advantage, for if you want anything in the night, I can readily wait upon you. Sometimes you may be restless and wakeful, and then I will read or sing to you with the greatest pleasure. Ah! to my mind, this arrangement is preferable to any other. Say! my dear, have I not convinced you, that it is? What! in tears, Helen? Surely, I have said nothing to hurt your feelings."

"No, no! darling, indeed, you have not. Let my weakness and your kindness explain my emotion. Care and attention are such strange guests, that I hardly know how to receive them."

I came here expecting nothing but the common courtesies of life, and lo! I find a cousin, whose love and tenderness passeth speech, and my heart is full. I was growing cold and hard. You will infuse some of your own warmth into my veins; but," with a smile, "are not you fearful that I shall become selfish and tyrannical if my every want is anticipated?"

Her companion's answer was a low, silvery laugh, that spoke volumes of unbelief, then passing her hand caressingly over the wan face, she said, "Helen, dear, I somehow feel that we have been defrauded of many happy hours in not meeting before; but we will not speak of that now; I was going to observe, that it seems to me that you would be very much refreshed, if you could only sleep for a while. Now, if I should darken the room a little more, and then take these dishes down, and leave you to yourself for a time, I think that you would soon slip away into the pleasant valley of dreams, forgetting in that enchanted realm, all your pain and fatigue. What is your opinion?"

"There is a possible chance that I might do so, Violet; but then, Morpheus is such a fastidious gentleman, and above all so capricious, that it may be that he will not favor me with a visit until the shades of night gather. At all events, I do not believe that your presence will make any difference in his coming; so carry down the tray, if you like, but return as quickly as you can, for there is that in your low, sweet voice, and bright, young face, that is better than any elixir that the art of man ever prepared for poor suffering mortality."

"Helen, I am afraid that you are addicted to flattery," rejoined her cousin, with a laugh. "Now, if there is anything that I particularly detest, it is that; however, as you are a stranger, I will excuse you this time, but, for pity's sake, do not ever give me another such a dose."

"I beg your pardon, Violet, but I shall protest against being numbered with that class of persons who utter pretty nothings just to see the dash of crimson in these cheeks, or perchance with the belief that that is the easiest way to the heart of Miss Lee, the heiress. When you learn to know me better, you will discover that I never flatter, but that the remark that I made a moment since was but the honest expression of my feelings. If your face comes like a beacon-light to one storm-tossed soul drifting over the sea of human life, then you have not lived in vain; but there, darling, I did not mean to summon the tears. Go down, and take a breath of fresh air, and we will have a nice chat when you return."

The young girl obeyed without a word, but the sun was more than an hour nearer its setting when she again made her appearance.

"You will scarcely be able to rely upon my promises if you take this for a specimen of my keeping them," she began, as she entered the room. "I did really intend to come back immediately when I went away, but a caller prevented."

"And a very pleasant one, I should judge by your brightened count, and the light in those blue eyes," said her cousin, mischievously.

"Appearances are deceitful," was answered gayly; but the conscious drooping of the white lids, and the smile, half shy, half happy, that played about the perfect lips, called up a troubled look into Helen Tracy's face, and taking her hand, she exclaimed:

"Violet, darling, what means this atmosphere of gladness? Is it possible that Love's nectarous cup is being held to your lips? You are young yet to taste its contents. Oh child, this world is full of change, and the draught, like heavenly dew now, may become a drink so deadly as to poison the very fountain of life."

Her words, so sad and earnest, and pulsating, as they did, with a warning of some vague terror, caused the crimson tide to surge back to the heart of the young girl, leaving a face awful in its pallor. The next instant, with a powerful effort, she shook off the horror that was creeping over her, saying hurriedly:

"Oh Helen, you mistake. Mr. Lang and myself are friends—how the roses again bloomed on her cheeks—" but nothing more. He has twice saved my life at the risk of his own, and of course I am grateful. Then he is agreeable and entertaining, and I like to have him call. Under the circumstances, is there anything strange in that? Why do you look at me so? Have I been guilty of an impropriety in acknowledging that his visits give me pleasure?"

"Oh no, my dear, provided that you did not remark as much to him," was the reply, accompanied by a laugh so wild and hollow that her listener shivered. "By the way," continued Helen, after a moment's silence, the scarlet blazon on either cheek as she spoke, "I believe that you mentioned the name of this very pleasant acquaintance of yours, but I am not sure that I quite understood it. Will you be so kind as to do me the favor to repeat it?"

"Certainly. His name is Lang—Harvey Lang. I did hope that I should have the gratification of presenting you to each other; but imperative business summons him to the city this afternoon, and it may be that I shall not see him again until next winter, when I enter that charmed circle, 'society.'"

"Well, if I am not likely to meet him, at least give me the benefit of a description," returned her cousin, rising and walking with a quick step to the window. "I wish to learn if your hero had the advantage of beauty, as well as bravery. If such is the case, he cannot fall of being perfectly irresistible."

blaze or melt beneath straight brows of the same hue; but there, when I come to the deep, rich voice, and the smile so like a flash of sunshine that you feel its warmth, my powers fail me. After all, Helen, to have a true idea of Harvey Lang, you should see him yourself."

"I presume so; but as I am rather obtuse in some things, he might seem like a very ordinary person to me. There, do not frown, my dear, but tell me if your fascinating friend has a profession. If he is the possessor of such rare gifts as you have represented, he ought to have, certainly; but perhaps he is disinclined to exertion—a sort of drone, who prefers to loiter in stately drawing-rooms, indulging in small talk, to the intense admiration of ladies in general and my fair cousin in particular, instead of taking his place among the earnest, active workers in the world's great life."

"Now, Helen, you are really unkind," cried Violet, her blue eyes flashing like sapphires, while swift blushes came and went. "What do you know of the gentleman in question, that you should speak in that cynical tone? Nothing; for if you had ever seen him, you could hardly have talked in the manner that you did. Mr. Lang is a lawyer, and rapidly rising to eminence in his profession. With regard to your insinuation in reference to myself, one word is sufficient. Although I have always met my friend frankly and cordially, as it becomes me to welcome the preserver of my life, yet never have I been unmaidenly demonstrative, or displayed an undue partiality for his society, nor have I any authority, by word, glance or gesture, to declare that he cares especially for mine. There, I trust you are satisfied now, and will let the matter rest."

"I cannot do that while I know that my little cousin is angry with me. Forgive me, darling, if I probed you to the quick. 'Won't you kiss and be friends,' as the children say? There! Now we will change the subject, if you like. Have you ever heard any of the particulars of my life?"

"No, nothing definite, although I have wished to many times. Once I did venture to make some inquiries of Aunt Patience, but she turned me away with an evasive answer, and I never dared to introduce the topic again. If it will not pain you to narrate them, I should be glad to listen; but are you not weary now? Would it not be better to postpone the recital until to-morrow, or some other convenient season?"

"No; I prefer to speak now. Delays are dangerous, you know; besides, at this moment I have the courage, which may be wanting a week or even a day hence. Let me see. You will be eighteen in the fall, I believe? Well, I am six years your senior. At the age of twenty there was not a happier girl in the city of New York than myself. Life was one exquisite dream of delight, or like a poem set to music. Surrounded by every luxury that the magic wand of wealth could procure, the idol of my parents, the pet of my brother and sister, the darling of one whom I fondly imagined was perfection itself, my heart knew no want, and the world was right in its judgment when it pronounced Helen Tracy as blessed above her kind. Then the thunderbolt fell. No clouds heralded its approach, though, for the day was golden with sunshine, and fragrant with the breath of flowers, when the hope and pride of our household—the noble son and brother—went forth in the glory and strength of his manhood, and the night was full of beauty and holly with the light of stars when they brought him in and laid him dead at our feet. By whose hand the crimson life-current was let forth, we never knew; but the wretched being, has the untimely rendering up of two souls to answer for, as the dagger that entered Gilman's side just as surely buried itself in the heart of my mother; at least, she never spoke again after the despairing wail that parted her lips when her eye first rested on his white, fixed face, and we—oh God! we followed two to Greenwood, instead of one. Ah, I thought that for bitterness that cup was without a parallel. I was yet to learn that I had but mistaken my lips in the chalice of woe. Ten days from that time, I awoke one night with a confused murmur in my ears, and a terrible sense of suffocation at my heart. The room was full of smoke. To spring from the bed and fling on a dressing-gown was the work of an instant. Then I opened the door leading into the front hall. The stairs were blazing, and with a horror that struck me motionless I saw that a huge wall of flame barred me from my father's chamber. Despairingly I called his name, and the fire hissed and crackled and shot its forked tongues at me in mockery, and the answer—if answer there was—was drowned in the exultant shriek of the red demon. I have no distinct remembrance of what followed. I think that I must have resigned myself, with a sort of apathy, to the terrible fate that seemed so relentlessly sweeping down upon me. When next I opened my eyes, I was in my sister's house, with her face bending over me. Clasping her hand to be sure that she, at least, was safe, I again sank into the vale of unconsciousness. Brain fever ensued, and when reason once more resumed her sway, tree and shrub were robbed in the white mantle of December. Then I learned that of our once happy family Isabel and I were the only survivors. The fire originated in my father's room; and when the next day it was noised through the city that the firm of Tracy & Co. was insolvent, it was whispered that my dear parent, in a moment of madness, had himself applied the midnight torch. If such were the case, God knows; but I could never credit it. He perished in the flames; however, the servants all escaped, and I owed my life to a brave fireman. How worthless a thing he had given me I was yet to discover. Thus you see that in the short space of a fortnight Helen Tracy fell from her high estate. In the white-faced creature who tossed and moaned upon a sick-bed, dependent upon her brother-in-law's bounty for the very medicine that was conquering the fever in her veins, you could hardly have recognized the proud, blooming heiress, to whom sorrow and care were names unknown."

At last, as I told you before, when the earth was calmly sleeping under the white shroud that December had spun for her, the rose-tint came back to my cheek. My lover had called several times during my illness, and now it was a quiet face, if not a happy one, that I turned to the future, saying, 'Life has something of sweetness left, even yet.' Still I was too proud not to offer to release the gentleman from an engagement that was entered into under circumstances so widely different; and accordingly that same afternoon I wrote him a line to that effect, and after I had despatched the note, I sat smilingly picturing to myself the indignation with which he would reject the proffered freedom. Oh, Violet! Violet! I cannot dwell upon that time. Suffice it to say, that my hero was formed only of common clay. He accepted his release, and thanked me for the thoughtfulness that had anticipated his wishes. In that hour, the last star was blotted from my horizon, and I sank down, down into blackest depths of woe. Oh, God! how much the heart can bear before it breaks. In those dark days I prayed, oh, so fervently, for the Death Angel to give me sleep; but he snatched a bud here, and a rose there, and the cypress lived on in its desolation. Nay, do not weep, Violet; I have drained my cup of agony to the last drop, and soon, very soon, I shall enter into that rest that is promised to the weary; and mind, that on that day you toll no dirge for me, but let the bells ring joyfully for the prisoned soul that is free. But to resume the thread of my story. After health crept back to my frame, I did not tarry long at my sister's, for one morning I overheard her husband say:

'Isabel, does not Helen intend to turn some of her numerous accomplishments to account? I cannot afford to support her because I married you; I have already settled Dr. Grey's bill, and a pretty decent sized one it was, too; and now I think that she had better go to work and depend upon herself. You had her brought here against my wishes, or at least without my knowledge, which amounts to much the same thing, and now you must contrive to get her away. No sniveling, madam! You and I can't help it, if she is a beggar. Zounds! who would ever have supposed that the old man would slump in that style.'

Stung to the quick by the heartlessness of one who could so calmly speak of the ruin of a life, I walked deliberately into the room and stood before him.

'Mr. Hilton,' I exclaimed—and my voice was full of a calm scorn—I might remind you that you owe your present position to my father; and that that thought should have induced you to allow his daughter to remain under your roof until she was able to go forth to battle with the world—but I forbear. I trust that in the future your dreams will be pleasant; and in order to insure it, I will state that it is my intention to leave your house, not only to-day, but within this very hour. And now, if you will tell me the formidable sum which you have been obliged to pay for medical attendance, and also make out an exact account of what you have expended upon me since I have been an inmate of your family, not forgetting to include board and lodging, I will pledge myself to reimburse you at the earliest opportunity. Good-morning! And that was the way I went out into the world, Violet.

Poor Isabel! I think the thought that her darling sister—so delicately reared and so lovingly shielded from every adverse wind—was buffeting the rude waves of life, while she rolled in wealth, broke her tender heart at last, for in a year from that time, with a tranquil smile on her dear face, she was laid under the willows.

I have little more to relate. I occupied the situation of governess in the family of a merchant, in Albany, until about eighteen months since, when I heard of the school in Hillsborough. My sad experience had robbed me of all faith and trust, and it was not until the kindly face of Aunt Patience had beamed upon me several times, that my heart went out to her, and I promised that when my strength failed, I would come to her for rest and love; and so here I am, my weary pilgrimage almost over, and God and the angels very near."

When she ceased speaking, Violet made no comment, but putting her arms about her neck, she laid her wet cheek to hers. The sorrow and anguish of the story to which she had listened, had struck below words, and she had none at command; but that mute carress was more grateful to the heart of her cousin, than the most elaborate expressions of consolation; and with a feeling of thankfulness that the remnant of her days was to be passed in this peaceful harbor, she closed her eyes in pleased content. Suddenly the sound of her companion's voice aroused her from her dreaming.

"Oh, Helen!" she was exclaiming, in a quick, eager tone of entreaty, "will you not tell me the name of the cowardly wretch who deserted you in your extremity?"

At the unexpected question the invalid started up, the fire again burning on her cheeks, and her whole frame quivering with excitement.

"Oh, Helen! unsay those words! You must be mistaken. It was not, it could not have been Harvey Lang!"

The sorrowful shake of her companion's head snatched the last straw to which Hope clung, and with one stifled wail she went down into fathomless depths, where the weeds of doubt and distrust trailed their slimy lengths over her, and the black waters of Despair surged above.

Ah! when the person to whom we have lifted our eyes in perfect faith and love, fondly regarding as the embodiment of truth, and the best gift with which God has enriched us, proves unworthy, and the grand heights on which we have enthroned them, not their rightful position, who shall picture the horrible abyss down which we are hurled, or the shuddering anguish that brims our souls? Life is never just the same to us again. The world calls us wiser; but we fancy that it is a wisdom bought at a fearful price, when we recall the tears of anguish that scorched our cheeks as we held our lonely vigil by the tomb of our dear idol. And this hour, in all its bitterness, was now upon Violet Lee. Would the heart thus ruthlessly entered by the plow of suffering blossom into a sweeter vegetation, or become a barren waste? Would she come up from those deep waters with a face transfigured by the remembrance of that infinite love and pity, which does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men? or would those sweet blue eyes grow hard with unbelief, and the ripe, red lips curve with sneering incredulity at the thought that honor and truth still dwell in this selfish world? Questions similar to these agitated the mind of Helen Tracy, as she went on establishing the identity of her recreant lover with the hero of her cousin, and marked the pained workings of the fair young face, as the conviction pressed home upon her with all its sad force.

"Enough! you have said enough!" she at last exclaimed, as if no longer able to endure the torture. Then, as though feeling that her manner might have grieved her companion, she bent down and kissed her, saying:

"You will bear with me for a little while, will you not? My heart is very sore just now; and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, she added: "Helen, do you believe that Harvey Lang will ever seek me again?"

"I should think in all probability he might," replied the invalid, surprised at the question; "but you are the better judge of that, for you must know whether he really takes pleasure in your society. A man has a thousand and one ways of showing when a lady's presence is particularly agreeable. Yes, he will renew his acquaintance next winter, without doubt, provided that he is aware of the fact of your being an heiress," she continued, bitterly; and then watching her cousin with a look in which wonder and pain mingled, she laid her head back on the pillow.

"I am sure that he has been informed of that," remarked Violet, in a musing tone, "for Uncle Robert is so fond of proclaiming the great wealth of his niece, and the proud fact that he is joint guardian with Judge Haight, that he never lets an opportunity slip by unimproved; and I do believe that he told Mr. Lang the very first time that he ever saw him. But, Helen, is it not possible for me to win that person's love without money? The girls at school called me beautiful; and my education has not been superficial, but a wise blending of the solid and the ornamental. Answer me, then, have I not grace enough of mind and person to bring this proud man to my very feet?"

Thus adjured, Helen Tracy raised herself from the lounge, and deliberately surveyed her. An hour previous, a child had knelt at her side; but the creature now before her wore the crown of womanhood right royally. Those splendid eyes, in which a new and strangelight was kindled; the rich wine of health staining the snow-white skin; the rosebud lips parted eagerly; the soft glory of the hair, falling like a veil over her, and above all, the expression, so sad and tender, that lingered in the dimpled curves of the mouth, but mounting higher, wrote itself in stern characters on the broad, beautiful brow, thrilled her with admiration, and clasping her hands, she said, simply:

"Your schoolmates told you the truth, Violet. If a thing of beauty is a joy forever—and I am not inclined to dispute the declaration of the poet—then my fair cousin is a perpetual delight to those who have the privilege of gazing at her."

"There, that will do"—laughing a little, and blushing a great deal more; "I was not expecting quite such an unqualified admission of my charms. I shall not dare to ask you to measure my mental qualifications, even when you have an opportunity to judge of them."

"But, Violet," continued Helen, without heeding the girl's last remark, "you surely would not marry Harvey Lang?"

"Marry him! oh the magnificent scorn that swept over the beautiful face! 'No; not even to save his soul from destruction, I was about to say. Why, Helen, is it possible that you do not understand me better than that? Had he proved faithless unto the least of my sex, he could never be anything to me; but when it is your heart that he has crushed, how much more does he excite my loathing. And is it strange, that, looking on your face, and knowing that his cruel fingers have plucked the roses from cheeks and lips, that a fierce desire to have justice administered should mingle with the feeling of contempt? I think not. And now, how can this be accomplished? I am fully convinced that there are depths in his nature which you and I have never fathomed; and there I would summon such a passion into life as he has never dreamed himself capable of experiencing—a love, that, in its strength and power, should slake the very centre of his being. Step by step I would lead him on, twining myself about his very heart-strings, until wealth, ambition, everything should be forgotten in the all-absorbing wish to call me wife. That would be my hour of triumph. Then I would dash the honeyed draught from his eager lips, and apply the lash until his

craven soul fairly writhed beneath the torture. By the very intensity of his own anguish and despair, should he come to a knowledge of the bitterness of the cup of which he so ruthlessly forced you to drink. This is all that I want of the honorable Harvey Lang, Helen; and, as true as I stand here, I will have it!"

And with these emphatic words and a prouder lifting of the golden head, the young girl paced the floor like a very queen; and then and there the conviction crept into the heart of her cousin, that what this royal creature willed, would be, and with a shiver she exclaimed:

"Oh, Violet! Violet! I very much fear that you are playing with edge tools. Once, such a speech as that would have filled me with a keen delight; but now, as I listen to the break of the waves on the heavenly shore, and my thoughts go forward into the brightness of that land, memory loathes its sting; and, although I appreciate your affection, darling, I remember that 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' And I am contented, nay, willing, to leave all my wrongs in His hands."

"And how do you know but that I may be the humble instrument selected to execute that vengeance?" gravely returned her companion, pausing in her rapid walk. "God works by ways and means beyond our comprehension. But let the matter rest now; the vow is registered on my heart, and I firmly believe that it is my destiny to fulfill it; but, until the moment for action comes, I will thrust him forth from my life, as I now throw out these water-lilies—the gracious gentleman's last gift."

And stepping to the table, she took the creamy blossoms from the vase, and, with a gesture of supreme contempt, hurled them from the window; and Harvey Lang, passing at that moment on his way to the city, and revolving in his mind the expediency of pausing for an instant to hear another soft good-bye from those coral lips, was an unscathed spectator of the—to him—strange action. Why, only that morning had the small, white hand shyly received the flowers, while the low, musical voice had translated the pleasure that beamed in the azure eyes. No wonder that now he looked on in surprise!

"Well, I must confess that I had cherished the hope that that sweet little Violet had the least bit of a liking for me; but it seems that I reckoned without my host, judging by the manner in which my gifts are valued. Well, good-bye, my bonny, fair one; happy am I that my heart is not at the mercy of those delicate fingers!"

And with these thoughts he dashed away down the dusty road, feeling that, somehow, the day had lost a little of its brightness since he started.

Twice has the quick, firm step of Winter paled the crimson cheek of Autumn, and filled her soul with a shuddering dread, since the glory of that golden summer afternoon was dimmed by the sad story of human agony and despair. But Time, the kind physician, who brings a balm of healing to every wounded heart, has closed the grieving eyes and placed his seal on the white lips; and, to-night, in a quiet nook near the old farm-house, the moonlight falls on a marble shaft bearing this simple inscription: "Helen"—and a little below—"He giveth His beloved sleep." And then this same, white radiance drifts in at the windows of a luxuriously furnished room in a distant city, revealing Violet Lee seated there with idly folded hands and a touch of sadness on her beautiful face scarcely in keeping with her pleasant surroundings. Ah! her thoughts are wandering to that peaceful grave under the snow, and to the hour when the weary spirit laid off its load and grasped the beckoning hands of the angels.

Suddenly there is a rustle outside the door, and then a low, quick tap, and the next instant a sort of joyous sparkle brims the room, in the person of a bright, dashing brunette, who, springing to the gas-burner, turns on a full jet, and then, dancing back to the silent occupant of the rocker, exclaims: "Mercy, ma belle! how can you sit here in the dark? It would give me the mopes for a week if I spent the evening in this style. Now, what do you suppose I came up here for? What are you curious, that you turn away with such an indifferant air? Well, you are the most tantalizing mortal that ever came within the sphere of my observation. Why, that's a most elegant sentence! I must remember it for my next composition. Well, as I was about to say, mamma sent me up to beg you to lay aside your melancholy for a while, and come down into the drawing-room and be happy. You see, this is not a party night by any means, but she is expecting a few friends to whom she is very desirous to introduce you. Now don't compel me to kneel to you, you perverse creature, for I shall really be obliged to if you do not grant my request, as I promised Brother Will to use my utmost powers of persuasion, and a striking attitude is often a more successful pleader than the tongue; at least, so Clementina Gray says; and she ought to know, I suppose, as she has had several offers. Well, what is your decision? Shall I make the house echo to a song of triumph, or go down with a face that I shall not be able to get into a laughing condition again to-night?"

"Oh, that last thought is too horrible!" rejoined her companion with a smile. "But, really, Lottie, I do not feel like making one of a gay company, be it small or large. Solitude is much more congenial, especially on this evening, when memories of the past are thronging upon my heart. But there, child; you do not understand that; so just thank your mother from me, and tell her that if it is not taxing her kindness too much, I would prefer to remain in quiet possession of my own room."

"Ha! ha! and so that means: 'Aunt Bertha, keep my mad-cap cousin below stairs.' Why, Violet Lee, your affronted surpasse speech! and if it were not for the fear of punishing myself more than you, I would occupy yonder lounge for the next three hours; but not when such delightful people as the Mortons, Daceys and Sinclairs, to say nothing of Lawyer Lang, are going to grace mamma's parlors, it is not my intention to withdraw into seclusion, and I cannot, for the life of me, see how you can do such a thing; but then you are not acquainted with them, and that makes all the difference in the world.—The gentlemen are all very agreeable, and do not disdain to talk with me, even if I am only a school-girl. But I like Mr. Lang better than any of the rest. He is perfectly splendid, and so talented! Papa says that there is no goal to which he may not aim. Oh, you would admire him, I know. He has been away on business for several months, and I believe that he only returned this morning; but he told Will that he should be sure and come. Then how can you sit here?"

"Ha! the maiden need not so busily engage in practicing her last dancing lesson, she might have wondered what there was in her words to call such a soft bloom into the pale cheeks of her cousin, or to cause the sudden compression of the coral lips; as it was, she started with delighted surprise when, after a moment's pause, Violet exclaimed in a low tone, but with a strange sparkle in her eyes and manner:

"Well, Lottie, you have drawn such a charming picture of your mother's proposed visitors, that I am quite unsettled, and now an evening spent up here alone does not present half as many attractions as an hour or two in the drawing-room; therefore you may rely upon my making my appearance."

"Oh, you darling! I am so glad!" and the merry girl executed an extra flourish by way of working off her glee at this unexpected and agreeable conquest.

"But, Lottie, I shall present myself just as I am," resumed her cousin. "I do not care to make any alterations in my dress."

"Well, nobody wants you to, that I know of. I am sure that you could not wear anything more becoming than what you have on, if you tried ever so hard. You need some flowers, though, for a finishing touch; but those you can get in the conservatory. Oh, there is a half-open bud, now! that is just the thing!" taking one from a superb bouquet that stood on the dressing-table. "There, put that in your belt. Now"—kissing her—"you are perfect, and I am really proud of you, beautiful Violet Lee! But there, I must run and tell mamma and Will that my eloquence has at last prevailed," and away she dashed.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Harris presented her niece to her guests, she felt a thrill of pleasure she marked the sensation that she created. To some she seemed like the embodiment of an artist's dream, a rare painting stepped forth from its frame; but to Harvey Lang she brought a remembrance of cool stretches of wood, emerald valleys, and her fragrant namesakes purpling the mountain slopes. Ah! to him she was that rich wine such as they press from tender grapes over the seas. One touch of her hand, one glance of her eye, and his soul filled with rapture. Ah! he did not realize that that little, golden-haired girl had wound herself so closely about his heart until to-night. As she, the half-open bud, had burst into full flower, so beneath the warmth of her smile and the tenderness of her voice, the seeds sown in the rides and rambles of two years ago, were being quickened into vigorous life. And on that evening, wherever the slight, graceful form, in its black dress, moved, his eyes followed it, and the face that looked out from the golden cloud was to him the most beautiful that his glance had ever rested on. Truly, Violet Lee's vow was likely to see its fulfillment.

Months passed. Summer came, with its passionate days and the calm radiance of its azure nights; and then Violet fled to the old brown farm-house under the hills, where Aunt Patience met her with the kindly smile of yore, and Nature, with an infinite tenderness, pressed her sorrowful face to her heart.

Mrs. Harris, however, who had been delightedly picturing the sensation which her beautiful and accomplished niece would create at some fashionable watering-place, did not fancy this flitting. But, to Violet, to whom the remembrance of that lowly, green grave beneath the willows was ever present, Capu May, Saratoga and the White Mountains possessed no charms; and the lady was forced to submit, making the stipulation, though, that that summer should witness the last of her strange seclusion, and that the next winter she would take that position in society which her wealth and beauty entitled her to occupy; to all of which the girl smilingly assented. Harvey Lang made it convenient to call at the farm-house several times; but Violet was always unwilling to see never greeted him.

Thus the months, with echoes tread, vanished over the silent hills, and soon autumn threaded the forest aisles, flinging her scarlet banner to the breeze; and then, in a few short weeks, that room, with the vine-draped window, no longer brimmed with the sound of a clear, sweet voice, or the rich, musical laugh; and poor Aunt Patience moved about her work with tear-dimmed eyes, vaguely feeling that a frost had penetrated her heart, more cruel than that which had killed her flowers.

In the meantime, the fashionable world in New York was catching occasional glimpses of our lovely woodland blossom, and the belle of three winters was waking to the sad consciousness that the crown, which she had worn so triumphantly, was slipping from her head, to deck the golden hair of the beautiful stranger; and, worse than all, her most devoted cavaliers no longer obeyed the glance of her eye, but, with gracious smiles on their fawning lips, offered their adoration at the shrine of the new queen.

Mrs. Harris was in her element. Never, within her remembrance, had a beauty like that of Violet dawned upon the aristocratic throng. It carried all hearts by storm; and while her face charmed, the sweet, silvery voice, whether lifted in wit or repartee, or gravely discoursing—stirring their souls to mirth or earnestness—ever bound them willing captives at her side; and thus the nights passed like a dream, and the days were full of music, while she, who ruled with such an absolute sway, and beneath whose smile the hours blossomed, was powerless to conquer the strong yearnings and passionate pain of her own heart. Oh, gladly would she have flung wealth and beauty to those who envied her their possession, if, by so doing, she could have recalled her lost faith and trust. Alas! life held no such bliss.

Meanwhile, Harvey Lang became her constant attendant, and it was evident to all that in his presence she was ever the most brilliant. Already Judge Harris and his lady began to speculate upon the probability of an early marriage, while Willard declared that none of his acquaintances were so deserving of his pretty cousin as Harvey Lang. And Violet rode on in her triumphal char, entirely unconscious that her destiny was thus being satisfactorily decided in family conclave.

Thus the winter passed, and it was not the young lawyer's fault that spring found him with his love still undeclared. The opportunity was ever wanting. If Violet had known the keen torture that he endured, while she alternately warmed him with her sunny smile, and froze him with a chilling glance, causing hope to plume its wings one instant, and then to fold them in despair the next, I think her thirst for justice would have been appeased, and she would have ended his suspense. At last he called one evening and found her alone; but her manner was so repellent, so different from the genial warmth which had characterized her the night before, that his courage failed him; but mentally apostrophizing himself as an unmitigated coward, he determined to learn his fate ere he left the room. Accident favored him somewhat. In turning the leaves of a book of engravings, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. Both sprang for it, but Harvey reached it first, perceiving, with a thrill of exultation, that it bore a very good likeness of himself. His happiness was short lived, however, for the next instant Violet snatched it from his hand and flung it into the glowing grate; but as she did so, one curl of perfumed gold swept his cheek. Impetuously he pressed it to his lips. She drew back immediately, the warm color mantling her face, and stern displeasure visible in her eyes. But that magnetic touch had fired his very soul. He was no longer weak and trembling, but strong

in the power and mastery of his love. In a few simple words he told her of that best gift, which he had already laid at her feet, and besought her to take it up and go through life with him as his fondly cherished wife.

When he first began to speak, she strove to stem the torrent, but finding herself powerless to do so, she sat listening, with averted head. Now she said:

"I suppose that you have heard that the National Bank has failed; but perhaps you did not know that my funds were nearly all invested there?"

"No, I was not aware of that fact, neither do I care. It is Violet Lee who possesses my heart—not the heiress! I have never given that person a thought."

"Then you are sure that I, alone, can crown your life? It is a very pretty thought, Mr. Lang, but have you never intimated to another that she had a like power?"

"How jealous you women are of each other," he rejoined, with a smile; "but you, least of all, need never have had such a feeling, for who could have eyes for any one else, when once they had looked upon you? Oh, no, darling, with the exception of your peerless self, I have never, by word or glance, given any lady to understand that she was particularly dear to me. The fact is, that when you lay faint and helpless in these arms, on the day that you took that terrible ride, a feeling awoke in my heart, that since that time has never slumbered—a love, that, in its strength and power, is capable of any sacrifice for your dear sake. Oh, Violet, you can never realize the depth and fervor of this passion. I am like a reed at the mercy of a mighty wind. Say, shall I go forth with the blissful assurance that I am leaving my bride that is to be, or will those beautiful lips part to utter a sentence that will cause this burning lava-tide to flow back upon my own soul, destroying every groen and living thing?"

"Do take a chair, Mr. Lang; you must really be exhausted after that interesting speech, to say nothing of being heated. Won't you have a fan, or shall I ring for water? Perhaps if you should drink a quantity of the cooling beverage, you might feel better. Dear me! it must be very unpleasant to have a fire raging within one."

"Oh, Violet! Violet! how can you mock me so?" he cried, vehemently. "Have you no pity for my sufferings? Do you not see that each moment prolongs my torture?"

"Oh, it is pity, then, that you want! I beg your pardon. I was laboring under the ridiculous idea all the time that it was my love you desired. Oh, yes, I pity you; indeed I do."

"Girl, do you mean to drive me mad? Your tone expressed anything but the tender element of compassion. I would almost liken you to a cat with a mouse in her claws."

"Why, Mr. Lang, you are certainly growing complimentary; but the smile can end, if you please. There is the door, and puss is very willing to let the small animal go."

"Violet! will you not be serious? I hardly know you in this strange mood. I have asked you a solemn question, and it is not womanly for you to keep me thus in suspense."

"Oh that I should be taught my duty by Harvey Lang! Wonders never will cease. You desire an answer, do you? Well, I will give it; and that it may prove gall and wormwood to your proud spirit, I earnestly pray. As you have had mercy on others, so will I have pity on you. You say that I am your first and only love. By the way, you are more than Heaven knows that that was unnecessary. Thus, by your own confession, a few years ago you acted the basest liar that it seems to me, mortal man could conceive. How dare you, after practicing such deception upon one of my sex, look me in the face? I have waited for this hour. Indeed, I may say that I have plotted and planned to bring it about; and now it fills my soul with joy. Do you feel the barbed arrows penetrating your heart? Do you suppose that they are like those that you shot into hers? Farewell! and may you rise from this agony a wiser, if not a better, man. With regard to my property, that was only a little ruse of mine to test the quality of your love, and to know whether I was really measuring back the pain that you had so ruthlessly meted to another. I am satisfied with the experiment, and as it is really getting late, I must bid you good-night."

"Stop, Miss Lee!" cried her companion, his face white with pain or anger. "I demand an explanation of your singular words. I fully understand the part of coquette that you have played, and I must admit that the character becomes you admirably; but with regard to your insinuation in respect to myself, I defy you to bring forward the man, woman or child whom I have ever willfully wronged or deceived. You must prove this strange charge."

"Must!" She drew herself up haughtily. "Remember, if you please, that you are speaking to Violet Lee, and that this assumption of dignity does not blind her. You know, as well as I, that the grave yields up no witnesses, and that the record is on high. Again I say, good-night." And the next instant she was gone.

A minute later, she was in her own room, pacing the floor with hurried step, the bloom and sparkle all vanished, and only a suffering woman left. "Cousin Helen, you are at last avenged, and I—am miserable!" she murmured. "And then she turned the light off, and darkness reigned both without and within."

Three days from that time, as the family of Judge Harris were seated at the breakfast table one morning, Willard exclaimed, with a keen glance at his cousin:

"I heard a strange bit of news last evening, and could hardly credit it at first; but I learned afterwards that it was really true. Harvey Lang has enlisted."

This announcement made the sensation that he expected, but not in the direction that he hoped; for while his father and mother started in unbounded surprise, and Lottie uttered an exclamation of dismay, Violet, who had not been in society six months for nothing, simply smiled, and said, quietly:

"Well, what is there so very singular in that, that you should not be able to believe it? Is it not the duty of every young man, who has health and strength, to go to the relief of his country? And this time it was blue eyes that shot a penetrating glance over the table."

"Yes, I suppose it is," coloring a little; "but then to think that a fastidious gentleman like him should leave a good profession, just as he is growing famous, too, and go out as a private. It is really beyond my comprehension. Now, if he had accepted the colonel's commission that was offered him a month ago, it would not have seemed so strange, for then he would have received an equivalent, in position at least, for what he has now given up for nothing. But there, I don't suppose that it is of any use to talk to you. With another favorable look; your sex all have the patriotic fever, and I have no doubt that you encouraged, and perhaps even urged him, to take this step."

"I should have a very poor opinion of that man, if he did not draw down the magnificent golden-dressed queen down here, robed in robes of glory, and become a brilliant, handsome woman, drinking in bitter agony of the cup whose contents she had herself prepared; and the draught was more than she could bear, and morning found her writhing under the burning hand of fever. Oh! the sad, dreary wretches that the mansion now knew! The servants crept about with hushed voices. Lottie, restless and unhappy, wandered from room to room. Mrs. Harris forgot fashion and pleasure, as she ministered to the sufferer; and at last, to the general joy, Aunt Patience came up to nurse her darling. Weeks passed, and then the physicians held long consultations, and gravely shook their heads, for her feet seemed trampling upon the verge of the shadowy valley. Could nothing save her? So young, so beautiful, so beloved, must she be clasped in the chilling embrace of Death? Thoughts similar to these were passing through Lottie's mind one afternoon, as she sat watching her cousin and crying softly to herself, as she marked the change in the once blooming face. Suddenly, the great eyes opened with something of their old light in them, and a smile fluttered in the curves of the mouth. The girl clasped her hands in ecstasy, and then bent to catch the words that the trembling lips seemed striving to frame. Presently, the voice came, strong and calm. "Lottie!" it said, "I have been waiting for you. I wish to do something, and you alone can help me. Fasten the door, and then bring my desk to the bed."

man, and the dear old flag, with a flourish, he thrust it into the bosom of a woman's robe, and then, to the rescue, was the significant reply. "And the same that lay on the soft, scarlet lips told no secrets. And bidden in the attempt to read her heart, the young man left the room."

When June, with lavish hand, scattered her odorous colors over the green earth, Violet declared, that, with the country ringing with the moans of the dying and the wail of the bereaved, she had not the heart to flash and sparkle with the idle throng at some fashionable resort; and so, much to Mrs. Harris's dismay, who could not but lament at this manifestation of her niece's low taste, away she went to bless Aunt Patience with a sight of her beautiful face, and to be a child once more.

I cannot narrate the history of that summer. What lessons of strength and endurance the wild waves taught her, as they beat against the rocky shore; what hymns of God's love and power the mighty hills, chanted in her listening ear; what sweet faith and heavenly patience the flowers inculcated, as they lifted their tiny heads to meet the smile of the sun; what soul-satisfying promise she read in the bow that spanned the sky after the tempest; and what holy peace stilled her throbbing heart when night kindled her beacon fires on high, are known only to those, who, like her, have watched the clouds drift over their life-path, and for one instant have turned away in dumb despair.

October came, and then Violet went back to the city, with the freshness and bloom of the country upon cheek and lip; and the faded, weary, bellies of Saratoga and Cape May looked at her, and then at their own white faces, and wondered what Miss Lee had done, that velvety softness and carnation hues should please the eyes when it rested upon her.

Months passed; and somehow this winter was not so full of mirth and pleasure as many that had preceded it—at least, not in the circle in which Violet moved—for noble forms, that had once threaded the maze dance, now lay still and cold, with Southern soil resting on their brave hearts, or perchance languished in those fearful tombs, rebel prisons; and thus many a heartstone was draped in black, and eyes, all unused to tears, grew wild and strange under the heavy touch of grief. But some there were who came back with proud faces, minus a limb perhaps, but rich in the thought, that not only that, but life itself, had been freely offered in the service of Liberty; and then their eager, anxious friends crowded around to congratulate them on their safe return; and once more red lips were wreathed with smiles, and happy hearts kept time to the glad feet that bounded away at the music call; and thus the hours throbbed and vanished in triumphant song.

It was on an evening like one of these, that Violet stood in the elegant drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue mansion, listening to the conversation of a returned hero, and occasionally watching the gay, joyous crowd that surged through the splendid rooms. Suddenly she perceived her hostess approaching, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, whom, at the first glance, she thought must be Harvey Lang, from the striking resemblance that he bore that individual; but as he drew near, she saw that, although the complexion was the same, there the likeness ended, for this face bore unmistakable signs of disipation; but what was her surprise, when the lady paused before her, and, with a smile, presented her companion by the very name that was then passing through her mind. Astonished, she acknowledged the introduction with a bow, and perhaps a warmer color in her cheeks, and then a gentleman came up and claimed her hand for that dance, and so she turned away; but her thoughts would wander to the stranger, and when the music ceased, she watched her opportunity, and soon succeeded in gaining the conservatory, where she seated herself to muse upon this wonderful likeness to Harvey, and the singularity of their possessing the same name. Suddenly she was aroused from her confused meditations by voices at a little distance, and presently these words fell upon her ear:

"By heavens, Fred, that Miss Lee is a beauty—a regular stunner! and as she has the rhino, upon my word I have half a mind to put in my oar with the rest of you."

"Better not, Lang," with a laugh, "for report says that your cousin is interested there; and if you step on his toes, you will be made mincemeat of in short order."

"Fudge! it will take more than him to frighten me away from any prize that I am bound to win; besides, if he is down South fighting the rebels, he will receive his quietus very soon; or if he do not, as long as he has retired and left the field to me, he need not complain if he should return and find his bird in my cage."

"You seem to be very confident of your ability to capture her," rejoined his friend, in a tone that indicated that other feet than Harvey Lang's were in danger of being trod upon; "but I would not give much for your chance of calling her yours, if she should happen to hear of that little affair with regard to Miss Tracy."

"Oh, that was forgotten long ago. Poor Helen! I did love her, though, but then I was a lazy dog, and life in a cottage wasn't to my taste. I wonder where she is now. Dead? perhaps; but there, old fellow, what do you mean by raking up the past? Neither you nor I can afford to look back much. Come, let us return to the parlors," and then the twain walked away, leaving Violet, like one groping in thick darkness, and feeling that God's light would never more shine in upon her desolation. "My vow has receded upon myself," she thought, as she crouched there in her utter wretchedness, "and it is just, for what right had I to take the sword of vengeance upon my puny hands? Oh! the draught that I forced him to drink, wells up to my own lips, now, until my very soul grows faint and sick within me. Ah! at this moment, I realize through every fibre of my being, that it is better, oh, much better, to be the wronged than the wronger; but the knowledge comes too late, too late, for in my pride and self-will, I have set the seal upon my own fate, and now, neither tears, nor groans, nor a raising of the hands to heaven can change it; and then suddenly remembering that she had been gone from the company some time, and fearing that she would be missed, and some one coming, in search of her might find her thus, she hushed her wail of despair, and went back to the drawing-room, with a step from which all lightness had fled, and a face like the driven snow. Five minutes later, you would hardly have known her as she stood in the centre of an admiring crowd, her laugh ringing out in soft, silvery strains, her keen wit flashing lither and yep, flitting rose leaves on either cheek; eyes, that glowed like stars within the shadow of their white lids, and lips that, wreathed with smiles, gave no sign of the agony that had stamped them with a deadly pallor, only a little while before. Ah! the heart may ache and even break, and still the face be radiant. At last she spoke, with the friendly silence of her own chamber, and then the strong will that had sustained her gave way, and the dazzling vision

of the drawing-room, the magnificent golden-dressed queen, that had robed her in robes of glory, and become a brilliant, handsome woman, drinking in bitter agony of the cup whose contents she had herself prepared; and the draught was more than she could bear, and morning found her writhing under the burning hand of fever. Oh! the sad, dreary wretches that the mansion now knew! The servants crept about with hushed voices. Lottie, restless and unhappy, wandered from room to room. Mrs. Harris forgot fashion and pleasure, as she ministered to the sufferer; and at last, to the general joy, Aunt Patience came up to nurse her darling. Weeks passed, and then the physicians held long consultations, and gravely shook their heads, for her feet seemed trampling upon the verge of the shadowy valley. Could nothing save her? So young, so beautiful, so beloved, must she be clasped in the chilling embrace of Death? Thoughts similar to these were passing through Lottie's mind one afternoon, as she sat watching her cousin and crying softly to herself, as she marked the change in the once blooming face. Suddenly, the great eyes opened with something of their old light in them, and a smile fluttered in the curves of the mouth. The girl clasped her hands in ecstasy, and then bent to catch the words that the trembling lips seemed striving to frame. Presently, the voice came, strong and calm. "Lottie!" it said, "I have been waiting for you. I wish to do something, and you alone can help me. Fasten the door, and then bring my desk to the bed."

"But, Violet! darling, you are very weak, you know, and the doctors forbid the least exertion. Can you not let this matter be until next week?"

"Next week may not be mine. Do not oppose me any more, dear cousin. Remember that this may be the very last request that you can ever grant me."

Thus urged, Lottie did as she desired; besides, there was something in this idea of going contrary to orders that just suited her frolicsome nature. The desk was soon prepared, and then she surrounded the sick girl with pillows, and placed the pen in the thin white hand. It wrote as follows:

"DEAR HARVEY—Oh! what a flood of tenderness sweeps over my soul as I write these words. I can call you thus, now, for if ever your eyes rest upon these lines, I shall be where no blush of shame or confusion can mantle my cheek. Yes! Harvey, darling, I am dying, but I cannot go down into the cold and silent grave, feeling that I shall have no place in your memory save that of a heartless coquette. Oh, no; the horror of that thought quickens the current, and gives me strength to hold the pen. In one word, Harvey, the explanation of all that has been mysterious in my conduct, lies in the fact, that, until recently, I was not aware that you had a name-sake. Thus I ascribed his sins to you; and when as sweet and lovable a girl as the earth ever knew, laid her tearful face upon my shoulder, and told me that it was Harvey Lang's cruel hand that had snapped her heart-strings, do you wonder that I vowed to make him suffer all that she had undergone? Ah! at that moment—in my thirst for vengeance—I called it justice; I forgot that it was assuming the prerogative of a Higher Power; and now God has turned my instruments of torture back upon myself, and I am wounded unto death. Oh! my own! my darling! when I learned how I had wronged you, mingled with the pain that that knowledge brought me, was a feeling of joy that you was indeed worthy of the love which, in spite of all I could do, had crept into my heart and refused to be dislodged. Oh! Harvey! forgive my scorn and contempt. Remember that this is my dying wish. And now, that the Father may crown your life with every blessing, is the prayer of

VIOLET LEE."

And then the pen fell from the nervous hand, and white and panting, she lay back upon the pillow. Her cousin sprang to her side, exclaiming, in a tone of terror,

"Oh, dear, you are worse, are you not? All this comes of my letting you have your own way. What do you suppose mamma and the doctors would say if they could see you now?"

"I do not intend that they shall have the opportunity," came from the parted lips, accompanied by a faint smile. "There, I am better already. Raise me a little, please, and then listen to what I am going to tell you. The note that I have written I wish you to place in an envelope, and then if I should die, send it to Harvey Lang. Remember, it is not to go on any other condition. Now take the things away, and mind keep the whole affair a secret. I know that I can trust you, darling. Now leave me alone. I wish to sleep."

And so Lottie took the desk and passed from the room, first bending to kiss the face that gleamed like chiseled marble through the golden hair.

Half an hour later, the wild, impulsive child was on her way to the post office, with an envelope containing her cousin's note, and the following additional lines:

"MR. LANG—or Capt. Lang, I suppose I ought to say—Violet wrote the enclosed letter this afternoon, and then requested me not to forward it until after she was dead. I have taken the liberty to disregard her wish, however, as I think she must have been slightly delirious, for what possible good could the note do you then?"

CHARLOTTE HARRIS.

A fortnight dragged its slow length wearily by, and then the star of Hope once more lifted its brightness above the clouds, and the trembling hearts that had expected daily, and even hourly, to hear the wing of the Death-Angel stir the air, sang a new song of gladness as the shadow receded from the sick-room without folding the loved one in its dark embrace. Yes, strange to say, from the hour that Violet Lee passed her cousin's door, she seemed to receive new life into her veins; and ere a month had flown she was able to spend a part of each day down stairs.

One morning, as she was seated below, Lottie entered the room, and after walking around her several times with a most satisfied expression upon her face, and calling a blush into the pale cheek by informing her that she was really the prettiest picture that it was ever her good fortune to see, she came and knelt by her side, and smilingly took the ring of shining hair from the white face, and with the glad light in her eyes making her almost beautiful:

"Oh, Violet, darling, I am so happy that I actually fear I shall be obliged to commit some sort of an extravagance before the day is through. By the way, do you remember that note you wrote? How frightened I was then! If you had not have got well, I should have felt all my life long as if I had somehow been the means of your death."

"I believe you would have killed me if you had prevented my writing; but now, my dear girl, the letter is no longer a die,—a sighing faintly. "Will you not bring it and lay it on the fire?"

"But suppose that it is no longer in my possession? Oh, Violet, do not look at me so. Should you really care if the person to whom you wished it sent had received it?"

"Oh, Lottie, what have you done?" springing to her feet with clasped hands and shame-painted cheeks. "In case I died, I said, 'Oh, I trusted you.'"

And can you not trust me, my darling? cried a deep, rich voice at her side, and turning, bright eyes beamed and almost blinding, she met the gaze, loving glance of Harvey Lang. The next instant the fluttering hands were caught in a strong grasp, and the shy, blushing face laid in its natural resting place.

Reader, shall we omit the politeness of the beautiful Lottie, and leave the polluted lovers to themselves?

Widened the Banner of Light.

SUMMER NOON. BY S. B. KEACH.

In silent noon of June, When earth is hushed, And singing birds, And lowing herds...

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Think not that we daily see About our hearts, angels that are to be...

THE WAY TO BUILD CASTLES.

"I think when I am a big man," said Charlie Baker, "that I shall have a fine house, with stables attached, where I can have a plenty of horses, and let my friends have them to ride when they choose..."

"Who do you mean by the use of Charlie's future residence?"

"Oh, all the boys. Anybody that wants to ride, can have a horse; and anybody that wants strawberries, can pick them."

"Very wise, and very generous," said Uncle Robert; and he unfolded his paper and began to read; but there was a quick twinkle in his eye, as if he knew something that it was not best to tell.

"Holloo, Charlie," said Ned Cross, breaking in abruptly. "Give us your sled a minute or two, won't you? We want to hitch horses, and go down the hill one after the other."

"Reckon I won't," said Charlie. "You youngsters must look out for your own sleds; I want mine myself."

"Oh, do, Charlie, that's a clever fellow," said Ned. "I can't stop to run home after mine, it's so far; and then, I'm sure you are not going to use yours—you never come till evening. I'll be real careful; please, now do, Charlie."

"But I tell you I won't," said Charlie. "You little boys do nothing but tease; and I hate it. I won't, and that's enough."

"How many years since you were little?" said Ned. "But who cares? I'll take a board instead; but it would have been capital fun, if I could have had a sled," and away he ran to hunt for a board.

Uncle Robert looked up from his paper. "Who did I understand you to say we meant, Charlie?"

"Well, I did mean I'd let any of the boys have horses, when we got to be men together. But then—"

"Now, Charlie, let me tell you something," said Uncle Robert. "We all make pretty much the same sort of men that we start to be when boys; and I propose to give you an example that came under my observation. I will instance two boys that I knew when I was young. One was always building castles, just as you were but now. He was always telling what he should do, but he never did what came before him to do. He always intended, when he got to be rich, to make fine presents; and help everybody. He was sure he should spend a great deal of money to aid the poor; and then he should so greatly enjoy making others happy. I remember, especially, that he intended to always have a plenty of flour and sugar to give out to any one who would call for it. Very many such castles he built for the future, but he never did an unselfish act; he was always thinking what he should do after a while. If any of us went to him for a favor, he would never grant it if it interfered with his plans. If he had a treat of maple sugar, he never divided it among his friends. If he knew a fine place to catch fish, he would never tell any one, or share his sport; but keep everything for himself. The consequence, of course, was, that his selfishness grew so strong that when he became a man, he had no desire to do the things he used to talk of doing. He never had money enough, but kept hoarding more and more."

"Another of my mates used to tell what he would do when he was a man, and he built very much such castles as the other boy. They would together talk over their plans; but Peter was not like Jacob, for Peter would always do every kind deed that was possible. He always shared his pleasures with his young companions. He divided his apples and candy, and told where the freshest berries were to be gathered. He was willing to lend his ball or his hoop at any time. He could always find time to assist younger boys, and many were the 'wallow whistles' he made in the spring, and many the water-wheel that he helped arrange."

When these two boys became men they were rich. By industry and perseverance they had both gained great fortunes, but how differently did they use them. Jacob cared for nothing but to accumulate more and more. He was never content, and he never thought of doing any good with his wealth. He could always find some ex-

use for his accumulating the profit of the suffering. But Peter was never weary of doing good. The castle he had built: when a boy, he had to live in when he was a man; for every generous wish was gratified. He established schools for young men and women who were not able to educate themselves. He never sent the needy away from him without aid. He cared for his money only that he might bless others with it and improve himself.

Now, Charlie, when I heard you express such good wishes this morning, I thought of Peter; when I heard your rough reply to Ned, I thought of Jacob. It is very well to build castles, but if you don't begin to lay stones for a firm foundation you'll never have anything but an air-castle, for if you do chance to get money you'll get none of its blessings. Now, Charlie, I advise you to begin to build your house on the foundation of present goodness, and to go out and offer your aid to Ned."

Charlie looked rather sober, for he felt really ashamed of his conduct; but he also felt unwilling to take any steps to show to the boys that he had been mean. Finally he concluded he would go out and have a little slide himself, and then it would be easy to pass over the sled to the other boys. This he did quite quickly, and began to roll a huge ball of snow that it might accumulate the fresh flakes that had been falling.

"I think Uncle Robert's idea of goodness is like this ball," said he. "You keep it in motion, and it increases; the more I roll it, the larger it grows. But if I let it lie still, it does not become a bit larger. So I expect, if I let my benevolence lie still, I shall have no more when I'm a man than I have now. I'll not forget Uncle Jacob's plan for castle-building."

Charlie's effort to remember the castle he expected to build, made him quite careful to do kind acts, and very soon it was so natural to him to do good deeds that he enjoyed, more than anything else, showing kindness to others. Uncle Jacob thought he could see his castle growing, day by day, on a firm foundation that could not be swept away.

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY. NUMBER TWO.

I never intend to intrude, even by a glance, into any place that is meant to be kept sacred; so I never pry into my neighbors' affairs. But day after day, as I go to my window—the blinds of which are always open—I see whatever meets my eye. On the opposite side of the street from which I live, is a long brick block. A dull sight are those brick walls to one who has loved to look on the forests and mountains; but after a time, as one begins to think of those houses as homes, and as containing the best and dearest for many hearts, then they begin to look quite agreeable.

Through all the long November I had paid my many visits to the front window, and watched the little bit of sky to be seen between the houses, and had wondered if the very same light fell on those dull walls as fell on the frosted mountains and the dark forests. I wondered if people all loved to be shut up from the light, and if they never wished to see the sunshine, that they kept their blinds closed so closely.

But one day, as I came to the same spot, expecting to see the very same sights—the dull walls, the closed blinds—that was my delight to find a window with its blinds wide open, and a green plant sitting there, looking as fresh as a May morning. "Bless my kindly neighbors," said I; and I fancied I saw the green leaves rustle and glisten, and my own hanging ivy immediately seemed to me to assume a most friendly air. How many things were to be seen in that window besides that one plant. Immediately I began to think of some dear little friends that used to bring me the first green leaves of spring; and of the fair flowers that loving hands used to tend for me. Then I seemed to see myrtle trees that grew years ago, when I was only a little girl; and I began to see the dear faces that smiled on me then. Wonderful window of my neighbor! what magic it had! There were dear little hands, all full of spring beauties; and there again were great bunches of arbutus, and hemlock boughs, and pine cones, that grew by a beautiful lake far away.

Sometimes, when on dull days I looked to see the little plant, it grew so light that I fancied the sunlight had broken through the clouds; for, after a little, I saw beautiful fields, and clover blossoms, and buttercups, and then when I saw so much, it was easy to hear the birds, and the locusts, and the humming bee. There was a whole summer in that neighbor's window; yes, a great many summers. One beautiful thought always brings another, and so there came trooping past those window panes, many a smiling face, till the whole world seemed full of goodness and love.

What a little thing it was to put that plant in the window! and yet how much pleasure it gave. I wish I knew just what other people saw in my neighbor's window, after the plant stood there, and then I could write some delightful stories. I think little children must have seen over again all the beautiful sights of the country, and so kept fresh in their hearts the good times they had gathered chestnuts in the autumn, and violets in the spring, and strawberries in the summer; for I hope every child in the street has some dear grandfather, or uncle, that lives on a great farm, and wants them to come and get the fresh air.

I think the tired men and women must have felt rested as they looked at my neighbor's window, and thought of the charming days gone by; but whether others were glad or not, I was very thankful. And now do not you believe those neighbors to be very kindly, loving people? I am quite sure they must be, though I never saw them watering the plant, or tending it. I don't think it needed much care, for its dark green leaves looked strong, and very much as if they were determined to make the best of everything, and not grow pale and puny because they had not everything their own way. I fancy the plant said: "I'll do the best I can, under the circumstances. If I can manage to overcome the difficulties of my situation, so much the better. Here's a plenty of coal-dust, for one thing; that is a great difficulty; but I guess I'll breathe, for all that, through some of my pores. Here's this horrid odor of gas. I think it very disagreeable; but for all that, I think I'll manage to keep on a fresh look. And what a short day of sunlight there is, for there's a great corner for the sun to creep past in the morning before it reaches me, and another to the west out of the little rays; but I'll enjoy what I do get, and if I do not continue to put out a few new leaves, I must be a poor stick. I dislike, also, the noise and confusion, but I'll try to keep calm myself, and then it will not matter much."

I think my neighbor's plant must have had many such resolves; for it surely kept itself very fresh and green until spring came, and then open came the window one day, and all the leaves seemed to be twinkling together.

times we feel greatly discouraged because we cannot set matters right; but if everybody would do a little, we should soon have a heaven on earth. It does not always require a great deal of money to do a great deal of good; but it does always require a spirit of unselfishness and of love. I do not imagine that my neighbors thought anything about benefiting the world with a little plant, but I cannot think but in that home there is a gentle spirit of love, and that it opens the way for many other true feelings. At any rate, they made the street very bright to me, and I feel very thankful to them.

To Correspondents.

ANDRE L. B., EAST PRINCETON, MASS.—Your letter had a double fragrance: the sweetness of the flowers was not more pleasing than the breath of love. I am very glad to hear from you again, and to know of all you tell me. I wish I could fly, these sunny days, to the beautiful spots you tell of; but I have to visit them in spirit, and imagine the sweetness of the flowers, and the freshness of the air. I hope you will daily be laying up stores of beauty, so that you can never be without, wherever you may be.

Your friend, truly, LOVE M. WILLIS.

Transposition.

I went with my little brother to buy a tunic moph. "Oh," said he, "I want that lone rag biley, because it will make such a zwighlin." So I bought that one, and the dear little fellow trudged home gathella.

For the Banner of Light.

LINES.

Oh! unseen one, whose strain is filling With melody the charmed air, And through my heart is strangely thrilling, Enrapturing each pulsation there— Art thou a creature of this Earth, Or hast in Fancy's realm thy birth?

Thy voice, with wealth of gentle tones, Falling so sweetly on my ear, Like spirit-whisperings, to me comes Responsive from some far-off sphere. Oh! Echo, Myth—what'er thou art— Ne'er from my darkness way depart!

Thy rippling music charms away The deep'n'g shades of gloom's black night, And spans the sky of life's long day, With true Hope's rainbow-arches bright. Thou art my comfort, strength and pride; I know thee now—my ANGEL GUIDE! Philadelphia, 1885. A. H.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

BY C. B. P.

Says Dr. Mackey—"Though the mysteries of Greece and Rome were molested after those of Egypt, those last undoubtedly derived their existence from the East, where the priests first began to conceal their doctrines under the form of mysterious rites, and to reveal them only to those who underwent a process of initiation. The western philosophers derived much if not all their learning from the Gymnosophists, or Sages of India, who were not more celebrated for the extent of their knowledge than for the simplicity of their lives. They inculcated a belief in the triad of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; the first being the Supreme, eternal, consecrated God. It was from the Gymnosophists that the philosophers of other nations acquired their ideas of the existence of the Supreme Being, and of the immortality of the soul. Their instructions were oral and secret, communicated only after a process of initiation, which is said to have been extremely severe in its trials."

One of the "incessant occupations" of the Indian initiate was "the study of Astronomy," where the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. In the mysteries, or Freemasonry, after an invocation to the Sun, the aspirant is instructed to keep his face to the East, and to have his feet to the West. The ineffable name, alike in physiology as in astronomy. Ezekiel saw Israel's God in the same glory from the way of the East, and John saw his angel standing in the Sun. After initiation, Neophytes were sprinkled with holy water, and divested of shoes to stand upon holy ground. Then followed the progress of the "seven ranges," through dismal sounds and horrid phantoms in horror and great darkness to the mystic Abram, the dreadful voice of Job, and the other man upward course, by the mystical ladder, included the six troubles of Job, reaching to the heaven of light and beauty in the season of rest, or the Sabbath, the seven ranges from Hades to the Elysian fields. The Indian Paradise, or Garden of Eden, was "filled with dazzling light," as with the glory of the God of Israel. In this garden, "scented with the most fragrant perfumes," the candidate was supposed to be a word, a Freemason, who was to build as wisely as he had learnt. Invested by the Hierophant or Lord, with the white robe and tunic, the pure linen, clean and white in the righteousness of the saints; a cross was marked upon his forehead, and on other parts the signs and seals of the New Jerusalem. But before arriving to this happy estate, the aspirants, through all the mysteries, had to encounter many buffetings of Satan, who appeared in malignant aspect of St. John, the "Satan of the Worn-wood," and the "Satan of the East," before he could "come out of great tribulation," as like Jesus made "perfect through suffering," and like Job made to drag through the "horrible pit and miry clay, a brother to dragons and a companion to owls," till deliverance should come from the Hierophant or Redeemer, at the extremity of the "seven caverns," or the latter day upon the earth. In passing through the earlier stages, or caverns, of this redemption, Job was warned by an apparition, and casting the hair of his head to stand up, so that his hairings were poured out like water, and so scathed with dreams and terrified by visions of the Lord, that he chose strangling to death rather than work out his salvation in such fear and trembling.

That the Hebrews derived their mystical congregation of the Lord from India through Egypt and Phenicia, may be seen in the identity of the Word through manifold applications of the various planes—the ineffable name as whispered in the ear—"on the way that the Lord told Samuel. The object of the Indian mysteries appears to have been to teach the unity of God, and the necessity of virtue. They had the same legend of original happiness—"the good old times" of every people—the old Saturnian race of the golden age, which embraced our first parents before the fall. The subsequent depravity of the human race and the universal deluge, were described in a manner which was repeated in application to the "Satan of the East," and the "Satan of the West," and the "Satan of the Pentateuch," as per Colenso—or if Wisdom in that name furnished the landmarks for the pattern on the Mount, we may see whence it was that the Lord whispered in his ear. The golden calf of India preceded the brazen serpent—the kingdom on earth as it is in heaven, if we transcript from the physiological ground-floor, and read its title clear in correspondence with the skies, we may behold in the brazen serpent of the Mosais arcturus "put upon a pole," the dragon or Jason of the northern heavens, who, in his revolution, turned Adam and Eve out of Eden. The same red dragon, flaming in aurora borealis, who is the Devil and Satan in "great wrath," and watched by the cherubim, Persues with the flaming sword; though Gæthe had the audacity to call a clergyman that Adam and Eve were driven from the garden by gallinippers from the Tigris and Euphrates.

In the Persian mysteries of Mithraos, the lad-

der of seven rounds was symbolical of the soul's approach to perfection. These rounds were called gates, and in allusion to them, the candidate was made to pass through seven dark, winding caverns, which process was called the ascent of perfection. Each of these caverns was the representative of a world, or state, of existence, through which the soul was supposed to pass in its progress from the first world to the last, or the world of truth. Each round of the ladder "was said to be of metal, of increasing purity, and was dignified, also, with the name of its protecting planet."

How pat do we thus come upon the ladder of the "genuine, original Jacob," each metallic round being of ascent and of descent—Job going so low in the bottomless pit as to aquate most terribly, at the same time fetching a compass to behold the "Spirit who garlanded the heavens, and whose hand brought forth the winding serpent." In the alchemical chemistry of God, as gold, silver, iron, tin, copper, quicksilver and lead, whose signs were Sun, Moon, Mars, Jupiter, Venus, Mercury and Saturn, Job saw the way in which "the brass was molten out of the stone."

See Hiltcheock's Alchemy, on the mode in which the Christian alchemists set forth the wisdom of God in a mystery of the earth and the metals. But this author would seem to confine his work to the material and spiritual of man—the same in his work on Swedenborg, and in CHANGES THE SPIRIT. This is a great mistake, and leaves him only in a different angle from the church, in fragmental structure of Biblical mysteries, whose foundations were always laid in the physical, and in man or woman in the anatomical and physiological. By neglecting this, Gen. Hiltcheock shows himself not to be a full artist in building the golden world. St. Paul, as a wise master-builder, had seen the mark of the Spirit, and in the spiritual wisdom in the hidden mystery, but that which was first the natural and afterward the spiritual. Had the General been initiated to the high degrees of Freemasonry, he would have seen the full scope of the Word; and, with some acquaintance of anatomy and physiology, with their bearings in connection with astronomy, would have seen the beginning and whereunto of all the ancient religions—their physical, moral and spiritual in a Trinity of the Word, made flesh in harmony with the universal Nature, who is of truth concealed in mythological drapery of riddles, dark sayings and parables—or moral and spiritual superstruated upon operative Masonry. This author, by not building from the rock or ground-floor, is utterly stranded by a solution of continuity, the same, though in less degree, as all Christendom who do not read with the all-seeing eye of the Lodge. No ancient or modern Mason would attempt to build without first laying his foundation in the physical or natural, to ascend through moral and spiritual to the oneness of God, who includes the sub-strata in the temper of the Holy Ghost.

Gen. Hiltcheock is suggestive and excellent to beginners in search of the Word. We are indebted to him for a flank movement in our search for the God of Israel, and thence caught the direction for fetching a larger compass of the Word, as outlined by Drs. Oliver and Mackey, in accordance with the spiritual impressions by which we have been led. The Bible is very much physiological in its temple of God—its various persons, for the most part, are personations of the various functions of the human system, the Spirit, however multifold the symbols of expression; but that must tally with the landmarks to be orthodox. The "I am," or God, within the triangle, as creator or multiplier and repensator of the earth, included both male and female in his being and symbol, whether as Jehovah, or any other equivalent name. With reference to Jehovah, the Word, says Lancel, cited by Mackey, "should be read from left to right, and pronounced HU-HE, that is to say, HU-SINE, JU-HE, in Hebrew, the masculine gender, and the feminine, HU-HE, in Latin, denotes the male and female principle, the vis generatrix, the phallus of Lingam, the point within the circle, the notion of which, in some one form or another of this double gender, pervades all the ancient systems as the representative of the creative power." So, too, the Supreme Jupiter was known as the man-woman, and in the Orphic hymn, "Jove is a male, Jove is an immortal, Jove is a female, Jove is all wanting in the Biblical hymns, in one, and in parts, as in the other esoteric no-work of the Bible.

The phallus and tripod fetching a compass around the circle of creation, we find in the Egyptian mysteries of Isis and Osiris the same hidden and go-seek of Jehovah in the triangle, the point within the circle, or "God, who is a male and female intelligence, being both life and light, brought forth another intelligence—the Creator of the world." For several centuries, the same St. John, who was honored as the same Egyptian Word, was in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him; and without him was nothing made. In him was the life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

From the Samanian Y, Jehovah fetched a compass to the Alpha and Omega in the mystical numbers combining in general order as concealed in the Bible, and in the suit of treasures old and new, Jerusalem, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." From out this clouded canopy was "the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him to show unto his servants as signified by his angel unto his servant John"—for in the mysteries both fleshed and unfleshed spirits might communicate the Word, if applicable to the law and to the testimony. From certain combinations of figures, and "ineffable names" was educated the ineffable name, or shadow of "I am." The "I am," Aleph, or 1, "the beginning of numbers, and Jehovah, with 9 or 10, the end of numbers, signified, says Dr. Mackey, that God was the beginning and the end of all things." Philo, who makes the esoteric Word, as the measure of all things, give the mode in full of creation by mystical numbers, including St. John's Megathierium of seven heads and ten horns.

Maha, in his answer to Colenso, would fain fly to this city of refuge, and is so presented by the Jew, a carnal arithmetic. It is certainly a very admirable way of planning God's Word of needful care on both sides, by playing with its Puss, Puss in the corner—for when the Word is flanked with mystical numbers, having a generative power, there would be no difficulty in multiplying and replenishing the earth, and Milton would not have come to grief by a side issue from a "fair defect of nature."

This we might find the brethren seven, Whence I have been in the compass of seven, In resurrection of the three And seven of immortality; Whom I have seen in the compass of seven, Did she belong beyond the tomb?

Now as the generative and regenerative powers of numbers were as the angels in heaven as to their mode of begetting from the genealogical tree, and as the law was given by the disposition of angels, it may have been so given from their first experience from the natural, and afterwards the spiritual, as per Paul in wise-master-building. Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the times, neither the power of God in the circumlocutory way of inclining the ear to a parable, and in the opening of the dark saying upon a harp of a thousand strings, whence very curious music was discoursed by them of old time. But as those in the market place had not ears to hear, they could not dance to the music that was piped unto them. Only to the initiated was the veil of Moses lifted—for wisdom did not like to give what was holy unto the dogs, and had no price, or vile thing could not bear; hence the skimming milk of the Word in the letter which killeth.

However numerous the changes rung upon the ineffable name, its pronunciation was preserved by the Essenes, who always communicated it to each other in a whisper, and such a form that while its component parts were known, its connected whole still remained a mystery. It was engraved on the Rod of Moses, and had power by the Word to change the air to heavens with the winding serpent, gorming the air to the dragon on the dragon, as the light with Michael, in the dragon on a sea of glass mingled with fire—the fire on Sion and furnace in Jerusalem. From the "heavens of molten brass and garments hot" much scoria and slugs have been vomited into the Lord-theology of our Churches, and mingling with zinc and copper, and baser metals, there are within the ranges, up and down and wand for the compass of the Word, Satan, Gorgon, Hydra, and Chimæras dire, no slain by the sweep of the stars of heaven are carried down by the sweep of the Dragon's tail. With a little variation of this music of the

aphers, we might have St. John's "four angels standing on the four corners of the earth," holding the four winds, and each one trumpeting a song to the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world. The North angel, in rataplán over the Caspian, would pour forth in rude Boreas, blustering rafter: List, ye spirits, all to me. The East angel would sound the loud timbral, and, in the presence of his sweep, bring a flight of locusts over all the Land of Egypt. The South angel, in the Queen of Sheba, would blow up her trumpets in the new moon, and ascend into the brain with Babeon odors from the aply shore of Araby the Blest; while the West angel would seize the Sun on Mount Gilbeon, and the Moon in the Valley of Ajalón, and through the blow-off bil of the arch-angel's trump, sound exceeding loud.

And damned be he who first cries: "Hold—enough!"

Each wind being the one angel, as one with the Divine Breath or Holy Ghost, it had only to kindle the fire in Sion, for the meeting of the brazen serpent in Jerusalem. The north angel was a sign to David, in the moving of the mulberry trees. When Samson, with his hair on, was star-gazing from the gates of Gaza, and beholding the harlot or mystical Virgin of Israel, went in unto her, and, at midnight, took the doors of the gates of the city, alike in topological and astronomical correspondence of the Word—when he takes the two posts or Pillars of Heron upon his shoulders and carried them to the top of a brew Hill—the same top in the day of St. John—he then descended into the Valley of Sorek—the Dark Valley and Shadow of Death of the winter solstice, and finds himself walking in the cool of the day, after his Heron love for the Virgin of Israel, whose name is Delilah, the back-sliding helifer, with his head in her lap, he loses the "seven locks" of the seven months, when the Son of Man is as the sun shining in his strength. But he is grinding in the prison-house on the brink of everlasting woe, in the sign of Capricornus, his hair begins to grow with the changes of the seasons, and he again comes up through the gates of Gaza, to greet again the damsel who had lived with one husband seven years from her virginity—through the Zodiacal or everlasting gates, till he reaches "the midway pillars upon which the house stood," between the spring and fall equinoxes. Then the Lord or Sun, discomfited the Philistines, and slew them with a great slaughter. So, too, "Hercules, King of Fira, chorus-leader of the world, Sun, Shepherd of mortal life, who casteth long shadows, riding spirally the whole heavens with burning light, rolling the twelve-month year, the Son of time, thou performest orbit after orbit." Thus he moved through the twelve gates in his excellency on the sky, in chariots, whose wheels with wheels Eshkol saw the orbits of the heavens. When Pharaoh said these wheels, they dragged heavily at the horizon's edge, as they sank below, the Lord took them off and overwhelmed the Egyptians—at the same time dumping old Sagittarius, the horse and his rider, into the sea.

John saw some of Pharaoh's host in the sign of old Scorpio, and heard the chariot-wheels as they rattled heavily, with many horses running to battle. Among these wheels, which wheels, there were those who had doffed Hercules' hat as a bob, with mice to steady the tumultuous rushing of comet-collars, with strings in their tails. In the Gentle drama, Bellerophon, in attempting to ride Pegasus into heaven, was hamstringed by "Zeus, who sent a gad-fly, which stung Pegasus, so that he threw off the rider upon the earth, who became lame in consequence," by the shrinking of the steed; as when Jacob wrestled with the angel till the breaking of the day, Bellerophon came to land in the regions round about where Jonah was flung by the whale, and where Adam and Eve were stung by gallinippers, the Word, Tigris and Euphrates. John saw this army of gallinippers and horsemen set loose to the tramp of the Sixth Angel, at the same time looking "four angels bound in the great river Euphrates," and altogether blowing as potently as when the glory blew down the walls of Jericho, while Tam O'Shanter's gray mare, Meg, was flung by witches instead of gad-flies, as the better way of putting the pale horse and his rider to the top of their speed.

From the new book of poems by Wm. P. Branman.

MANHOOD.

Assert yourself, and be a man. The thought Which heaven has planted in your sleepless brain Nourish with quickening dews, tear-dropping rain And unremitting toil, till you have brought A rare exotic from your warmer life. Did you but wield your intellect aright, Your name would live among the sons of light— Not molder under barren fields of strife. Rise from your slumber and arise anew; Seize on the Angel Time with fierce grasping; Nor loose your grasp till you obtain a blessing, And morning-fame breaks on your startled view! All men are cowards—names that now lie hid, Had also o'ertopped the loftiest pyramid.

Letter from Miss Beckwith.

These bright May-days, bring us a feast for both eye and head; and I am thinking now, as I sit under the shadow of these spreading trees, in the old town of Quincy, that I should enjoy meeting for once, the thousands of those whose lives are illumined by the light of our blessed faith, and in my heart I am communing with many kindred souls, whose faces I have never seen. Then there is another thought arises, when I think of you and your sanetium, Mr. Editor; and that is, if you know how gloriously bright the colors of your "Banner" are? Its stars grow not dim, but down from the blue overhead, they look at us with speaking eyes, and comfort, oh! so many hearts.

Although your friendly pages have held my name in the shelter-tent, (among the list of lecturers and mediums) I have been unable to do duty, since the middle of January last. Too much fatigue, incident upon the life of an itinerant, resulted in a complete prostration of the nerves, and my poor self has been suffering, even into these bright spring days, from want of nervous vitality. I am gaining now, and I cannot tell my kind friends, who write so often to me, how glad I shall be to once again labor in the vineyard. Many of their letters remain unanswered, and in one, but lately received, a sister says, "we have looked in vain to find a word in the Banner from you." To her, and to many others I would say, that dearly as I love to write letters, my guides have allowed me but little room in that direction, and until I am strong enough to write them all, they must believe me the same, and in the future, by aid of those who ever assist us physically, and spiritually, I will endeavor to make amends for all past neglect.

All experiences are of some benefit to us, and now I can feel, as I look back upon the weary hours passed in my sick room, that from them I have learned many lessons; and that which presents itself first, is one of thankfulness. How often, when I have been roaming, have I murmured, when Sunday came, and said, "Oh, I am tired, and how I dread to lecture." Little do we realize the sunshine of our lives; and to-day I can say, "Oh, how thankful I should be if I were able to speak next Sabbath." And when I can be strong enough, it seems to me I shall be glad, and less apt to complain; while a spirit of thankfulness shall pervade my being, that I am able to give my mite into the hands of our soul's treasurer. I must not intrude upon your good nature, Dear Banner, and for that reason will close my letter with a God bless you for yourself and all your friends. Thine, for truth, QUINCY, MASS., June 1, '85. M. L. BECKWITH.

Better things are said, more decisive, more wit and insight are dropped in talk and forgotten by the speaker, than get into books. "Facts are very stubborn things," said a husband to his wife. "Are they?" she answered. "Then what a fact you must be."

Correspondence in Brief.

Spiritualism in New Hampshire. As the remark is often made that Spiritualism is dead-going down—I feel prompted to exclaim, "It is not so!"

On my recent visit to Candia, N. H., I found there a few earnest souls who have been steadfast in their faith, watching eagerly each week for the Banner of Light, feeling that, without it, there would be a vacuum in their homes.

Most of those who attended my lectures had previously been reluctant attenders even a circle. Close attention was paid to every word, by the audience, who felt that there was much truth in the utterances.

A. E. Simmons in Vermont. We desire to have you notice two meetings for us, Mr. A. E. Simmons is to be with us on Sunday, June 18th, and July 10th.

He always meets his appointments; no storms deter him. He has now limited his labors to stated places during the most of the coming year.

To Dr. Newton. DEAR BANNER—Being a subscriber and a firm believer in our sacred philosophy, I have a request to make, which I hope may be granted as soon as your columns will permit.

DEAR BANNER—Now that the AGE-PROGRESSIVE is passing through its "second birth," I have time to enter your "sanctum" (in spirit) and hold a kind of a social chat with your numerous readers.

Letter from Moses Hull. DEAR BANNER—Now that the AGE-PROGRESSIVE is passing through its "second birth," I have time to enter your "sanctum" (in spirit) and hold a kind of a social chat with your numerous readers.

Again, persons are from necessity looking at the adaptation of Spiritualism to the wants of humanity. It is no longer a matter of curiosity whether spirits commune or not.

But I close, hoping that Spiritualism will grow hearty with age during the life of the Banner.

Quite an interesting negro school celebration took place in Richmond on June 5th. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, addresses by several Boston teachers present, and an examination of the pupils, who were in high spirits.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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.

The Good Cause. The Spiritualists' Convention held in this city on Anniversary Week was a pleasant and profitable gathering in all respects.

On a review of the field, there is found to be everything for encouragement. In point of fact, our faith itself is its own great reward. We need nothing like worldly flatteries to make that more acceptable.

Back to Specter. There is really a movement making toward specter. We heartily welcome it. When no other specter taken remained to us, we felt thankful that we had the little nickel left.

Paying off the Debt. Nothing surprises us in these times, especially in connection with the plans of our countrymen. There is a proposal on foot to pay off the national debt, or certainly two-thirds of it, by a popular subscription; and the matter has been taken up with such general earnestness and enthusiasm, that it would not surprise us at all to find that it could really be done.

Extending the Suffrage. There has, for some time, been much discussion in England over the extension of the suffrage. It is now enjoyed by those who hold a household lease yielding ten pounds per year, and it is proposed to make it include all who hold leases worth six pounds.

Bored. There are a class of writers for the press, who have such an exalted opinion of their own productions that they not only tenaciously bore down with the request that they publish them—no matter how lengthy, to the exclusion of more interesting matter—but continually find fault, when their articles do appear, if the slightest alteration is made, which is often absolutely necessary to make them readable.

A Little Trouble. They are having some trouble in New York between the Episcopal and the Orthodox churches, about the pastoral letter recently issued by the Episcopal Bishop Potter to the clergy of his diocese, instructing them not to give way to the innovation of alluring pastors of other churches, to officiate in their pulpits.

The Chicago Sanitary Fair. The Committee of Spiritualists of this City, appointed to cooperate with Mrs. J. S. Fuller, to raise donations for the Spiritual Department, in the North Western Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home Fair, now being held in Chicago, Ill., have forwarded to the care of Mrs. Fuller one thousand dollars worth, in goods and money, and more was to follow soon, as all the promised donations had not, at that time, been handed in to the Committee.

Westfield, N. Y. Mrs. M. Eason writes from Westfield, Chautauque County, N. Y., requesting lecturers or test mediums to call at that place, as they have been long and anxiously waiting for some one to dispense to their hungry souls the bread of life.

New York City. Miss Emma Harbridge is anxious to speak at a meeting for the First Society of Spiritualists, to be held in Hope Chapel, New York City.

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New Books Received.

From A. Williams & Co., an elegant volume of Poems, entitled "Vagaries of Vandyke Brown; an autobiography in verse," by the poet-artist, Wm. P. Brannan, of Cincinnati.

Bouquets.

We are under obligations to friends for their thoughtful remembrance of us. Mrs. B. Cade, of Somerville, will please accept our thanks for several elegant bouquets.

"Voices of the Morning."

The Boston Journal, speaking of Belle Bush's new book, says: "The author of this volume of poems is well known as a favorite contributor to many of the prominent weekly papers in this country."

Letter-Answering Medium.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the celebrated medium for answering sealed letters, is still located in New York, daily convincing the rankest skeptics of the sublime truth of spirit-communication.

Lizzie Doten Next Sunday.

Miss Doten will speak in Lyceum Hall, for the next two Sundays, in the evening only. There will be a free conference in the afternoon.

Spirit Messages.

The Messages on our sixth page, this week, will be found of more than usual interest.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In our next paper we shall publish "A VERY STRANGE STORY," by Miss Emma Harding.

We shall print, next week, the discourse delivered by F. L. H. Willis, in New York, on the occasion of the National Fast.

Thanks are due the Milford Band for the fine music with which they regaled us on our visit to their enterprising town.

Just as we were putting the forms of this number of our paper to press, we received a letter from Providence, bearing no signature, which we shall publish next week, provided the author forwards his name.

In the list of donations to our Free Circle, published in the Banner of May 20th, we gave credit to A. W. W. Hickox for \$1; it should have been given to Jacob Thayer, of South Ridge, Ohio.

We have received the report of an address delivered before the Society of Spiritualists in Greensboro, Ind., by Mrs. Lois Walsbrooker, on National Fast Day.

Dr. Urann is in town, as will be seen by his advertisement in another column.

Read the advertisement in another column, headed "Glorious News," in relation to the value of the "Positive and Negative Powders," discovered by Mrs. Spence.

Warren Chase will lecture in Williston, Vt., Sunday, June 23th.

The new building now in course of completion on the Back Bay lands in this city, for the Institute of Technology, will be finished in October.

Testimony before the Military Court at Washington of an Irishman. Question—"Where were you on the night of the 14th of April?" Answer—"At Ford's Theatre, sir."

According to Mr. Gladstone, Englishmen spend two hundred millions a year for ale, making a daily allowance for each adult male of two quarts.

Miss Stebbins's statue of Horace Mann has arrived in this city, and will soon be placed in front of the State House, on the right side from the Webster statue.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is always a friend in need.

ONLY A NECKLACE.—Some of the Paris journals speak against the extremely décolleté style of dress which the ladies have adopted at the balls this season in the French capital.

"Swear not at all," said a chaplain to a trooper. He said: "I do not swear at all, only at those who annoy me."

The Government has fined a distiller in this city fifty thousand dollars for trying to cheat in taxes, and a Duquesne man has been mulcted in the sum of one million dollars for the same reason.

The Albany Argus, commenting on the fact that the strictly American marriages in Massachusetts largely exceed the foreign, and on the further fact that the foreign births exceed the American, concludes that our philanthropic women can't get time to have babies, and so leave that business for the Irish women to do.

Woman can be witty when she wants to, any more than she can be hungry when she wants to. It comes to him, as love does, he can't tell how not why.

Dr. Uriah Clark's Cures.

It will be gratifying to invalids, and to the many friends of Dr. Uriah Clark, formerly the well-known lecturer and author, to know that his Naturopathic Health Institute, as advertised in another column, is meeting with success unknown to any similar enterprise, and is fast gaining popular confidence.

Mr. C. A. Harris, of Wilton, N. H., writing us, May 1st, says: "Feeling that a tribute to the skill of Dr. Uriah Clark, of Boston, is due me, and wishing to benefit others who may be afflicted in a similar way, I venture to send you a sketch of my experience as an invalid, that you are at liberty to publish, if you think best."

Mrs. H. C. Hill, lately attendant on sick soldiers in Washington, D. C., called on us, a few days ago, and stated that for over three years she had been suffering from a severe spinal disease and a helpless arm; but, after a few days treatment at the Institute, she was free from pain, and since that time has been able to do more hard work than she ever did before.

C. W. Storrs, of Birmingham, Conn., says, in a letter to the Doctor, now before us: "You have worked wonders with my health. I never felt so well in my life before, as since going to your Institute."

Miss F. J. George, of Lawrence, Mass., writes him: "I was almost instantly relieved, and by following your directions I was relieved of all my pains and aches, for which I thank you a thousand times."

Mr. J. B. Niles, of Lincoln, Mass., writes concerning his wife, who had epileptic fits for years: "I am happy to inform you that Mrs. Niles has not been troubled with any fits since you operated on her. I think she is entirely cured; and if so, it is a very remarkable cure."

Miss Hattie Morrill, of Kewohgan, Me., having suffered for weeks from brain fever, tending to insanity, after remaining at the Institute three weeks, writes from home, on her return: "I am still gaining, and think I shall continue. My friends were all very much pleased to see me looking so well."

Those who would test Dr. Clark's peculiar powers, and know his method of treatment, will either call, or first send for his Circular. His Sunday morning religious meetings, in the large parlors of the Institute, are said to be very harmonious and fully attended.

As the world was made, so it must be subdued, not by matter clawing at matter, but by the calm dominion of spirit over matter. Until intellect permeates the soil, the soil will not yield its hidden hoards.

Picnic Excursion for the Philadelphia Spiritualists.

Friends and Members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, will take place on Friday, June 19th. The excursion will leave Thirty-first and Market street, West Philadelphia (the West Chester Depot), at 7 o'clock A. M., and proceed to Willow Grove, a beautiful locality, ten miles distant from the city.

Middle Granville Yearly Meeting.

The Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists and friends of progress will take place on the 16th, 17th and 18th of June, 1885, in Middle Granville, at their hall in that place.

Annual Festival—Basket Picnic.

The sixth annual festival of the Religious-Philosophical Society will be held at the Grove in St. Charles, Ill., commencing on Saturday, and continuing till Sunday evening, July 1st and 2d.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of August.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Verona, Me., and vicinity, will hold a Grove Meeting at their place, one-half mile from Bucksport village, on Tuesday, July 4th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

Spiritual Festival.

The Spiritualists of Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity, will celebrate the coming 4th of July, and hold a Levée in the evening at the Hall. Speaker for the day, Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Battle Creek, Mich.

James V. Mansfield, Test Medium.

Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Bread for the Suffering Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of South street), every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission after 7 o'clock. Lecturer engaged—Miss Cora E. Allen, June 15 and 25. Free conference in the afternoon.

The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Temple Hall, corner of Broad and Province streets, at 10 A. M. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. J. H. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

Religious Service, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, at the Health Institute, 15 Chancery street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. Free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. The public are invited. Speaker engaged—A. B. Whiting during June.

CHelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Lyceum Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. Communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. H. H. Grandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speaker engaged—N. Frank White during June.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged—J. M. Allen, June 15 and 25.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Quinsey's Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 11 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Emma Houston, June 15 and 25.

ROXBURY, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. S. A. Byrne, June 11 and 18; Charles A. Hayden, June 22. Meetings during the summer months at 14 and 24 1/2 o'clock.

TANTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 7 1/2 and 7 3/4 P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuddy, June 15 and 25, and July 15, 23 and 30.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Lecturer engaged—Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, June 11 and 18.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, forenoon and afternoon. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at noon. Speakers engaged—Laura DeForest, June 11 and 18; Mrs. S. A. Hayden, June 22 and 29; Mrs. Nellie Temple, during September; Charles A. Hayden during October.

Haverhill, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speaker engaged—Miss Emma Houston, June 15 and 25.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during June; Miss Emma Houston during July; N. Frank White during September; Mrs. Anna M. Hayden during October; Mrs. J. M. Peck, June 15 and 25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, West street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Speakers engaged—S. M. Johnson during June; Miss Emma Harding during July.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's block, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lectures alternate and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mattie L. Beckwith during September; Mrs. J. M. Peck during October.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

BRANDISBURG, ME.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Dodge.

NEW YORK.—Spiritualists are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free. F. L. H. Willis, regular speaker. Miss Emma Harding is engaged to speak for the present.

Meetings are also held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. Lectures alternate and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers at 7 P. M. Speakers—Miss Lizzie Doten during May; A. J. Davis during June.

WYOMING, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at Union Hall.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progress." Meetings are held at the Metropolitan Hall, corner of Congress and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

Goodness the most prolific source of ill health. DR. HARRISON'S FEMISTALOGUE, endorsed by all the medical journals as the most agreeable, convenient, effective and sure remedy for Catarrhes, Dyspepsia, Piles. Pleasant to the palate, causes no pain, and never requires increase of dose, and for elderly persons, females and children are just the thing.

For sale by J. S. HARRISON & CO., No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, and at all Druggists. 4w—May 27.

Blacking, Bleaching, &c. Use the Liquid or Army and Navy Paste Blacking, and also the "Laundry Blue," made by B. F. Brown & Co., Boston. Ask your grocer for them; you will be sure to like them. 6w—June 25.

DR. URANN, PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN FOR CHRONIC DISEASES, NOW at MECHANICS INSTITUTE HALL, Cincinnati, N. O., will publicly heal the sick, FREE OF CHARGE, from 9 A. M. till 11.

Without Money and without Price, From May 15 till June 15. Also taken parlors at the BENNET 210th street, New York, where he will be glad to pay, may come from 2 till 6 P. M., each day.

HEALS ENTIRELY BY THE TOUCH. No Medicines Given. No Surgical Operation Performed. Chronic Diseases Cured. Acute Pain Instantly Relieved.

THE LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE! Is a new little wonder, of high magnifying power, for examining living or dead insects, seeds, &c., and can be carried in the pocket or attached to a watch-chain.

DR. URANN, WHO has made so many wonderful and successful cures, and who has cured in Boston, New York, Hartford, Springfield, and more recently in New Hampshire and Vermont, has taken rooms No. 163 Court street, Boston, where he may be found from the 1st to the 15th of June. The remainder of the month he will visit patients at a distance who may desire his services.

OCTAVIUS KING, M. D., Holistic and Eclectic, 604 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. R. MOORE, Healing and Trance Medium, No. 8 Lagrange Place, from Washington street to the last, Me. 12—June 11.

FOR \$2 I will send, by mail, one copy each of my four books, "The Law of Love," "The Law of Life," "The Law of Health," and "The Law of Wealth," to any person who sends me a copy of the Banner of Light, and a list of names of Spiritualists. For address, see lecturers column. WARREN CHASE, June 11.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

The Positive and Negative Powders are masters of the situation. They have got the field, and are slaying disease, right and left. They listen to no compromise. They say to Disease, "We demand an unconditional surrender"; to Foggy Doctors, "We propose to move on your works immediately"; and to the public, "We will fight it out on this line, until medical science is revolutionized and medical practice regenerated."

"HUNTERLY GROVE, McHENRY CO., ILL., May 21, 1885." PROF. SPENCE.—Sir: As you wished me to report, after taking your Negative Powders, I embrace the present time to do so. As you will remember, I was troubled with Rheumatic Neuralgia in the head, which weakened my eyes and dimmed my sight, and caused a nervous twitching in my eyelids. My head and eyes had become quite bad before the Powders arrived.

The above testimony of Mr. E. Dayton shows the curative effects of The Negative Powders, not only in diseases of the body, but also in diseases of the mind. To use his own language, "They bid defiance to the 'Blue Devils' and loveliness of spirits." This is owing to the peculiar exhilarating and electrifying effects of The Negative Powders over the mind and the body, in health as well as in disease.

On the contrary, when the mind or the body, or both, have been overworked, or when from any cause the strength and vitality of the system are lost or exhausted, then The Positive Powders will be found to be the great restorative. Hence the lecturer who has delivered his lecture, the minister who has preached his sermon, the lawyer who has argued his case, the editor who has written his last paragraph, or the scholar, the student or the man of literary pursuits, or the votary of business or of pleasure who has spent his vitality and strength, and feels tired, worn out, all used up, wearied, exhausted, all gone, restless, needing sleep and yet unable to sleep, will find The Positive Powders to be the very thing needed.

For a further explanation of the medical virtues of the Positive and Negative Powders, see our advertisement in another column in the Banner of Light. For a still fuller explanation, send for our Circular, which will be mailed, postpaid, free to any address. With the aid of this Circular, a child ten years old can tell when to use The Positive Powders, and when The Negative Powders, and in what manner, how often, and in what quantities to use them, in any case.

FOR \$2 I will send, by mail, one copy each of my four books, "The Law of Love," "The Law of Life," "The Law of Health," and "The Law of Wealth," to any person who sends me a copy of the Banner of Light, and a list of names of Spiritualists. For address, see lecturers column. WARREN CHASE, June 11.

A Rare Posthumous Work!

THE IDEAL ATTAINED; A Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how They Won their Happiness and Lost it not. BY MRS. ELIZA V. FARNHAM. ALL to whom the name of Mrs. Farnham is a Philanthropist and a writer is known, will be eager to possess this rare work of fiction. The volume is, however, an inspiration more impressive than a poem, more profitable than a sermon. The lessons conveyed by the book are new in the history of fiction as related. "Eliza's Dream," "The Little Pill," and "The Tunnel," are all as living characters as any of Dickens's creations.

FROM THE PRESS OF WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 168 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. A VERY NEATLY PRINTED VOLUME, Comprising one hundred and eighteen pages, titling, THE GIST OF SPIRITUALISM, BY WARREN CHASE.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS, ONE TO TWELVE STOPS! BLACK WALNUT, \$110 to \$200 each. CARVED AND PAINTED WALNUT, 200 to 300 each. DAPPEL WALNUT, 200 to 300 each.

MATCHLESS CURES, WITHOUT MEDICINE. NATURE-REPATHY—FOR ALL HUMAN MALADIES. DR. URIAH CLARK, PRACTICAL NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN AND INVALIDS. THIS highly nutritious and pleasant food, so popular in Germany and England, was devised the past year by the celebrated chemist, Baron Liebig, of Berlin.

PETERSON'S NEW COOK BOOK; USEFUL AND PRACTICAL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE, AND THE UNINITIATED, CONTAINING EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT NEW AND ORIGINAL RECIPES FOR COOKING AND PREPARING ALL KINDS OF

JUST ISSUED, A REVIEW OF THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, BY LIZZIE DOTEN, INSPIRATIONAL SPOKER. Published by W. L. WHITE & CO., 168 Washington street. Price 15 cents per copy; postage free. March 25.

TWO DISCOURSES, DELIVERED BEFORE THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW YORK. Published by request of the Convention, at which it is appended, also by request, a Letter addressed by Mr. Willis to the Unitarian Convention recently held in New York. Price, 20 cents; postage free. For sale at this office. June 3.

Message Department.

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

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Father, Spirit, thou who art our life, our strength, our everlasting hope, thou whose ways are not our ways, whose law controls and governs all things, we would bow down before the splendor of thy demonstrated law, and like little children, ask thy protection. Father, Spirit, we behold thy radiance in the sunbeams, and in the mild beauty of the moonlight rays. We see thee springing up in flowers, and hear thy voice in the waves of ocean, and yet we cannot name thee, nor understand thee. But we can praise thee, we can love thee. We thank thee that thy ways are not our ways, that thy wisdom is not our wisdom, that thy great soul is greater than ours; for we know that thou wilt mote out to us according to our several necessities. In our blindness and ignorance, we sometimes fail to see this. Great Soul of Life, we sometimes feel thy presence is withdrawn from us, that the glorious tide of thy inspirations is stayed, so far as we are concerned. But when we turn within the inner sanctuary of soul, we know thou art with us. We know though tempests arise and dark clouds obscure the sun's fair face, though night follows day, and sorrow follows joy, yet thou art with us; still thy strong hand is leading us, thy wise heart is sustaining us. Oh Father, Spirit, teach these thy mortal children, in all their ways, to worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. Teach them to love, and love supremely. Teach them that they are all of one family, and are bound to one heaven. Teach them that they have come from one great source, and again must go back to it. Oh, let them know, Great Spirit, that thou art dealing with them always in love; that mercy is one of thy divine attributes; that all forms of life are forever sounding forth thy divine mercy. Oh Father, Spirit, though clouds have fallen upon this great nation, though darkness has swept over the land like a furnace fire, though hearts have been called to bleed, though the red hand of war has desolated the homes of thy children, yet, oh Father, Spirit, thou lovest them still. And so sure as there is enough of good to be found among them, so sure will they rise triumphant over their sorrows, and plant the banner of peace and eternal justice again upon their shores. So sure as there is strength in their midst, so sure they will be purged from their sins—so sure they will come out shining lights. Oh Father, we commend them to thee. Thou knowest their needs; thou considerest all their demands; thou hearest all their wishes, and answerest all their desires. So we will trust thee, and adore thee, forever. Amen. May 8.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to receive questions, either from correspondents or from the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—W. L. H., of Camp Barry, Portland, Me., writes thus:

QUEST.—In the Banner of April 29th, this question is asked: "How can it be a question with spirits as to whether the infant spirit attains the full stature of man or womanhood?" The answer given is: "That all souls, spirits or human bodies, are aggregated differently; all see and understand differently upon different subjects." If spirits can see and recognize each other in the spirit-world, it appears to me, as a simple matter of fact, it must be apparent to all who have been for any length of time in the spirit-land, that spirits should all agree. Why not as well as man in regard to the growth of the infant here? The treatment of the above question is very unsatisfactory to me, and I doubt not others must feel as I do in regard to it; and I suggest that further light be requested from the spirits.

ANS.—It should be remembered that forms are not measured by their size in the spirit-world, but by the number of conditions, or thoughts, that they possess. The spirit, in its strictest sense, is but an aggregation of thought. Now if you, as an individual, possess a large amount of thought—spiritual life—why, we might call you a fully developed spirit, a full grown intelligence. But if you are dwarfed—limited in thought—we should say that you were very small in size, that as a spirit you were as a child. It is very hard for the disembodied spirit to convey to you who are still within the confines of human life, any just conception of our condition as freed spirits. You cannot understand the realities of the spirit-world until you shall have entered upon it. It is also utterly impossible for us to give you any adequate idea of our true condition as spirits. We might tell you from now until you had numbered many more years in time, of our condition, all that pertains to ourselves, and you would still fail to comprehend our true condition, from the fact that we are totally unable to project the knowledge of that condition through human senses to you.

Q.—[From the audience.] Is a friend of mine living or dead?

A.—That is a question that could better be answered elsewhere. Questions of so personal a nature we shall always decline to answer at this place. May 8.

George M. Jackson.

I'm here, kind friends, to thank you for your noble expressions of sympathy and benevolence that reached me from time to time, during my sickness. I assure you I was deeply grateful for your kindness; sensible that the angels had not forgotten me, and that Spiritualists had hearts that could be moved.

There were times, during my sickness, particularly, when I was first taken sick, when I was almost compelled to believe that Spiritualists, as a body, had forsaken me. They knew me well in my happier days, when I was able to care for myself; but when sickness and want came, it often seemed to me that they were not found, perhaps, just where I could have wished to find them. (Did the angels always tell me that it was only a fault of the brain that they would be just if they only knew enough to be so; I would surely receive my reward.) So I waited patiently, until at

last the reward came, and then I was constantly cared for, and my pathway to the tomb made comfortable; for which, kind friends, I thank you—all you who bestowed kind wishes upon me, and those of you who gave their mite to aid me physically.

I would like to portray to you the beauties of the home I have entered, would like to depict to your minds the glory that awaits you, as disembodied spirits, but I have no language with which to portray such a brilliant picture. I am unable, wholly unable to give those dear friends to whom I promised to return, a faithful picture of the spirit-world; for oh, it is so much beyond human comprehension and human conception, so much more glorious, so much more real, more natural, more spiritual, too, that I cannot give you anything like a perfect representation of it.

That I am free, and happy, and well, and satisfied to the fullest extent, is a truth. That I have realized the truth of modern Spiritualism, I here declare to you; that I am here, George M. Jackson, speaking to you, is also a truth; that I expect to live to all eternity, and throughout all ages that same George M. Jackson, so far as my individuality is concerned, I believe to be true.

I send kind greetings to my dear parents, who will soon join me. To all others whom I have promised to return to, if Spiritualism were true, I would say, it is all right and all true, friends. Now all you have to do is to earnestly pursue your investigations, and you will soon be rewarded.

I would stay longer, but I am exceedingly weak in spirit, and that prevents my running this physical machine any longer. Farewell, sir. May 8.

Archibald Lewis.

I told my friends that I would certainly come back after death; so here I am. Archibald Lewis, from Aunesbury. I'm glad to meet you, sir. I've just gone home; and tell the folks I'm ready to talk with them from over the river. I promised to come, but I can't say much to-day. Good-by, good-by, sir. May 8.

[The above is true. Mr. Lewis promised several friends before his death that he would return, as being a Spiritualist, he had faith he could. And he has kept that promise.—EDITOR BANNER.]

John Barnes.

John Barnes, sir, from Michigan. I did not know much about this Spiritualism before I died; but I said if there was anything in Spiritualism, I'd come back as soon as I died.

I was wounded and taken prisoner, and—well, was put through a good many strange places, until I found myself in the spirit-world; and I've made my way back here about as soon as I could, considering the crowd.

I do not know what to say about this business, it's so different from what I expected to find it. I'm dead, stranger, that's sure; and I'm here to announce myself as dead, through this new telegraphic process. The folks at home have heard of my being taken prisoner, but supposed I was on the tapis of coming home, being exchanged. Tell the folks I've concluded to take another train.

If you'll be kind enough to say to Joseph Cranston—he's the kind of this way inclined—that his spiritual faith is about right, I'll be very much obliged to you. And then again, I'd like to say a word or two to my mother. She's a Calvinist. [Baptist?] Yes, yes; one of the hard-shell kind, and I do not know as I can crack the shell so as to get in. She knew very well that I was a pretty hard sort of a fellow, and she used to pray pretty hard for me, and told me there was one thing I ought to get, and that was religion. Well, religion I could not get, somehow or other; I tried pretty hard to coax it along, but could not get it; that's so, stranger. I would commence to pray, and the first thing I knew I'd go to singing some irreligious tune. I tried to learn the Lord's Prayer, but I did not succeed. Well, you see, I was kind of unspriritual like, and I took it naturally, I suppose, from the old man, for he was—well, he was not an infidel, or anything of that sort, but he was one of these 'ere folks that used to indulge in free thought, and did not pay much attention to going to meeting. I suppose I took my lack of religion from my father, for it's certain I did not from my mother, for she's just the other way; and she's just as sure that the old man, my father, is in hell, as that she's alive. I do not know what you call hell, but one thing's certain: if he's in hell, I've seen him, and he's pretty well off; and he wants me to give this message to her in his own words; for he says my mother'll understand it better: "That he's a damned sight better off than Parson Corney." I did not want to use his expression, but he wanted me to, so I had to stick it in. Well, I'll tell you what Parson Corney was: He was the fellow that baptized my mother—took her into the Church. Oh, well, she worshiped him more than his religion. He's dead—gone up long time ago; and he's not so well off as I am. I am going to preach against religion here, but at any rate, I'm quite comfortable.

Well, sir, rebeldom is about played out. So I thought, the last time I saw Jeff Davis. [Then you have seen him?] Seen him! yes, I have seen him. He was bunged up in one eye, and something ailed one of his hands. He was a sorry looking cuss, anyway; and unless he gets over his troubles before you nab him, he won't be good for much. Give my very best regards to the boys of the 11th Michigan, will you? Say that I'm just as happy as the next one. And as for living in expectation of being sent below, I'm not a-going to do it; but shall live in expectation of being sent aloft—that's it. I tell you what it is, this thinking of hell all the time, is very apt to breed it within ourselves, in my opinion. Oh, I was happy when I was on the earth, and I'm happy on the other side, too. Well, stranger, my time's out. [Your age?] Thirty-one. Good-day, sir. May 8.

Edith Hardee.

I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, March, 1849. I passed to the spirit-world on the 11th day of last month. At the time of my death I was in Paris, France.

Edith Hardee was my name. I was the niece and ward of General Hardee, who was my father's brother. Early in the breaking out of the rebellion, myself, together with other friends, were sent to Paris to escape the ill of war. I was never strong, but was not considered sick when I left. I suppose I myself was a medium for spiritual manifestations, although I never attempted to produce manifestations except a few times. Then I was urged to give way to the power by friends, and it was said that manifestations were given.

When I found that I was entirely free from my body, that I was really dead, really a disembodied spirit, I said I will go back to earth and report myself as dead to my uncles and friends, at the South. As yet they do not know that I've passed on, nor did they hear that I was sick. All that property which was mine when on earth, if I can be permitted to dispose of it, according to my own desires, I shall say, give it to these who were my father's slaves, who are now freed

or soon will be, who have no homes, nor any means of sustaining themselves. Divide all that was mine among them. That is my wish. I am well aware that I can now have in this world no voice in these things, but if I can only impress those friends whom I have left, spiritually, as regards my wishes in the matter, I'm sure they can't refuse.

I am obliged to you, sir, for your kindness. I hope that my uncle will get my letter. I expect he will. [Does he have charge of your property?] Yes, sir. He wrote to me that he had turned all of my property, so far as he was able, into ready cash. Now, if he has done so, it will be very easy to divide what I have left among those poor souls. I'm glad, for one, that they have got freedom. If I had had my way, they should have had it long ago. But now that they are free, they need something to begin life with. My uncle must remember that they have been kept for years in servitude, and now it is but just and right to give them enough to start them well in their new condition in life. Farewell, sir. May 8.

Captain Faunce.

Captain Faunce, sir, of the 21st Georgia, Company A.

I was shot in the last battle before Winchester. I find my friends are mourning my loss very deeply. I have searched the South over, and I have been unable to find a way of reaching them, other than from here. And as I have been informed that you stand upon neutral ground, of course I considered I had a right to expect kind treatment at your hands. It is so very hard, in these times of misfortune, to tell who is one's friend, and who is not, that we are obliged to look very sharply in order to know which way to move, and move right. I know many things are laid at the door of the South, that, in my opinion, do not belong there; while, on the other hand, many things are laid at the door of the North, that, in my opinion, belong more to the South. And so there seems to be a general misunderstanding between North and South, causing our towns, cities and by-places to flow with blood. This want of knowledge concerning our neighbors, is to me a very great oversight. There has been a gulf, almost impassable, between the North and South ever since the period of our colonization, and I'm sure I do not see any immediate prospect of a real, spiritual, permanent peace until you've enlightened the people. Now I know of thousands in my section of the country who really believe you to be the greatest set of wretches, here at the North, God ever gave birth to; that you do not possess the slightest degree of mercy and justice. Now they have been so taught; and, on the contrary, you have been taught to look upon us as a depraved and ignorant class of beings.

Well, they say there is a power governing this war, and if so, I, for one, hope it's for good.

I have left a wife and family of three little ones, sir, whom I should be glad to talk with. I have also many other dear friends at the South, that I should be glad to meet this way. But most of all, I want to let my wife know that I live; that in many respects I have power to aid her still; that I've not forgotten my duty to her and my children; and although no longer a dweller upon the earth, I would have her feel that death has separated me from them only so far as the body is concerned. I want them to know, also, that I can come back and speak. I cannot promise my family happiness here, for I know very well their lot is very hard, and especially to those who have been used to better things. But I can assure them of a brighter home in the spirit-world, and a place too, that is just as real, just as tangible, and far more beautiful than anything this world can boast of. I should be glad to meet my dear ones face to face, if I knew of any way to do so. But I know not of any person at the South through whom I could speak; but if they can find me a medium, I shall be very glad of the opportunity to come.

Many thanks, sir, for your kindness. May 8.

Emily Cooke.

Emily Cooke, sir, from Baltimore. I was eight years old, and I've been away from my mother since February.

My father was in the 9th Maryland Reserve Corps. He's not with my mother. She's all the time crying because I have gone, and she says she has nobody now to love, and she wants to die. But I want to be loved now just as much as I was when I lived here, and I—I don't feel happy when I see my mother so sad. I feel—I feel homesick then, and I—I want to go home where she can see me, so she can love me.

She wishes she was a Christian, so she could feel reconciled to God's will; but my Aunt Mary in the spirit-land says that even Christians are not always reconciled; that they don't always give up their friends with—a sure hope of meeting them again, any more than anybody else does; and she thinks that nothing will do my mother so much good as for me to come myself. So I have.

I want sick only about four or five days. I did not know I was going to die; did not think I was dead. I'm going now. May 8.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, thou Spirit of Eternal Goodness, to whom nations and individuals ever turn; thou fountain of everlasting strength, from which the soul gains its strength, from which we have come and to which we are going; thou to whom we bring our praises and complaints; and all our songs of joy, prayers, sighs and tears, all that which ever has been, or can be; this hour, through Nature's falling tears, we praise thee. There is darkness in the moral and mental as well as in the physical world. Still we praise thee for this darkness, for well we know thou hast all love for us. Thou art justice, mercy, goodness, everlasting truth; and so surely as we have been born of thee, so surely we must return to thee; so surely we shall ever find sustenance in thee; so sure as the lilies of the field are cared for, so sure we, too, shall be remembered and cared for. Though kingdoms fall, though thrones crumble into dust, and kings lose their crowns, yet thou art always the same. Thy love is eternal. Thou art marching on through the ages, calling all things higher, still higher. So, oh Father, we praise thee. We sing unto thee a new song of thanksgiving, yet it is as old as eternity. The hills have echoed it from all time. The sun's rays flash forth thy beauty; the moon tells of thy glory; the morning stars chant songs of praise; and we, with all other things in life, unite in singing glad halleluiahs to thy name. Oh Father, for the great furnace-fire through which these American children are passing, we adore thee. Oh, we praise thee for the heat that is being thrust upon them; for we know, oh Father, that out of this furnace-fire, thy children shall come forth purified from their sins, and more fitted to shine among thy gems in the eternal hereafter. Oh, our Father, may we be able to give to every child that forms a member of this great republic, a more perfect understanding of thy holy law, so they shall know more of light and less of darkness; more of truth and less of

error; more of all thy highest and holiest attributes, and less of human life. Teach them to reach but after thy better gifts. Teach them to rely upon the right, instead of relying upon the might of mortality. Oh, teach them that forms fade away; that the conditions of Time fall into nothingness; that thy eternal law endureth forever. Father, accept our praises, register the thoughts and petitions of these thy children, and bless them according to thine own way. Amen. May 9.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give an opinion concerning the inquiries of correspondents, or from persons in the audience.

QUEST.—How are we to understand the account of the three worthies, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, whom it is said Nebuchadnezzar cast into the furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual? and also the wonderful escape of Daniel in the lion's den?

ANS.—In the first place, be it understood that we ignore the existence of miracles altogether. All things that are done at all, are done by virtue of God's law. A miracle, properly defined, is a something that has taken place outside of law. Now, to us, this cannot be. So all those things which you term miracles, are to us but simply legitimate effects of legitimate causes. The record says that the three worthies referred to were cast into a furnace that was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be, and that they came out from thence without even the smell of fire upon their garments. The atmosphere holds within its keeping all the elements that are requisite to the combination of physical life. Everything that you have in your physical world has been brought into form, into outward existence, from the atmosphere. So, then, that atmosphere holds within its power all elements required in the producing of chemical changes. It should be understood that there are many spirits in the spirit-world who are exceedingly well versed in chemistry; not merely that chemistry that belongs to physical life, but also in that which lays hold of the spirit, goes beyond the chemistry of human life. Yours is of the crude external, the form, while that which is known to the disembodied spirit is the spirit, the real, the most tangible, the most effective form of chemistry. Now to perform what you term a miracle, the disembodied must certainly understand how to extract from the atmosphere all the elements that are needed in their chemical demonstrations, or spiritual manifestations, as you term such phenomena. We were not present on the occasion mentioned, and cannot say whether the event spoken of in the record did actually occur; but if it really did take place, we consider it to be, in the strictest sense, a spiritual manifestation, or what is called by you a miracle through physical agency. If these three worthies, spoken of in your Bible, were so upright, if they were indeed such godly men as we are told they were, it is to be supposed that their attendant spirits knew well how to care of them, and to protect them from all material danger, until the proper time had come for them to be separated from their physical bodies. Now, then, if these spirit guides understood chemistry, and by which understanding they could extract from the atmosphere certain elements that were inimical to the action of fire, they could say to the fire, I do not fear you, for you cannot burn me; why, then, if these worthies were cast into the furnace under such circumstances, it were easy to suppose they would come out from thence unharmed. Why, verily, we tell you it is as easy to produce such a manifestation as it is to unlie the Davenport Brothers in their little cabinet. The same law that governs one, governs the other manifestation, only the action of law is a little different. One preserves from fire, the other is an exhibition of physical power.

Q.—Will you explain, also, the wonderful escape of Daniel from the lion's den?

A.—In regard to this "wonderful escape" of Daniel from the lion's den, we should say it was if it occurred. Now, mark us, we do not say that it actually did occur, but, if it really did, we believe it to have been a direct interposition of spiritual power; and, as all spiritual power is the result of divine law, so then it may be justly called an interposition of Divine Providence. Why, it is just as easy to close a lion's mouth as for me to speak through this foreign organism. All these things are easy, when you understand divine law. Law is your servant in all cases, when you understand it; but, in all cases, your master when you do not understand it.

Q.—Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the Valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still and moon stayed, etc., etc. How shall this record be understood? Was there a literal standing still, in the language clearly implies? Please explain.

A.—Yes, certainly; but not in the sense that it is generally theologially understood. It should be known that the ancients had portrayed upon their banners the image of the sun and moon, and he who was the standard-bearer would stand still at the sound of the trumpet, for the suspension of hostilities. Now, from this simple circumstance, has arisen the absurd idea that the sun was arrested in his course, that God suspended his law to gratify mankind. Oh Humanity, learn more of God's internal law, more of the spirit and less of the letter; and you will not stumble over such a small thing as this.

Q.—Interpret, also, the kindred passage in II. Kings, of the shadow going back ten degrees in the dial of Ahas?

A.—That, to us, is one of those visionary, unstable records that is totally unworthy of credence. Pardon us, you asked for a clear expression of our ideas, and it is our duty to give them.

Q.—In the account of the passage of the Red Sea, by the Israelites, it is said: "The waters were as a wall unto them; on their right hand and on their left." If this record is true, what is the explanation of the phenomenon?

A.—If it is true, there are many ways in accounting for it, and it may justly be called an interposition of Divine Providence, from the fact that Divine Providence governs every manifestation of life. Now, it is an historical fact that the waters of the Red Sea are, at times, greatly affected by atmospheric changes, some of these changes taking place generally once during a century. May it not so happen that this was one of the atmospheric changes that took place, as regards the waters of the Red Sea, at the time spoken of by your record, instead of a direct interposition of Providence upon the part of the Israelites? To us it is but a simple manifestation of Nature.

Q.—The ten plagues of Egypt—were they truly brought to pass, as given in the record? If so, were they the effects of natural or preternatural causes?

A.—Again we affirm that we have no belief in preternatural things, so far as your human life is concerned. All the manifestations that are exhibited to your external senses; that you term preternatural, may be attributed to natural law. If these afflictions, mentioned in your Biblical record should come upon you, if you, as a nation, should be visited by famine, plague, by pestilence

and the thousand evils that follow closely upon the footsteps of war; would you say that it was an interposition of Divine Providence, because you had sinned? You might, perhaps, say so with some degree of truth, because you have sinned, but still, after all, it would be a result of natural law.

Q.—Is there such a thing as unselfish benevolence?

A.—No, there is not, in our opinion; for he who is most benevolent knows full well that he will surely receive a very large reward. You cannot give even a cup of cold water without receiving your reward. The soul expects it. To do good, is to say to the Great Eternal, I have obeyed thy law; reward me accordingly. It is said that a mother's love is the most unselfish of all loves. The mother loves her offspring, which is to love herself. Where is the unselfishness there? You cannot prove there is any. True, the mother will follow her offspring, even through hell, in all its magnitude, and yet, after all, it is a love of self, for the child is part of the mother—it has been colmed in the mother's own being; so, if the child suffers, the mother suffers, and it is very natural that the mother should try to avert suffering from her offspring, in order that she herself may not become a sharer in it. Pardon us, if we have wounded any mother's feelings here; we certainly did not intend so to do. We have only given that, which we believe, to be truth, and we appeal to your own souls if it is not true to you.

Q.—Can anything capable of producing an effect, do so simply by its presence, without being itself affected?

A.—Every effect is, in itself, a cause, and every cause is, in itself, an effect. Motion is as constant as rest; and motion is with everything. Motion produces all effects, all causes, and they are constantly acting and re-acting upon each other.

Q.—What properties doth the soul have in common with the body?

A.—Justly speaking, none. It is distinct and separate from the body; just as much so as the musician is distinctly separate from the musical instrument.

Q.—Are not the passions—such as rage, joy, &c., associated with the body, as well as the soul?

A.—The manifestation—so far as human senses are concerned—is, or rests, with the body; but the power, the propelling force, is a distinct part of life itself. So far as the manifestations are concerned; the passions are associated with the human body, but, in reality, they are distinctly separated.

Q.—Does each individual soul have substance and form?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Do these forms vary in magnitude?

A.—Yes; there are large souls and very small souls. You have very large evidence of that in human life.

Q.—Is the selfishness of a person a criterion of his smallness?

A.—No, we think not. A man may be exceedingly selfish, and yet possess a large soul. No, the stature of soul is not measured by selfishness.

Q.—What is it measured by?

A.—By all its own abilities combined, not one alone.

Q.—Does the form of the soul correspond with its body?

A.—Externally speaking, yes; but judging from the internal, we should answer, no. You recognize all thought by the form it takes. Your human senses demand this. A thought that has no form is no thought at all to human senses. But, of those enfranchised, free spirits, those that are entirely free from the thralldom of human life, we cannot say that their forms correspond to the forms of human life. Do not be afraid, dear friends, that you shall not recognize those dear ones who have gone before, when you go to the spirit-world. Verily, we tell you, you will have no difficulty in recognizing them, even if they are without form. They are eternal individualities, and, as such, you will know and recognize them. If they love you and you love them, there is no fear but that you will recognize them. The recognition does not depend upon form with the disembodied spirit, but upon attraction. May 9.

George W. Saunders.

I promised, if there was any truth in modern Spiritualism; that I would return after death and report from the invisible side. George W. Saunders is my name. I was twenty-three years old. I was born in Warren, Massachusetts, and died in Virginia. When this war commenced, I was in Western New York. I came down to New York City, and enlisted in the 161st New York, Company K. I was, in all, in eight battles—smart ones—besides being in a good many little brushes with the Johnnies. I was unfortunate enough to get wounded in the foot; so I could not do much toward getting away; so, in the last battle, I was taken prisoner, and died in one of their hospitals. I believe they called it a hospital. While I was there I met with a chap that hailed from Georgia, who seemed to be very well informed upon these spiritual matters; and who brought me one of your papers; but it was so—well, it had been through so many hands, that I could hardly read it. But I managed to pick out enough to tell me where to come in case I should never get a chance to come in body.

Well, I told him—his name was Merritt, Stephen Merritt—I told him it was just so; I'd come back. Then, too, I've got some folks out in New York State whom I'm inclined to think would like to hear from me. They kind of believe this way, I know they believe this way. But I promised Merritt if Spiritualism was true, I'd come back. "Well," said he, "you come to that place and I'll run the risk of it's reaching me at the South." He used to tell me that he had a powerful spirit guide who watched over and aided him, and he guessed if I got acquainted with him he'd see that my message came through all straight.

Well, it is not so easy to find people in the spirit-world as he thinks for, so I hadn't made the acquaintance of that gentleman yet; thought I'd come back here, and if he knows about it, and can put my message through, I'll be obliged to him. This Merritt belonged to a pretty smart family down in Georgia, I should judge, and he says that his folks are all of them believers in Spiritualism; that he had a sister that was a medium. He seemed to know all about this thing, any way, and was in the hospital. I do not know what he was there; was a kind of—well, I rather guess he was an assistant in the surgeon. At any rate, he always followed in the wake of the surgeon, with lint and bandages, to help bind up broken heads and necks and so forth, so I supposed him to be a kind of helper, you know, the surgeon. Any how, he took a shine to me. It was him that brought me the Banner of Light.

Well, I told him, well, no, that ain't exactly the sort of word that ought to be used. I changed circumstances and conditions, consequently am in a different place, and I'm promising to stay. I'll get it right in the spirit-world. Well, I've been in the spirit-world, what do you think, April or May? Well, if that's so, then I've been pretty high



