

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Essay.

THE WAY OF THE ANCIENT WORD.

NUMBER ONE.

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"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land," and "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," are heads not sufficiently full in their scope, but the Word embraces all things—the heavens above, the earth below, and the waters under the earth, besides being a two-edged sword for the dividing asunder of joints, and marrow, and soul, and spirit, as per Paul. Standing on Pisgah's top, and enlarging our survey, we behold very much land remaining to be possessed, and requiring both edges of the sword "to hew, cut and carve" among the subtleties of the ancient mountains and valleys, whose landmarks are veiled in crosses of warp and woof, with needle-work on both sides.

Spiritualism is the life, without which all else were death; but within the ancient ranges it has scope beyond any "pent-up Utica." According to growth, we must bring out those treasures, to be found, in one, five or ten talents, by every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven. The way being now free to "strike it" in great abundance, we trust that the foolish virgins will fill their lamps, and hurry up, so as to be among the first to enter into the light with lamps in full trim, and no lack of oil.

Spiritualism, unfolding to become the democratic religion of America, is also destined to crack the fossilized sconces of outside Christendom, that life-giving fountains may spring up from clefts in the rock. No truth, however, will be swept away in the coming deluge, for wisdom is justified of all her children, and from every source. Let her truths, then, be forthcoming as of lively stones, built in, they find their fitting place in the uprising of the Democratic Church, where the utmost truth, in goodness and in freedom, shall have the eternal years. We have only to rend the veils, that the light from all the heavens may shine into the darkness, and the truth made free, to be no longer cramped in creeds and formulas. Thus, our Church, "too broad to be conceived by any narrow mind," will thoroughly purge the floor, while gathering the wheat into the garner, but will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

Within the scope of this glorious ventilation, or winnowing, by the four angels, standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds thereof, we must be careful to maintain the physiological in equilibrium with the spiritual forces—a healthy body for a healthy mind, or fit temple for the Holy Ghost, whose temple and worker, or *Deus ex machina*, more synchronous to the music of all the spheres. A knowledge of and obedience to the laws of health secure this; but if the spirit comes upon us while dyspeptic, hypochondriac or bilious, we may see obliquely a "Thus saith the Lord."

Swedenborg, inspiring much snuff, and drinking strong coffee, sometimes saw through a smoked glass rather darkly, himself declaring that "a medium must derive from the internal and external, in order to be a medium;" and Madame Guyon's "Spiritual Torrents," being physiologically unballasted, swoop like a mighty, rushing wind, with, HAIL! JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH—enough to make one feel the windings of the delicious gale, so fraught with sweets above all odors from the shore of Araby, as up to St. Paul's heaven you go, "whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth." But there is danger of spiritual shipwreck in this mode of sailing in without the stone of foundation for ballast—for equable "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" are only to be found in that broad culture of truth and goodness, in uses, through all the laws of health of our jolly religion.

The April number of the Westminster Review, beginning to have open vision of mystic numbers and symbols in the way of the ancient Word, puts St. John to the worse in a free and open encounter, and thus leaves the woman, with her place in the wilderness prepared of God, out in the cold; so now we will return to our fleeces—*revenue a nos moutons*.

Says Layard, "On all the slates forming entrances, in the oldest palace of Nimrod, were marks of a black fluid resembling blood, which appears to have been daubed on the stone. I have not been able to ascertain the nature of this fluid; but its appearance cannot fail to call to mind the Jewish ceremony of placing the blood of the sacrifice on the lintel of the doorway." The holy cup whereby Joseph divined in Egypt was also of use in the Assyrian palace, while through apertures opening in the Holy of Holies was seen the bright blue of an Eastern sky, and the winged circle in the midst of graceful forms of ideal animals identical with those of our present heavens, as well as in that of the horoscopes John, who beheld in these ideal animals, the four-and-twenty elders all in a row, who sing day and night to old Shaddai, the Mighty God, as per copy from the wise men from the East. So, too, in the Assyrian temple, symbolical of the one not made with hands, eternal and on high. "The Sacred Bull, with expanded wings, and the wild goat, are introduced, kneeling before the mystic flower;" for the ancient Flora, with all her heavenly host, flanked the Dove and Sheep-cot of the Lord, while the pomegranates worked into the garments of Aaron, also grew in the regions round about.

The Sacred Bull is the Cherub upon whom the Lord did ride, and fly upon the wings of the wind, while the scape-goat was dumped into the bottomless pit. The chariots of the Assyrians, like "the twenty thousand of God," as per psalmist, were embellished with sacred emblems—"such as the sun, moon, seven stars and the horned cap." It was probably one of these chariots and horsemen thereof, that toted Elijah, or the "strong Lord," into heaven, while Moses presented the

horned cap when he came down from the mount. The Golden Eagle of the Assyrians might have lent his wings to the woman of St. John, "that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place where she is nourished for a time, and times, and a half time, from the face of the serpent."

Their religion, originally, was a pure Sabianism, in which the heavenly bodies were worshipped as mere types of the power and attributes of the Supreme Deity. Of the great antiquity of this primitive worship, there is abundant evidence; and that it originated among the inhabitants of the Assyrian plains, we have the united testimony of sacred and profane history. It obtained the epithet perfect, and was believed to be the most ancient religious system, having preceded even that of the Egyptians.

Says Mr. Birch, quoted in note, "There can be no doubt of the Sabianism of the Chaldees, and apparently of the early Assyrians, whose Pantheon, from its fusion of human and animal forms, resembles the Egyptian and Hindoo. The relation of religion with astronomy is, however, more striking in Assyria than in Egypt—the system of the latter country being Solar, while the Assyrian worship was rather Astral. On the Babylonian cylinders and monuments, the sun and moon constantly occur; and often seven stars, arrayed more in the manner of the Pleiades than of the Great Bear. Zodiacal Signs are frequently placed in the area along with the sun, moon and seven stars, and show unequivocally that the Greeks derived their notions and arrangements of the Zodiac from the Chaldees. The monumental cylinders disclose the constellation *Pieces*, while the extraordinary combination, *Capricorn*, bears the name of *Nebuchadnezzar*."

So ho! then, hereafter we may find Nebuchadnezzar in the sign from heaven, as per *Capricornus*, who went to grass in December, and found rather short commons, or difficult browsing, where he ate grass according to God's Word, and where he was sent as the scape-goat with horned cap into the wilderness by Moses. *Virgo, Gemini, Taurus* and *Sagittarius* were also found after laying twenty-five centuries as quiet as Job in his constellated coffin, during all the time that the Assyrian heavens have been rolled together as a scroll, while the Golden Eagle keeps ward "even unto this day," and "the identity of Nimrod is found in the constellated Orion." Other "signs and wonders" are made known, as the Babylonian saints, come out of their graves and go up to the holy city. Among the rest, we discern old *Scorpio*, having the same sting in his tail as when he nettled the Revelator John. Thus God's Word develops from all the circuit of the heavens, and from the uttermost parts of the earth, with the New Jerusalem, inclusive.

This astronomical religion was of the earliest nature-worship among the wise men of the East, and by Egypt, Phœnicia and Jewry transcribed into the physiological domain, where the human system is personified according to the various functions and relations of parts. The Bible, as being more physiological in the Freemasonry of its Word than astronomical, often declares severely against the heavenly host, including the star called Wormwood, and old Rompham, or Saturn, the star of your God. Though Philo covers the Word with fig-leaves thickly, as those which "strewn the brook in Vallambrosa," or "Siloa's brook, which flowed fast by the oracle of God," yet does he so speak that initiates may understand the mode of wise master-building in the ancient congregation of the Lord. The temple of the Holy Ghost, or house not made with hands, is shown to be physiologically "a sort of anatomical dissection," but yet fetches a compass to the clouded canopy of the heavens by its pattern on the Mount, being, "as it were, the paved work of a sapphire stone, and, as it were, the body of heaven in his brightness."

Philo was very learned in the wisdom of his nation, and interprets the Bible from the Masonic standpoint. The advanced student of this mystical lore will readily see the whereunto of the Word, however much the Landmarks may be draped and colored through the thick clouds of verbiage, and in parallels of his moral and spiritual superstructures. It was the way of the ancient Word, whereby the prophet, poet, sage, wrought into parable and symbol the words of the wise and their dark sayings—nor is the truth less beautiful on this wise, if you have time and patience to explore its Holy of Holies—its ever varying aspect of fresh fields and pastures new—its kaleidoscope of visions, embracing the heavens and the earth. But the priests and churches, having hidden or lost the keys of the mysteries, and failed to proclaim from the house-tops what was whispered in the ear in closets, and hidden from the foundations of the world, have made the Word about unto a lie, which is rather revolting as a way of promoting the glory of God. What though the idealized names within the landmarks are but personifications of wisdom, and in circumbendibus compass the Royal Arch, Sacred Chest, or Ark of the Covenant—if Noah be the pilot of the Ark, she swings not from her moorings as cable-towed by the umbilicus. What though the Illud of Homer be "a magnificent solar epic," it may also have a squarer sovereignty within the landmarks of *Neum*, with any amount of holy land in compass of the *Sacro-Illuc-symphysis*, or planes of Troy, with bridge over the Scamander. What though to Strauss and Hitchcock, Jesus be only a mythical ideal—it were beautiful that the heart of humanity had conceived him as an embodiment to be aspired, "to be nourished, and to be lived, as in large part the most beautiful and truthful of the ways of life—the regeneration of the soul above the plane of Mammon, with his gross material surroundings and garniture of the world. The treasures in heaven, or in the fully developed soul, are the true treasures, hence, as the true Christ was before Abraham, so is he now, and ever will be, to such as can receive him in spirit and in truth,

whether as a person or an impersonated principle of the Most High.

Of course it is sweet to embody the loved ideals of the soul. What struggles we make to do so through the faith whose martyrs have been the broken heart, till Spiritualism revealed to slight the unseen seraph, no longer the degrading phantasm of the poet, hopeless beyond the rites of death. "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground, the angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around." Certainly; but was the angel a spirit, or a star? The "watcher and an holy one came down from heaven," as per Daniel? Either you choose. We like it both ways, without either being exclusive of the other. Let the twain, then, be one in their harmonies, so shall we have the fuller music of the spheres. What more apt to shepherd and philosopher than that the stars should be the chief of the ways of God—the theogony of his generations of the heavens and the earth? and why may not the unfleshed soul put shoulder to Ezekiel wheels, in order to roll the heavens together as a scroll, while old Shaddai directs his twenty thousand chariots, in excellency, on the sky? Says Layard, "The origin of Chaldean theology has ever been a favorite theme of the poet and the philosopher. The Assyrian plains, uninterrupted by a single eminence, and rarely shadowed by a single cloud, were looked upon as a fit place for the birth of a system which recognized the heavenly bodies as types of the Supreme Power, and invested them with supernatural influences. The wonderful regularity of their periodical movements, their splendors, and even their effects upon the physical world, must have been apparent to the Chaldean shepherd long before they became the study of the philosopher and the priest. Whilst he watched his sheep by night, he marked the stars as they rose above the horizon, and learned to distinguish one from another, and to invest the most remarkable groups with distinct forms. If the attributes of the Deity were to be typified—if the limited intellect of man required palpable symbols to convey ideas which he could not understand in the abstract, more appropriate objects could not have been chosen than those bright luminaries, whose motions and influences were enveloped in mystery, although they themselves were constantly present. The transition from the adoration to a national system of astronomy is natural; and it is not surprising that the Chaldean, being the first to invest the heavenly host with sacred properties, should have been also the first to cultivate the sublimest sciences."

Thus we may see on what wise it was that the God of Israel leaped in live thunder against the hosts of heaven, as *Deus ex Machina*—whence it was that John got his supernatural machinery for his new Jerusalem, and with open vision discovered the very spot in the heavens where Michael, the *Ark*-angel, disputed with the Devil about the body of Moses. Since the stone of twenty-five centuries is rolled away from the Sepulchre of Nineveh and Babylon, we may find the "godly Babylonish garment," not only in canopy over all the land of Egypt, but from the Nile to the Euphrates—and the "wedge of gold" which Adam hid under the "stuff," or plaited folds, in such boundless contiguity of shade as made it necessary to cast lots for the Lord to find the delinquent—and when found, he was stoned, or troubled by the Lord so as to be no more able to enter into his congregation.

In the ancient mysteries, the "wedge of gold" was symbolized in the *simulacrum Iugurum mumbri virilis* with the triangular pot of manna, or nectarine of the Gods. Achan coveted all these things, and in the language of Erora, probably stowed them away under the plaited folds of the *Alchemilla*, or Lady's Mantle.

Throughout all the ancient Nature-worship, or old theologies, there is a significant physical meaning to words which the moderns have confined to a moral and spiritual sense, as abstractly intellectual or emotional; but, though all language, and all things else, are outbirths from the spiritual, yet the spiritual wears itself in words of physical significance; and thus from spirit to matter, and from matter to spirit, in evolution, we have the parables of every Word made flesh. If we begin with the outward sense, or flesh, then we have "that first, which is natural, and afterwards the spiritual," as per Paul. If we begin with the spirit, or world of causes, matters embraced, assimilated, and sloughed—nor is it any matter where we begin in this treadmill of the Gods, so that we take the circuit of the heavens and the earth. The ancients symbolized the manifestations of the spirit, so that the moral and spiritual were parallel to the physical significance of the Word. On this wise come to us the Biblical theologies, or mythologies, wrapped in a coat of as many colors as could tint the multifariousness of a parable. Says Layard, "The numerous symbols of figures which occur on Assyrian and Babylonian cylinders (or rolls), evidently refer to a mythological system." Here appears the Dove symbol in "the image of Baal, with the wings and tail of a dove." Here also is "Gryphon of the Greek mythology, avowedly an Eastern symbol, and connected with Apollo, or with the Sun. It will be observed that the four forms chosen by Ezekiel, to illustrate his description—the man, the lion, the bull, and the eagle—are precisely those which are constantly found on Assyrian monuments as religious types. These coincidences are to be marked not to deserve notice; and do certainly lead to the inference that the symbols chosen by the prophet were derived from the Assyrian sculptures."

Is it proper, then, to hire our pulpits to chat the lists of "varmints" from an exclusive sheet lot down from heaven, which had already furnished the funeral baked meats to the Assyrians twenty-five centuries ago?—a very progressive civilization, truly, that these cold pieces should be served up to-day by priest and Sunday School, as only

divinely to be had from the very much cattle of Ezekiel and St. John.

Even the Tree of Life, which was transplanted to the Biblical Garden, has been found in the remains of Babylonia, and doubtless further excavations will bring to light the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, whose unripe fruit gave Eve the coil, and "brought death into the world and all our woe," as a very timely Godsend for the church. In the cherubimic God of Calmet, the woman-looking face has the cloven foot of the Bull—the Bull being the regenerator at the vernal equinox, and leader-up out of Egypt of the heavenly host; and so as per Layard, "The Bull has always held a prominent place in the religious systems of Asia. The Sacred Bull of the Assyrians, the Apis of the Egyptians, and the Bull Nandi of the Hindoos, are evidently identical types." To which we may add the Biblical cherub, in whose sign of the golden calf Aaron proclaimed a feast to Jehovah. The same was manifest in Solomon's brazen bulls, in the heifer of Baal, and in the backsliding heifer of the equinoctial precessions—the sign of the Lord, or Sun, as per Tobit, who says that "the house of my father Naphtali sacrificed unto the heifer of Baal." It was to supplant the Bull that the Ram came up to take away the sins of the world from the December ephphany, and to bear the cross over at the equinox in manifestation of Christ by the Star which guided the wise men to Bethlehem, or "house of bread." Both signs of the Bull and Lamb were also paramount in the Argonautic Expedition—the Bull to plow the "four acres," and the Lamb to furnish the Golden Fleece—and while the Philistines were plowing with Samson's heifer, the Lord was feeding his people "as a Lamb in a large place"—from the basket of Bethlehem, "as it were, an half acre of land which a yoke of oxen might plow."

When the Bull fell from heaven, or lost his first estate, by precession of the equinoxes, then it was that the Lord "smote his enemies in the hinder parts, and put them to a perpetual reproach," as may be seen on the celestial map where Joseph, or *Taurus*, appears minus the hinder parts, or, in mystical language, the "wall digged down," or otherwise translated, an "ox hamstring," as done by "Simon and Levi, instruments of cruelty." "Then the Lord awakened as one out of a sleep, like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine. And he smote his enemies in the hinder parts; he put them to a perpetual reproach. Moreover, he refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim, but chose the tribe of Judah, the mount Zion which he loved, and built his sanctuary among the high ones," leaving "Ephraim like a silly dove" and "a cake not turned," out in the cold. But in the mystical Jacob of Deuteronomy, the Lord delighted to dwell in and bless the tabernacle of Joseph, the sign of the Bull, as precious of the sun and moon.

In this wisdom of God in a mystery, or Pass, puss in the corner, when the cat was away the mice would play. The dances, merry makings and conjunctions of the stars sometimes greatly disturbed old Shaddai and awakened him out of his sleep, so that "the snorting of his horses was heard from Dan," like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine. "God heard, he was wrath, and greatly abhorred Israel, so that he forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh." Binding his foal unto the vine, and washing his clothes in the blood of grapes, it is to be supposed that the starry daughters sometimes inherited the blood of the Father, as when he "trode the wine-press in his fury," and strong drink was raging in the outpouring of the spirit—"his eyes red with wine, and his teeth white with milk," as it flowed from the full breasts of the Virgin of Israel, the Virgin *Ma-re*, who not only flooded the Milky Way of the heavens, but with white linen folded the isles of the sea. As the sons of God saw the daughters of men that were fair and made them wives, what wonder that the sons of men should fall in love with the starry daughters of God, causing Isaac to behold a star come out of Jacob! While God and his sons are in the constellated *Cygn*, the eyes red with wine, and horses snorting from Dan, and God with a troop coming, there arises old *Scorpio*, with a sting in his tail—the fiery flying serpent, who did the *delirium tremens* in the ancient wisdom of God—thus rightly smiting the wine-bibber who did not walk *a-plumb* to the September Scales. Here, enthroned, is Nemesis, Goddess of the equal balance, weighing to all the reaping as they have sowed. In vain the atonement by dealing a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine. If you get drunk, or do any other unrighteous act, you take into the temple of the Holy Ghost, old *Scorpio*, who strings you most damnable, and woe to you how ever much you may cry Lord! Lord! Up, then; make us Gods to go before us, that we may go unharnessed out of Egypt in a brave, open, sunshiny face, in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly above the attractions of the grosser metal in Mammon, fashion and trailing substrata. Forward—sans rum, sans tobacco, and sans boring by the church theologues.

In Jewry, to "blow up the trumpet in the new moon was a statute in Israel, a law of the God of Jacob. This he ordained in Joseph (*Taurus*), a testimony when he went out through the land of Egypt, and I heard a language I understood not. . . . I answered thee in the secret place of thunder—I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. . . . Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Indeed, we think the mouth has been pretty well filled through shut eyes with "double mouthfuls of the spirit" to behold the Word of the skies hidden from the foundation of the world. "In a language I understood not when I came out of Egypt." But now "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty—he judgeth among the Gods. . . . for the Lord God is a sun and shield. . . . for who in heaven among the sons of the mighty can be compared unto the Lord? . . . They shall walk, oh Lord, in the light of thy countenance. . . . I have found David, my servant;

with my holy oil I have anointed him; . . . his seed shall endure forever, and his throne as the Sun before me, and established forever as the Moon, a faithful witness in heaven. *Sciah*."

Through all this law and testimony, with the Moon as a faithful witness in heaven, the Lord finds David, his servant, and crowns him. But David has more than one aspect through "double mouthfuls of the spirit." He was mystically in the sign of the Phallus in correspondence to the angel standing in the sun. When he danced before the Lord and Michal with all his might in the *Ure-sure* of the Sun and Moon, being girded with a linen Ephod, that same "curious girdle of the Ephod" had a manifestation of the spirit in the mystical *Kurios*, whose landmark may be seen even unto this day as strapped in the belt of Nimbus Orion, and presenting, as on the map, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. When Absalom, a rod out of the stem of David and Jesse, set Job's barley-field on fire, it was through that parallel grooving of the Word, by which the field, with oven prepared, baked the cake of barley bread that tumbled the host of Midian—that came into the tent and smote it down, and overturned it as it lay along.

It was on this wise that many of the mighty works of Israel were done among the mighties of those giants who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, when Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord, and "David waxed greater and greater, for the Lord of Hosts was with him to make him king, according to the Word of the Lord concerning Israel." As the sweet psalmist of Israel, he knew how to slug on the other side of the mouth in a language which the dogs and sorcerers in Egypt understood not. He knew how to blow up the trumpet in the new moon, and to sound the loud timbrel over Egypt's dark sea, by opening his mouth in a parable, and dark saying upon the harp, so as to become "the darling of the songs of Israel," and was mighty vain of the high honors bestowed upon him by the maid servants, when the oxen shook the ark of God, and the profane Uzzah put forth to steady it. It was only when he waned into Saturn, or "the plant with woody stem," or, as the feeble old man in the sun skirting the winter solstice, that he had to seek throughout all the coasts of Israel for one of those same hand-maidens who had so much honored him in the sign of the Lion of Judah, when the rod out of the stem of Jesse, like Aaron's, budded, blossomed, and bore almonds. Then the "Lion's whelp" in the sign of *Leo*, or Gabriel, "the strength of God" in the fierce love of the summer heavens, "hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah, in a wine-press."

Thus the mighty God, or Elshaddai, in solar, astral and psychological emblems garished the heavens, as by the winding serpent of Job. To be the Lord's anointed, or Christ, was to shine like the sun, and the emblematical unguentum was sometimes melted by that lunary, or fire from heaven—

And thus by pomatum,
If he could get at 'em,
A sweet smelling favor was unto the Lord;
Though in Africa, per chance,
Many hells were brok'ed ope,
With seventy-two stinks of Cologne in the Word—
the famous Septuagint of villainous smells that greeted the nose of Coleridge from the unclean city of *Zau de Cologne*, because it is only by cleanliness that the sweet gales of heaven can be secured. Even Swedenborg was driven out of his own hells by "a pretty considerable of a damned stink" from the abominations he discovered there, thus showing how proper even a baptism of water may be in the way of flooding the hells.

The Sun, as the great God, or quickener of life, the Most High, or his emblem, was "the Lord a great God and a great King above all Gods to judge among the Gods." Sometimes "he made darkness his secret place—his pavilion round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky." Sometimes a fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies. His lightnings enlighten the earth—the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord. The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory. Confounded be all them that serve his images, that boast themselves of idols; worship him all Gods." This was a slap at the Lord who made his abode in the Cherubim and Teraphim, made with hands in the sculptured symbols—for the Lord was only "great in Zion, and high above all people. Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill"—whence he may be seen coming up with the blushing Aurora, or Virgin of Israel, and "like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race"—for "the Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens. . . . who covereth with light as a garment—who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain—who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters—who maketh the clouds his chariots—who walketh upon the wings of the wind—who maketh his angels spirits—his ministers a flaming fire, and reneweth the face of the earth." Or, as the embosoming blue sky, atmosphere, or Holy Ghost, "gives thanks to him who made the sun to rule by day, and the moon and stars to rule by night. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

This handwriting on the heavens, written with the finger of God, was varied to be wrought into all the mystical significances where each might view his own as the very God of Gods. In Biblical mythology, the feminine in Nature is often covered in the name of masculine divinity—hence no Goddess, or Motherhood, appears in name direct, except along the margin of the later Word—yet we may find the sauce of the Gentle goose in the giblets of the Hebrew gander, and everywhere manifest in "the acceptable fear of the Lord." "Our God is a sun and shield." On the shield of Achilles were the sun, moon and stars—the Pleiades, the Hyades, and the Polar Bear; while the dogs of old Boos, like Nimrod Orion, were mighty hunters before the Lord, as

were also the Nile stars, the watchers and holy ones who came down from heaven. The scale of heaven discourses eloquent and apt music to its corresponding plane on earth; hence the wide variations by soul-wings of "all who explain the voice of oracles, mystic or popular, responses old" in the chief of the ways of God, while the musico-spiritual seers let off the Word in ecstasy, trance, or dream, with ear inclined to parable and dark rolling of the harp. *Berenice*, "one that brings victory," may also signify "a well of perfume," and her constellated mop of hair close to the *Virgo* Magdalena, may be the same perfumed hair with which she wiped the feet of the Lord. The sun had cast out of the virgin the fruits of seven months—the seven spirits, angels or demons of the Biblical Zodiac, or *Kurios* spirits of the Ephod; and now that the Lord, or Sun, was about to descend into hell, or the *Capricornic* strata, the "Mary Mystica" opens the alabaster box of precious ointment, "the well of perfume," and anoints the Lord of glory unto his burial—"the Sun our Lord," or physiological correspondence in the Word made flesh.

Old mythologies, or theologies, like modern romances and novels, may contain veritable history. Personifications may be interchangeable with persons, but it is impossible to say of the old theologies which is of the one, or which is of the other. The sensuous and spiritual worlds lap each other, and the wheel within wheel moves to correspondence of gearing; though sometimes "the snake upon the track is going on and coming back." Abram is from *Ur*, or Fire of the Chaldees—Isaac, the laughing, or jolly God, sporting with Rebecca, and,

with lucid mouth, Kisses the stars; east, west, north and south—while the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds ready to have a shy at old Satanias, should be come up among the sons of God to walk to and fro and up and down the earth, as a watcher or to flank Job, and among his devices not only garnishes the heavens as the winding serpent, but transforms himself into the Water Dragon, to cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that she might no more bring forth the fruits of the seven months in annual immaculate conceptions, but that eternal winter, or damnation, might prevail. However, the earth healed the woman, and so we continue to have seed-time and harvest, as per "Thus saith the *Amex*."

More than twenty-four centuries before our era, astronomical calculations were made which modern science has found to be correct, and the disembodying of the Assyrian Word discloses signs from heaven, which are presented unto this day as written with the finger of God. There is the bull, the vernal emblem of the Easter equinox; there old *Scorpio*, with sting in his tail, with "power to hunt men five months;" and there other zodiacal tabernacles of the Lord, or Bridegroom, "with banners adorning the meadows and fields"—or, as in the Assyrian Word, "the perfect God, the Lord who produces all things," flanked by the flying Serpent and the winged *Ram*. The wind, or spirit, being symbolized in wings, the ancient poets made no bones of swooping the heavens on the wings of the Lord. To the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness to a place prepared of God. This was the Lamb's mother, traveling to deliver of a child, with snake watching to devour him as soon as he was born. Israel has a sweep "on eagle's wings," as per Moses. While the Lord was riding upon a cherub in the winged Bull, on the same wise as Europa, and did fly on the wings of the wind, the winged *Ram*, by procession, was fetching a compass to be the Lord of the ascendant in Assyria. Sometimes the winged heavens took the winged *Scorpio*, the tumble-bug of our fields, as the symbol of the Lord—and what a fall was there, my countrymen, in the mode of showing how the worlds were made by the Word, and how the heavens were tumbled together as a scroll. Give us, rather, to fly with old *Taurus*, or the cherub with his wings of the wind, or the two wings of a great eagle, or better yet, the wings of a dove, to fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, than one of the twenty thousand chariots of God with winged scabbard and harness on his back as a chariot of Assyria and horsemen thereof. While thus in Assyria, "the good God, the Lord of the earth, the Sun, the Lord of truth, rising in all lands," rode upon a scabbard and did fly, he must have appeared in the sight of all Israel, and the sun as a God newly up. However, we must not despise the day of small things, and the scabbard is quite significant of the Word when the earth was without form and void. The right means in the right place, "and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen;" nor were Assyrians wanting in the higher architectural wisdom. Says Layard, "It would be difficult to conceive any interior architectural arrangement more imposing than the triple group of gigantic forms as seen in perspective by those who stood in the centre of the hall, dimly lighted from above, and harmoniously colored, or overlaid, like the cherubim, with gold in the temple of Solomon."

In Assyria, as in Jewry, blasphemy against the Sun, Lord, or ineffable Name, was as severely punished as when the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the name. The Assyrian Word declares that these men having spoken blasphemies against Ashur, the great God of the Assyrians, their tongues had been pulled out. Ashur, the Lord, or Sun, was the emblematic *Taurus*, Joseph, or Bull, the regenerator, or fructifier of the earth, the equinoctial sign of the Lord at Easter, the Jehovistic Golden Calf, to whom Aaron proclaimed the feast.

Layard thinks that the Biblical page is more diversified with spiritual episodes than may be found rolled together on the Assyrian cylinders. Very likely—as the later religions will be reforms of the earlier materialisms they supersede, and modern Spiritualism, when it has well sloughed off the bodies of the old death creeds, must culminate into the greater light than what dimly shines within the dull, dead Mammionism of our churches. Even upon the Assyrian plains, Layard finds a people remarkable for spiritual gifts, or wild flights of the imagination—the same aptness for a parable or prophetic improvisatore—the same skillful creator of a romance, as when shepherds watched their flocks by night, and saw Elizabeth hide herself five months, while Gabriel hailed Mary in the fruitifying Ashur of seven, and the Lord came down as a watcher and an holy one from heaven in a chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, and the snoring of his horses was heard from Dan.

"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half-a-dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small that I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the gentleman; "I'm like a sixpence among half-a-dozen coppers—not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

A grove of mammoth trees has been discovered in Santa Cruz, Cal. The largest tree is fifty-four feet in circumference, and two hundred and fifty feet high—the first hundred feet from the ground without a limb.

Written for the Banner of Light. DE VERE. BY BELLE BUSH. PART THREE. Songs of Morrow.

Where sleeps my noble boy to-night? Not in his cradle bed, Within my window swings the light, 'Tis swalling there through all the night— Through all the long, dull, dreary night I wait to hear his tread. Why comes he not with laughter light? In vain I strain my aching sight; I see no more his features bright, I hear no more his kind "Good-night"— They tell me he is dead!

Where dwells my noble boy to-day? Not in his quiet home, The morn looks in with golden ray, I watch for him through all the day— Through all the long, dull, dreary day I list to hear him come. His sister, too, neglects her play, And asks me, if her winsome way, "Oh, mother, where does brother stray? I've looked for him through all the day, And yet he does not come."

He used to sing and play with me, He never cared to roam; His songs were always full of glee, And all his snags was sweet to me; But now he sings no more to me— I miss him from our home. I long to hear his laughter free, Beside the gate I watch to see The manly form so dear to me, Ah, mother, where can brother be? Will he not shortly come?"

Lest I should cloud her infant years, By tears too early shed, I smile, to hide from her my tears, And calmly answer, "T will be years, Ay, darling, 't will be many years, Ere we shall hear his tread." But ah! my heart, that nothing cheers, Still counts the pulses of its fears; She hears them in my drooping tears, And asks me "why it will be years, Ere we shall hear his tread?"

And when I answer her again, And tell her he is dead, I hear my darling still complain, And ask, "Will he not come again? Dear mother, say he'll come again," I wait to hear his tread. I answer with a sob of pain, And strive to make my words more plain; But still she wakes her childish strain, And asks me o'er and o'er again, "What is it to be dead?"

I tell her, with a heaving breast, How all of us must lie Within the silent grave to rest, How still will be our paunting breast, How cold and still each weary breast, When we are called to die. The thought has never been her guest, Her infant years have all been blest, My arms have been her place of rest, But now she asks with paunting breast, "Why did my brother die?"

Alas! alas! who here can tell? I know no fit reply; It is not sounded in the knell That's wakened by the evening bell That rings so merrily to tell Of our great victory. Alas! to me 'tis but a knell, The mournful echo of a bell That says to cherished hopes, "farewell!" It will not comfort her to tell He died for Liberty.

I call her out with smiles to play; She answers, with a sigh, 'Tis cold and dreary out to-day, My brother is not here to play; When he was here I loved to play— Why did my brother die?" The question, like a mournful lay, Falls from her young lips day by day, And then, in childhood's winsome way, She asks me sometimes mid her play, "Who made my brother die?"

I answer, "God;" but ah! my heart His tender care denotes; She asks me "why he sent the dart That pierced so good and true a heart?" And my poor, weak and wounded heart In bitterness replies: "It is of life the mournful part, That each must feel their sting and smart, Yet know not why Death's fatal darts So oft should pierce the noblest hearts, And bear them to the skies?"

"But God is very good, you say," My darling still replies; "Then, mother, where does brother stray? Have I not lately heard you say— Does not the Holy Bible say— That all who die shall rise, And through a bright and shining way Fly homeward, never more to stray? Then, mother, if to God I pray, Will he not send us to-day My brother from the skies?"

I here repeat the old refrain, Found in our evening hymn, "He may not come to us again"— My child must learn the sad refrain, Death does not sing a glad refrain— "But we shall go to him." She listens to the mournful strain, And while my heart throbs quick with pain, With eyes upturned she asks again, "Mamma, what means that sad refrain? When shall I go to him?"

"I hope not yet, my love," I say, While fear the hope belies; "God, I am sure, will let you stay, He's taken one," I wearily say, "But God is very good, you say," My darling still replies; "Then, mother, why that mournful lay? If he's so good, shall I not pray, And ask him, in a cheerful way, To show to me the shining way To brother, in the skies?"

"Not yet, not yet, for many years," I answer, with a sigh; I strive to quell my rising fears, And say again, "Oh, not for years— Not yet, for many, many years— Must you, my darling, die?" "Why not? and why those starting tears? Dear mother, strange to me appears Your clouded brow and falling tears, If I should die in early years, Would I not live on high?"

Thus sings my darling day by day, While something in her eyes Seems half triumphantly to say, "My life is ebbing fast away; 'E'en now I see the shining way To brother, in the skies." I know it by their bright'ning ray; And o'er her cheeks and forehead play The tokens of a swift decay. "Alas!" I murmur day by day, "Why must my darling die?"

She murmurs, and the jeweled night Smiles o'er her cradle bed; Within my window swings the light, 'Tis swalling there through all the night. She starts, and says to me, "Good-night; I hear my brother's tread— He's come to take me to the light; Dear mother, kiss me now; good-night!" Pale grows her cheek, and dim her sight; Then through the long, dull, dreary night, I watch beside my dead!

"Oh God! oh God! is this thy love?" With quivering lips I cry; "If not my prayers thy will could move, Why should my heart thy ways approve, When all its chords yearn for their love— Why did my darlings die? What message borne from realms above, By wandering stars, or heaven's own dove, Can answer me? What lips of love To my poor, wounded heart can prove Why they're so soon should die?"

The mother's wild and plaintive moan Now ceased; yet still an undertone Of grief and sadness thrilled my breast, And gave its quivering chords no rest. Yet ere the sympathizing words That woke within, like songful birds, At every sigh and sound of woe That from another's heart may flow, Could leave their nest within my soul, And stray to lighten and control, I heard another low, deep wail, Borne to me by the passing gale, So wild of tone, that tongues of grief Seemed hung on every quivering leaf, While thus in tears a fair young bride Mourned that her love too soon had died:

THE AMERICAN BRIDE'S LAMENT. Alas! all joy is fled! To grief my heart is wed! Upon her wrinkled breast I lean my head, And cry despairingly, "My love is dead! Ah! woe is me! my love, my love is dead!" She answers with a sigh, And pleading, murmurs "Why?" I echo back her low, despairing cry, And murmur, "Why, Oh, why should love, my love, in manhood die?"

No answer comes to me, No light of lamps I see, Gleaming afar, to tell us where they be Whom Death has ferried o'er the eternal sea, I plead in vain to know if they are free, If love can bring them near. I clasp my hands in fear, Darkness and desolation greet me here, I tread a weary way, For he is gone who was my hope and stay. Oh Joy, thy smiles are fled, And Hope's fair flowers are dead, For thou, my love, my noble love, art dead!

The gay, light-winged hours, That lately through my bowers Tripped all unheeded, now, with measured tread, Move slowly by, and sing, All joy is fled, Life's glorious flowers are gone, for love is dead! No more from dowry lips Pleasure or hope their golden honey sips; The blighting North Wind's breath Hath stolen their perfumed breath, And given it with my love's to thee, Oh Death!

Life's summer-time, how brief! And Joy, how like a leaf, Hung quivering on the weak and slender spray Of Youth's fair tree, it lingers for a day, Till wake the winds of grief, When Death, insatiate, on the loved one calls, Then quick it falls, And to the hollow caverns of decay It drifts away— Silently, mournfully it drifts away!

And Faith, ever bright Faith, Following Love's wraith, Vails the mild splendor of her radiant eyes, And all her lofty dreams are changed to sighs. Why strayest thou, oh Faith? When Death, insatiate, on the loved one calls, Why leave our halls? Why change thy glorious canopy of stars To broken spars, Through which we see no more heaven's crystal bars?

Ye answer me no more, Oh Faith no more Wakes the glad music of thy heavenly lore; I hear instead Life's sullen waters roar; On Grief's black shore I sit, and wearily count o'er and o'er My treasures lost. Ah! me! they were a rare and radiant host, Fairest of which was Love; But Love strayed early to an unknown coast, And all the others fled: Hope, Mirth and Gladness from my bosom fled— How could they stay with me when love was dead?

I know that round his name— His loved and cherished name— Will shine for years bright laurel wreaths of fame, And ages yet to come, in glad acclaim, Clasp hands with this, and say, "Where Freedom's banner waved, he led the way." 'Tis was a glorious task, And gloriously he won the hero's bay, 'E'en with his life, that ebbed too soon away. But who will pause to ask What fears were shed? What hearts with grief were rent? what bright hopes fled, When first I breathed the words, "My love is dead?"

I know 'tis well to die For thee, oh Liberty! We look with reverent fondness on their graves, Yet say of those we call "our buried braves," 'Tis better thus to be than live as slaves! And thus, oh Love, I say Of thee, each weary day, Though dark without thee seems life's weary way, I would not plead one hour for thy return, If thou couldst not be free, For well I know thy lofty soul would spurn The proffered boon; though it restored to thee All the rich love that fills my bosom's urn, I know that thou wouldst say, "Let me return, Hold me not here, my love, let me return To stillness and the grave,

Ere I become that hated thing, a slave! And I would love thee more for saying so, And calmly bid thee go, Though my poor heart should after break with woe! But here thou couldst be free; No chains would fetter thee, Except my love's, and they so sweet should be: That thou wouldst never wish from them to flee! Then why, oh love didst thou, In thy bright manhood, bow? What need of thee had star-crowned Liberty? She would have triumphed if thou hadst not died, For, side by side With the brave men who chose thee for their guide, Thou wouldst have borne her glorious banner on, Nor paused till *Peace*, through victory, was won.

But now no more, my love, Wilt thou thy valor prove, And when the bells, the merry, ringing bells, Shall wake the echoes of the distant dells To tell us "Peace has come!" I may not hope to bid thee welcome home! Ah! me! how and will be That welcome day to me! When others shall rejoice, my heart will keep, Where night dews weep, Its lonely grief, where earth's heroes sleep. Grief! grief! thy sable thread, Beaded and gemmed with tears my eyes have shed, Seems like a pall o'er all thy future spread. Oh Joy, why art thou dead? Why from my heart has all thy music fled? And Love, my noble Love, why art thou dead? [To be continued.]

WAS IT A DREAM? No, I could not breathe so near the dear old home, and not see it. Yet I hesitated a long while; it almost seemed too great a favor to be granted to my poor, sinful eyes. "Can it be changed?" I asked myself. "Does the white rose grow by the chamber window? Is the Jessamine still by the path?" I did on my bonnet and veil, wrapped my shawl round me, and went out. The landlady of the inn where I was stopping, looked earnestly at me, as I passed her, as though—or I thought it—she suspected the truth of my story of governess.

I passed along the road with trembling steps and falling heart. The great trees on either side—how they had grown, and how proudly they waved their branches above me. I came to the gate, and then I thought of my wild, headstrong girlhood, my great sin, and all the sorrow of my later years. The old house stood back amidst the trees, as stately and grand as when I played by its doorstep, a child; as when I left it, a reckless woman. The soft summer air tossed the leaves of the oak trees, and swept over the fresh grass. As I stood at the gate, longing to enter, yet not daring, Markham, the old housekeeper, came to a window, raised it and threw back the blind. I knew the family were not there, and she could do no more than despise me; so I entered, and walked slowly up the path to the house.

I knew I was changed. Ten years of sorrow and wild contending with fate, had left their marks upon me. The door was open. I entered the hall. There was the lounge where sister Madge and I had sat with our sewing many and many a day. I entered the drawing-room. Markham was quietly dusting the furniture, and singing softly to herself. She did not perceive me. I looked about me. "My dear, dear home!" I murmured. Turning hastily, she saw me. I had thrown back my veil, and was looking eagerly about on every loved object. She approached me, in her prim, formal manner, and said: "Madam, do you wish to see me?" "Markham," I said, "don't you know me?" "It's Miss Edith!" she answered, starting back. "Do not be afraid of me," I said tearfully. "I will only stay a little while. I have come a long, long way. I could not die without seeing home again. You do not blame me, Markham?" "Far be it from me to blame you, Miss; but I never thought to see you again."

I sat down quite broken-hearted. I was in the home of my birth—the home of all that was dear to me—surrounded by everything to remind me of the past. Yet a stranger, and forever banished. "My father! Markham, how is he?" "Well," she answered. "And my mother—did she grieve very, very much?" "She has changed, poor lady!" "My brother, and Madge?" "Robert joined the army, and Madge is married." "Thank God, that they are living! And is she happy—my sister?" "We trust she is, Miss."

"Do you think they would know me, Markham? Am I so much altered?" "A good deal, Miss," she answered. "It is ten years, I believe?" "Yes, ten long years. Oh Markham, you know me when I was a child; when I was a happy, thoughtless girl; and you see me now a wretched, heart-broken woman. See my faded cheek; my thin, trembling hands; my gray hair—and I so young! Markham, if I were dying, I would beg to stay, to see my dear old mother's face. To hear my father say he forgave me. He would, I think, if I was dying. But no; I am fated yet to live. I am only dead to them!"

There was one around whose memory was linked all the love and devotion of my nature; he I longed to ask for, yet feared. Was he dead? Was he the husband of another—the companion and lover of my girlhood? I thought of him now; the long years like a gulf between us; his loud, hearty laugh; his quick, eager step; his bright, earnest eyes. "Tell me, Markham, does he—live?" The old woman bent down and whispered in my ear; I strove to hear; I could not, and I begged her to repeat what she had said. I knelt at her feet; my sore life was in her words, and yet I could not hear them. She turned away. "You must go," she said. "Think, if you should be seen here! Hark! some one is coming now!"

I rose hastily. I went to the open window. "May I take one little bud?" I said. "I will keep it sacred from all human eyes. I will pray over it, even as you, Markham; pray over your beads; and God give me rest at last!" I left the house and hurried down the path—out the gate—away—anywhere, I knew not, I cared not whither. "Edith! Edith!"—the last utterance was accompanied by a tender little scream—"what is the matter? Why did you sob so in your sleep?" Was it, then, a dream? and was it my laughing, blue-eyed Madge who was pinching me in such a sisterly manner, and trying her best to rouse me? "Please, Madge," said I, after I had convinced her I was awake, "don't say a word to me for just one minute."

"Only one," she said laughing; "remember now, I shall count." Well, I put my hands over my eyes and made

a vow that henceforth I would stop flirting. I had made him very unhappy. I would ask his pardon, for was not his love worth more to me than the idle gratification of a few hours' vanity? I thought of my dream, and the misery I might cause, and groaned at the thought. "Ah! dreaming again, are you? Edith, this will never do."

I took my sister's two dimpled hands in mine, and told her all. "Madge," I said, "I cannot imagine what should make me have such a bad dream." "Nor I," she answered, looking at me with a merry sparkle in her laughing eyes; "unless it was that long walk you took yesterday with that fascinating, black-eyed Mr.—" "Do not speak his name! I will never see him again as long as I live! I hate him! I only did it to tease somebody else, you know."

I kissed my mother so often that day, that she begged me, as a favor, to stop. I was the most accommodating person in the world to Madge and Robert; but I think I don't quite like Markham; the housekeeper, since my dream. EDITH.

WEARINESS. BY LONGFELLOW. Oh little feet, that such long years Must wander on through doubts and fears, Must ache and bleed beneath your load! I nearer to the wayside inn, Where toll shall cease, and rest begin, Am weary, thinking of your road. Oh little hands, that, weak or strong, Have still to serve or rule so long, Have still so long to give or ask! I who so much with book or pen Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh little hearts, that throbb and beat With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desire! Mine, that so long has glowed and burned, With passions into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires. Oh little souls, as pure and white And crystalline as rays of light Direct from Heaven, their source divine! Refracted through the mist of years, How red my setting sun appears, How lurid looks this soul of mine!

HEART LEAVES. NO. THREE. BY LOIS WAISBROOKER. Sweet Sister—I saw thee last night, but it was in the land of dreams, and not as thou art now. The rosy cheek and rosy lips that I kissed so passionately, were those of long, long ago; even when thy brother and sisters, proud of the beauty of the youngest darling of the household, took turns in placing thee against the wall, and then stepped back to see thee come toddling, falling into their arms amid the shrieks of childish laughter, while our mother sat watching us with the fond, loving pride of her maternal heart.

Sweet sister, never shall I forget when I first took thee from our mother's arms, a dewdrop from the skies, the breath of heaven fresh upon thy velvet cheek. Ah! thou wert a very rosebud, the last of our domestic summer, for the frost of death came all too soon, and the parent stem withered beneath its touch. Then they took the pillow from thy head—even thy mother's bosom, and thee from us. Then we were scattered by the breath of poverty, like leaves before an autumn wind.

Yes, we were scattered, and I see thee now only in dreams; but never shall the sweet prattle of thine infant tongue be erased from thy sister's heart; and though our paths are widely separated, a mother's eye is looking from the heavens upon us; a mother's yearnings mingle with those of the great Infinite Heart, over all the dear ones left behind. And we shall yet meet, a united family, in the land beyond the river.

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW.—The best inheritance which parents can give their children is the ability to help and take care of themselves. This is better than hundred thousand dollars. In any trouble or difficulty they have two excellent servants in the shape of two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited on, are helpless and easily disheartened in the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and hardy, meet troubles with a cheerful face and easily surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn to do as many things as possible. Every boy should know how, sooner or later—

- 1. To dress himself, black his own boots, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep the clothes in order.
- 2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and harness a team.
- 3. To carve and wait on table.
- 4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.
- 5. To reckon money and keep accounts correctly, and according to book-keeping rules.
- 6. To write a neat and appropriate, briefly-expressed business letter, in a good hand, fold and superscribe it properly, and write contracts.
- 7. To plow, sow grain and grass, drive a mowing machine, build a neat stack, and pitch hay.
- 8. To put up a package, build a fire, mend broken tools, whitewash a wall and regulate a clock.

- Every girl should know how—
- 1. To sew and knit.
- 2. To mend clothes neatly.
- 3. To make beds.
- 4. To dress her own hair.
- 5. To wash the dishes and sweep the carpets.
- 6. To make good bread, and perform all plain cooking.
- 7. To keep her rooms, drawers and closets in order.
- 8. To work a sewing machine.
- 9. To make good butter and cheese.
- 10. To make a dress and children's clothing.
- 11. To keep accounts and calculate interest.
- 12. To write, fold and superscribe letters properly.
- 13. To nurse the sick efficiently, and not faint at the sight of a drop of blood.
- 14. To be ready to render efficient aid and comfort to those in trouble, and in an unostentatious way.
- 15. To receive and entertain visitors, in the absence or sickness of her mother.

A young lady who can do all these things well, and who is always ready to render aid to the afflicted and mitigate the perplexities of those around her, will bring more comfort to others and happiness to herself, and be more esteemed, than if she only knew how to dance, sing, and play on the piano.—Home Monthly.

NO NEED TO DIE OF THIRST.—It ought not to be forgotten by any one liable to shipwreck, that thirst is quenched by soaking the clothes in salt water twice a day, or even oftener, and allowing them to dry upon the person. If sea water is drunk, the salty portions of it are absorbed into the blood, and fire it with a new and more raging thirst, and a fierce delirium sets in. It would seem that the system imbibes the water, but excludes all the other constituents. It is known that wading in common water quenches thirst, with great rapidity. Persons while working in the water seldom become thirsty. And it is further interesting to know, that however soaking wet the garments may become from rain or otherwise, it is impossible for the person to take cold if the precaution is taken to keep in motion, with sufficient activity to keep off the feeling of chilliness, until the clothing is perfectly dried or facilities are afforded for a change; but in changing the garments after wetting, it is always safest and best, as an additional safeguard against taking cold, to drink a cup or two of some hot beverage before beginning to undress.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Children's Department.

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

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

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER III.

A cold autumn storm made the next morning gloomy enough; and the thought of Uncle Isaac's death seemed to Abraham like the storm. He did not think of Uncle Isaac's happiness in his new life, but only how much more gloomy the world would be without him.

"But what's the use of my fretting about it?" thought Abraham. "Boys are not expected to work and support their mothers, and I shall do nothing about it. I may as well have an easy time as anybody. I expected to go to school and be a smart man; but I can't, so what's the use?"

"As Abraham looked out to the driving storm from his little chamber window, these thoughts and many like them transformed him into a very selfish being; but, even as he looked, other feelings seemed to be urging themselves upon his attention. He supposed his Uncle Isaac was far away in that place they called Heaven, yet still it seemed to him as if he was speaking to him, and repenting: "To succeed is to try." He began to think about his noble resolve again, and with a sudden resolute impulse he said aloud: "I'll try, Uncle Isaac; if I don't succeed!"

This stormy morning many of the villagers had assembled in the little store of Mr. Stamp, the post-master; and Abraham, after breakfast, thought he would call there on the way to Mr. Hink's, for boys always feel attracted by the social aspect of stores and taverns, and they do not think whether they are the best places to gain that knowledge which will be of service to them.

Abraham found there Mr. Potham, who was whittling a little stick and making some remark as Abraham entered. Captain Spooner also sat on the long settee, and seemed to be listening quite eagerly. Esquire Niles had just fastened his horse in the shed and was entering. Abraham noticed a peculiar glance from the eye of Mr. Stamp as he entered, and instead of the cordial good-morning which he was accustomed to receive, he got only a frown. He had been so absorbed in the thought of his Uncle Isaac's death that he had forgotten about the accusation of John, and wondered why he was not welcome.

"Get out, you young scamp!" said the Captain. Abraham's anger rose, and he looked at his friend, Mr. Stamp. "Yes, yes, you'd better get out. My store is quite full enough without you."

Abraham looked him full in the face; instead of the kindly glance he had been accustomed to, he saw suspicion and dislike. He left the store with his eyes fast filling with tears. He did not understand what all this ill feeling meant, and his troubles seemed greater than he could bear. Esquire Niles looked on quietly, and read at a glance the whole matter.

"Now see here," said he after Abraham had left; "you've no right to condemn any one after that fashion until you've proved them guilty. I believe that Abraham had nothing to do with Peter Hink's mishap; for Soph told me, going home, that John said the caps were Dame Tinkerton's; and I'd like to know how he knew, if he did not take them from her clothes-yard himself?"

"Sure enough," said Mr. Stamp; "I always thought Abraham was a good boy; but Mr. Potham said he thought it quite likely that Abraham had been up to many tricks, and, you know, I've lost several things lately, and he really believed that Abraham took them."

"And so I do," said Mr. Potham—whose once having expressed an opinion was bound to adhere to it—"for I'd like to know who else did; and, you see, Miss Jones said that Abraham told her that he was going to school, and could have all he wanted; and I'd like to know how, if he was honest, for isn't his mother as poor as anybody?"

Abraham went on his way to Mr. Hink's with a sorrowful heart. He imagined that because of his ill luck every one began to despise him; for he had hardly thought of the caps since he read his mother's letter, and he did not imagine that any one suspected him of any really evil intentions. On arriving at the little home of the shoemaker, he entered the small shop adjoining. Mr. Hink was there with his head bandaged up, but able to work with some pain. On seeing Abraham, he lifted his last with a fierce look and ordered him from the shop.

"But, please, sir," said Abraham, "I came on business." "Pretty business you do, you young rascal, leading old men into trouble and depriving them of their quiet rest!"

"But, Mr. Hink," said Abraham, "I did n't even know about your cow till some of the boys told me." There was an honest look in Abraham's eye that quieted the old man's anger, and Abraham went on: "To prove it to you, I've come to offer to learn the trade of you, if you'll take me as apprentice."

you meant to be a gentleman, and live on other people's earnings!"

"For the first time Abraham thought what it would really be to be dependent on another. Mr. Hink had stated it plainly to him. "So I did, Mr. Hink," he replied; "I thought it would be much better to have some one else to do for me; but I have concluded to do for myself, and if you'll try me I'll serve you well."

"Said like an honest boy," said the shoemaker; "and I'll believe you, for all John, who has been trying to make me think he's very sorry I'm hurt. When will you come, Abraham?" "I am ready now, please you, sir," replied Abraham; "the sooner the better;" and he seated himself on the vacant bench, just opposite Mr. Hink. Many a noble thought was to be hammered out on that humble seat; many a high resolve and holy wish; but now, in the gloomy light of that autumn day, it seemed like a place that could bring forth only sorrow and misery.

So many of the people of the village interested themselves in Mr. Hink's accident, that they made it convenient to call in and see how he was recovering from it. Among them was Mr. Potham, who looked much surprised at seeing Abraham at his first lessons in shoemaking. He called in on his way home to tell Miss Jones the news. "What do you think of that?" said he. "I think it just a blind," said she; "no doubt he supposes he'll make us all believe he's innocent of all harm; but law me! don't we understand tricks better than that? But I guess, as you won't stop to read the paper, I'll just run into Miss Taft's. Sophy has set a heap by Abraham, and I'd like to hear what she'll say now."

So Miss Jones donned her green calash, and ran into her neighbor's, Mrs. Taft, where she found Sophy busy piecing up a "rising sun," which was to be the centre of a bed quilt. "What a beauty of a quilt you have!" said Miss Jones. "I do think that's the loveliest pattern I ever saw! I suppose you've heard the news? Isaac Parker's dead, and Abraham has gone to work for Peter Hink. I hope he'll not turn up his nose at other folks now. They do say he's a smart boy, and understands all the books he reads; but then he need n't think he's better than other folks. I wonder how he'll like the last? I hope it'll be the last of his tricks on honest folks!" and Miss Jones laughed heartily at what she thought a very great piece of wit; but no one else joined the laugh, and Sophy tried to look very indifferent, and sewed away faster than ever on the diamonds that were to form her quilt. She allowed Miss Jones to finish all she had to say, when she rose very quietly, and said: "Now, mother, if you'll let me, I'll run over and get my shoes. I think they are done."

"Run, my child," said Mrs. Taft, with a triumphant look at Miss Jones; "and you be sure and ask Mrs. Hink if she'd like any more worm-wood to bind on Peter's head."

As Sophy went out under that dark autumn sky, many thoughts passed through her mind. She had always thought Abraham the best boy in the village, and she was quite proud of his attention to her. She had heard him say that he intended to go to school and make a gentleman, and as her father was one of the richest men in the town, he had promised to send her away to school, and she and Abraham had made many plans as to what they would do when they went to the Adams Academy. She did not believe what Miss Jones had said. She felt quite sure that Abraham would never think of becoming a shoemaker, and above all, she was sure he would not learn a trade so disagreeable as Mr. Hink. What would Jane Dean say when she heard of it? And would not John Smith be more disagreeable than ever?

These thoughts, and many not more agreeable, crowded through her mind quickly; but as she felt the cool, fresh air, and something of its strength shone out on her cheek—for the rain had ceased, and the dark clouds were being driven by the north wind—she had some wiser and better feelings. "I'm sure," she said to herself, "if he is there it is not because he prefers it, but because he thinks it is right; and after all, it will make no difference; he'll be just the same; and I'll let him know I do n't care, and let John know that, if my father is rich, I've a right to like what I please."

Thus thinking, she entered the little shop. The air was so warm that she thought she could hardly breathe; or else the truth that Abraham sat there on Mr. Hink's bench took away her breath. "Why, Mr. Hink, how warm you are!" "Well, I declare," said he, "is that what makes your cheeks so red? I thought perhaps you were surprised at my company."

"Well, on the whole I'm glad, Mr. Hink. How do you do, Abraham?" And Sophia went toward him with one of her pleasantest of smiles, and asked him if he'd please to hand her shoes that Mr. Hink had mended. If the brightest sunshine had shone into that little shop, it could not have seemed so bright to Abraham as that smile of Sophia's made it. He was sure that she was not ashamed of him because he was going to be a shoemaker. Already he felt stronger to do his best, and to succeed by trying. He was too young yet to be trusted with much work, but with Mr. Hink's constant care he could do many things quite well, and before night he felt quite sure of his capacity to learn quickly and well. Just as Sophia was leaving the shop, John came up Mr. Hink's yard. He made an excuse to go into the shop by taking an old pair of boots to be mended. He was quite surprised to see Sophia, and quite glad, for he had feared that she had not learned of Abraham's ill luck, and of his intentions. He gave her a very polite bow, but she returned only a cold nod, and hurried by him. As Abraham saw John enter, the blood rushed into his face, and for the first time his spirits fell. He saw John's triumphant feeling in his face; he knew he was glad in his changed fortune, and he felt ashamed of his resolve and of his work. He turned to the window, and saw Sophia stopping a moment by the gate; she turned to look, and waved her hand pleasantly to him. In a moment his courage was up, and he looked back again at John with a clear, calm eye. He felt that his greatest trials were over, for he was sure if he could feel in himself good courage and a determination to do his best, that nothing could disturb him much.

That evening there was a gathering of young people at Sophia's, to talk over the best way to go out to Esquire Niles's to an apple-paring; for Susan came out with her father to invite them, and left especial word for Abraham to go. He was tired from sitting so quietly all day, and did not feel like calling at Mr. Taft's on his way home; besides, he had still a little feeling, as if the girls and boys might not choose him to find a team and drive them there, as they had always done before, for he had a steady nerve, and any man was willing to trust him with his horse. Therefore he went home, took his books that his uncle had brought him, and went quietly to his study. He soon forgot that he was a shoemaker instead of a gentleman, and as he quietly laid himself down to sleep that night, he felt stronger and braver than ever before in his life.

[To be continued.]

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Illinois.

Permit me to give your readers a few words. Our village is directly West of Chicago a distance of seventy-five miles. The number of Spiritualists here is comparatively small, but those who are of our beautiful philosophy are unmovable in their faith, and command the respect of all.

Brs. J. B. Young may be considered the mover above all movers here, in getting good lecturers. Hearing that our sister Cora L. V. Scott was engaged by the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, he determined, if possible, to secure her services for one or two week-day evenings, and accordingly she was engaged for the evenings of the 21st and 22d ult. Her efforts were crowned with such success, that the citizens in quite a large number, began to inquire "when she would come again," which query was the result of a second engagement which will be closed to-night; one lecture having been given last evening. Owing to the excessive warm weather we had but a moderate house; but "where there are two or three gathered together," there are enough to draw forth the soul-inspiring language of Cora and her guides.

I am pleased to be able to send you, what I consider to be a very beautiful poem, given through her at the conclusion of an address in Metropolitan Hall, Chicago. The lecture was particularly addressed to the returned soldiers of the Union armies, and the poem was given as appropriate to the occasion.

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE UNION ARMIES.

Open wide the palace portals, Wreath with flowers the banquet hall, Let lights gleam from every cottage, Hang fresh garlands on each wall. Roll the drum! Bugle sound! Let the land with joy resound! Soldiers, welcome home!

Who are these with fearless bearing, Battle-worn, yet brave and strong, With their tattered banners waving, With their wild and joyous song? Never fought Braver man! Force of gallant Sheridan! Brave boys, welcome home!

Who are these, like war birds flocking, Filling street and public square, Dashing, restless, brave, undaunted, Thronging, shouting everywhere? When was thought All was lost, Down sweet Sherman's winged host! Warriors, welcome home!

Who compose these mighty columns, Marching proudly, rank and file, With no stain upon their laurels, Wreathed in victory's bright smile! Brave sons Of the free, Led by Grant and Liberty! Veterans, welcome home!

Where the wild-rose blooms in beauty, On the distant woodland slope, And the golden-prairie lily Lifts its dew-droplet up, And the birds Sweetly sing, All their wild notes to you fling; Welcome, welcome home!

Where the corn-fields stand like armies, With their plumes of gold and green, Driving back the foe-faced famine, In whose clutches ye have been— Fields of wheat, Waving grass, All salute you, as you pass, Whispering—"Welcome home!"

But alas! all are not with you, Who went forth in strength one day; Mothers vainly watch their coming; Wives can only weep and pray— Watch and wait, For never more, Through palace hall, or cottage door, Will they come welcome home.

One by one their names were written Upon Heaven's Muster-rolls; Death, Time's Great Senior Commander Led them to the land of Souls; From cold marches, Bloody glens, From foul, loathsome prison dens, Angels bore them home.

Now they wear the shining armor Of eternal, endless life; Truth is sword, and shield and sabre; Love has conquered every strife. Ever true, Still they stand, Sentinels o'er their loved land, In their shining home.

Where the camp-fires of the Heavens Gleam above the clouds of Earth, And where all souls are promoted By the standard of true worth, Led by them, Heaven sent Your loved, martyred President! They are "welcome home!"

This poem was not reported phonographically, but was written out through the medium, on the following Tuesday.

Yours for Truth, G. H. Rochelle, Ill., July 7, 1865.

A Note from W. K. Ripley.

Permit me a brief space in the Banner to answer the many questions of numerous correspondents, in relation to Phrenological and Psychometrical reading of character, treatment of disease, &c., as practiced by myself. By the direction of the *invisibles* I have been attracted to the subject of Phrenology and Psychometry, and thus assisted, it has become a practical science. During the past two years I have made hundreds of Phrenological examinations, public and private, not one of which but has given perfect satisfaction.

My Psychometrical Readings, embracing past, present and future events, have been received as marvelous and wonderfully true. Many prophecies relative to future events, have been verified by time, contrary to the opinions of the subject at the time of the reading. In the healing of the sick by magnetic touch, although of but recent development, I have been very successful. I have helped and cured several hundreds within the last six months, who have been considered hopeless by the Medical Faculty. I refer to Caleb Frost, Auburn, N. Y., contraction of muscles under the knee; he had not walked up and down stairs for eight years, except by moving one foot along in advance. Cured in ten minutes, so he could walk up and down steps with ease. A lad, lame hip for years. Cured in three minutes. And hundreds of others, which space will not permit me to refer to; but to which I invite attention by circular of certificates, sent on application. Wherever there is disease of the vital organs, lungs, heart, liver, kidney, &c., I use in connection with magnetic treatment, "Eclectic Temperamental Powders," adapted to the condition and temperament of the patient. I do not profess to cure every disease—and all kinds of disease; but do cure many pronounced incurable by the Medical Faculty, as hundreds can testify that have been cured by my treatment during the past two years. I use mental and physical remedies, as diversified and different as are the temperaments

of my patients," for what is one's meat, is another's poison."

I propose to open a permanent healing institute here, the first of October, where patients can find me on Tuesday of each week. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, will visit other places in vicinity.

Monday and Saturday I reserve for the purpose of visiting and speaking Sundays, for societies in this vicinity, who may desire my services. Will make engagements for fall and winter months, to speak Sundays, within one day's ride. Address Foxboro, Mass.

Fraternally, W. K. RIPLEY. Foxboro, Mass., June 7, 1865.

Letter from Dr. Fairfield.

The progress of Spiritualism is onward and upward, ever new and progressive, with life and power unfolding the noble and God-like attributes of love, truth and wisdom which are generated in the living soul, bringing them into a lively, useful and harmonious action, reforming, elevating, and in every way improving the condition of humanity, in those things which pertain both to the earthly and heavenly relations. Grand, beautiful and sublime are those truthful, progressive principles, which flow to us from the angel-world, and are impressed upon us as naturally as images are reflected from a mirror by the aid of sunlight. By study, cultivation and aspiration, in connection with the law of adaptation, we have learned that we can hold profitable communion with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, just as lawful and naturally as we can hold communion with the inhabitants of the material world; and yet I have recently met with a certain class of religionists who think there is nothing new under or above the sun, and at the same time pride themselves in their fierce denunciations of all new things, and in their support of the old dogmas, such as the fall of Adam and Eve, the talking snake, total depravity, the wrath of God, endless torment in fire and brimstone, whose curling flame and rolling smoke are ever ready to receive the poor unfortunate sinner. One of this class, Rev. Mr. Paddock, in Lawrence, Kansas, took it upon himself to preach against spiritual intercourse, denouncing it as deceptive, unreliable, and coming from an evil source, with the evil design of undermining the Christian Church, and leading the people astray.

So the preaching Jews said of Jesus. They called him and his co-workers infidels, and disturbers of their religious peace. Well, they did disturb their self-righteousness, and the creeds and dogmas of the Jewish Church, which had so long hindered the progress of humanity, but they never disturbed anything that tended to elevate, bless and save mankind. The millennium reformers of our day recognize the ministrations of departed spirits, feel their presence, and receive from them inspiration and communications for their earth-lives.

To say that all of these communications are evil, deceptive and unreliable, coming from an evil source, is a false assertion, for which there is no warrant in human experience. We know a tree by its fruit. It might as well be said that our earthly associations and communications were all evil and unreliable. Is it so? No! no! comes the answer from millions of embodied spirits dwelling on the earth; and we know, from blest and happy experience, that there is love, truth and virtue in the human heart, and many a time have we been benefited by the cheering communications from our earthly friends. Have they indeed lost all of their love and interest for our welfare and happiness in their heavenly state of existence? From hundreds and thousands of men and women of moral culture and intellectual ability, of truth and veracity, we may hear the answer, No.

Our departed friends are possessed of all those lofty powers of life and thought, all those strong and holy affections, and all those delightful emotions of inward hope and joy, that characterized their earthly existence; and by the exercise of the same attractive powers of life and motion which draw spirits to the heavenly world, can they return again to earth, and, under favorable conditions and surroundings, manifest their presence in a sensible and convincing manner. We know, too, by seeing, feeling, hearing and conversing with our departed friends, that a profitable line of communication has been established between the two worlds of mortal and immortal existences. And by the quickening and saving influences of the angelic gospel, which is proclaimed in tones of seraphic sweetness, the great world of mankind pauses in its wayward course of sin and unbelief in a future state of existence, to listen to the immortal voices which are descending from the skies, teaching us that there is a life, an individual life, all divine, beyond the confines of the tomb, and above the clouds of the earth.

How joyously the crushed souls look up from the cold and lifeless dogmas of the past to greet the spirit-messengers of life, immortality and heavenly communion: "Peace on earth, good will to man;" "the dead are alive;" "the lost are found;" and "the sick are healed."

This has been my experience of late in Kansas, Missouri, and Quincy, Illinois, where I am engaged in lecturing and healing the sick, in body and mind, this month. The friends in this delightful city are very much revived, and are about organizing themselves into a Spiritualistic body, so that their power for good may be felt in the world of reform.

I am using all my energies to bring about a Harmonical Organization, and Children's Progressive Lyceum. The dear children love to meet with us in our meetings, and feast on heavenly wisdom. In many places they flock around me, after listening to a lecture, asking many questions of vital importance.

Come, friends, let us have our Spiritual Sunday Schools. I will help to form them, and answer calls to lecture and attend conventions in the Eastern and Western States. Address Burlington, Wis. Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD. Hannibal, Mo., July, 1865.

The Labors of Dr. Neal.

Brother and Doctor J. A. Neal, of New York, has been in the city a short time, and I am happy to announce that already, through him, several important cures have been effected, which, done under other circumstances, would cause almost a popular commotion, and bring to the one performing them high honor and a commanding popularity. Your readers will understand what I mean by other circumstances, that it is nothing disparaging to Doctor Neal. It is because that the spirit which dictated the query of old, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" is yet rife; and he who is not stamped with the regular seal of the popular theology and systems of medical practice, has to wait, in a majority of cases, till the love of life and a desire to be free from pain overcome prejudice. Oh, the incubus of prejudice, and the terrible weight it is upon the mind of its possessor!

Two that Dr. Neal has healed have publicly, in the Daily Press, certified the facts, and by their own signatures attested the marvelous works he did. One, a severe case of rheumatism, entirely

inhibiting labor, was cured by three manipulations, and the suffer returned to his work without any inconvenience. Another was a case of erysipelas in the head and arms. The right arm and hand were swollen excessively, so that they could scarcely be moved. A single manipulation banished the disease, and fifteen hours after the patient returned to his work. Other cases there have been of diseases of long standing, yielding to his kindly manipulations.

I have had two or three interviews with Bro. Neal, and am pleased with his earnest, conscientious spirit. The influence under which he operates is a genial one, having seen him twice when moved to do his Master's work.

Through him the angel-world comes bringing the good gifts of the spirits to raise or soothe the afflicted. Blessed truly is the dispensation of Spiritualism. Its anointing is for mind and body; and may all who are moved to do any portion of the labor, like Bro. Neal consecrate themselves to it, and enter into the world's great vineyard.

Let us go forth! The weary world is aching for relief, and in all around, and amid us, Alas! unto God devoted thanksgiving raising, Bless us with the white.

Fraternally thine, W. FOSTER, JR. Providence, R. I., July 18, 1865.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for July.

EXPERIENCES OF THE REV. DR. FERGUSON.

Before this reaches the reader, Dr. Ferguson will have left our shores for his native land. To those, therefore, who have had the pleasure of listening to his public addresses, still more to those who have had the privilege of his personal friendship, this book will be specially welcome as a memorial of one whose talents they admire, and whose virtues they respect. But, even apart from this, judged on its own merits alone, it will be cordially received for its interesting facts and its many suggestive thoughts. The newspaper critics, if they have not completed their education, and are not past learning anything, may now discover what manner of man it is they have been so ignorantly vituperating. They will find that when but a lad of thirteen, he was selected as the best qualified and most suitable person that could be found for the office of public school teacher in that part of Virginia where he was then residing, and received a gratifying testimonial from the county trustees and the magistrates for his success in conducting it. At the age of twenty-five he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Bacon College, Kentucky; and at thirty, the degree of Doctor of Laws from Franklin College, Tennessee. He was ere this favorably known as editor of more than one widely circulated religious periodical; and when called to the ministerial office, he soon became the most popular preacher in his State, and a magnificent church, with sittings for fifteen hundred persons, was built for him, and in which for eleven years he labored with undiminished popularity.

While residing in Tennessee, the Governor of the State appointed him Trustee of the State Asylum for the Blind, and the State Lunatic Asylum, and visitor to the State Penitentiary; and by the authorities of the capital, he was often made almoner of the public charities. He was constantly called upon to deliver orations, lectures and sermons before the State Legislature, conventions of the people, and the most distinguished literary societies in the Southern and Border States.

When the Southern Convention met in Nashville in 1850, he was unanimously elected its Chaplain, and invited to preach a sermon in his own church to its members. In an early stage of the present spiritual manifestations in America, Mr. Ferguson, in his own experiences, soon became convinced of their reality, and did not hesitate to risk his popularity and position by publicly avowing, both in the pulpit and the press, what he knew to be the truth in this matter. As a result of this course, Mr. Ferguson recognized considerable diversity between his views and those of the majority of his congregation, he voluntarily resigned the edifice which had been erected for him, and so carried with him the respect even of those who deemed him most completely in error on the points in question.

Though living and educated in the South, Mr. Ferguson never had any personal complicity with slavery. He recognized the fact that freedom is achieved by legal and peaceable means, and with due regard to varying conditions and interests. And, until the heated passions of men led them to appeal from the arbitration of the ballot to the bayonet, his counsels met with respectful consideration in both sections of the country. In 1850, when these passions were on the eve of culminating into an armed rebellion, Mr. Ferguson was written upon by the most distinguished men of that period in Tennessee, and, at their request, he delivered an Address on the crisis that had arrived, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the State Capital, to an audience of several thousand persons. In 1861 he was candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and his eloquent and stirring addresses made a deep impression. When Fort Donald was attacked, he was called upon to address the State Legislature, at Nashville, and predicted the capture of the fortress, which his hearers believed would be the consequence. When it occurred, and the Federals, in consequence, were at the gates of Nashville, at the call of the authorities he used his influence and eloquence in calming the popular dismay and tumult.

Mr. Ferguson has since specially applied himself to the advocacy of an International Congress, to settle by peaceable arbitration those differences which have been hitherto, and are still, determined by brute force. He laid his views on this question before the Northern Congress, and the Emperor of the French, (who, it is well known, has sought to carry the idea into practice), and before members of the British Cabinet. By President Johnson, Dr. Ferguson is personally well known and much respected. He has had free communications with him on public affairs, and he returns to his native country to add by his personal efforts to representations already by him made on the course of action to be followed in the present crisis, and which, it is to be hoped, may be not ineffectual in promoting or strengthening a policy of wise and generous clemency in the hour of victory.

Of his work in this country in connection with the Brothers Davenport, we have kept our readers fully informed; and the book under review, and the Biography of the Brothers Davenport, by the same editor, will give abundant particulars. Any further notices from us on this point is, therefore, of necessity unnecessary. With this brief and rapid resumé of Dr. Ferguson's career, we leave our readers to form their own opinions of the intelligence, or the honesty, of the conductors and contributors of those newspapers which have disgraced themselves and outraged decency in their persistent defamation of a man honored alike by the people and by the highest authorities of the State where his life has been passed. To us, we confess, the conduct of such a party is a sorry evidence of ignorance, or the exhibition of open dishonesty. It is not altogether an unknown quality in the editorial sanctum, the editors who have perpetrated or permitted these outrages, will hasten to acknowledge and recant their hasty and turbulent utterances, and so escape the reproach which now lies so heavily against them. In any case, it will be a caution to newspaper readers not to put their faith in editors.

We have thought it best to sketch the course of the career of Dr. Ferguson, rather than to dwell on those "supra-mundane facts" in his experience, which it has been the chief object of Dr. Nichols to present. For those facts we must refer the reader to the book itself; they will find it replete with interest. Among the most novel and startling of its revelations are those contained in the chapters on "Spiritualism among the Shakers," "Formation of matter by Supra-mundane Power," and "Supra-mundane Powers of Heat and Light."

We cannot dismiss the book without referring to the excellent introduction by the editor, in which the popular objections to Spiritualism are anticipated and answered. It would be well to reprint it as a tract for general circulation.

Supra-mundane Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Hancock Ferguson, A. M., LL.D., including Twenty Years' Observation of Phrenological Phenomena. London: Paternoster-row.

Correspondence in Brief.

Festival at Eden Mills, Vt. As per notice in the Banner, the Spiritualists of Eden Mills and vicinity, several hundred in number, met on the 4th instant, for the purpose of celebrating not only their National Freedom, but their religious freedom, freedom of thought, and give expression to their feelings...

The topics of the enslavement of the whole human race, Physically, Mentally, Morally, Religiously and Politically by Ignorance, and its final emancipation through the Penchings of the Spirit-World, and the use of Free Thought, were ably handled, to the apparent satisfaction of all present.

After the close of the exercises at the grove, the audience proceeded to Dr. D. Randall's Hall, where the Doctor and lady had prepared all that was desirable for the refreshment of the physical man.

In the evening a levee came off at the Doctor's. The day was fine, the air cool and bracing, which, taken in connection with the perfect order and quiet manifested throughout the day, contrasted strongly with the old fashioned way of celebrating amid the fumes of rum and gunpowder.

The Cause in St. Albans, Vt. Spiritualism is not dead here, by any means, however lukewarm may appear its advocates in our midst. Some of our most prominent men are quietly investigating its philosophy...

Spiritualism in North Dana, Mass. It may be interesting to some of the readers of the Banner, especially those pioneers of the Spirit-World who have visited us occasionally for the last two years, to learn that Spiritualism still lives in this section.

To Those whom it may Concern. Persons desiring information concerning the whereabouts, etc., of Emma Hardinge in future, can obtain it by inquiry of Mrs. E. J. French, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Spirit-Messages, etc. After reading in your issue of this week the message purporting to be from the spirit of Willie Demorest, of 11 King street, I immediately determined to call at the house indicated, and test the truth of the message.

Verbatim Reports. Several of our patrons, who have not the facilities of hearing our best trance speakers, ask why we do not often publish verbatim reports of their lectures here.

Vacation. The time having arrived when our medium takes her usual vacation, no public circles will be held at this office for the present.

Supra-Mundane Facts. On our third page will be found a notice of a new work by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, which we copy from the London Spiritual Magazine.

Asa Packer of Pennsylvania, who recently gave half a million dollars to found a college, left Mystic, Conn., thirty years ago, owning nothing but a little bundle of clothing tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief.

Accidental of Miss Harris. The trial of Miss Mary Harris for the murder of A. J. Burroughs came to a close in Washington, D. C., on the 19th, by the jury's bringing in a verdict of acquittal.

Bread for the Suffering Poor. In January, 1864, with the cooperation of friends, we established at this office, a Bread Fund in aid of the suffering poor of Boston.

The Atlantic Cable. A private letter recently received in New York from Cyrus W. Field, states that the Great Eastern would probably leave the Nore on the 11th, and Valonia on the 15th of July.

The Holy Land. An association of men of character and standing in England, under the personal patronage of the Queen, has been recently set on foot for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of Palestine, by excavation, the same as was done by Mr. Layard at Nineveh.

Barnum's Museum. The conflagration of this extensive collection of curiosities in New York, at mid-day, caused a large amount of description and commentary in the daily papers of that city.

Decatur Clarion. We have received two numbers of a good-looking sheet bearing the above title, published in Decatur, Mich., by Elder Moses Hull.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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, JULY 29, 1865.

OFFICE, 168 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.

We are very sure that every one of the habitual readers of the Banner peruse each week the Message Department, and find in it a great deal to comfort, console and inspire them.

This department of our paper is, if possible, becoming more interesting than ever before, and in consequence is attracting a great deal of attention abroad as well as at home.

It is to be borne in mind that this spiritual telegraph is a scientific affair, as well as a religious one; to be operated in obedience only to natural and established laws; working with precision and a well regulated efficiency.

A most striking illustration of the truth of what we have been saying is supplied by the reading of a message on our sixth page of this paper, from a spirit who bore the earth-name of Margaret Downs.

The answers are not very various, but they are all very plain. Those who know the alphabet of Spiritualism will be at no loss to conceive them as soon as they hear the questions.

We all get a lesson out of these very plain considerations, which we neglect only at the cost of something which none of us can afford to waste.

Several of our patrons, who have not the facilities of hearing our best trance speakers, ask why we do not often publish verbatim reports of their lectures here.

The time having arrived when our medium takes her usual vacation, no public circles will be held at this office for the present.

On our third page will be found a notice of a new work by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, which we copy from the London Spiritual Magazine.

Asa Packer of Pennsylvania, who recently gave half a million dollars to found a college, left Mystic, Conn., thirty years ago, owning nothing but a little bundle of clothing tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief.

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Bread for the Suffering Poor. In January, 1864, with the cooperation of friends, we established at this office, a Bread Fund in aid of the suffering poor of Boston.

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Barnum's Museum. The conflagration of this extensive collection of curiosities in New York, at mid-day, caused a large amount of description and commentary in the daily papers of that city.

Irreligion in Politics. Human nature has a constant tendency to repeat itself, particularly in its worst and meanest phases. We had fondly thought that with Archbishop Laud's time religious persecution had died out utterly in England, just as in the days of old Puritanism it had found its end on our own soil.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, the renowned writer on political science, logic and metaphysics, and the man who has modernized and improved upon Adam Smith's that famous treatise on political economy by which his name will be known and honored to the last day of the existence of a social state—Mr. Mill, we say, the foremost of the Englishmen of his own time and the peer of those of any other, has recently been assailed by a certain individual—no matter what his name is—for his "Irreligion," as demonstrated in his political writings.

Mr. Mill takes notice of the assault so far as to reply to it, not for his own sake or that of his election, but, as he says, for the benefit of future candidates for Parliament and a public career.

Nothing is plainer than this—nothing can be more manly. It is only surprising that such things have to be said in this day of superior liberality and enlightenment, this age of progress, and freedom, and reform.

The New York Independent has arrived at the conclusion that ecclesiastical journalism is what popular slang styles "about played out," and cites an article on the matter in the London Weekly Review to make good its opinion.

The statement of the London paper respecting the matter is, that, while Scotland has in reality lost none of her sects, "these sects have lost their newspapers, and the religious denominationalism of the North does not at present possess a single representative print."

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Decatur Clarion. We have received two numbers of a good-looking sheet bearing the above title, published in Decatur, Mich., by Elder Moses Hull.

A Large Picnic Party. The Spiritualists' Picnic, at Island Grove, Abington, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., was a great success. The first train from this city took down fifteen cars crowded to their utmost capacity with happy picnickers, and the second train brought down a large number more.

We heard many express their surprise and admiration at the perfect order and decorum which prevailed throughout the day, as something which rarely, if ever, happens in so large a gathering.

All present seemed happy and to enjoy the occasion. A number of good speakers were present, and as many as could, entertained the party with what fresh thoughts they had to spare.

Dr. Gardner was requested by many to have another Picnic soon, and on putting the question to the audience whether they approved of the suggestion, it was unanimously decided in the affirmative.

There are tricks among the ecclesiastical councils and assemblies, just as certainly as there are in the gatherings and conventions of the politicians.

Now if the Council refused almost unanimously to grant a seat to Charles Beecher, why not, also, to Henry Ward and Edward, both his brothers, and both men of power and influence in the denomination?

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A Church Millionaire. "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Journal, says: "The landed estate of Trinity Church, New York, is sufficient to place that church beyond the reach of poverty. It originally covered two thousand six-hundred lots, of which, since 1748, three hundred and eighteen have been given away, one thousand fifty-nine have been sold and six hundred and ninety one are still owned by the church.

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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. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an unimproved 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.

Soul of the Beautiful, Life of Truth, thou whose wisdom hath breathed into being this handsome day; thou whose voice is heard in the dim solitudes of Nature, where no human voice has ever vibrated upon the air; thou who hath planted thy feet where no human foot hath ever trod, writing thy name everywhere; thou who art breathing through every form of human life; thou who art our Father and Mother, a fountain of everlasting strength, to-day we praise thee. To-day, through the feeble lips of human life, we sing these songs of joy. We turn all our spirit's power toward thee. We love thee, not because we fear thee, but because thou hast planted a germ of love in our being, and it naturally turns toward thee as its centre. Oh thou mysterious Presence, we worship thee in all sincerity, in spirit and in truth, for thou seest such worship. Thou art a Spirit, and it may be thy name is Love. It may be thou art that Power that moveth upon all things, that has been in all the past, art in the present, and wilt continue to be in all the future. Sometimes the shades of sorrow sweep over our being, and we wonder if the fountain of thy love has dried up; wonder if thy smile has been blotted out. But we wonder in ignorance, in weakness. We wonder, because we have not grown large and wide enough to comprehend thee. We wonder, because with our finite capacities we cannot fully understand thy law. Oh Father, Spirit, receive all our utterances. They are of thee. Though they may be like dead blossoms, yet they are of thee. Father, bless them; crown us with wisdom; give us peace; give us that which the soul seeks for forever—eternal life. June 6.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents, we will now hear them.

Q.—By E. H. Please explain why the prophets of old all pointed to the coming Jesus as our Saviour and Redeemer? and were those prophecies inspired writings?

A.—All writings are inspired, more or less, for inspiration is the soul of all such emanations. It has been said, and truly, too, that coming events cast their shadows before them. Now this Jesus, this Spirit of Truth that was to be given to humanity, was a so-called established fact—a something that in spirit already had an existence, and these sensitive persons who were able to prophesy that truth would come, were able to perceive. Through that perception they were to prophesy, for perception is always the foundation of true prophecy.

Q.—By William Randall, of Ohio City, Kansas: In the last chapter, ninth and nineteenth verses of the Revelations of St. John, the angel uses the words, "This book." What book is meant?

A.—If that paragraph had been correctly rendered, it would have shadowed forth an entirely different meaning. Instead of giving utterance to condemnation, in consequence of unbelief, it would have given utterance to love, instruction. It is well known, at least to certain souls that have investigated in that direction, that your Bible, or Sacred Record, as it is called, has been very imperfectly rendered. Where you have one truth clearly and properly defined, you meet with a hundred errors staring you in the face. We do not wish to speak disparagingly of what is, to us, a very dear Record. We only want you should understand that poor, weak, fallible mortal has given you the form in which spirit resides, and, as a natural consequence, that form is very imperfect.

Q.—[From the audience.]—The writer of the question you have just answered, seemed to refer to the book of Revelations, and not to the whole Bible.

A.—We should certainly say that he had but special reference to the book of Revelations. However, we are not certain upon that point. It is only our opinion.

Q.—Do not Spiritualists learn to love the Bible more, rather than less?

A.—All true Spiritualists do, for they who are truly spiritualized can see great beauty, boundless merit in the Bible, and so love it, not because they have had it enforced upon them, but because they see it is lovable, because it has become beautiful to them. If they do not so see it, rest assured their Spiritualism has not carried them far toward truth and beauty.

Q.—Shall we ever have a better record of the Bible than our present one?

A.—All things are moving on. The world in the natural and mental cannot stand still, therefore, it will be very natural to expect that you shall have greater and more divine revelations than you already have.

Q.—I have been told that a better record is to come through persons mediumistic, and through whom the ancients can give a more proper rendering of their ideas. Is it so?

A.—It is. Q.—Is it known to the presiding spirit whether any genuine gospels have been rejected, or have we the whole?

A.—It is known that you have only a very small portion of those gospels. It is known, not only to your speaker, but to many who exist in the human form.

Q.—Do those that have been rejected contain more or less important truths than the gospels we possess?

A.—Yes; far more important than those that have been given you.

Q.—Are any of those truths known to the presiding spirit? If so, I would like to have one or two mentioned.

A.—All those truths that had special reference to the early life of Jesus; those truths that were bitter in their denunciation of priestcraft; those truths were rejected, were all withheld, all cast aside, not as worthless, by Constantine—for he could not fail to perceive their great worth, him-

self—but they were inimical to his position, to his craft. His particular creed was in danger, and he selected that which would best build up his forces, and rejected those portions of your Bible that were dangerous to his creed. He rather than any one else, has given you your Bible. Profane history will tell you what he was.

Q.—Was Constantine the one who first marred what we have received as the Bible?

A.—He was the principal intelligence-acting at that time.

Q.—Then we may trace the beginning of the error to him?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Do not those who learned to read the Bible previous to their becoming Spiritualists, enjoy reading it the more now?

A.—Certainly, if they are true Spiritualists.

Q.—I would like to ask when the dogma of the Trinity was given? Was it given by the casting vote of the Council, in favor of Athanasius, and thus established?

A.—The theory of the Trinity may be dated back even further than that. It was a favorite belief with the Ancients of a far off time. It is a well-known fact that the Ancients believed in a God who could create and destroy, and could restore again, thus making the Trinity. But behind all this it may be referred to Free Masonry. It is a well-known fact with Masons of to-day, that the Ancient Free Masons had a certain religious belief, and that religion or belief in a Divine Father or Jehovah was the foundation or starting point. This same Jehovah was a Triune God. You will find in the Ancient lodges of Free Masonry that their entire walls were decorated with these symbols of the Trinity. You have them handed down to you of the present day. They mean something. What do they mean? Why not simply that you have a Triune God, but that you are Triune yourselves. You are divine, are of spirit, are of human life. So you have reared your God to correspond with yourselves, or very naturally to; or, in other words, Free Masonry has.

Q.—Is there any evidence that the Bible was specially inspired?

A.—Yes, the very best of evidence. You cannot utter a thought, or think a thought without uttering it, that is not inspired. It is very possible that this Bible may contain more of inspiration than some other books. We do not say that it does. We do not say that there are not more than one so-called inspired Christian record.

Q.—If our Bible was especially inspired by God, why was it allowed to suffer at the hands of Constantine?

A.—Why is it that light and darkness exist together, the greater on the lesser good? We cannot tell—we know it is so. Now it is possible that Constantine may have been inspired to reject those portions of the Gospels that he did. We do not believe in a God that has only half power—do not believe in a second controlling Power in life. We believe there is one Intelligence governing in all conditions, that has controlled in the past, is controlling in the present, and will control in the future. Now, then, if this Supreme Presence has entire control, then it controlled Constantine, as well as all others.

Q.—As Spiritualists advance upward and outward, does the Bible become to them more a controlling power or an assistant? more a master or a friend?

A.—It becomes a friend. As they advance in wisdom, it loses the mastery over them. The soul, when it is free from the shackles of ignorance, is its own master.

Q.—Do you mean that the error in the Bible loses its control over them?

A.—We mean that it loses its control over them.

Q.—The Bible teaches that this world is about seven thousand years old. Is this true?

A.—We can tell you that it is entirely false. Geology will tell you that, also. There are records that point back more than three hundred thousand years.

Q.—Do you refer to the records of Geology?

A.—Yes do.

Q.—It has been said in Griffin Lee's Pre-Adamic Man that there were ten forests, each giving evidence of ten thousand years growth. Is this true?

A.—We do not know with reference to this especial case or locality. From what we have observed in other localities, we presume it is true. It is said also in your Sacred Record, that at a certain time during warfare between two contending armies, the sun actually stood still. It is believed that the sun did stop in its course, by a great majority of Christians. Now they should stop and reflect; bring their own common sense and reasoning powers upon it, and they will see that this could not have been so. The sun and moon were simply painted, pictured upon the banners carried by them into battle. And when the standard-bearer was ordered to stand still, it was equivalent to informing the army which side had been victorious. The record gives you to understand that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. Oh poor, weak, human nature, why not turn and drink of the waters of truth, instead of those of falsehood and error?

Q.—Where shall we find the waters of truth?

A.—In the most simple places where you will least expect to find truth. Perhaps issuing from the lips of childhood—it may be from the petals of the bright blossoms. They tell you of God that has called them into existence, a law, a power, a something that creates and controls all things. Truth is there, in the air, everywhere.

Q.—Are we to infer, then, that it is better for mankind that those rejected truths of the gospels were not published?

A.—It would so seem. At all events, while you are passing through the transition or imperfect state, you do not require perfect spiritual food. On the contrary you can thrive only on the imperfect food that corresponds with your own developments. So then you have these imperfections for a time while you are yourself imperfect, and we have faith enough in the Great Intelligence ruling, to believe that all are needed, all are for use.

Q.—If God knew all this, could he not have prevented Constantine's rejecting important portions of the Bible?

A.—You speak of God as though he were a person. You can conceive of him only by self. This is well; we do not blame you. But let conceive of him as an everlasting Power, a Great Eternal Law, a something that governs all things. If you only understood that Principle, as manifested through all the demonstrations of Infinite law, you would feel differently. We are satisfied to worship the manifestation. We worship the beauty we see in the flower, the grandeur in the ocean or mountain. That is God. No one can dispute it that understands Nature and the life of Nature.

Q.—Then are we to infer that an imperfect book is better than a perfect one?

A.—Yes; the perfect would have been of no use to you. You could never have resolved it. The imperfect is like a staircase leading to the perfect, and you reach the perfect only through those im-

perfections you speak of. Your teaching must correspond with your own development.

Q.—It seems to be a question of truth and fact. If Constantine prevented any books written from being published, it seems to be not a question of perfection, but of withholding truth and fact?

A.—Yes; but there is such a thing as showing you too much truth—more than you can comprehend. Is it not possible that the Supreme Intelligence made use of Constantine to withhold a part of that truth? We believe the same Power controlled Constantine as controls you and I.

Q.—Then we should infer that Constantine was selfish.

A.—Yes, it would seem that the law acted upon his selfishness. He destroyed that which would be likely to interfere with his own religious creed. Who made that selfish nature of his? Why God, to be sure.

Q.—Will not those books that were destroyed by Constantine, be at some future time restored to us?

A.—It is very possible that all you need of these self same truths will some day be restored to you.

Q.—Nothing is lost, then.

A.—Nothing is ever lost. There is no loss in Nature, no accident in Nature.

Q.—Fire, then, does not consume?

A.—No; it only changes. It may deal with the form but it cannot deal with the principle.

Q.—Do you suppose it possible for God to be restrained in his will?

A.—We believe that this Intelligence, called God, under all circumstances, is found acting through law. The blade of grass grows by virtue of law. The human body is brought into existence by means of law. Every thought is born by law, sent out upon the great world of mind by law. All things are the result of immutable law, and God was never known to break law.

Q.—Then you do not believe in the doctrine of free and unrestrained will?

A.—There is always some restraint upon will, from the fact that one will acts upon another will. One acts upon another restrainingly, the other putting forward.

Q.—Has there ever been such a thing as resurrection of the dead?

A.—Not as you understand it. It is said that Christ, or Spirit, manifesting through him, restored the dead to life; that the spirit which had departed from the human body was called back again and re-visited that life. This is not so. At the chemical change called Death, the body—physical body—comes under the absolute rule of another law, and the spirit, also. They are divided, absolutely divorced. They live, then, each under its own law. Mark us: we believe that God never breaks one of his laws, and as these laws are all from this mighty Law-Giver we know he cannot break them.

Q.—Are we to understand that the spirit does not leave the body when people are said to be raised from the dead?

A.—You are to understand that the separation has not been complete, however it may so seem to be. We know there are various instances in which persons are said to have been raised from the dead to human life again, but we know, also, that they were not absolutely dead, that the spirit had not yielded up its control of the body, that they were still existing under the same unitary law. You sometimes put away your physical bodies, supposing that the separation between body and spirit has taken place, when it has not. This should clearly prove to you how liable you are to be mistaken in these things. June 6.

Elihu Brown.

I died at Newbern, N. C. on the 18th day of last July, of fever. I am from Wisconsin. My name was Elihu Brown; was thirty-one years of age. I have been trying ever since I knew I could come back to come this way. But when I found I'd got to meet everybody but my own acquaintances, and had got to be dressed in this kind of way—in a woman's clothes—I rather held back. But my anxiety has got the better of me to-day, and I'm here.

I am from Jonesville, N. C. I should be mighty glad if I could get back and talk to folks. My brother Richard was wounded, and I rather reckon he died on the field. I suppose I shall come into a place where I shall meet him sometime, but I haven't yet. There was some difference of opinion between him and me, and he told me, stranger, to "go to hell my way and he'd go his." Well, we want you, very even together, you know—harmonious you'd call it. I reckon I'll make it all right with him. He knows now, I reckon, that he was as much to blame as I was. If he's got his eyes open, he can see that. I don't care anything about what Richard said to me now.

I want the folks to know how we are off, how we can come back. I've met the old gentleman, my father, in the spirit-world. Well, he's just about the same as he used to be; ain't much difference; and he says: "Let the dead bury the dead; let 'em find out the best way they can. He ain't coming back, for they'll say, 'He can't come back—'tain't no.' We don't believe that folks can come back to earth."

Now, sir, you'll just say to the folks that I died with fever; but I'm alive with something. I should be very glad to get a chance to show to them I am alive. [You'd better give your friends' names.] Well, most of all, my wife Sarah—I want to reach her. My sister Jane, too—I should like to get a chance to talk with her. [Have you a mother?] Yes, I should like to talk with my mother, also, for she's worrying because she thinks I am in Hell. Well, I ain't; you may be sure of that. I'm pretty well off.

I want 'em—well, I suppose they remember what I sent home from the field to 'em. One of the boys cut a cross out of a—well, he said, I don't know how he knew—he said one of the rebel's bones, though I can't say whether he told the truth. He gave it to me, and I sent it home in a letter—they're little bits of things you know—and my sister said she would n't wear it for worlds, for she thought it was heathenish. Well, I kind of thought so myself; but I thought it was a pretty little thing, and I'd send it home. She would n't wear it for worlds—my sister said—and hoped I would n't send home any more such relics. Well, I don't know but somebody or other will one day dig me up and make crosses out of my bones; it won't worry me if they do. I only tell this so she shall know it's me. I do not know whether she's got the cross now; may be she's buried it—given it a decent burial. It would be just like her, stranger. Well, good-bye to you. June 6.

[Will the good lady alluded to, let us know whether or not she ever received the cross spoken of above? We have no knowledge whatever of the parties referred to. We only have faith to believe they exist. Here will be a good chance for some one to investigate.]—PUNS, BANNER.

Teresa Faulnway.

I was thirteen years old. I lived in New Orleans, where I have a father, step-mother, and two younger sisters. My name was Teresa Faulnway. My father

was a repairer of musical instruments. I don't like to say anything hard about anyone, but my step-mother does not treat my little sisters well. It grieves my mother and myself; that's what I mean.

Last night little Tony went to bed and cried a long while. Antonette was her name, but we all called her Tony. She's the youngest. She's five years old; and she wished that God had never taken me, for she remembers when I died—of my being dead. I used to shield them when I was here, and they miss me sadly now.

Honriette is sharper—sharper, and do n't suffer so much as Tony does, because she's able to say things back, and do things, too. Yes, she's younger than I was. She's most eight; Tony is five. [Does your father know of the abuse of your step-mother?] Well, Tony tells him, and so does Honriette, but he do n't believe them.

Mother says if father will let her speak, she will tell him all, and he'll never be sorry that he did. My mother was born in France. My father reads about spirits coming back, and that's why I thought I might be able to do some good if I came here. [Does your father read the Banner?] He has the Revue, of Paris. He reads that. It's sent him by somebody there that believes, and wants him to. I'm obliged to you, sir. June 6.

Patrick O'Connell.

I never was so put to it in all my life, as I was when I came to what you call the spirit-land, and I saw both Catholics and Protestants all renouncing their faith, and standing upon what seemed to me, nothing. Yes, I never was so put to it in my life, when I found myself dead. Yes, sir; it's hard for a man who has been educated in the Catholic religion, and all his ancestry have been educated in the same, all in the Catholic religion, and when he come to die, find it's all a nothing, anyway. Oh, it's pretty hard; yes, sir, pretty hard.

Well, sir the last work I did before I went out to war, was pretty nigh three years ago. I was engaged in a very respectable business, as porter at Stewart's, New York. I was strong enough to handle boxes, and do such kind of work; so I thought I'd be able to fight for the Constitution and Union, as well as an American.

Now I don't claim any relation to O'Donnell, or O'Connell, though my own name was Patrick O'Connell. I don't think that any of my folks ever figured any in high life. I was a simple Irishman, a believer in the Catholic Church, and suppose I had the creed. I'm myself, simply myself, after all. When you come to the spirit-land, you will all find that your religion's a mere nothing. Oh, I tell you that cut me pretty badly when I got to the spirit-land. I said, "Where will I find a confessor, a church?" And they told me there was none. "What am I to believe?" I said. "Oh," they said, "you are to believe what you like;" and I found it was so with every one I met. But, somehow, Catholicism was n't at par, and Protestantism was n't at par; in short, religion was n't at par at all. Oh, yes, sir, I felt bad; I thought I had nothing to lean upon at all. I was expecting maybe I'd meet with the old clove-footed fellow any minute. It's the truth, sir; I was greatly frightened because I not see God at all, and I suppose the devil might step in and say you're mine, at any time. So you see I did n't know what was to become of me.

I've learned this much, that I can confess, can lean upon myself, and it's my own good deeds that are going to make me happy; and the only heaven I can get into—if I get into one at all—will be one of my own fashioning.

Well, sir, what I believe, is nothing here or there to what the rest believe. All my folks believe the Catholic Church is to save them. And it's all right; I believed so myself when here. But the thing is, how am I going to get the idea, that the Catholic religion do n't amount to anything, into their heads. Oh, I hate to tell them this. It's pretty hard, sir, for a man—do n't know what it may be for a woman. Faith, I suppose twenty thousand millions have gone through it, and I suppose my folks will be able to bear the loss of their religion as well as others.

How is it—do you allow folks to come back and speak as they like upon all subjects? [We allow them to give the truth, always.] Well, then, there is a good many truths given, I suppose. Well, sir, I'm very much better off in the spirit-land than I'm had plenty of money. Ah, I wonder what Mr. Stewart will do when he comes to the spirit-land? Oh, he's pretty good in his way, pretty good in his way; but it's having too much of this world's goods that tangles you up, ties your legs all up, so you can't use them, you see.

All I come back for is to know what's going to be done with my wife and little ones. My wife said to me, when I told her I was going to war, "Patrick, if you go to war, just so sure you'll be shot; you'll die; never come back." I says maybe I will be shot; but it's your woman's heart that makes you talk that way. My wife says it's in me, and I feel so. And I don't come back only this way. What I want her to know is, that I came back, that I think as I did about some things. But in regard to the Catholic religion I think different from what I did here. Oh, it's good for something; not what you think for, though. When you get to the spirit-land with it, you'll find the car is broke; you can't go any further.

I beg your pardon, sir; maybe you're a Catholic yourself. Never mind what you are, you'll think different from what you do now when you get to the spirit-land. You may bet pretty high on that. Yes, sir, you'll change your mind, think different from what you do here.

Now see here, I have plenty of folks that's pious enough, but I don't know as they're liberal enough to let me come to them. But I thought the best way for me to do would be to ask them to meet me alone. Oh, give me a hearing with one of these persons alone. I look around there in New York and see plenty, but I do n't know where to go to. I want 'em to go to some one, and if I can't come there, go to another, and keep it up until I do come to them, and I'll tell them what I know about the Catholic religion. If they are soft about it, I'll say nothing about religion, but talk about something else.

Well, General, you don't give us the old uniform? [No; not the kind you have been used to. Would you like to be again at Stewart's?] Ah, no, sir; sometimes, perhaps, I would. I'd like to be back again to tell them about the spirit-land. But I would n't, if I'd got to go through the dying process again. I think, sir, on the whole I do n't want to come back. [Did you suffer much?] Yes, sir, suppose I suffered a good deal; may not have suffered much; but when we are in a good deal of pain, a minute seems an hour, you know.

Well, sir, good-bye to you, and a fair breeze when you come across, and plenty of folks to meet you. June 6.

Harriet Sheldon.

Please inform Irael Sheldon, of Gaston, Alabama, through the columns of your paper, that Harriet is anxious to talk with him. He will understand it. June 6.

Peter Sheldon, (A Slave).

Pardon, Massa. [How do you do?] Well, I'm pretty well, Massa. I think Massa better not go back to Alabama. [Who is he?] Massa Sheldon, I guess Massa wants to tell him not to go back. [Is he North?] Yes, sir, he's here, getting out of the way of the rebellion. He's no fighting man. See how I helped Massa here to-day; she gib me leave to say a word or two. [Did you belong to Mr. Sheldon?] Yes, sir, I belonged to him. I belong to myself now. Yes, sir; I like to belong to him pretty well, but I like to belong to myself better. Yes, sir, I have free papers about seven years ago. Yes, sir, I had 'em. I was glad to get free, and sorry too. I like to live here on the earth, like to live with Massa Sheldon. I like this place, like the spirit-world better. [Did you leave any children?] No, Massa, I did n't leave any children. No, I did n't leave any. I did n't have any to leave. [Were you a house servant?] Yes, part of the time I was; part of the time in the field, sometimes in the house, sometimes in the field, sometimes I was n't good for much of anything. I had the rheumatiz—had rheumatiz, and dem kind of tings. [Do you know how old you were.] Hdy old I was? No, I do n't know how old I was. [What was your name?] Peter; yes, dat's my name. It aint now. [It was on earth.] Yes, dat's what I was here. [Peter Sheldon?] Yes, I took his name.

Oh I got so absorbed in thinking about de other black folks here, I forget myself. I been thinking all de time how dey ar gwine to get free, what God is gwine to do to get dem free, get dem so dey learn to read and write like de white man. I forget myself, but I come along to show Massa Harriet de way here, and she said I might come and say a word or two myself, 'cause I help her. [She was kind.] Yes, she always was—always was just so kind.

Well, Massa, I see plenty of dem here what had slaves, what was living in fine houses, and who had all sorts of times. I see plenty of dem aint got now, no slaves now. Dat's so, sir. Well, you see de dish is bottom side up now. It rains down just de same, but dey hab nothing to catch it in. [Do you mean persons on earth?] Yes, I mean those who was on earth. Dey got de dish wrong side down; do n't catch notin' in it. Dem's what had de slaves, had plantations and fine tings all round; dishes are all bottom up now, do n't catch anything. Yes, I been interested in dat all de time. I forget myself. Dat's what I've been doing all de time. Well, Massa, now I go, and sometime, perhaps, I come again. Good-bye, Massa. June 6.

Margaret Downs.

I have been trying fourteen years to tell my children that I possessed an existence beyond death. I have been trying to tell them something about the life I now live, but all my efforts have been unsuccessful until to-day.

I have two sons in the Western country, and one at the South. A daughter I have in Western New York, too; but I am particularly drawn to the son I have at the South, for he is in so much sorrow, having lost all he possessed on earth, and his health beside. He is in great trouble, and he has prayed for death, but it do n't always come when you pray for it. I know that by experience.

I died with a cancer, and I suffered most terribly for a long time. I prayed for death. I wished many a night that I might not live to see another day here. It seemed to me as though it was an eternity.

And so it was with my son. He's prayed for death; but it's cowardly to want to run away from the crosses of life. We ought rather to ask those powers who have watch over us to give us strength to bear the ills of life, not to take us away from them, for we lose the most valuable portion of our earthly experiences by so doing. I'm glad I went through all I did. I would n't now, if I could, wipe out the past. I would n't—I would n't wipe it out. I'm only sorry I want more patient under my sufferings than I was.

My name was Downs—Margaret Downs. Now what I want to do is this: I want to get some message through to my son Matthew Downs, and through him to my other children. Tell them I am alive, happy, well, and I am able to return and speak.

My poor son thinks he knows about God and a future state; but he do n't know anything at all about it. He thinks he's got a faith that will carry him through death. Yet now he prays to die, wants to get rid of the trouble this war has brought upon him; for he—I'm ashamed to say it—was a secessionist, and believed that the South did right to secede. Well, I'm not sure that they are not right; for, let me tell you, if it had n't been for this stirring up of the various elements, you would n't have had the beautiful blossom of freedom and liberty you've got now. So I'm not sure, after all, that the South was not right in rebelling against the Federal Government. That's my opinion. I beg your pardon, if I have offended. I did n't intend to do so. But it was always my way to speak plainly when I was earnest about anything.

I lived many years here; saw something of the world, but not much. To be sure, what I could gain in sixty-nine years—what I could gain in that time was n't a great deal. Oh, well, I could not gain much, but I got what I could, and made the best of it.

Now what I have here given you will direct to Matthew Downs. He is in a place called Arlet. He do n't know how the name is spelled, but it's something about fifteen or sixteen miles beyond Richmond, Va. There's where he was. Well, he was a slaveholder; was like the rest of 'em people about him, you know.

I resided here in Boston; yes, I did, and died here. Well, what I want most is to reach my son at the South; and his trouble has drawn me here so much stronger than ought else, that I could n't but come to-day. He's rather thought—reached out for something that he could take hold of to free him from the miserable life he's now leading. You see, to begin with, he made quite a large bet at the outset of the war. It was like this: he bet several thousand dollars that as soon as the South showed itself determined to assert her rights with the cannon and sword, then the North would say, "Go your own way; draw your own line; we won't trouble you any further." Well, as quick as war was declared he paid the bet, for he thought it would n't be honorable not to do so. There was the first outlet, and after that there were many ways of taking the money off; until at last he had lost all the property he once possessed. I'm glad of it. I thank God for it, because it's been the very thing that has driven him into the kingdom of heaven.

I beg your pardon for being excited. You'll say this is from Margaret Downs, of Boston, to her son, Matthew Downs, and through him to her other children. [Did you carry a case when on earth?] Part of the time I did; part of the time I walked with a crutch; the last part of my life before I took my bed. [A lady in the audience, dressed with clairvoyant powers, saw the spirit, as it approached the medium, leaning on a

EMMA HARDINGE'S FAREWELL TO HER FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

PART THREE—CONCLUSION.

"Emma, you must go out and lecture!" Such were the words that constantly assailed my ears from every person and source, to wit: inspired mediums, friends and strangers, visitors at my circles, and ordinary acquaintances; and this irruption of coincident advice was poured upon me in direct opposition to my own wishes, in antagonism to my cherished opinions and English prejudices against women's speaking in public, and determined spirit of resistance to the universal fiat. I can hardly now remember how the "hateful" proposition was first presented to me, or by whom. I can only say that it was made about eighteen months after my development as a test medium, and seemed to possess the brain and tongue of every one who came near me, until "Emma, you must go out and lecture" seemed to be their cant phrase. The phrases of test mediumship which I had been industriously and successfully practicing during the eighteen months alluded to—strange though they appeared to me, as originating from the control of disembodied human souls—were not altogether abnormal to my youthful experiences. The review of my past life convinced me that all its problematical strangenesses were accounted for in the fact of my ever having been by nature "a medium"—that I had always possessed the faculty of seeing spirits, hearing voices, dreaming dreams, uttering spontaneous prophecies, beholding visions in the pictured air, and, in my singular "wild youth" and "witch-like" characteristics, that I was a real born "medium." All this I had grown to believe and acknowledge as the solution to much that to myself and my friends had been incomprehensible in my character; but this idea of a lady lecturing, or, I should say, in more strict American vernacular, a "woman," was altogether too shocking to my English prejudices to be endured even for the sake of the Spiritualism which, with each day's fresh experience of its truth and beauty, I was beginning to love devotedly, and for which I had already made great pecuniary and social sacrifices.

In England the title of "lady" is bestowed upon persons who, by birth and education, are in certain portions of society where their occupations are of a "lady-like" character, while the term "woman" is generally applied not by way of reproach, but merely in distinction, as signifying the industrial and laboring classes of the sex. In America it is otherwise; the person who aspires to the honor of being your cook, housemaid or laundress, is "the lady," whilst the mistress, employer, or really educated female, is "the woman." After going through the somewhat repulsive process of learning these nice distinctions, I determined that an English "lady" could not be an American "woman," and that I would escape from the world-bonds that held me—bonds that, whenever I proposed to return to my native land and "proper sphere," restrained me with some mysterious obstacles, and that break this spell I would, somehow; the only question that remained was, the way. I foresaw that if I continued amongst the Spiritualists, their strange, magnetic influence over me, and above all the ecstatic effects of the spirit-circles I was holding and attending, would, sooner or later, subjugate any shadow of will I had left, and have me out in the character of a "strong minded woman" at their platforms, whether I would or no. I at length concluded that I neither ought nor could break away from these mystic influences. To effect my liberation, then, gradually and naturally, I resolved to put an advertisement in the paper, offering what I knew to be valuable service as "a musical governess in a family," where my own and my mother's board would be received in lieu of compensation. In this way, I thought, I shall break up this odious spell, be employed without the indignity of service, (as I would receive no salary,) and as soon as I recover my self-possession by absence from these magnetic, and calmness attained by ordinary employments, my mother and self will quietly return home to decent life and rational occupations once more.

My scheme, even now, appears to me to have been well planned, and to effect the object I had in view, only required that some other person than myself should have carried it out. How far I was under the peculiar influence that made me instrumental in outworking the destiny I had to fulfill, may be gathered from the fact that instead of carrying my advertisement to some of the New York daily papers for insertion, I found myself presenting it to the editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, the very sanest channel in which I might expect to run into the arms of, rather than flee from, the spiritual demons I feared. I cannot now account for the fatality that took me there; it is enough that thither I went, presented my advertisement to Mr. S. B. Britton, who, after glancing over it, looked steadily at me, saying: "This notice is for yourself; why in the world, Emma, do you take such a step as this? Do be persuaded, and go out and lecture," &c., &c., &c. Whilst hating falsehood in every shape, the desperation of my case had to be met, and I boldly declared the advertisement was "for a friend of mine," and must appear. As for myself, of course I was a medium and did not need such advice.

My advertisement produced me three offers of marriage from gentlemen in search of "affinities," five or six chances of taking full charge of "little families," numbering not over twelve small children, and a sprinkling of other equally attractive positions. Almost in despair, I had resolved to give up hope in this quarter, when I received a call from a gentleman who desired to secure my services and my mother's companionship for his young wife, who resided in a lonely country village, and was in want both of musical instruction and society. The prospects seemed agreeable, the gentleman very intelligent and friendly; all preliminaries began to arrange themselves satisfactorily, when my visitor disrupted the whole scheme by remarking: "By the by, Miss Hardinge, are you not a medium?" I stammered out something of the slight knowledge I had on the subject of Spiritualism, adding that "I desired to devote my time and attention in other directions, and really did not feel much interest in the matter." My visitor was surprised. From the fact of my advertisement appearing in a spiritual paper, he thought I must be identified with the cause—"Any fool but myself might have known that," I mentally ejaculated—besides, he added, he was no medium, yet, received strong impressions, and these pointed to me and my advertisement as coming from a very remarkable medium. Before I could reply to this embarrassing speech, the door opened, and my friend with whom I was then boarding, Mrs. E. J. French, entered the room fully entranced. Walking up to my visitor, she addressed him by name, and though a total stranger to him, and entirely unkind of his business with me, or the nature of our interview, she addressed him as if familiar with the whole subject, bade him return to Troy, near which he resided, request the Committee on Spiritual Lectures to send me an invitation to speak on their

platform, whirling up with the assurance that by so doing he would be obedient to the will of wise, beneficent and powerful spirits, who had destined me for great uses which I was endeavoring to evade.

My visitor was delighted, and too much accustomed to mediumistic eccentricities to be in the least surprised at this coup d'etat. As for me, I found that my famous advertisement had been sweeping and garnishing my house free of one devil only to prepare it for the reception of seven devils worse than the former. I had cut open a way to escape from half a dozen spiritual foes, and fallen upon an army.

Mrs. French, and her new ally, Gen. Bullard, of Waterford, N. Y., were an host, against whom I was powerless. The General said the Troy platform was very select; that none but first-class speakers had ever been engaged there, and that it was a chance if the Committee would lead themselves to the debut of an untried speaker; but he would inquire about it, and in case of failure, secure me "scarcity of other opportunities." Mrs. French knew the Committee would consent. I was sure, if the said Committee were commonly sane, they would not; and of this I was so confident, that I concluded the discussion by the promise that if the said Committee were fools enough to invite me on such a risk, I would add another fool to the crowd by accepting the invitation. Three days later, Mrs. French again entered my room with an unopened letter in her hand, which the postman had just left. Before I could break the envelope, she informed me, in the trance state, that the letter contained a cordial invitation for me to speak at Troy, on the following Sunday. She gave several sentences in the letter word for word, as they were written, and then dictated an answer of acceptance on my part, which I wrote and mailed almost within ten minutes of the receipt of the Troy letter, and quite an hour before I had a very thorough perception of where I was, and what I was doing. When this desirable knowledge did dawn upon me, I found I was committed beyond the possibility of retreat. This was Monday. On the very next Sunday, July 23rd, 1865, the deed was to be accomplished, and I, that had never spoken an untried word in public in my life, or, indeed, in private circles except in such a state of semi-trance as left me no capacity to judge of the effect of my speech—I, the scornful denouncer of all such exhibitions in others, was to go on a public platform and speak on two consecutive occasions; about what I knew nothing, and how I knew not. Racked with self-reproach and anticipation of disgrace, I at last set to work to write a discourse for one of these occasions. This performance occupied me until Wednesday morning. At its conclusion, one of my familiar spirits, addressing me, as usual, in a form of analytical cross-examination, to which my guides constantly subject me, asked: "What is Emma covering so much white paper with black scratches for?" "I am writing the lecture you want me to make for you," I replied. "For whom, Emma?" "For spirits," I answered, sulkily; "since you will have it so." "Spirits will not let Emma read lectures," was the rejoinder. "She will speak, not read, for spirits."

"I cannot speak," I pleaded. "I have not courage; I dare not; I must read." "We shall take away your eyesight," was the cool answer. AND I KNEW, from eighteen months' complete experience of their power and promises, that they would and could do this.

A new thought struck me. I never attempted to remonstrate. I do not now, never did, find that the spirits I can best trust ever change. I would study my lecture. I had a very large apartment I used for a musical academy and choice meeting-room. Up and down this I paced unceasingly until late Thursday night. I did not make much headway, for somehow I seemed to have lost the faculty of memorizing; but I thought I could at least recollect the leading points I had written of one lecture, whilst for the second I had already determined I would be taken seriously ill, or commit suicide.

About eleven o'clock on Friday morning, as I was pacing my apartment for the final rehearsal of my part, the voice demanded: "Why does Emma wear out her shoes in traversing this apartment? And how many more miles is Emma going to walk here?" "I am trying to study this stuff," I answered, "since I may not read it." "We shall take away your memory," was the satisfactory response.

And then followed an assurance that if I would trust to spirits, and by their counsel work for the world, never put in a newspaper puff, never write to solicit an engagement, but be faithful to them and the truth, they would inspire and guard and care for me; that they had led me on through all the varied and romantic incidents of a very strange life from my cradle up to this point; that my peculiar education, occupations, associations and misfortunes had all been links in the chain that fettered me to that hour. Promises followed, unnecessary here to transcribe. Suffice it to say, every year, month, day and hour of my subsequent life has witnessed some part of their fulfillment.

It must be remembered, however, that I did not enter into my part of the compact then and there. In fact, I was fairly aghast at the desperation of my position, and demanded the lapse of the fearful trial Sunday before I dared say, "I CAN trust the spirits."

On the 4th of July, 1865, I was received in the open arms of an unknown friend, now a bright angel in the summer-land, Mrs. Margaret Bullard, beneath whose hospitable roof, despite of all her kind womanly cares and encouragement, I passed the most fearfully nervous day of my whole life.

General Bullard and his dear wife drove me into Troy the next day (the fatal Sunday) in a state of mind bordering on distraction, and contemplating the most convenient way of hurling myself from the carriage, so as to break a limb, at every step of the road.

Arrived at Troy, I was taken into the ante-room of the hall, and, by my own desire, left alone for a few distracting moments. I carried with me a little Bible, from which, I thought, in my desperation, I could read, if all else failed, and kept on reading, until the people got tired and went away. Left alone, the spirits desired me to open on a certain chapter of St. Matthew, and mark it for reading as the text of the discourse. "How can I read it?" I savagely inquired, "if spirits will take away my sight?" "Spirits eyes will see for you."

on the salt-sea wave. As to the audience, if I knew anything about them at all, it was that they were there—but in fact, they were nothing to me. I was busy with my own thoughts, and strange to say, those thoughts were of the most trivial and irrelevant character. I was happy, and perfectly free from care or sensation, yet instead of any realizing sense of this happiness, I was busy counting numbers, drops on the chandeliers, and vaguely speculating on all sorts of trifling matters, and in the midst of this ridiculous waking dream, I found myself standing up and calmly reading some verses from the New Testament. I admired them very much, and though I had often heard them before, there was a novelty in their meaning and application, such as had never before occurred to me, and ere I had got over admiring and wondering at this, I found myself getting off a calm and composed lecture, and between dreaming and counting, and now and then listening myself, and wondering what I was going to say next, and then forgetting to attend to it, I got through an hour of what I was subsequently assured was "one of the best lectures that had ever been delivered on that platform." That evening I went through a similar scene with a similar result, and from that hour to the present, during eight years of incessant labor, averaging about five lectures a week, the same kind of control, with slight variation, has possessed me, dispelling all fear, and carrying me on in the love and tender care of my all sufficient, powerful and wise masters, without one single occasion on which the carping critic or my own excessive sensitiveness could write the sound of failure.

The day following this (to me) memorable Sunday, I entered into a compact with the spirits, the terms of which have been fulfilled on my part with human and on that of the spirits with superhuman fidelity. I have never inserted, or caused to be inserted for myself and my spiritual lectures, a newspaper puff, or resorted in any direction to the charlatanism of popularity-seeking. I have never sought or made efforts to obtain a single engagement, or until, in the stringent times of war, I found some Committees were taking a mean and unjust advantage of the mediums, and starving them out of their field of usefulness, I never made a bargain for fees, or remonstrance against lack of compensation. And yet I started on my untried career with but one human being to aid me, to wit, Mrs. E. J. French, my earliest and longest tried friend in this country. With no one but her to aid or encourage me, with newspaper critics sneering at my "theatrical gestures and French airs," with many a cruel and slanderous comment on my English origin, complexion and manners—a stranger, foreigner, and alone, I set out on my wild and thorny path with an invisible pilot, an unseen engineer, a crew of "Hades," I have traveled—with these, and by their direction, East, West, North and South. On hundreds of occasions I have permitted Committees of strangers from among the audience to select any subject they chose for me to speak upon. In this way, and by the desire of the spirits, I have spoken upon almost every science and subject that could be given to a public audience, without one moment's preparation, premeditation or study, either of the matter or manner of my theme.

Until the exigencies of the war, and in protest against what I believe to be great injustices practiced on the mediums generally, by many of their employers, I have never made a bargain for fees, simply contenting myself with whatever compensation my employers could afford, and thus often exceedingly ill paid, I have never lacked anything, nor felt a want whose supply was not fully anticipated.

The hearts, arms, and homes of the most precious of friends have been open to me throughout the length and breadth of the land, and their tender care has followed me everywhere, from Plymouth Rock to the golden sands of the far Pacific Coast, from the Arctic shores of Canada to the tropical shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Through all the vast expanse of this wide range of country I have traveled alone, as far as human companionship has gone, going from one strange place to another at the invitation of unknown persons; lodging, working, living and traveling always amongst strangers, and yet I have never hardly bespoken an appointment, though made sometimes two years in advance; never been insulted, robbed, or annoyed; made no mistakes, or suffered any loss; encountered no accidents, or ever failed to recognize the parties, strangers as they always were, that met me at the stations. I could always read the true characters of my correspondents, always recognize the same in my associates, and never failed to receive words of warning, encouragement, sure prophecy, and wise counsel from the faithful and beloved Masters whom it has been my joy and fortune to serve, invisible to mortal eye, and often unknown to mortal senses, though they were and are.

Such is a very faint and imperfect sketch of my career, the details of which are full of marvel, romance, and subjects, whose strangeness would overmatch many a popular tale of fiction. Should I ever be moved to weave these into the form of consecutive biography, the many dearly remembered friends who have shared my eventful fortunes, and witnessed with me the passing strange events of my mediumistic life, may look to see themselves, and many a magic link in our thread of destiny, fully recorded. In these briefly sketched words no more minutiae will be admissible; and I must close by alluding to the only point in my chequered path that reverts on my memory with shades of sadness—and this is the at present unsuccessful efforts I have made to find a home for poor outcast women.

In the commencement of this attempt I frequently appealed for aid to my fellow-workers in the spiritual ranks, and I still feel that I as frequently complained, with justice, of the coldness, lack of zeal and unpractical character of the responses I met from persons of my own faith. From the opponents of my religion, I experienced, as a general thing, just the amount of intolerant opposition I might have expected; but from Spiritualists, generally, with their large professions, and, in many instances, large means, the history of my movement, if fully known, would reveal a lack of reality in their professions painfully discouraging and fully worthy of the sneer with which the Orthodox have so often taunted me, asking, "Why I did not go to my own people and creed, to do the work; and why five millions of people could not raise amongst themselves fifty thousand dollars for such an undertaking." But alas for two years, in which I devoted all my own week-night earnings to the fund, after carrying petitions about, and almost begging from door to door for aid, and devoting myself with ceaseless labor to this work for five years, collecting, too, at least one-fourth of the sum in petty amounts, at all my own lectures, I only succeeded in raising from all this—and amongst a class numbering five millions of persons—the magnificent sum of two thousand and eight hundred dollars. That I should have succeeded in carrying out my plan from the outside world, I am confident, had the times not

so lamentably traversed my efforts. Committees of practical persons were formed to aid me in this work, in St. Louis, Boston and New York, and well digested plans had already been laid for the ultimatum of the scheme, when the dreadful exigencies of the all-absorbing war scattered my committees, traversed my every effort, and laid my plans in ruins.

For the principal part of the first three years of the war, I still worked on alone, but worked in vain. A legacy nobly bequeathed to this object, in Oregon, has been withheld, and nearly all squandered in law, on the plea that the home, or institution for which it was intended, not being chartered, could not, by the laws of Oregon, become recipient of the bequest. But the details of this undertaking have been laid before the public in several local papers, and the Banner of Light of some six weeks since, and to that I refer, to justify my assertion, that though in the world's acceptance of the term, success has not, in this solitary instance, crowned my efforts, my own soul has been stimulated by unremittent labor, by sacrifices of time, health and means, and every available human effort. The public have been moved in favor of my poor clients by numberless appeals in their behalf; their case, in all its dark and ghastly realities, has been widely agitated, and the little sum collected has been made the instrument of prevention of the terrible evil of prostitution, by being bestowed on the noble Philadelphia Institution, the receipt of whose managers I had published with the above named statement. Can I, then, call my plan a failure, because it did not realize the full measure of intention which stimulated me to its commencement? I know it is not; and feel assured, if I am ever privileged to revisit these shores, the influence that my past efforts have created will enable me to renew my applications for State patronage of my plan to the New York Legislature, with a far more hopeful chance of realizing success than ever.

And now my recent ends—at this time, and in this place, at least. I shall go hence to labor on, and if not for the inhabitants of this Continent in very personalty, for them in the aggregate as a part of the great family of mankind.

The lessons of Republicanism, Liberty, Progression and Spiritualism I have learned in America, will all be cast into the great crucible of transformation, in which all nations are following each other, in the land of that which is highest, best and most beautiful. And if America has and does, in my estimation, hold this position, and has instructed me in nobler truths than older lands have as yet recognized, her own glorious teachings shall come back to her again, with all the wealth of polish and refinement that practice in the Old World can impart.

Europe, land of my birth! America, country of my love! No divided interest estranges me from either of you! Both are the homes of my brothers and my sisters; and if the noble pioneer land of the setting sun has been more swift to recognize and acknowledge the tie of a common humanity than the slow conservatism of the older world, why, it is for the Spiritualist to take the coal of fire from the altar of inspiration, carry it to the Old World, and strive to quicken into emulative life the yet unkindled flame of spiritual science, whose torches are now blazing throughout the length and breadth of America.

Whatever be the result, I have lived and labored here in the pathway of a duty mysteriously incurred on an invisible—but all-powerful world. On the same track, so shadowy to the eye of mortality, so radiant to the soul's vision, I again set out, on the 5th day of August, 1865. They who lead me forth once more will not fail me. The Great Spirit, sustaining me, I will not fail them. How is it with you, my American friends? Will you keep the departed one's place still open among you? Will my memory be held green, and my name sounded in your midst, and spirit-prayers, and soul-blessings, and heart-aspirations, follow the stranger, though she works no more amongst you? I shall claim you all, my loved ones, as one by one we gather together beneath the starry, over-arching roof of the eternal Temple of the better land. My hand shall be outstretched the first to welcome many a voyager, who, in the twilight dim, crosses the river to the shores where I hope I may soon exchange earth's Old and New Worlds for the better one—the best of all. Will you remember me till then? and "when we meet at com't"—renew the old familiar greeting, as a phrase that has never grown cold on your lips, or dull in your ears, "OUR EMMA HARDINGE" Farewell!

In another column of this paper will be found instructions for my address to correspondents.

County Convention—Second Annual Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of Boone County, Ill., will hold their Second Annual Three Days' Grove Meeting in Belvidere, commencing Friday, Sept. 1st, 1865. Speakers from abroad are expected to be present, among whom is Mrs. Emma Frances Jay Bullene, of Chicago. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made to entertain those who come from a distance.

By order of Committee, H. B. WELLS, G. H. ELLIS, S. LOVETT, W. M. WADSWORTH, HIRAM BIDWELL, Cor. Sec., Belvidere, Ill.

Spiritualists' Meeting in Grand Ledge.

The Spiritualists of Grand Ledge and vicinity, will hold a two days' meeting at Grand Ledge, on the 19th and 20th of August next. It is expected that Mrs. A. Pearnall, Mrs. E. Martin and Mr. Whipple, of Kalamazoo, will be present to address the meeting. The friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance. Come on, friends, and let us have a good time. Committee of Arrangements, F. Oliver, J. H. Brown and L. Bulls. Grand Ledge, Mich., July 14th, 1865.

Obituaries.

Dr. Chauncey D. Griswold passed to a higher life, from Batavia, N. Y., Wednesday morning, July 6, 1865. Dr. Griswold was one of the best of men. A sound, logical, and true Spiritualist, he labored with untiring industry and energy to establish "the faith that makes us whole." He gave his "mind, body and estate" to the furtherance of our true and beautiful religion. In years past, he was proprietor and editor of the "Sunbeam," a spiritual paper, published at Batavia, Buffalo and Cleveland. For two years past he has contributed many valuable and interesting articles to the columns of the Banner. His ideas were broad and liberal, often beyond the comprehension of many minds. He was not unduly regarded by the many up to the full measure of his worth; yet his large heart, and generous, impulsive soul, with his pulsations of love and kindness, drew about him those who were known in all circles of society as being loving and lovable characters, and true specimens of "the noblest work of God." His last hours in the form were replete with hope, happiness and bright expectations of joys and holy labor to come. Too feeble to converse, at last, he could only commune in feeling with the dear friends who gathered about his bed. His spirit immortal passed to view. More gorgeous far than painter drew; And through their portals opening wide, Left his friends and soon to be Passed on to realms beyond our aid. Where love for man meets love for God. D. S. FRAZER.

until he became interested, both theoretically and practically, in the Spiritual Philosophy. It was developed as a medium, which developed and cultivated in him one of the most powerful and successful healers of the present age. About eighteen months since he came to this city, and has, by his great gifts, cured, or cured very many who had been pronounced incurable by the most skillful of the medical faculty, and has thus endeared himself to a large circle of friends, to whom his name seems to be a charm. He is a kind and benevolent; his sympathies were ever active, and his delight was to relieve the sufferings of humanity. His body has borne the most severe and protracted trials, and he has never failed to administer strength and comfort to his family and friends.

We may not say, we dare not say What our traveler may see best; We only know there is a way. Wherein all labor will be blest. And they who wish an earnest heart, Let them attend the universal plan. Whenever summoned to depart, Have best performed God's will to man.

In this city, 17th instant, passed to spirit life, Maud Galbraith, daughter of Ammi and Esther G. Brown, aged 2 years 8 months and 10 days.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. C. Clark's Health Institute, 13 Chaucery street, Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Free.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, at 10 A. M. in the parlors of the City Hotel, 105 N. 3rd St. Mrs. M. A. Hicker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Hicker, Sup't.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. in the parlors of the City Hotel, 105 N. 3rd St. Mrs. M. A. Hicker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Hicker, Sup't.

CHelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening 7 o'clock, at 105 N. 3rd St. Mrs. M. A. Hicker, regular speaker. Addressed to Dr. H. H. Hayden, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Crandall during September; Mrs. Fannie J. Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

Taunton, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall, Taunton, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Speakers engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings during the summer months at 11 and 8 1/2 P. M.

Plymouth, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in the Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham during September; Mrs. J. G. Fish during January.

Haverhill, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, Haverhill, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuppy during August; Isaac P. Greenleaf during September.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Miss Emma Houston during July; N. Frank White during September; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peckham, Dec. 3 and 10.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and 7 o'clock, and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

Portland, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forenoon, and in the evening, 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mattie L. Lockwith during September; Mrs. Laura Cuppy during October.

Old Town, Me.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford, Upper Sullivan, hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

Rockland, Me.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speakers—J. N. Hedges, Dec. 3 and 10.

Dover and Foxcroft, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, Foxcroft, Me. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Susan M. Johnson during July; W. K. Ripley during August and September.

New York.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday.

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. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, at 105 N. 3rd St., holds regular meetings at 11 A. M. Speaker engaged—S. Loveland during July.

Vineyard, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular Sunday meetings at the Union Church.

Chicago, Ill.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, for their regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Short notice, however, is given in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

Miss LIZZIE DOTY will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will publish the above announcement. Address above, or Haviland, 27 Fremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Taunton, Mass., July 30; in Haverhill, during August; in Worcester, Mass., during October. She will answer calls to speak at special meetings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Haverhill, Mass., July 30; in Lowell, during August; in Lowell, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y., during October. Will answer calls to lecture in the West Sunday and week evenings through the rest of the fall and winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

Dr. L. C. COONEY will lecture and heal in Havana, Spain, Lacon, LaPrairie Centre, Henry and Peoria. Address St. Charles, Kan. Co., Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

M. H. HORTON will speak in Stafford, Conn., July 30. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States, as coming fall and winter. Address as above, or West Paris, Me.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bangor, Me., during July and August; in Milford, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, Box 615, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. L. E. CARVER, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bucksport, Me., July 30; in Haverhill, during August; in Lowell, during October; in Philadelphia during the winter. Will make no other engagements to speak in the West through the winter and spring of 1866, if the friends desire. Address as above.

Mrs. L. E. CARVER, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell, during September; in Lowell, during October; in Lowell, during November; in Lowell, during December; in Lowell, during January; in Lowell, during February; in Lowell, during March; in Lowell, during April; in Lowell, during May; in Lowell, during June; in Lowell, during July; in Lowell, during August; in Lowell, during September; in Lowell, during October; in Lowell, during November; in Lowell, during December; in Lowell, during January; in Lowell, during February; in Lowell, during March; in Lowell, during April; in Lowell, during May; in Lowell, during June; in Lowell, during July; in Lowell, during August; in Lowell, during September; in Lowell, during October; in Lowell, during November; in Lowell, during December; in Lowell, during January; in Lowell, during February; in Lowell, during March; in Lowell, during April; in Lowell, during May; in Lowell, during June; in Lowell, during July; in Lowell, during August; in Lowell, during September; 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