

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 23.

The Lecture Room.

KLEPTOMANIA.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, in Clinton Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Nov. 23d, 1864.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The subject selected by the Committee for Mrs. Hatch's discourse on this evening was the following:

SUBJECT—"Kleptomania, or dishonesty without an inducement; with leave to the lecturer to advert to any other moral obliquity without reasonable predisposing cause."

INVOCATION.

Our Father, Divine and Perfect Being, the same forever, whom we call God, Holy and Divine, yet whose power we cannot comprehend, whose presence, undefined, yet palpable and undying, is forever manifest—whatever thy name or dwelling-place, we praise thee, for we know that thy mind, power and wisdom rule the universe. Everywhere within and around us we read the evidences of thy love. We follow shadows—thou art the reality; we exist as in the vagueness of a dream—thou art perfect, real, the unchangeable life of humanity. We know that all we see around us of beauty and of grandeur, the verdure and fertility of earth, the splendor spread out above us in the starry spaces, the unnumbered worlds teeming with joyous life—that all this is but the dim reflection of thine essential glory. We praise thee, not for the gifts of Nature, which are but the utterances of thy spontaneous life—not for the rains which refresh our fields, or the bounteous harvests which they yield, nor for any mere material benefits. But we praise thee, Father, for the thoughts of man; for the soul which recognizes its allegiance to thee; for the spirit-like thine own; for mind, which strives after a knowledge of thee; for the pulsations of life; for those longing, grasping desires to understand thee better; for the happiness which the consciousness of thy presence brings; for the glad communion of soul with soul. For these we bless thee; and for the great consciousness that though Nature may work on unheeded, though change and devastation mark her path with the wrecks of human happiness, yet the soul of man is destined to eternal life, and thou gatherest all spirits within thy kingdom and blindest them forever. Father, we praise thee with glad thanksgivings, with utterances of joy, for the sorrows which subdue and chasten; for the darkness which causes us to bless the light all the more; for misfortunes which bring patience and forbearance in their train; for the voice which assists, the hand which uplifts and strengthens, and that everlasting affection which encompasses our pathway. Our God, let our souls exult in thy praise, and, like glad incense rising from some holy temple, let our thoughts ascend to thee forever. Amen.

LECTURE.

Nature's laws are palpable; every one believes in them; and yet, in some of her more eccentric operations, she seems, to our view, to be either imperfect or malign. Developments are here and there dwarfed and stunted; but, as we affirm, always with a cause. Physically or morally, or in any direction, there never occur circumstances without adequate cause. "A truism," you will say. "We all admit it." But you do not admit it—not one of you admit it to the full extent. In your judgments and acts, you all proceed on the implied assumption that there has been a mistake somewhere—that God, or Nature, or some other overruling power, has fallen short of its mark. Each one of you either thinks this, or acts according to it, or admits it openly, in some form, if not in those exact terms. But the majority—in order somehow to account for sin and imperfection, and to excuse the Creator for having made such a mistake—suppose that man, by his innate perversity, introduced the elements of mischief. But no; you cannot say that things can exist without a cause for their existence—and that cause must be greater, more powerful than the things themselves. But then comes the question, What object, purpose, or principle had the Creator, wise and good as we conceive him to be, in creating anything imperfect? We must suppose that for every adequate cause there is an adequate result, and one perfectly consistent; consequently, when we see a result in Nature, we busy ourselves to find out the cause. We understand that there is always a law at the bottom of the case, which, if discovered and applied, would at once solve the problem and reconcile the apparent contradictions. But it seems to be taken for granted that humanity forms an exception to this rule. As, being a free agent, he may act as he pleases, without reference to the general plan of creation; and this brings us fairly in front of the question proposed. Now we assert that no man desires anything, or does anything, without an adequate, predisposing cause. Therefore, we cannot conceive of any man's being dishonest without such a cause. But if he be led to indulge for once his dishonest propensities, the predisposition may become stronger and stronger, until the vice seems to absorb his whole being. But there are many kinds of dishonesty; and no individual in the world is wholly exempt from the influence of them all. No human being is entirely honest—that is, no one is absolutely what he claims, or tries to be, or tries to persuade the rest of the world that he is. No man sees himself in a perfectly impartial light, for this reason: every man has a certain knowledge of goodness, has set up a certain standard of right and wrong, to which he feels himself bound to adhere. Between this point of perfection and the level of his lower inclinations, his actions are constantly vibrating—sometimes he rises above, sometimes falls beneath his average of attainment; so that it is very difficult, at any given time, to say where, morally speaking, he actually is.

All are dishonest in their degrees; consequently, dishonesty, without adequate cause, is, strictly speaking, but pronounced impossible. The fact is, each of us is inclined to dishonesty in some particular direction, and adverse to it in others, unconsciously, and we regulate our judgments of our neighbors in accordance with this distinction—except when we are ourselves the victims. The difficulty is, that, in most cases, the dishonesty lies in the secret motive or intention, and is not openly displayed in the acts themselves, and thus our nearest friends may never discover it.

The difference between a very bad man and a very good one lies fundamentally in their organizations, hereditary qualities, and controlling circumstances; substantially, for aught we know, they are very much alike. In a word, what a man is, is determined by his circumstances, and his will is guided by them. There exist in some persons diseased qualities of mind, which are as much to be deplored as blindness or deafness, or any other serious physical infirmity. There are, also, extreme instances of this sort of moral depravations, in which the victim is unable even to comprehend the idea of honesty, and in which exhortation and threats are of no more use than in the case of a cripple from the womb. In fact, the whole world is a hospital, morally speaking, every one of its inmates being deficient, more or less, in some one or other of the qualities which go to make up the ideal of a perfect manhood. But the instances of a total lack of moral perception, of complete blindness of the soul, are, fortunately, very rare; and such patients, when met with, certainly deserve, above all others, the pity of mankind. Here, we will suppose, is a boy surrounded by all the forms of evil—intemperance and profligacy the guardians of his very cradle—with no deterring examples, and without the restraints of early education; and yet this youth, despite all unfavorable influences, rises, step by step, until he stands before the world a glorious specimen of a self-made man. There is a natural cause for this phenomenon. The youth in question was not snatched as a brand from the burning by a special interposition of Omnipotence. There is an innate preference in the human mind for goodness; it instinctively abhors crime, and the result is, that sometimes the greatest men spring from the lowest positions. Just so there is an adequate cause at work when a human being takes the opposite path of degeneracy; when a son of wealth and luxury rejects the lessons of his infancy, spurns at the restraints of the moral society which surrounds him, and gives himself up to the indulgence of every base propensity. His criminality is the result of overfeeding; his passions have been pampered into premature strength; the higher qualities of his nature lack the wholesome discipline of adversity, and hence his fall is more certain than if he had been reared in the keen but bracing air of poverty and neglect.

In all ranks of men selfishness is the ruling instinct. When this cannot be gratified legitimately, dishonest practices are resorted to, and, perhaps, the chances are that the child of fortune will fall a victim to temptations, which the most elaborate mental culture has not given him strength to resist. Here, again, is a man who, driven to desperation by an unforeseen stroke of calamity, or urged by strong ambition, strains every nerve to attain the point of safety or success; his endeavors fail; ruin stares him in the face, and, in an unguarded moment, he is led into a deed of shame; he commits forgery, or some other crime, requiring concealment. Thenceforward his downward career is swift and certain, until, at last, he lies low in the gutter.

Another man, from low beginnings, climbs, step by step, the hill of fame; and he achieves success in this way: by appearing to be what he is not, and suppressing all the better feelings of his nature; his reputation ripens and his store increases, at the expense of his own manhood; and in order to play out the part he has assumed and keep pace with the expectations of his flatterers and dependents, he is ready to sacrifice self-respect, domestic comfort, everything. But he is successful. He plunders his country of her treasure; he robs the widow and the orphan; he levies contributions alike on Church and State, and all with impunity, and from the vantage-ground of place and power; while the less prudent or more unfortunate criminal expiates his offence against morality in the dungeon or on the scaffold. In the world's estimation, the one is honest, the other is dishonest. But the world is deceived, partly by its own credulity, and partly by the arts of the cunning and unscrupulous. Here is the man of religion, the moral man, the good man, as the world will have it. That world has a standard of morality which he was never known to violate; he conducts himself with the most exact outward propriety in all the relations of life. Yet he really dwells in a perpetual state of dishonesty, by trying to be what he is not; still he may succeed in reaching the highest object of his efforts, and live and die in the odor of sanctity. But if not, if his genuine character and secret aims become too openly apparent, there is no pity, no mercy for him; he is at once branded with dishonesty.

Another man follows a different course; he may be dishonest openly in one direction, for strict professional purposes; if the world knows this, he is called a very bad man; but then, he does not willingly wrong any one; he does not profess to be very good, and therefore he is very bad. Give me the highway robber in preference to such a "respectable" thief and assassin.

Every man is as honest as his circumstances, position, education and surroundings in life will allow him to be. You may say this is not true—that the robber fully understands the nature of his crime, and has as much power to abstain as to lift one arm in preference to the other; but then, he may also understand that he is hungry. A man may utter a falsehood, and utter it deliberately and knowingly; but then, his life, his

property, the welfare of his family, may seem to him to make it necessary. And when a man sacrifices the nobler part of his nature on the shrine of worldly ambition, he, too, knows that he is doing wrong. So we fully recognize the nature of a thousand acts which, nevertheless, we cannot avoid doing. Our knowledge, in countless instances, by no means involves the ability to perform. And this is in strict accordance with the general facts of human nature. All are imperfect in some degree. The highest genius must be accompanied by some compensating failing, for nature is always legitimate in her operations. We know of no exception to this rule. The man of letters, the statesman, the warrior, the poet, the painter, each is possessed of disproportionate power in some one direction, which must be balanced by a corresponding deficiency in some other. We see in this fact the folly of hero-worship—a worship which, on nearer acquaintance, is seen to lead to disappointment.

We observe, in general, that great genius is developed at the expense of the moral and religious nature. The painter labors to portray on canvas, the sculptor chisels from the marble, the form of that perfection which his own life too seldom exemplifies; and the great poet—he who embodies the loftiest conceptions in the most fitting language—most of all, perhaps, lacks the guidance of that sublime principle which his verse makes all mankind in love with. Genius is brave and strong in one direction; but that which goes to sustain him in his exalted flight, leaves another portion of his organization weak and inadequate. So Nature's Law of compensation will have it.

When a man cannot get honestly what he most desires, he will try to get it otherwise; and what, under better circumstances, would be sterling virtue, becomes, oftentimes, the instigator or accomplice of his crime. We are sorry it is so, but we think that, somehow or other, we shall be able to discover the cause. In the first place, we assert boldly that man is perfectly justified in being thus governed by the great principle of his activity, self-interest. Look at him as the head of a family, or in any other responsible associative capacity. If he finds that the happiness of those connected with him—and consequently his own—cannot, with all his exertions, be secured by legitimate means, he will very naturally employ those of an opposite character. It is not that he knows that it was not intended he should do so, but we do know that this he will continue to do, so long as his nature and the institutions of society remain what they are; and we much doubt if any law can operate to restrain him. We also know that when dishonesty, or any other unlawful propensity, has thoroughly and entirely possessed the inclinations, and mastered the will, it has become a disease, which society should pity and seek to cure by rational means, while putting the necessary restraint on its injurious manifestations. For we do not think that men are naturally inclined to wickedness. The doctrine of total depravity forms no portion of our creed. We simply hold that there are qualities in human nature, which, if rightly educated and directed, are its legitimate and necessary constituents, and which only become mischievous when directed from their proper functions and suffered to advance to monstrous and overshadowing development. Every mind has its own peculiar and pervading thoughts, purposes and dispositions. Let any of these be carried but a little beyond a certain boundary line, which is not always well marked, and vice is the result. The desire of acquisition for self-protection, for the sake of a family, or for purposes of benevolence, is on all hands admitted to be, not only allowable, but, when practicable, an imperative duty; yet how easily does it degenerate into a sordid and shameless avarice. Let this passion entirely overmaster conscience and caution, and actual robbery may be committed. And so with the whole catalogue of virtues and their counterparts.

We are aware that certain authorities in the Romish theology seek to justify the attainment of good ends by any necessary means—a doctrine which would sometimes make falsehood and dishonesty commendable, when perpetrated by the command of a spiritual superior in a holy cause. This can hardly be called a strictly moral position, and its general adoption would lead to a very precarious state of things, both in public and private life. This whole idea of recommending virtue or forbidding vice on the naked ground of their immediate temporal consequences, is mischievous and fallacious in the extreme. If you would have your children really good, take care that they be not conformed to the world in this particular. Teach them to be honest, not for fear of the gallows or the prison, but because the result of honesty is happiness in the long run—because if it bring defeat and calamity to-day, they will be consoled by their own feelings, and to-morrow will be sure to afford compensation.

But the whole world is actually a nursery in which men are instructing children in dishonesty, by telling them to do this, or avoid doing that, for the sake of direct reward, thus making virtue an affair of barter, and encouraging the tendency to that moral obliquity of which our question speaks. Do not try to induce a child to tell the truth, or perform a just or kind action, by the exhibition of some petty bribe of toys or sweetmeats—as if, but for that inducement, his only rational course would be in the forbidden direction. But teach them that the desired line of conduct is absolutely and unconditionally the best, and the only one to be even thought of, under any and all circumstances. By appealing to baser motives you may keep him in the path of outward decorum for a while, but you will implant a germ of selfishness which will very probably grow up to poison his whole character. Mothers do not mean to make their children dishonest, but they sometimes punish them for telling the truth.

Grown men and women are managed in much the same way by their spiritual instructors. They are told that if they will be good they shall be pro-

moted to a high seat in heaven; their reward, bestowed by the fiat of an arbitrary judge, shall be inconceivably great. It is not so. The virtuous man neither asks nor will receive any reward but the legitimate consequences of having done right. The only reason why dishonesty is so prevalent, is that the world is deceived with reference to the means of securing happiness.

The popular code of religion, the influence of society, the plan of instructing youth, all tend to form a stunted and unhealthy growth of moral sentiment, and it is no matter of surprise that we are sometimes confronted with extreme specimens of such abnormal structures. Whenever you see a man so thoroughly bad as to make a boast of his depravity, you may be sure, not that he was originally created very different from the rest of his species, but that some false bias of education or some unfavorable circumstances have turned his feet from the path of rectitude. He has, perhaps, found it necessary to lie, in order to get a livelihood. The poet and the novelist do something very like this; but their efforts are differently regarded by society. The man in question may have equal genius in his line of action, and he thinks it hard that he cannot be allowed to exercise it for his own benefit, precisely as they exercise theirs.

Have pity, then, on those who are maimed, blind, deaf and dumb, in a moral point of view. Remember there are always irresistible causes, immediate or remote, which have brought them to their present situation. If a person is prone to acts of dishonesty, without apparent motive, we should be willing to admit that it may be his misfortune rather than his fault—when public teachers, philanthropists and philosophers have all united to impress on his mind false views of his relations to God and his fellow-creatures. Had they said to him, "Do not strive to be a good man, for the sake of a higher place in this world, or for any reward in that to come—as society is constituted, you will probably be disappointed in the former object—but endeavor to purify and ennoble your motives and your thoughts, for the sake of obeying the great law of your moral being, just as a plant grows and shoots out lovely blossoms and breathes balmy fragrance for no other reason than that such is the organic necessity impressed upon its existence,"—had this been the lesson of his earliest years, how different might have been the record of his after life! Such teaching is in accordance with the natural promptings of the human heart, and it can never be misapplied or perverted. But he who can only be induced to do good by bribery, will scarcely—if the inducements offered on the other side are sufficiently powerful—be restrained from evil by the fear of punishment.

Some individuals actually prefer to endure punishment, rather than to be bribed into being good. You may have seen children who would submit to the lash, day after day, with stubborn resolution, rather than tell their own convictions of truth or duty. Teachers and friends unite in pronouncing sentence on these young martyrs, as hopeless reprobates; but you should bear in mind that it is not in human nature to be driven by violence into the path which its reason and conscience are not enlightened enough to enable it to see is the best and safest, in spite of its ruggedness. Bear this in mind, teachers, parents, and friends of the rising generation—that among the host of causes, a few of which we have pointed out, some excuse may be found for the most eccentric and purposeless exhibitions of depravity, and that such phenomena, as well as erratic freaks of genius and morbid eccentricities of a recognized kind, go to make up the great whole of human nature. We are not able, with our purblind vision, to take in, at one intelligent glance, the entire mechanism of the great moral universe. We only see here and there detached portions, in the light of portentous incongruities—for the links are hidden from our view which bind them to the due performance of their mysterious functions. If, during the execution of a complicated musical work by a full and well-trained orchestra, you were rendered deaf to the strains of all but a few of the instruments, and even of these could only catch here and there a random note, you might be led to deny the genius, or even question the sanity of the composer. But if the impediment were suddenly removed, you would quickly perceive that every note which before seemed meaningless and discordant in reality, lent its indispensable aid to the interpretation of a grand idea. So may the great artist draw the completest moral harmony from the varied influences which, to us, are simply horrifying disturbances of the divinely-ordained order and happiness. Never are we banished from the encompassing arms of Infinite love, and abandoned to the malice of demons, or the guidance of our own feeble wills and benighted understandings; but over all these rocks and chasms and pitfalls, which beset our mortal pilgrimages, a divine voice is ever sounding to direct our steps, a divine hand is ever stretched for our rescue, even from the lowest depths.

QUEST.—What is the nature of obsession?
ANS.—The question of obsession would require another discourse for its elucidation. We have already distinctly said that all persons are, to a greater or less extent, obsessed by the minds, principles or powers which surround them. No person can be absolutely obsessed by another distinct individuality. Two minds may combine—there may be control—there can never be displacement. Individuality is never lost. The mind may be made to concentrate its powers in one direction at the expense of its ability in another; but the person obsessed always knows thoroughly and distinctly what he is doing, but cannot help himself, because his faculties are not under his control. The whole world is insane on some points.

Q.—Are the sexes equal?
A.—We answer, no—and yes. Each is endowed above the other in reference to some qualities—therefore both are equal in respect of their pos-

sessions. We do not think that if woman had what are called her "rights," she would be thereby rendered superior to man. We merely think that, according to the laws of nature, and the designs of the Power which made them respectively, both are equivalent to occupy their respective spheres. Mentally, we believe woman would be man's equal, had she equal advantages; in other respects, men are fitted to fill positions which woman would not occupy if she could, and could not if she would, and vice versa.

Q.—Is there any immorality in the spirit-world?
A.—If it be meant to inquire whether spirits retain their individualities, we answer, yes. If, whether circumstances and surroundings are the same, no. When the unfavorable surroundings cease to exist, the liability to do wrong generally ceases, also.

Q.—I thought you stated that spirit was substance, and grows. How can it grow without food?
A.—You heard us say that spirit is the only substance in the universe. Our conception, that the only substance, capable of nourishing it is mind. It subsists upon the food of mind, which is thought.

Q.—Is conscience a correct moral guide in all cases?

A.—That depends entirely upon whose conscience it is. A man's conscience is generally formed by education.

Q.—What is conscience?

A.—That is a very sensible question. Conscience is that inward monitor which tells man when he is doing right or wrong. In other words, it is that natural voice of the human mind by which it knows, perfectly well, when it is doing to another an injury which is likely to bring retribution. It is a mere recorder of man's deeds and words, together with the reflection that there may be retaliation for them. Now, the strength of conscience is directly in proportion to education; and conscience is directly controlled by education—and, consequently, that is right to some consciences which is wrong to others. There is a very rude form of conscience in the most uncultivated minds.

Q.—Are labor-saving machines advantageous to the laboring classes?

A.—Every invention which lessens labor and raises its compensation, is a benefit to the laboring classes. In proportion as inventions are perfect, the demand for labor increases—because they extend the sphere of human requirements, thereby introducing a larger area than before—as in the instance of the spinning-jenny. If all spinning had continued to be done by hand, the demand for cotton goods would now be comparatively trifling. This increased demand for labor, of course tends to elevate the laborer in the social scale.

Q.—What is the source of your utterances?

A.—Please to accept the utterances, if true; if not true, reject them, without reference to their source. The utterances you have heard, proceed from spirits—that is sufficient—who they are, and their names, are of no importance.

Q.—What is the human mind?

A.—Seeing that the whole world has been absorbed, during earthly ages, in attempts to solve that question, we do not think it worth while to try to answer it here to-night; especially since the human mind will never know what the human mind is, until it shall become omniscient.

BENEDICTION.

We thank thee, Infinite Being, for as much of thy light and truth as we are able to perceive. While groping in darkness, let us remember thou art all light. Where we see but one ray of thy purpose, let us bear in mind that the full sunshine exists, though we discern but broken fragments—detached portions—of infinite goodness. Though sorrow and desolation and death are all around us, we know that joy, light and happiness spring from thee; therefore will we praise thee, oh Father, God, forever. Amen.

FADED FLOWERS.

BY LA BELLE.

Where is the heart that, around which twine no drooping and withered flowers? Where the shrine, dedicated by no cypress leaves, woven in one wreath with orange and myrtle?

Away in the secret depths we wander, now finding, amid the unseen aisles of rapturous thought, full many gems of brightest hue—many hopes grown brighter and more dazzling to the fulfillment, and many dreams to weave into the golden warp of the future's bright imaginings and glowing realities.

All the hidden recesses seem formed by the perfect blending of flowers and dazzling sunshine. Yet, as we look more closely, we find here and there a niche hidden far from sight, around which the leaves of cypress twine; and we see the once glorious flowers and glowing colors faded and drooping, their bright leaves trailing on the earth, with all their beauty lost. They have been laid long away—buried, perhaps, by other thoughts and other aspirations, until sometimes these faded leaves of life's history are almost forgotten. We call them "dead," we deem them lost, and breathe a sigh over their faded beauty, and a prayer that they may become resigned to the bitterness of their loss; yet we do not see, as we watch, day by day, their falling leaves, that as their bright points wither and fall to the earth, that the life, the sweet incense of the dying flowers, floats upward as the bright forms fall. We do not know that the spirit of these hopes and aspirations we have so cherished in the past, still lives to guard and bless as angel-teachers—lives immortally, to be in the future a more beautiful reality than we dreamed of before. It shall be the same dream of the "promised land," clothed in brighter tints, and robed in the light of glorious reality, to form a part of life when we shall be best fitted to receive its teachings, and realize its beauty.

We must wait now, and cover with oppress wreaths the golden chords so rudely severed, ere they become a part of life's reality—wait and watch the falling leaves, knowing that, unseen, their fragrance lives to bless and brighten the future.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DE YERE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION.
Song of De Vere.

Victory! victory! shouts the soul,
When like an eagle it nears its goal,
Leaving the earth and the stern control
Of the clay-built hut in the vales below,
Where wander the numberless streams of woe,
With a mournful sound and a fitful flow.

Victory! victory! life is won!
Sings the soul of each ransomed one,
Whose work on the earth's dull plane is done.
Victory! victory! joy is ours;
Earth had never so many flowers
As bloom for us in the angel bowers.

Victory! victory! still it cries,
And Death before it in bondage flies;
The soul is immortal, and never dies.
It lives, it loves, and it has a home,
Where shades of sadness may never come;
It lives and labors, as God may plan,
In the schools above, or the school of man.

Victory! victory! 'tis the hymn
I sang, oh friends, as my eyes grow dim,
And 'tis the one I sing still,
In the land of light, where I roam at will,
Where joy is thrilling my being through,
And where I sweep with a rapture new
The harp that trembled awhile with you,
Breathing a sadness through all its chords,
For the music that never could live in words.

Victory! victory! word of cheer,
How it is echoed and warbled here,
Through bowers where never a sigh of fear
Flows in the calm, pure atmosphere,
By every soul that unfettered comes
From the sorrow-haunted and lonely homes
It leaves on earth, when the mortal breath
Is stilled by the ice-cold hand of death.

Victory! victory! shouts the slave,
As he upward soars from his twofold grave,
And sees the lights of eternity
Gleaming for him o'er the infinite sea.
Then his soul is thrilled with a sense of gloe,
As he cries, "Thank God, I'm free! I am free!
There are no more fetters or chains for me;
No more lashings, and no more fears;
No more sighing, and no more tears;
The eyes are closed that were used to tears,
And the day long prayed for at last appears.

Victory! victory! sings the brave
And dauntless hero, who died to save
His country's honor, his country's fame,
In freedom's cause and in freedom's name.
Still burns his soul with a steady flame,
As when to the battle-field he came,
Flushed with bright hope and the valor high
That dares for sweet Liberty's sake to die.
His strife is ended, and peace is won;
In triumph his spirit "is marching on"
With the shining hosts of a Washington,
Yet oft his thoughts, in their backward flow,
Seek the home that he left below,
And oft he wanders at eventide,
And lingers in love by his mother's side,
Or blesses the sleep of a fair young bride,
Till she dreams of him as her angel guide.

Victory! victory! sings the child
On whom the angels of God have smiled
And wood from earth, and its tangled wild,
While yet its spirit was undivided,
And free from the darkness of doubt and fear,
Out of which gather the mourner's tear.

Victory! victory! words of cheer!
Oh, fathers and mothers, could you but hear
How they are echoed and warbled here
By the joyous groups that are waiting near,
You would weep no more for the little girl,
With laughing eye and the golden curl,
Who cheered you once with her baby glee,
Or lisped a prayer on her bended knee,
But whom you missed from your home one day,
When her still, cold image was borne away,
And you wept for your child that turned to clay,
You would weep no more for the noble boy,
Whose lightest smile was a thing of joy,
Who grew to manhood beneath your eye,
"Only to droop," as you say, "and die"
Too soon for his blossoming thoughts to seed,
And bear rich fruitage in word and deed.
Oh, could you but look on the paths they tread,
You would turn from the casket from which they fled,

And joyfully murmur, "They are not dead,
For lo! they are threading a shining way,
And oft they come to us, day by day,
With gifts of love on our hearts to lay."

Victory! victory! home again,
(Cries poor Mary, the Magdalen),
Dawns in light on my ravished ken.
Home and sweet love—oh, rapturous dream!
I see your lamps in the windows gleam,
And over Death's turbulent, darksome stream
For me is shining their friendly beam.

Victory! victory! say it to men,
Cries poor Mary, the Magdalen,
I, too, have risen, and walk in light,
In a land of love where "there is no night."
And thus it is. She is welcomed here
By the good and pure of a higher sphere.
Her head no longer is bowed with shame,
No more she blushes to own her name,
For she dwells in this beautiful land above,
Where the soul's best blossom is love, sweet love;
Here she lives, and labors in patient trust
To free herself from the soil and rust
Of the numberless sin stains gathered here
In your land of darkness, the land of fear.
She lives to watch o'er the fair young child,
Whose way still winds through a tangled wild,
And with a band of the brave and strong,
Who cheerfully battle the hosts of wrong,
She is daily guiding the pilgrim feet
Of one who is seeking a calm retreat.
For those who wander from street to street,
With hearts that moan, and say at each beat,
"Oh, would I could rest me under the sod,
For I never can be anything else, oh God!
Than the scorn of women, the jest of men,
A weary, heart-broken Magdalen,
Whom nobody loves and nobody greets
With a welcome smile in the crowded streets,
Save those who would spread for her feet new
snarers,

And plant in her bosom new thorns and cares."
God hearing the cry of these suffering ones,
The stream of whose life in such sadness runs,
Hath called and commissioned an angel through
To change the flow of their mournful song
To hymns of rejoicing, a psalm long,
For a triumph won o'er the hosts of wrong,
And she among them, with willing heart,
Is cheerfully waiting to do her part.
Though not all white are her garments yet,
And not all polished the walls of jet,
Whereon her pictures of life are set,

*The reader will recognize in this a reference to Emma Harding and her noble plan of making a home for outcast women. With the angel hosts of heaven to assist her, she need not fear but that in time her beautiful designs will all be carried out.

Yet fairer than all of your homes to-day,
Is the home of the woman who went astray.
Victory! victory! Mortals, hear!
Father and mother, and friends most dear,
List, 'tis the voice of the young De Vere,
Singing for joy that the goal is won,
Where life's best labors are just begun,
Thanking the Father who rules on high,
For the blessings that brighten, but cannot die.
Now Death is conquered; I live, I move,
And I dwell in a beautiful land above,
Yet I can return to the friends I love.
Oh, where you dwell in your lonely home,
With love's bright blessings, I come, I come,
I glide about you with noiseless tread,
And sing to you softly, "I am not dead!"
Oh, hear ye not often a "still, small voice,"
That says to you fondly, "Oh, heart, rejoice,"
Rejoice and banish each doubt and fear,
That murmurs in sadness, "He is not here?"
For know, oh father, and friends most dear,
That where you gather from year to year
Around the home that we all revere,
Oh in your midst is the young De Vere.

Victory! victory! Father, sing,
And let the earth with your anthem ring;
Then banish forever each haunting fear,
And list while I weave you a song of cheer,
Through the quivering lyre of a sister here.
Here fled the vision of that shining throne,
And thus was ended that triumphant song;
Yet with its power that o'er my heart held sway,
Doubt folded up her tents and fled away,
And all my darkness changed to loveliest day,
While o'er my soul, that throbbled with song again,
Swept the sweet sound of this consoling strain:

SONG OF DE YERE TO HIS FATHER.

Oh, father, dear father, grieve not that my spirit
Hath fled from the mansion that mortals inherit;
Weep not for the joyous and untrammelled spirit,
That earth with its discords shall trouble no more;

Weep not for the casket that's shattered and broken,
Nor seek mid its dust for life's beautiful token,
That shall prove to your heart that love's power is
unbroken,

When cold lies the form that it cherished of yore.
Oh, father, dear father, say not I have left you,
Nor question the wisdom of God that bereft you;
'Tis only the casket of clay that has left you;
I still am around you to comfort and bless.
Look up, and rejoice that the bountiful Giver
Has led me safe over Death's turbulent river,
And brought me where sin-stains and sorrows
shall never

Hang clouds o'er my pathway, or give me dis-
tress.

I dwell now with angels, who love one another,
Who have learned to be faithful and true to each
other,
And where I have met with my brave-hearted
brother,

Who died in the struggle for freedom and right.
Here, there is nothing can trouble or grieve us,
No chilling wintry winds ever sweep o'er us,
No night folds its mantle of darkness about us,
To hide from our vision the beautiful light.

But over the fountains of joy are upspringing,
And ever the clear air around us is ringing
With the sweet songs that the angels are singing.
In praise of the Father who gives us the light,
Here, hearts learn to echo the music of gladness,
That on earth would have thrilled to the rhythm of
sadness,
Or been hushed mid the din of its discord and
madness;

In the terrible conflict for freedom and right.
Father, though lonely the pathway before you,
Fear not that the loved ones will ever forget you,
Or cease in their spirit to love and revere you,
And dream not we never can walk with you
more,

For daily our blessings on you are descending,
And often we stray where your footsteps are tend-
ing,

And daily our thoughts with your spirit is blend-
ing,
And waking bright dreams of the beautiful shore.

As the rays that you see all the hilltops adorning,
Become to your vision a sign and a warning
Of the light that's to dawn with the on-coming
morning,

So let your soul read the tokens we give:
By the calm that steals over your spirit at even,
By the dreams that oft haunt you of rest and of
heaven,

By the glimpses of truth to your mind daily given—
By these you may know that our spirits still live.

We live to caress you, to love and to bless you;
Then labor and wait for the good that shall greet
you,

For, though unperceived, we are gliding about you,
And you will behold us some beautiful eve;
When the sunset rays of your life shall quiver
Over the waves of Death's turbulent river,
Then you will rejoice us, and gladness forever
Thrill the deep chords that now wake but to
grieve.

Oh, moaning hearts that "plain and sigh
When loved ones greet no more your eye,
Do you still sadly question "Why
The good, the true, so early die?"

Hear now my heart, that gives reply;
No more it echoes back your sigh;
I now can make a glad reply,
And sing with joy that you do not die!

For Faith within my soul once more
Sounds her free harp, and wakes the lore
They sing who walk the "summer shore";
She sings, she mounts, then swiftly flies
Back to her own unclouded skies,
Beneath whose calm and steady beam,
On mountain tops that softly gleam
With heaven's own rays that o'er them stream,
Stands her fair towers, whose crystal gates
Open for each soul that calmly waits
And leans in trusting love on God,
While bowed by Sorrow's chastening rod,
Now o'er my path she sheds her ray,
And Thought pursues a shining way,
And thus to Reason's boastful strain
Replies, and joyful sings again:

Oh, blind, imperfect Reason, pause!
What know you of the eternal laws,
By which the loving Father draws
All creatures to him? Great or small,
His boundless love embraces all.
His attributes, attractions, powers,
Are seen in every cloud that lowers,
No more in sunshine than in showers.
He who in beauty paints the flowers,
And rears the sunset's golden towers,
Whose power sustains each living form,
And hangs the rainbow o'er the storm,
Will surely lead us to his bowers,
Through pathways of His choice, not ours.
Our very ignorance here may be
His instrument to set us free;

Our griefs and pains his furnace fires,
Fusing the ore of our desires,
That angel hands may wake the lyres

And tune the telegraphic wires
Down which the electric tides may move,
And bring us messages of love
From those who walk the golden strand,
From friends of our own household band,
The minstrels of the "Morning Land."
Oh, who can doubt the Father's love,
When all things here, around, above,
From rolling orb to winged dove,
Its living power and presence prove?
Dost thou, oh father of the brave,
Whose forms now slumber in the grave,
Art thou to sorrow still a slave?
Hath conquering Death o'er all the world
Her sable banner wide unfurled,
And hid from thee the angel lights
Now gleaming from supernal heights,
Seeking to bless thy mental sight,
And glid with hope thy noon of night?
Dost Reason still usurp the right
To rule thee with a rod of night?
And dost thou, yielding to her sway,
Still blindly tread a tangled way,
When brighter fields before thee lay?
Oh, doth she still rehearse the strain
That finds an echo here again
In hearts that throb and ache with pain,
Telling how all the griefs and woes
That weary years to us disclose,
Have each within ourselves a cause,
And came to us through natural laws?
Here bid the boastful skeptic pause,
And scan the arguments she draws,
And mark thou well their numerous flaws.
Ask her if God, the Sovereign Mind,
Whose throne no human thought can find,
Was not the Maker of those laws,
And if the Maker, then the Cause—
The primal, all-pervading Cause—
Of every good and seeming ill
That circles years for us distill,
Life's curious cup to drug and fill?
And if his Love perfectness hath,
Must not his Wisdom light our path
With just as pure and perfect ray,
Through storms and darkness and decay,
As when the sunshine tracks our way,
Or fickle pleasures round us play,
Till all the winged hours are gay
With mirth and joy, while smiling Hope
Casts o'er and o'er our horoscope,
And shows us blessings yet to be,
More radiant far than those we see?
And if his love and wisdom shine,
As perfect attributes divine,
Must not his Justice, too, combined
With these, be perfect in his mind?
For of the universal soul,
Whose thoughts all essences control,
All atoms and all powers control,
Till myriad worlds through space outroll,
Can part be perfect, not the whole?
If granted his perfectness, then,
What right have blind, imperfect men,
His ways or purposes to scan,
Or doubt the wisdom of his plan,
Though it may counter run to theirs,
And end in countless pains and snares,
Or bring them heavy griefs and cares?
What right have we, or power sublime,
To choose, appoint, or say what time
'Tis best for us to quit this clime,
Whether in age, or life's bright prime?
The God of all, whose power supreme
Is seen in every sunset gleam
That quivers o'er the dancing stream,
Who gives us dew, and flowers, and seeds,
And songful harps of trembling reeds,
Must surely know the world's great needs,
And he whose needs will each supply
From living fountains in the sky,
Though from his vineyards he may call
The truest laborer here of all.
Oh, then, my friends, awake no more
The music of that mournful lore,
That bids thee sadly question "Why
The good, the true, so early die?"
Though they may fade ere yet 'tis noon,
Be sure they have not died too soon;
Then yield to Faith's more pleasing spell,
And calmly sing, "All, all is well!"

De Vere! oh friend and brother still,
Though thou hast crossed the sunset rill,
And climbed life's star-encircled hill,
With joy I feel the glow, the thrill,
That comes, without a thought of fear,
To tell when thou art lingering near,
My path to guard, my heart to cheer.
Oh, often may thy spirit come,
To glad me in my humble home;
Let blissful dreams of life be given
To me on earth from thee in heaven;
Then will I tune my trembling lyre,
Till every cell and quivering wire
With noblest themes shall quick respire;
Then will I wake its chords of mirth,
And joyous sing till all the earth
Shall echo with the rapturous strain,
And wake with me this sweet refrain:
Now God be praised; this mortal breath
May fall, and sky and earth beneath
Be girdled with an icy wreath,
And yet, oh joy! there is no Death!

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa.

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is made to feel that she is a beggar, is no longer a
wife, except in name. A wife who is compelled
to feel that she has no rights except those which
her husband accords to her from hour to hour,
loses her spirit and her self-respect, and becomes
a meek in feeling and in fact.

The American woman is what the American
man requires her to be, and what American
institutions and influences enable her to be. There is
constant and fruitful effort on the part of men to
secure for their daughters and for general female
society the best advantages for education and cul-
ture; and these same men do this with wives in
their homes who are treated little better than
housekeepers. They are not regarded as part-
ners; they are not treated as intimate and confi-
dential companions. Equality of position, identi-
ty of interest, community of aims, affectionate
and considerate tenderness and respectfulness of
demeanor, thorough sympathy that shows itself
in all private and family intercourse, certainly do
not prevail between American husbands and
wives, when regarded in the aggregate. Some
will be disposed to deny this who only see life
under some of its more favored phases; but those
who are acquainted with all classes, in city and
country, cannot fail to recognize the truthfulness
of the statement. Women are denied the sym-
pathy and society of their husbands to a shameful
extent. They are kept in a position of depend-
ence, and made to feel their dependence; they are
made to ask for money for their personal use, and
compelled to feel like mendicants in doing it.
There are multitudes of wives, supposed to be
well married, who never approach their husbands
for money without a secret indignation. Now
any man who compels the woman of his love to
do this, insults her womanhood, degrades her, de-
nies essentially his marriage vows, and does his
best to kill out her respect for him, and to make
the conjugal bond an irksome one. A wife who
is made to feel that she is a beggar, is no longer a
wife, except in name. A wife who is compelled
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wives, when regarded in the aggregate. Some
will be disposed to deny this who only see life
under some of its more favored phases; but those
who are acquainted with all

curious it is that they can all be divided into classes."

"Why don't you study Botany?" said Susan. "Sophia has a book, and she's learning all about plants, and collecting great books full."

This was a new thought to Abraham, and as Mary favored it, saying they would study together, he felt a new impulse to learn. He also was glad to think that he could be studying the same books with Sophia.

Squire Niles got weary of his hoeing when his companion had left, and remembering that one more day's work would finish the field, he went to the house. Mrs. Niles kept as strict a watch over the fields as the dairy.

"Where's Abraham?" said she.

"I let him go into the woods with the girls. I thought there would be no harm, and it would please Mary, and we could finish the field to-morrow."

"I think they should remember that there is time enough for play when work is done; besides, there is very indiscreet to let Mary be with Abraham so much," replied Mrs. Niles.

"Indiscreet? Fudge! they enjoy themselves. What's the harm? Abraham is as good a boy as I know of."

"Now, Reuben, there knows that there is a great deal said about him. Since there has been one Mr. Potham called here on his way to Dea. Craft's, and he told me all that happened that night at Mr. Stamp's store, and I just resolved that they had better not keep Abraham any longer."

Squire Niles knew well enough what his wife meant; that she had resolved that he should dismiss Abraham; and he knew, also, that there was no use in arguing with her; so he merely stated that his back felt very lame, and that his stomach was very weak, and he did not think he should be able to work much longer. He knew very well that this call upon her for sympathy would best lead her to see the necessity of keeping Abraham through the summer, and by that time he hoped to convince her by his good deportment that he was necessary to the success of his farming enterprise. Good-hearted man; he had not yet learned, from his numerous experiences, that a woman with a calm manner and a temper that seemed never to be disturbed, could always carry her point, even if it was toward a wrong.

Meantime Abraham had, little by little, learned from Susan's busy talk what had been said of him. Sometimes the flush of anger rose to his cheek, but the old determination to live down the falsehood overcame all else, and as Mary looked upon him with confidence and Susan had proved her friendship by her acts, it seemed easy for him to pass by the wrongs of others. But he was really disturbed by what he heard of Sophia. She was, in his mind, the best and noblest girl in the world, and he would have trusted her friendship at any time. He resolved to give her a trial, and to see if she was really willing to refuse to vindicate him, by owning to having known that he lost his handkerchief the day they went a strawberrying. As they walked home through the leaf-carpeted path of the woods, and came in sight of the fine field of corn, he remembered Uncle Isaac's words again. "I believe," said he to himself, "I shall surely succeed in becoming a farmer." He little imagined that under Mrs. Niles's calm manner she was hiding so firm a resolve.

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER FOUR.

Very singular visitors one has in the country. It seems to me that there are quite as many to think about, to admire or pity as in the busy city. Only a few days ago there flew into our open door a beautiful insect that used to be my terror as a child, and which I dare say many of you, dear children, are quite ready to drive from you in alarm. It was a dragon-fly, or as I used to call it, and perhaps you do, a devil's darling-needle.

I can remember how I used to run from them, and imagine they were going to do some frightful thing. Perhaps I thought they would sew up my mouth, or bite off my hair for their thread. I think I remember hearing some frightful stories about their evil treatment of naughty children. I never heard these stories at home, but from very ignorant people, and you will learn how much better it is to understand about all the insects you see than to trust to foolish and sometimes wicked sayings about them.

Now this pretty visitor is a much abused creature, and came on a very friendly visit: for his object was to catch the troublesome mosquitoes and flies. They do not bite, or sting, or poison man, but they catch in their claws the insects that they live upon. If they are shut up in a room they will very speedily rid it of all troublesome creatures that suck our blood, or thrust their poison into us. Now is it not quite wrong to treat unkindly so very useful a little creature. How beautiful he is, when one is not afraid of him. He has four wings that are as delicate as the most beautiful gauze, and they glisten in the sun more brilliantly than the finest tulle that ornaments a fine lady's bonnet. His body gleams with every shade of the rainbow, and his motions are wonderfully rapid. He has a cross on his back, and some species have brilliant wings on their bodies. The name of the one with the long round body, is called the Aeslin.

This insect, like the butterfly, did not always possess so fine a form. First, it was a little egg floating on the top of some pond. These eggs are very small and white, and soon sink to the bottom of the water, and then are hatched into an ugly looking grub, that looks not unlike a cockroach; only it is dark green in color. This grub swims quite well, and gets his living in the water for ten or twelve months. But we are to suppose that he is not quite satisfied with his life, and has aspirations for something better. He climbs up out of the water into some plant, and in about two hours his wings burst forth and he becomes the pretty creature that darts about on his mission of good. If those of you who are in the country should fancy watching this process, you could put some of the grubs, which may often be found in ponds, into a pail of water, in which you must place some branches for them to crawl upon. I am very sure that no one, after witnessing so wonderful a change, could ever be afraid of the pretty creature that had taken to himself wings and was dancing about with such apparent delight.

I thought that my visitor had some quite touching words to tell me. He seemed to be saying, "See how glad and happy I am, and why is it, do you suppose? It is because I keep doing very useful and kindly work all the time that people misunderstand me. But I determine that I will not mind, but keep at work still. Why, if you'll believe it, sometimes in a warm summer afternoon, when I look into a hot schoolhouse and see the children brushing away the flies, I think, now what a nice meal I can have, and how much trouble I can save these busy people. So I fly in at the open window, sure of being welcome, when I see frightened faces, and little boys and girls covering up their ears, and there is no more study

until I am beaten out with brushes, and half-frightened to death. I do wish you'd tell the little boys and girls about me, for I am trying, every moment, to show them what wonderful skill I have in catching mosquitoes, and they don't seem to understand me at all."

I wanted to say, "Never you mind, you pretty fly; there are many grown up people just as badly off as you. I only wish we all kept on doing just the same when people misrepresent us, as you do."

I trust that some of you will try to learn all about the insects you see so often, and then you will enjoy the country every moment, with so many pleasant neighbors.

To Correspondents.

EDDIE AND FANNIE, SHALERSVILLE, O.—Your dear little letters were just like June roses, only their sweetness does not pass away as the breath of roses. I am so very glad that you wrote to me, and told me about the stories. You ask, Eddie, if I am writing about Abraham Lincoln, in the story, "Great Success." I answer no; but still it is partly the history of a very good and wise man that I knew, and whom I wished to tell you of. I send Katie my love and Nellie a kiss, and I will write again soon.

Your loving friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

Original Essays.

THE GREAT ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM: ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

NUMBER ONE.

BY K. GRAVES.

I observe by several weekly journals which occasionally reach my table, that the old and oft-renewed belief in "the final consummation of all things," when "the heavens are to be rolled together as a scroll," the "earth and everything therein is to be burned up, the saints to be caught up into the air and the wicked perish from the presence of the Lord," is just now attracting an unusual amount of attention. There is an apparent attempt made by those fire-proof Christians, who believe in the combustibility of this watery planet on which "we live, and move, and have our being," to revive the thousand-and-one-times exploded heathen tradition of world-burning, which is to result practically in all the oceans, seas, lakes and rivers taking fire and being reduced to ashes, and "the new Jerusalem" erected upon their ruins, and occupied with all the non-inflammable and non-combustible saints that can be found between "the four corners of the earth." The "Voice of Warning from the Four Winds," (by D. T. Taylor, Second Adventist,) has reached me; which, as I fancy, sounds very like the last toot from the trumpet of Gabriel.

The writer of this duodecimo of twenty-two pages, proclaims that "The grand millennial age is but a hands-breadth of time in the future." "We who have watched every sign, think that wrath is nigh—very nigh. Hasten, slumber, hasten. Hasten to Christ, repent, believe and be saved. Be quick, for that day hasteth greatly. Tarry not, lest thou be consumed. Prepare to meet thy God." "Our bridal robes are ready, and we long to put them on." "The pre-millennialist and Adventist in solemn and stirring tones, everywhere announces the swift-approaching judgment and kingdom of God, heralded by unmistakable signs, and fearful inflations of wrath on the anti-Christian nations, and ushered in by the personal coming of the Son of Man, followed by his everlasting reign over the renovated world." David Lord is quoted, as declaring "Christ is, within a brief period, to come from heaven in person." And we are told that "Many of those who hold this doctrine are distinguished by rank, wealth and ability"—that it is preached throughout Europe and America; that "Noblemen and men of parliament have written in defence of it." And finally, that "About three hundred ministers of the Word, are preaching this Gospel of the kingdom, in America;" and "About seven hundred of the Church of England are raising the same cry." The Millennial doctrine, having thus apparently acquired some degree of importance among credulous Christians, I propose in a few brief articles to present to the readers of the Banner a succinct and explicit account of its primary origin—to show how, when, where and by whom this terrible notion of world-burning, which has so often scared the many believers in planetary bonfires out of their night-shirts into their ascension robes, was first started, and what started it. Here we will premise by the remark, that upon the Christian assumption that "Every word of the Christian Scriptures is of divine origination, and is unmistakably and infallibly true," we should find no grounds for controversy in the matter. For most certainly if there is any doctrine clearly and unmistakably taught in various parts of the Christian Scriptures, both in the Gospels and Epistles, and frequently reiterated, being rehearsed over and again scores of times, in the most explicit and emphatic language, of anything to be found in the Judea-Christian Bible, it is this millennial doctrine—this fearful apprehension that "the end of the world draweth nigh." And we are amply prepared to show that it was likewise very prevalent and propagated with the same anticipated and predicted collateral consequences in various pagan countries, long prior to the birth of Christ. To make an analytical and historical exposition of the subject, clear, concise and methodical, we will arrange it in classified order, under the following heads:

1. The destruction of the world by water and fire, alternately.
2. The events to be accompanied by a violent commotion and concussion of the planetary bodies, which was to result in "the falling of the stars," &c.
3. A divine Saviour or Messiah to appear on the occasion.
4. A general resurrection of the dead, followed by a general judgment.
5. A new order of things, growing out of a revolution, both moral and physical.
6. The final and crowning result—"The triumph and exaltation of our religion, and the consequent overthrow of all others." That is, "Every knee must bow, and every tongue confess" that our Saviour or our Messiah, and ours alone, is entitled to the supreme and undivided worship of mankind—the entire and undivided worship of the human race. The conversion to "our Church," "our religion," and "our Lord and Saviour," was to constitute the culmination of the whole drama. Such were the general conceptions believed and devoutly cherished by the religious Orientals generally, several thousand years ago, as well as more modernly by Christians, as we shall now proceed to show by a collation of historical facts, arranged according to the above order, commencing with

1. The belief in the alternate destruction of the earth by water and fire.

History discloses the fact, that nearly all the

ancient Oriental tribes, who possessed a traditional religion, believed in the alternate destruction and renewal of the world; in the first instance, by water, as is illustrated in the story of Noah's flood; and in the second, by fire, as we find several times predicted in the Christian New Testament. That this successive destruction and renovation of the natural world is a Christian Bible doctrine, is most fully disclosed by St. Peter, whom we will here quote: "Whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished; but the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."—(2 Peter, iii: 6, 7.)

Here the tradition of the primordial destruction of the world by water, and its anticipated future destruction by fire, is most unquestionably set forth, and most unequivocally endorsed. The latter event we find, also, prophetically recognized in the Jewish Scriptures. Isaiah exclaims, "For behold, the Lord will come with fire and with his chariots, like a whirlwind, and render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire." (Isaiah, lvi: 16.) And behold, the Lord God called to contend by fire."—(Amos, v: 4.) "For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven."—(Mal. iv: 1.) "Who amongst us shall dwell with devouring fire?"—(Isa. xli: 14.) Josephus tells us that "Adam predicted that the world would be twice destroyed—once by water, and next by fire, and the children of Seth were desirous of announcing to the future race of men this disastrous catastrophe." He also speaks of their using "two columns—one of stone, which would remain uninjured by the water which was to drown the world, and the other of brick, which would resist the fire when the world was burned up." (How these columns could remain when the world was burned up, is an enigma equal to that of keeping the prisoners in jail while it was torn down to be rebuilt.)

Again, we turn to the New Testament. "Looking for and hoping unto the coming of the day of God, when the heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."—(2 Peter, iii: 10.) Now I confess that I can hardly wonder, in view of such explicit testimonies, and such emphatic declarations, that Bible believers, who claim to receive every statement and every prophecy as unquestionably true, should, all the way down the stream of time, from St. Peter to Pope Plus, ever and anon send forth their prophetic oracles through the Christian world to announce the near approach of that direful and horrible period, when this aqueous globe, with its one-half per centum of combustible matter, should be set on fire by an incendiary torch, applied by God's own hands, and the New Zion built on the floating embers resulting therefrom. We confess that the prophetic averments of "Holy Writ" are too explicit and unambiguous to allow Bible believers any margin for doubt or skepticism in the case.

But here we wish the reader to note that the same direful event had been vocally proclaimed and "inspirationally" recorded upon the pages of the sacred books of several heathen countries, as in that day (in some cases) upon the eve of practical realization long prior to the dawn of the Christian era, and in some instances before the Jewish prophets gave utterance to their fearful forebodings touching such an event—a circumstance which plainly indicates its heathen origin. It is the emphatic declaration of one of the best accredited histories of India, that "A glorious, blissful future, attended with the destruction of the world by fire, and the re-appearance of Vishnu (i. e., his tenth incarnation under the name of —) had been for several thousand years the hopeful anticipations of India." A text in their Holy Bible (Barra-Sinatra, at least three thousand years old) declares, "The universe will be set on fire by the great serpent Sesaraga." And Mr. Dow, in his "History of India," (p. xli) quotes another text from their Bible, prophetically announcing that "A comet will roll under the moon, and set the world on fire."

An examination of the oldest histories of Egypt shows that this same fiery, superstitious tradition was, several thousand years ago, quite prevalent in that heathen country. We have it upon the authority of the historically learned Volney, that at the occurrence of the summer solstice, the Egyptians were in the habit of marking their houses, flocks and trees with red, and that this custom grew out of the superstitious belief, that the whole world would, in an approaching day, be burned up with fire.

We also find that the traditional notion of world-burning was very prevalent in ancient Greece and Rome. Seneca prophetically announces that "The time will come when the world, ripe for renovation, will be wrapped in flames, and when the opposite powers in conflict will mutually destroy each other." And Ovid, at a still earlier period, poetically pre-announces:

"For thus the stern, unyielding fates decree
That earth, air, heaven, with the capacious sea,
All shall fall victims to devouring fire."
And in fierce flames the blazing world expire." (Met. i, v. 256.)

Lucian, in a similar strain, predicts:
"One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waste up azure heavens, the earth and sea." (Phars. D. 7.)

Zeno Cleanthus and Chrysippus also taught the doctrine of the ultimate destruction of all things by fire. And the ancient Mexicans, according to Humboldt, likewise anticipated the total conflagration of the world at a period not far in the future, and were hence in the habit of kindling up a fire at their periodical festivals, on purpose to keep the people in mind of the anticipated portentous event. The Chaldeans, too, long anterior to the time of Jesus, sacredly taught this fiery superstition, and solemnly proclaimed it from their most holy temples. In their Holy Book, the Zend-Avesta, the prophetic declaration is found, that "A star with a tail, in the course of its revolutions, will strike the earth, and set it on fire."

We have already shown by quotations from the Christian Scriptures, that it recognizes the traditional belief of the destruction of the world, both by water and by fire. Now let it be noted, that this idea of a twofold destruction of the world, or its alternate destruction by two different elements, was a very current tradition amongst the superstitious votaries of the ancient Pagan religions long ages before St. Peter heralded it to the world. The author of "The Progress of Religious Ideas," (Vol. 3, p. 169) says, "From the remotest antiquity, astronomical calculations were afloat in various nations concerning successive destructions of the world by water and fire, and its subsequent renovation. All people had traditions concerning a great deluge. Hindus, Chaldeans, Egyptians, Chinese, Persians, Hebrews, Druids and Scandinavians—all had prophecies concerning the destruction of the world by fire, and its restoration to primeval beauty. In connection with this was a belief that the great deliverer of humanity would establish his kingdom of heavenly order on the earth thus purified and renovated for his reception." (And each nation flattered itself that this great divine deliverer would be born amongst them.) Thus it would seem that the oft-dreamed of millennial age was originally an astronomical

legend—at least, it had an astronomical basis. The ancient stoles, according to Cicero ("On the Nature of the Gods," p. 46,) taught that eventually all the water would evaporate from the earth, when it will consist of fire, and this fire, "reanimating everything, will restore the world with improved beauty." And we may mention here, that Orpheus, who is considered in point of time (about 1200 B. C.) the first teacher in Greece, after descending on the destruction of the world by fire, and its subsequent restoration and rejuvenation, advances the doctrine that, as everything partakes of the nature of Deity, the world must hence undergo purification by water or fire, in order to approximate to his state of purity and perfection. Thus it will be observed that it was a current Oriental heathen tradition, thousands of years ago, that the world was divinely decreed to be subjected to alternate destructions and renovations, first by the element of water, then by the element of fire, which should result in establishing upon the earth the Millennial, or Golden Age. Harveysburg, O., 1865.

A REFUTATION

OF DR. A. B. CHILD'S REMARKS AT ABINGTON.

BY D. M. LAPHAM.

I would like the privilege of saying something, through your interesting paper, to humanity, in opposition to some of A. B. Child's remarks at the late Abington picnic, which were published in the Banner of August 6th.

Some of Dr. Child's teachings are, surely, very erroneous. They must be a great hindrance to purity of action with those who believe them, and whose conditions are low and impure. If all men were free from guile, then Child would be safe, or could do no harm, in teaching his fellow-beings to *war not against sin and evil*. Jesus says, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." What is the devil but a personification of all *evilness*, or *evil*—an embodiment of *sin*? The Doctor's backing for such teaching as *war not against evil, or sin*, hath a foundation that is cracked; the rock that his structure is built upon is split, divided, and will not stand. For where Jesus says once by word or action, "Resist not evil," he says many times, "Resist evil." It is surprising that such a doctrine should be put forth by an intelligent mind, and doubly so that that mind should quote Jesus as authority.

The life of Jesus—what we have of it—was one continual resistance to *fales* and *evils*, not only by reasoning and persuasion, but by physical force, also. Yea, he warred perseveringly and steadfastly against sin, *fales* and *evils*, till he laid down his life for the truth. Did not Jesus resist the devil, or *evil*, when he told him, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence to me?"

When Jesus said, "But I say unto you resist not evil," etc., it would seem he had reference more to the act of retaliation, or revenge, as he had just quoted from old times, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Most minds will agree that a kindness to one who has done you an *evil*, is a sweeter revenge than in returning a like *evil*. This is the teaching of Jesus, and the better way; for what availed resistance after the *evil* is accomplished? Neither Child, nor any other teacher, can prove by this that it is unwise to *war against or resist evil, or sin*.

It makes no difference what a Jesus teaches, or a Child, or any other intelligence, if they conflict with what God teaches in Nature. He is there, and says too plainly to be misunderstood, "Self-defence is a law of Nature." And it is as natural for a pure-minded person, or an angel, to resist *evil*, as it is for the planets to move in their orbits. What a strange and unnatural teacher he is that says to his fellow-man, "Do not array thyself in opposition to him who would say to thee, 'Go with me, and help me to accomplish a low, hellish, damning act upon a fellow-being,' but go along, resist not, it will be more pleasing in God's sight to have the deed done than for thee to resist the *evil*." And again, what an unnatural teacher he is who says to a father, a mother, and a brother, *ay*, worse yet, to a true husband, "Do not oppose, resist, or war against the *faul* demon in human shape whom you know is about to violate the chastity of your dearest treasure, the daughter, sister or wife;" "God gave her to you, and you should be resigned, and show your willingness to sacrifice her on the altar of *lust*." "If you oppose, you are not willing; so don't resist, but rather love the doer of the damning deed." "Say to him, 'It is all right, brother—you've done right,' and throw the mantle of *charity* over him." Such answers, Dr. Child, to be your teaching, to the one who pens this, when your "stop all war with *sin*" is colored and translated in its true light. You may say, "Stop all war with *sin*," so long as you see it best; but, thank God, there are a thousand to one that will say, "Never stop wearing with *sin*, or *evil*, till it is all put away down beneath you, or behind you, so far that it never can come up to you." Springfield, Ill., Aug. 9, 1865.

CONDITION AND OCCUPATION OF PRINTERS IN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

BY E. L. FENTON.

Intuition is the conception and engraving of another person's mind upon your own. Ideas are the external representatives to the soul, and letters to the natural mind. Printers are, therefore, the media of communication between the two worlds of mind and matter. They are of two genera: those in the first class, being in the rudimentary stage of the growth of the soul, with minds lent to them to execute the orders of others without regard to principle; and those in the second class, in possession of their own proper degree of wisdom and reason. Naturally, according to reason, they would be on different planes in the world of spirits; those of the first class being subject to the latter.

In the world, or earth-plane, the first would be distinguished by an *acquired* knowledge of history, men and manners, made up from books, custom, and social, civilized authority, without the corresponding application of the principles involved in these necessary natural laws to their own life; while the second class possesses all that the former have, in a greater degree, in addition to the development of the soul.

Look in upon the world of spirits, and see how these two classes harmonize. But having the previous knowledge, that to be an editor or a printer, even *there*, there must be a love of the occupation innate in the person so engaged. Printing presses are of as much use there as here, from the simple fact that present existences, in order to progress, must be communicated with, and a simple but plain method of reaching all minds adopted, which shall be upon the common plane of humanity, understood by all, and within the grasp of each. To the civilized mind no way is so public as that of printed letters. They are *Life* feeders.

Enter a printing establishment with me, in the world of spirits, and take a look at the occupants, consider their thoughts, and read a portion of the matter they are turning off from the press.

You will find the style of the press adapted to the age of reason which the mind of the worker has attained, the amount of natural years counting nothing in the world of spirits, but development of mind telling the age of a person. The type-stickers are persons who in earth-life have reached the first degree of order, which is continuity of stability. They may have been editors here on earth, but obituary is not stability any more than the power of place is the place of triumph. Editors, here in spirit-life—or rather soul-life—are persons who have learnt, through experience, self-control, justice, wisdom, truth, love, virtue, and have a knowledge of external things. None others are fitted for this place of the instructors of others, but those who have attained these qualifications, for, as they are the revisers of the ideas of others, so must they be fitted by a command of prejudice, to be the reservoirs of practical ideas to flow out from them to the inhabitants of earth and heaven.

Some may smile to think that there can be practical printers and steam presses in a world which many imagine, but do not know, to be a world devoid of substance. But just go there and see if you will not find as hard, and very much harder substances than here below. We on earth are but shadows playing in and on the shade, while after we have left the material form, become into the second degree of life, or realities—the third step in eternity being spirit.

The running gear works noiselessly, because the machinery is well adjusted and balanced. But look a moment at the type. We find each piece most expressive, conveying not only the natural letters to the mind as we understand them on earth, but the correspondence in eternal things. Thus the letter A will not only be an A, but express the past history of that letter as connected with the subject under the immediate advisement of the eyes, and give also an inkling of the future matter appertaining to that class of ideas. Books, therefore, in the world of spirits tell, not *hide*, something, and are set up by persons in equisole with the subject.

We will take a page from the form and read some of it.

"Each person is the author of a written language. He does not become capable of producing it so as to be read by others, until he comes into his own degree of individuality, which does not take place until after he has passed through the inherited ideas, virtues and vices of his parents. He then becomes a producer as well as a consumer."

This sentence bears upon the subject of printing in the world of spirits, and upon printers. We see from it how editors on earth may become subs. in the next sphere of life, and subs. editors, from the simple process of progress and development of self. So if editors wish to retain their supremacy hereafter, let them cultivate themselves, as well as the minds of others, so that they will not be obliged to pass into the elementary school of adult life.

Printers have, then, an occupation in the next stage of existence. They do not sit down and say, "we have no work for our hands to do," for eternity is one great workshop, where rest is unknown. We are all of us scholars; all must have teachers, and there must be forever a medium of communication open to all comers. Printers and printing presses are, therefore, realities in the world of spirits.

East Boston, Mass., 1865.

"BROKEN LIGHTS."

BY J. N. WILSON.

However much I may differ with the author of the above work in her final conclusion as to the ultimate foundation of religious faith, I cannot forbear expressing my appreciation of the spirit in which it is written, and my conviction of its value to the honest inquirer after truth.

With her eyes fixed on the foundation which she has decided to be the future resting-place for the religious faith of humanity, she has, with a strong hand, demolished every obstacle which opposed itself to such a conclusion. With the sword of Truth she has cut to the right and to the left, and one after another we have seen the antiquated systems of error fall beneath her strokes. His cloven-footed majesty, the terror of priest-ridden humanity in the past, vanishes from sight, and the lurid flames of an Orthodox hell no longer light up the horizon of any but the most traditional imagination. A vicarious atonement, founded on a principle that we should "regard with astonishment and contempt in the corrupt jurisprudence of China," in the light of her logic stands forth in naked ugliness, unworthy of the meanest niche in the temple of human reason. A vicarious atonement being swept away, the necessary at once comes for at least two-thirds of the truth, leaving the other third standing in the form of a personal God, with a character modified in accordance with the culture and development of the age. The Trinity being destroyed, the fallibility of a Church, or book, that teaches its existence, at once follows as a logical necessity. Hence, in the examination of the claims of the different sections of the Ptolemaic party, as furnishing a foundation for the religious faith of the future, she has demolished a personal Devil—put out the fires of an Orthodox hell—stripped the atonement of the last vestige of theological drapery that hid its ugliness from the eye of common sense—dissolved the Trinity in the crucible of Reason, and found two-thirds of its constituents to consist in theological gas, intangible to the normal senses of mankind.

Had she proceeded no further than this, her work would have been a glorious one. Not worried by the effort of demolishing all these formidable obstacles, but seeming rather to gain strength by the exercise, she goes fearlessly forward, and attacks the more plausible positions of the various sections of the Neologian party. "The Church and the Book, interpreted by reason," as held by the first Broad Church, has its attractions to those who fail to see the limitations to which reason is subjected. So long as it does not touch the foundation on which the temple of Superstition rests, it is free to criticize the superstructure, and to suggest amendments. Once admit the fact that Minerva sprang full-grown and armed from the brain of Jupiter, or that Venus was born from the foam of the sea, and you may reason forever on the philosophy of these facts without offence to Grecian Mythology. So with the traditions that lie at the foundation of all our religious systems. So long as reason leaves them untouched, it may exercise itself in any other direction. But let it stretch forth its hand to touch one of the sacred stones in this foundation, and the cry of "Crucify it! crucify it!" is heard in every direction.

The Second Broad Church theory of interpreting the Bible, in harmony with the deductions of modern science and philosophy, is still more attractive at first sight. It opposes no barrier to the progress of science, while admitting the truth of the Bible. But a mind, to enjoy the theory, must be so constituted as to find Milton's Paradise Lost, or Pope's Essay on Man, in embryo in the childish twaddle of Mother Goose's Melodies. This would be no greater strain on the laws of interpretation than to find in the first chapter of Genesis the sciences of Astronomy, Geology and Anthropology, as developed in the nineteenth century.

All the other parties that have attempted a solution of the great problem under discussion, find their claims all swept away by the restless flood of her logic.

But not to multiply words, I am so well pleased with the work she has done, that I cannot now stop to find fault with her conclusions. The book should be bought and read by every one who wishes to trace the progress of free thought in demolishing the darkness, and uprooting the superstitions that have, down through all the ages, opposed themselves to the progress of scientific and religious truth.

Supra-mundane Facts in the Life of Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, A. M., L. L. D. Edited by Dr. T. L. Nichols.

This book has already been noticed in the columns of the Banner, and a biographical resume of the Rev. Doctor's antecedents, as collated by Dr. Nichols in the introductory part of the work, has already been introduced therein from the London Spiritual Magazine. There is no need, then, to go over this ground again, for all who read the Banner know by this time who Dr. Ferguson is, and can readily estimate his merits, and the authoritativeness and trustworthiness of his expositions of the marvels and the exalted excellencies of Spiritualism in all its varied phases.

The purpose of this article is to do what the London Spiritual Magazine proposed not to do in its notice, viz., to present a sketch of the subject matter of the volume. And the attention of the intelligent skeptic should early be directed to its extraordinary merits, as embracing the essential features of the experience of a man, for more than twenty years, in the fearless investigation of a more abstruse subject than has engaged the thought and research of the learned world in all past time.

Mr. Ferguson appears to have been favored with the most liberal privileges of examination of every phase of mediumistic experience, through his own person and family, and by long continued intercourse with some of the most remarkable mediums of the day. While in the performance of the highest duties toward his fellow-men, and fulfilling the worthiest trusts imposed upon him by enthusiastically admiring friends—and these in the front ranks of society—and while modestly wearing the official dignities conferred upon him, he quietly, assiduously, devoutly, and with systematic and noble devotion, constantly labored in the unpopular field of exploration which the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism opened to his intelligent and truth-loving nature. And this course was pursued openly and publicly, so that even his parishioners—a large majority of whom were opposed to his spiritualistic proclivities—were fully aware of his views and sentiments; until, finally, his own sense of justice to the adverse claims of his church induced him to withdraw from his clerical office, and leave the admirers of himself, as a man, and free and untrammelled by his "heresies," as he wished to be from their dictations and the restraints of their more limited views.

As a work, "SUPRA-MUNDANE FACTS" is fragmentary and entirely unpretentious; and in this regard it possesses the rare merit of entertaining the reader without directly assailing his prejudices, if he be a skeptic. Aside from the running commentaries, the explanations, and connecting links—so to say—liberally interjected by Dr. Nichols, which in themselves display a highly cultivated tone, and an intelligent apprehension of his subject in all its bearings, the substance is collated from the actual daily "Records" of Dr. Ferguson, embracing his varied experiences, together with the philosophical views which they at the time inspired, or which were subsequently modified or confirmed by ample illustration. The man does not sit down to write a book merely, but each day, or occasionally, transcribes his actual experiences, with his views thereupon, for his own private satisfaction. And what he allows his Editor to select for publication, far from being a volume of capacity to measure Mr. Ferguson's wealth of material and persistent industry, in this proscribed line of investigation, serves only to present a comparatively few samples of the immense fund which he holds in store. These specimens, however, are abundant to furnish the skeptic with a thrilling foretaste of the magnitude, the little imagined power, and the glowing splendor of that new intercourse which has, in so material a manner, thrown the supra-mundane world open to palpable commerce with this.

In the language of Dr. Nichols: "The chief object of this work is to present illustrative facts rather than theories, in order to aid the inquirer after truth—the first truth to be established in the matter—namely, that spirits, or disembodied intelligences, exist, and are able to give us proofs of their existence; that the so-called dead really do live, and have sometimes, under certain conditions, power to communicate with their kindred in earth-life." He represents the "communications," from which his selections are made, "to consist largely of those which were spoken or written by or through various mediums, and which were recorded at the time with great care and fidelity." A cursory exposition of a portion of the table of contents will be likely to excite the interest of inquirers to procure and read the work, which is filled with demonstrations of the now firmly established relations of immediate and blessed intercourse of the spiritual and mortal worlds. And confirmed Spiritualists, whose experience embraces many marvels of the character herein exhibited, will find in the perusal of the volume a rich feast of rare examples of spirit power and wisdom.

CHAP. III.—"Spiritual Communications containing Proofs of Personal Identity." Gives a number of highly interesting tests of this nature, with Mr. Ferguson's assurances of their genuineness.

CHAP. IV.—Continues the previous subject, introducing the extraordinary medium, Mr. H. B. Champion—through whom the larger portion of Mr. Ferguson's investigations and experience were prosecuted and derived. Mr. C.'s intense aversion to the matter of Spiritualism, even after inevitably becoming "developed" as a medium, must give the skeptic, but thoughtful reader, a strong incentive to reflection upon the fallacy of opposition, (with little or none of the practical knowledge like that a medium, through discipline attains) to the unflinching power of overwhelming demonstration which spirits maintain in their unseen, resistless grasp, and which they can force will be, ultimately, joyfully confessed and lovingly cherished by the very persons who, at the outset, are most hostile in resisting their overtures. In this chapter is also presented some remarkable evidence of the knowledge possessed by the Chippewa Indians of the great truth of spirit communion, from time immemorial; as gathered from the testimony, direct, of a native missionary among the people of his tribe. Examples of mental telegraphing, conclude the chapter.

CHAP. V.—"Spiritualism among the Shakers." An account of a most extraordinary visit by a company of mediums, accompanied by Mr. Ferguson, all under elaborate and singular spirit direction; the medium, Champion, sustained by spirit nine days without food, for the accomplishment of a specific purpose: highly entertaining, and indicating the knowledge of spirit-intercourse possessed by this peculiar people.

CHAP. VI.—"Supra-mundane Facts connected with the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Wm. M. Fay." As Mr. Ferguson was the guardian of these young men, and the conductor of their enterprise in their recent visit to England, of course anything they may have to offer concerning them and their astonishing gifts of mediumship, will be of the most genuine character, and of superior significance to any accounts of occasional observers of these young men's "cabinet" of wonders.

CHAP. VII.—"Formation of Matter by Supra-mundane Power." In which the "orthodox" world can find some splendid illustrative proofs of their own darling theory of Creation, in the most manifest production of "something out of nothing."

CHAP. VIII.—"Psychometry." Contains some striking instances of character-reading, by Mr. Champion and others.

CHAP. IX.—"Spiritual Intelligence—Sympathy and Trust." Deeply affecting.

CHAP. X.—"Spirit Healing." In which the most scientific physicians are compelled to acknowledge a power immeasurably beyond their own skill, and of so far-reaching a nature as to even snatch the dying patient from the very brink of the invisible world, when even the "damp of dissolution"—the inevitable harbinger—had fixed its silent seal upon the countenances of the living.

CHAP. XI.—"Education by Supra-mundane Influences." Evidencing the ability of spirit intervention to develop the powers and faculties of man, and to store his mind with knowledge independent of the study of books, or the discipline of the schools and colleges. Such education not superficial nor fleeting, but profound and retentive, ranging the largest area of human tuition and normal insight, and in marked degrees often immeasurably transcending the limits of the most liberal cultivation.

CHAP. XII.—"Of Providence and the Guardian Care." Examples of spirit intervention in warning, guiding and protecting Mr. Ferguson in his times of trial and sacrifice. The spiritual agency indispensible.

CHAP. XIII.—"Prophecies of the Revolution"—Rebellion, it should be called. The whole panorama of the impending strife pictured in the spontaneous utterances, from time to time, of members of Mr. F.'s family; together with his own public speeches, in which he was irresistibly led by a superior intelligence to foreshadow the coming storm years previous to the outbreak of the Rebellion.

CHAP. XIV.—"Philosophy of Spirit Interference." A brief and able summary of Dr. F.'s as set forth in a Pastoral Letter to his congregation at Nashville. Also subsequent views on "The Future Spiritual Life, and its Relations to the Present," extracted from a printed volume from the pen of Dr. F. Clear, well-defined, and presented with superior ability.

CHAP. XV.—"The World of Spirits." Embodied in a communication entitled "The Gospel of Reconciliation," showing the co-relation of the spirit-life with the earthly—their interior significance, uses and realities; the true philosophy of Prayer; the trials of each life; the theory of progression from imperfect earthliness through purgatorial experience to an ultimate Heavenly condition.

With some peculiar matter following—entertaining, to say the least—the book closes in some brief remarks of Dr. Ferguson, in the final sentences of which, he "leaves the work to subservience"—he trusts—"the cause of truth and right, irrespective of all personal desires or claims."

This lengthy notice has been indulged, from the profound sense of the writer, after reading the book, of its really classical merit, as a collection of pure facts of deepest spiritual significance, industriously gathered from a systematic experience, and sincerely presented "to subserve the cause of truth," by a most liberally cultivated mind; and, moreover, because all Mr. Ferguson's antecedents justify and warrant his expositions in the field of Spiritualism as genuine, and of paramount authority. Let the learned and unlearned skeptics take themselves to a careful perusal of its pages, and if they have the magnanimity to form a judgment irrespective of their previous prejudices, their sober and solemn reflection will be, that they have been hitherto "turning a cold shoulder" to the grandeur of spiritual truth, and the new teachings of Heavenly wisdom as herein delineated, and have been starving their own spiritual natures upon the "haggard elements of this world," when they could have the pure manna of the Heavenly fields for the gathering.

The book, as an English publication, is expensive, but so useful does it promise to become in this country, some enterprising publisher, here, will doubtless give the American public a reprint before many months.

Columbus a Spiritualist.

A friend recently pointed out to me a passage in Irving's "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," which certainly tends to prove that Columbus was a Spiritualist, and was what in these days is called a Spiritualist. In the year 1503, a settlement which the Spaniards had made among the Indians was in great jeopardy of being wholly destroyed. Columbus was very anxious and perturbed in view of its perilous situation. "At this time," says Irving, whom I now quote, "amidst the acute maladies of the body, and the fever of the mind, he appears to have been visited by partial delirium. In a letter to the sovereigns, he gives an account of a kind of vision which comforted him when full of despondency, and tossing upon a couch of pain. In the silence of the night, when, wearied and sighing he had fallen into a slumber, he thought he heard a voice reproaching him with his want of confidence in God. 'Oh, fool, and slow to believe thy God,' exclaimed the voice; 'what did he more for Moses, or for his servant, David? From the time thou wert born he has ever taken care of thee. When he saw thee of a sitting age, he made thy name to resound marvelously throughout the world. The Indies, those rich parts of the earth, he gave thee for thine own, and empowered thee to dispose of them to others according to thy pleasure. He delivered thee the keys of the gates of the ocean sea, shut up by such mighty chains, and thou wert obeyed in many lands, and didst acquire honorable fame among Christians.'"

Thou dost call despondingly for succor. Answer! who has afflicted thee—God, or the world? Amidst its reproaches the voice mingled promises of further protection. Such is the vision which Columbus circumstantially relates in a letter to the sovereigns. He had a solemn belief that he was a peculiar instrument in the hands of Providence, which, together with a deep tinge of superstition common to the age, made him prone to mistake every striking dream for a revelation.

"His error was probably confirmed by subsequent circumstances," says Irving; "for shortly afterwards the Spanish settlers were rescued from their perilous situation."

What Irving, from his standpoint of view, regarded and attempted to explain as errors and delirium, modern Spiritualists would regard and explain as spiritual realities.—A. E. G.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say: "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person: I myself have two little manors." The Judge immediately interposed, with one of his blindest smiles: "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

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

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

Our Public Spiritual Circle will be resumed on the first Monday in September next. All are invited to attend, "without money and without price."

The Good of Spiritualism.

Unless a person who has been born into the deep experience of spiritual faith is able to say what actual good has been brought to him by his belief, a large share of the power of that faith is lost upon himself as well as upon others. It is well at all proper times to have it in our power to say of what service Spiritualism really is to us; whether it is no more than a pleasing, soothing dream, or has become to us a living reality; whether it takes on the form of a pretty theory merely, or is instinct with an active, creative and enduring life, such as develops and expands the whole soul of man and elevates to a level with the immortals.

Speaking of this whole matter in the most practical way, we say for Spiritualism that it has plainly demonstrated to the senses the control of matter by mind; the influence of invisible minds over minds clothed in a tabernacle of flesh; the fact that the spirit-world is a reality instead of an imagination or a dream; and that it is very near to us instead of being far off; that there exists all the time a very close relationship between the spirit-world and the material world; and, finally, the nature and laws of both spiritual and physical life. This is a great deal to be taught by any single revelation. What one has ever taught more?

The single fact that mind possesses such control over matter, and that we are being continually let into the secret of the laws by which this mysterious control is exerted, should be of itself sufficient to claim the profound gratitude of the age. What forms of disease may be cured by this new power, as soon as an intelligent knowledge of it shall have become general, it is not within the limits of individual foresight to comprehend. When this great fact is fairly accepted by medical men, and men of education generally, a revolution in the modes of cure must be instantly wrought. What has hitherto been pronounced beyond the reach of human aid, will become easily manageable in obedience to these newly discovered laws. Physicians have long recognized this occult mental power, working with such strange efficacy upon the body, but they have never been disposed to make a study of the phenomenon so as to apply its ascertained laws to the service of healing man's infirmities. Until very recently, it has not even occurred to the students of the phenomena of insanity, who would seek to obtain a clue to this fearful disease and therefore a safe way for sufferers out of its dark and winding labyrinth, that Spiritualism has suggested the very laws of its management, and opened a surer way to its effectual cure, than all the so-called science with which the medical books are filled to such little purpose. Mad-houses are now being established upon the continent of Europe in obedience to the ideas which Spiritualism has made plain; and it is already reported that their operations have been wrought with a success that would be styled marvelous but for knowing that the whole marvel is no more than a better insight into the laws of Nature and of man.

Science owes much to Spiritualism, and is to owe still more. The revelation is all the while going on. We may sum it up even now as the great advantage already gained, that it has been taught the cure and the lightning of the diseases incident to our mortal condition; that it is learning now to cure, if not even to prevent, insanity; that it can bring relief to persons whose peculiarly sensitive organizations render them liable to possession by evil spirits and mischievous spirits; and that such organizations, predisposed as they always are to these unhappy influences, may be trained by scientific care in a way to free them from their faults and their sufferings. This is very much to say indeed. We question if any other revelation ever opened more or greater advantages to the inquiring spirit of man. All this is tangible and real. We can put our fingers upon it, as it were. It is something which an ignorant and impudent skepticism cannot pool-pool aside, as if it had no existence save in the unsettled brains of dreamers and men without knowledge.

Now let us pause to superadd to the clear benefits the higher and more exalted considerations of the soul's own improvement and expansion under the discoveries and teachings of Spiritualism, and there comes up in review a vast mass of truths whose depth and richness no man can presume to estimate. Spiritualism we hold to be the highest form of religion. And it is a religion that strengthens itself continually in the believer's mind and heart, instead of growing weaker with time and letting faith lapse into indifference. It lays hold of every avenue and approach to the human spirit, insuring on its believing, proving its truth to the very senses, making the kingdom of heaven visible and real in the heart and life, and through the purest and most elevating agencies bringing the spirits out of the flesh into personal relations with us in the daily walks of our existence.

While influences of such a character are at work within us, it ill becomes us to waste time and energy in demonstrating the naked assertions of willful unbelievers to be assertions still. No sort of demonstration will convince them, especially while they are in the service of ecclesiasticism, which seeks not in truth but its own advantage. If the partisans of this interest are ever to be convinced, it will be by such personal experiences as the invisible agencies themselves will in good time mark out to their lot. Of one thing they may be assured, however, that they cannot hope to escape the demonstration of it some time; so

classicism is changing and shifting from year to year, but the truths of spiritual life are eternal. They can well afford to wait, seeing that they are certain to triumph and stand in the end. We who have come into the enjoyment of this great light are well aware of the value of our new possessions; it should render us everything but impatient or uncharitable because others are not yet ready to see what we see and know what we know. Every thing in its appropriate time. The seed at first, and then the flower, and afterwards the fruit. But the seed itself cannot germinate and strike down its root until the soil is duly prepared. We know, too, that where Spiritualism does make a convert, it is a sure one. Such demonstration as suffices to convince him is sufficient to establish his faith firmly and permanently. To all it is a blessing from the upper heaven, for which the whole human race has long been waiting and asking.

The Cholera.

This scourge of the human race, not so much feared now, however, as it once was, seems to have ceased its ravages in Upper Egypt and taken its flight across the Mediterranean. It has since broken out in Sicily and Constantinople, and shows symptoms of its existence in the eastern part of the northern countries of Europe. Indeed, it is proclaimed that the epidemic already exists across the entire Continent, being a premonitory proof that cholera will shortly follow. The epidemic itself is claimed by many medical writers to be but the symptoms which precede the actual disease, the disease taking such forms as are imposed by the conditions of the epidemic.

They have one theory concerning the course which the cholera takes, in France, and a somewhat different one in England. In India, which is the home and seat of the disease, it follows the camps; in Arabia and Central Asia, of the caravans; the French think it keeps along the course of the rivers and shores, where the land is low and the atmospheric influences offer it a congenial welcome; in England it is thought to be almost entirely miasmatic and contagious, to be kept off by sanitary regulations of a stringent character. The smaller States of Germany have succeeded in walling themselves in from the invasion, and may be styled isolated from the rest of Europe. Their sanitary precautions are taken with exceeding pains and care. In London, it is known that the pestilence will enter the homes of the wealthy and reside in the cleanest and choicest quarters of the town, while passing over localities where squalid poverty and crime huddle together in misery. It is generally feared that it will traverse Europe this year from end to end.

A Martyr to Free Thought.

Twenty-seven years ago this month, Abner Kneeland, then editor of the Boston Investigator, was released from Suffolk County Jail, after an imprisonment of sixty days, for saying that, "Universalists believe in a God which I do not; but I believe that their God, with all his moral attributes, (aside from Nature itself), is nothing more than a chimera of their own imagination." "Old Theology" put him there, and the event has been a standing disgrace on the fair fame of Massachusetts ever since, and will be throughout eternity. We knew Mr. Kneeland well. A more honest man never breathed. He was a firm advocate of truth. He was a pioneer defender of the liberty of the press, the liberty of conscience, and the liberty of speech in this country, and, as such, his name has become immortal, while the names of his persecutors have silently passed to oblivion. He knew not only how to work for truth and humanity, but how to suffer—not has it been in vain. "Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record One death-grapple, in the darkness, 'twixt old systems and the Word; Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne; Yet that scaffold swings the future, and behind the dim unknown, Standeth Progress in the shadow, keeping watch above its own."

Climbing the Alps.

A recent attempt by a party of young Englishmen, during a vacation in Switzerland, to climb to the top of one of the Alpine peaks which had not yet been conquered by the foot of man, resulted in the destruction of the entire party (four in number), who were lashed together by a stout cord, and descended with frightful velocity down a sheer precipice four thousand feet high. Destruction was inevitable. Even the forms of the doomed young men and their guides could not be recognized. This is a fatally foolish way of inviting death. It seems as if something better could be devised, for which to ask heroes in spirit to run the imminent hazard of their lives. The Alpine Club of England is mainly responsible for these accidents, which are encountered without giving the competitors a fair chance even to avail themselves of the helps of science in making their ascent. We should think this would prove to be the last season of such aimless experiments.

The Poor Man's Loaf.

The prices, we see, hold up now in the matter of bread, even when the war is over. There is neither sense nor reason in this. It is downright sponging—actual robbery. Some interested persons say, to be sure, that there is a great glut of paper money, and all that, and prices must be kept up to suit the circumstances. So there is, and so there is likely to be for some time to come. But it is to be remembered, too, that the barrel of flour from which the baker makes his rolls are at the peace, instead of the war, prices; and the hoops have at no time shrunk or contracted since prices began to go up and down. There is such a principle as consistency, though it is sometimes so rare in this world as to be called a jewel; and there is another such principle as justice. We hope the bakers will not come short for their share of the latter article, even if they have to subsist on half-allowances themselves.

The Brazilian War.

The Emperor of Brazil has managed to get enough influence with the rulers of Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation to induce them to make a close treaty with him, so that they are now conjointly attacking Paraguay, a small State in the interior, and two severe and bloody battles have already been fought. One was a land battle, and the other a naval. The little Paraguayan fleet was all used up, but not until it had fought its foe from nine o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. Brazil unquestionably is ambitious to get all the small States on the east of the Andes under her control; the republics on the west and north have just entered into a treaty for themselves, to keep off all foreign meddlers. The Emperor of Brazil is a wise and good ruler, but he has ambition, like everybody else who attains to power.

"A Page from a Life."

We shall print in our next number a fine Original Story, entitled as above, written expressly for these columns by MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH, with whose entertaining productions our thousands of readers are familiar.

Lectures in Haverhill.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Publisher of August 12th, in speaking of the Spiritual meetings in that place, says: "Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who occupies the desk at Music Hall the present month, gave two exceedingly fine and instructive inspirational discourses last Sabbath afternoon and evening, which were listened to with evident pleasure and interest by the large audiences present. Her subject in the afternoon was—'Crime, and its Treatment.' The speaker considered crime as a moral disease, which should be treated as such, just as much as a physical infirmity. The universal brotherhood of man should be recognized by all, and when this was the case, crime would receive the consideration and treatment proper for its ultimate cure. The subject was elucidated by the narration of several incidents, one in particular in the life of the speaker, illustrative of the power and effect of kindness in overcoming evil, which produced a powerful effect upon the audience, many of whom could not refrain from weeping."

In the evening the subject was 'The Tendency of Reformers to the Worship of One Idea,' and it was handled in an able and interesting manner. The idea of the speaker was that reformers were too apt to seize upon one idea in the work of reform, and, clinging to that, insist that all others must give way to it. Because a person was engaged in the temperance reform, the abolition of slavery, or any other of the great reforms of the day, it did not follow that he should ignore all others, but as far as possible he should ignore them; or at least not oppose them.

At the close of each lecture an opportunity was given for questions to be asked by any of the audience, on subjects connected with the lecture, especially on any point which might not have been rendered perfectly clear and intelligible.

Mrs. Cuppy, who has gained quite a reputation as an inspirational speaker and test medium, is engaged to speak at Music Hall during the present month.

More Spiritualized.

Life is become in fact a great deal more spiritualized than it used to be, although it would be fairly deduced by such as believe that if forms cease to have influence there is no life left. We are certainly nearer the heavens than we ever were before. If evil spirits are active beyond what they once were on earth, it only proves that they have power to come and make themselves felt. By the same reasoning it may readily be believed that good spirits can make themselves felt also. The contest goes on between the evil and the good in the other sphere, just as in this. It will not end till all evil is finally overcome. We may all of us make up our belief to this first as well as last. Our path is plain: it is to ally ourselves as closely as we can with the powers of good, which are at all times ready to form a treaty with us, and work for victory over wrong and sin until we are triumphant.

Spiritualists of Worcester.

We learn that the Spiritualists of Worcester, on Sunday, Aug. 13th, dedicated a beautiful Grove, a short distance from the city, to the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The services, conducted by the President, Dr. Richards, were appropriate and very interesting, lasting several hours. The principal features of the services were, an invocation by Dr. J. H. Dewey; a dedicatory address by Mr. Eaton, and a dedicatory poem by Mrs. Lucas, followed by singing, recitations, gymnastics, and other exercises peculiar to the Lyceum. Refreshments were then discussed, and general good cheer abounded during the intermission; after which remarks and singing were in order, and the exercises terminated by an interesting discourse on "The Religion of Spiritualism," by Dr. Dewey. The occasion proved a happy one to both the youthful and the adult, and will serve to further the interests of this well conceived organization.

A Remarkable Admission.

The secular press almost universally slur everything of a spiritualistic, reform nature, but once in a while we find in their columns admissions containing more truth than the writers intended to convey. For instance, the Boston Journal, in commenting on the probabilities of failure in successfully laying the Atlantic telegraph cable, and commending the perseverance of those engaged in the enterprise, gives utterance to the following significant remark: "The world would have been several centuries behind its present position of enlightened knowledge, if the persistent faith of reformers and discoverers had not nerve superior to all the obstacles which have confronted them." A great truth; which should ever be borne in mind when the earnest reformer or the discoverer is brought to our notice.

Going to California.

We have of late received many letters from California Spiritualists asking for test mediums; assuring us that such would do well there. They say there is great inquiry for such, at the present time, among all classes. Now we will gratify them by stating that we shall send out one of our very best writing and rapping test mediums, viz., Miss ADA L. HOYT. She goes unaided and alone, excepting as she is guarded by the angels, and we feel confident that she will be well cared for, on her arrival in San Francisco, by our friends and the friends of the cause. Miss H. contemplates leaving on the steamer which departs from New York on the 16th of September. The best wishes of numerous friends go with her.

Hoops and Things.

"They say" that the dimensions of ladies' dresses are to be made less. It is good news for those of the other sex who are compelled to walk the streets behind them, struggling vainly to pass them without ripping away the whole concern from the "gathers." It might possibly be a great accommodation, too, to the ladies themselves to take in the amplitude which they have carried these few years past with so much spirit and so little grace; but of that they know better than we do. They will not fall, however, to obey the dictum of those powers which set the fashion. It would be worse to do this than to continue following the fashion itself. We are glad there is at least a prospect of a change in this matter.

The Picnic Excursion.

We would remind those of our readers who receive their paper before Wednesday of the present week, that the first train which is to convey the Spiritualists of this city and vicinity to Island Grove, Abington, under the superintendence of Dr. Gardner, will leave the Old Colony depot at quarter-past nine; the second train at half-past eleven, precisely. The Doctor informs us that this is the last one he shall manage the present season. Excellent speakers will occupy the stand.

Photograph of Emma Hardinge.

We will send to any address a carte de visite photograph of Miss Emma Hardinge, on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

Pearls.

And quoted old, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forehead of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE TRUTH DOES NEVER DIE.

Though Kingdoms, States and Empires fall,
And dynasties decay;
Though cities crumble into dust,
And nations die away;
Though gorgeous towers and palaces
In heaps of ruin lie,
Which once were proud of the proud,
The Truth doth never die!
We'll mourn not o'er the silent past;
Its glories are not fled;
Although its men of high renown
Be numbered with the dead.
We'll grieve not o'er what earth has lost,
It cannot claim a sigh;
For the wrong alone hath perished,
The Truth doth never die!
All of the past is living still—
All that is good and true;
The rest hath perished, and it did
Deserve to perish too.
The world rolls ever round and round,
And time rolls ever by;
And the wrong is ever rooted up,
But the Truth doth never die!

Man is continually a refining furnace. In his daily revolutions around his central idea, he is ever learning more and more of what he really is.

A CALL FOR SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

Mother, I know you could not rest in heaven,
And hear me call as I have called to-night;
I know you love me still, though God has given
To you a form as radiant as the light.
Oh mother, let the light from thy pure soul
Illuminate my darkened pathway here below;
Come to me, mother, from thy heavenly goal,
And guide my footsteps whereso'er I go.

The fate which oppresses us is the sluggishness of our spirits.

THE DUTIES OF TO-DAY.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No claims so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sober bright, she is the lightest cover;
Cast her phantom arms away;
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Self-love is not so vile as self-neglect.

Correspondence in Brief.

Letter from a Blind Lecturer.

Knowing as I do that a perfect avalanche of communications, both meritorious and worthless, is constantly rolling in upon you, Mr. Editor, I have forbore, thus far, to trouble you. But believing that the time has now arrived when I should speak, I have presumed to beg a little space in your paper. About seven years ago, having become thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, I girded on my armor and took the field to do battle for the right. Since that time I have struggled as best I could, and I indulge a hope that my efforts have not been altogether in vain. My work has been a pioneer work. Where the friends of our philosophy were few and weak, and its enemies many and strong, I have striven to sow seeds for future harvest.

Now, notwithstanding the hardships and discouragements incident to such a work, I have found such enjoyment as ever crowns our efforts when we strive to live up to our highest convictions of right. Yet I sometimes think it would be delightful to sit down beneath the shade and slake my thirst at the cool fountains which abound in districts where Spiritualism has lived down the opposition of worldlings and become strong.

It requires much strength when the pioneer has to contend with both spiritual and temporal disabilities, and words of sympathy from the strong and self-sustaining are very grateful to the weary, care-worn laborer. The friends of our philosophy should bear in mind that conservatives and opposers of its glorious truths will not make haste to supply the pecuniary needs of the laborers. In many localities, the truths of our glorious philosophy need only to be presented to be accepted. But who shall sustain the hands of those who bear the burden of life to the fainting? They cannot see their wives and little ones pinched by pining want, and be calm; and it seems to me that in communities where Spiritualists are strong and wealthy, something like a missionary enterprise should be started. If our philosophy is life and health and peace, then the soul-inspiring sound of its voice should be heard in every neighborhood, and its life-giving balm dropped beneath every roof-tree in the land.

And now a word more of myself. Being blind from birth, I walk through a perpetual night of years, sustained only by the knowledge that at the end of life's pilgrimage the glorious sunlight awaits me. Save the fact that I have a wife I am an unconnected man, and she walks beside me bearing the burden of poverty which my devotion to a pioneer work has laid upon us. I anticipate moving West and North, in pursuance of my life-work, and will hold myself in readiness to respond to calls to lecture for Spiritualists and other friends of progress. I should not be averse to making engagements for periods of three or six months, and though I design moving in the direction above mentioned, I shall respond to calls from any section of the country whatever. I will also answer calls to hold intellectual circles, and treat the sick, directed by spirit power. Spiritualists and others desiring my services will address, until further notice, J. T. ROUSE, Osseo, Hillsdale Co., Mich., Aug. 12th, 1865.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer spoke in this place three Sabbath days in July to large and appreciative audiences, and I venture to say that such eloquent, logical, philosophical and instructive lectures were never surpassed in this or any other place. She made the walls of old churches shake to their very centre, and awakened a new and lively interest in all classes of minds. One Baptist minister became so interested as to attend two or three of her lectures, and, by request, gave her a subject to speak upon. We predict for him, in committing the "rash act," a speedy expulsion from the Baptist society. In justice to him, we would say that he has, the last two or three years, left the ministry, (except to preach occasionally,) and gone to make making and repairing, which may partially explain for the small spark of light he has dared let enter within the chamber of his soul.

Mrs. Hyzer speaks in this place again the first and second Sabbath in September.

Binghamton, N. Y. H. P. BROWN.

Successful Meeting—Verification of a Message.

Our yearly meeting has been a glorious success. The weather was all that could be desired; the audience large and attentive; Brothers S. J. Finney, Hudson Tuttle and Giles B. Stebbins occupying most of the time to the great satisfaction of those present. They are too well known to need any recommendation from me.

Several months since you published a communication from "John H. Davis, of Waterville, Me., member of the 23d Mass. Co. C, died at Newbern of yellow fever, last August." I wrote to a friend—not a Spiritualist—at Waterville, asking for information, who, after making careful inquiries, replied as follows: "I have taken pains to ascertain that the statement in the Banner of Light, to which you refer, is correct." Thus we have another demonstration of the fact that spirits can and do communicate with the living.

Fraternally yours, GEO. WM. WILSON.

Auburn, O., Aug. 15th, 1865.

Appreciation.

I have been a reader of your excellent paper, Mr. Editor, more than five years. I would much sooner be deprived of my dinner, daily, than lose a weekly visit. Although the dollars, with me,

are exceedingly scarce, yet I consider it a paying investment, and shall do all in my power to make it so to you and others by extending its circulation, and hope that its truthful folds may wave till the world is illumined by its light.

Mrs. F. LILLIBRIDGE.

Rockford, Ill., Aug. 8, 1865.

Dr. U. Clark's Healing Institute.

As I recommend all my patients to attend the Banner Free Circles as an essential part of their cure, please accept the enclosed five dollars as an aid to the reopening of said circles.

Permit me, in behalf of all my patients who have attended Mrs. Conant's sittings, to express the warmest gratitude to her, trusting she may continue to be sustained and recognized by the blessed messengers of the overruling Father.

Fraternally yours, U. CLARK.

18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass., Aug. 12, 1865.

The Cherry Grove Meeting.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A Grove Meeting was held near Cherry Grove, Fillmore County, Minn., on the 21st, 22d and 23d of July.

Friday morning came, and with it came a rain—for which, by the way, Minnesota is noted the present season—but as the first session of the meeting was to be held at 2 o'clock P. M., we hoped that we might yet be favored; but 2 o'clock came, and with it a continuation of the foul weather, and no Grove Meeting. The very few who met at Bro. Michener's house were favored with a discourse from J. L. Potter, on the "Hypocrisy of the Churches," which, as usual, was full of good sayings, and was well received. Adjourned till 10 o'clock Saturday morning.

Morning Session.—The appearance of things without was a little more favorable Saturday morning. We met in the grove, with friends from the adjoining neighborhoods. Mr. William Chaffield was appointed President, and Mr. A. B. Regester and Miss R. A. Michener, Secretaries. The meeting was called to order by the President, who made a few introductory remarks, and then introduced J. L. Potter, who spoke from the text, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." He took the left hand road, as usual. He said the text was a libel on science, philosophy and common sense; set forth the origin of man, physically and spiritually, and his final destiny, in a light that, though new to some, was satisfactory to the common sense of every intelligent hearer.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting was called to order by the President, J. L. Potter again addressed the audience on "Freedom of the Spirit," that mankind were ever boasting of freedom, while, in fact, there was no such thing, but everything in the universe, from the blade of grass to the soul of man, existed, held its position and was working out its destiny, not from choice but from necessity. Birds fly because they have wings and a disposition to use them; men walk because they have no wings, and snakes crawl because they have neither legs nor wings. The discourse was a good one, delivered in an easy, pleasant style peculiar to the speaker. Adjourned.

In the evening, after the adjournment, Mr. Niles, Mr. Reynolds and lady, arrived from Rochester, Olmstead Co., and Dr. Aldrich and lady from LeRoy, Mower Co., Minn., which added three to our list of speakers.

Sunday Morning.—The first sound that greeted our ears was the rain, which continued to fall without intermission throughout the day, confining everybody within doors, except the few that were present yesterday, who still remained in the immediate neighborhood, and with difficulty convened at Bro. Michener's, where the meeting was called to order, and Mr. Niles was introduced as the first speaker. After reading a poem, he addressed the meeting on the subject of "Natural Religion," saying that men worshiped before Bibles were made; that we have a natural belief in God and immortality; that the destiny of each individual is to be wrought out by influence; that we possessed a moral power or faculty, capable of redeeming the darkest soul, and that if Bibles were obliterated to-day, religion would stand pre-eminent in the human soul.

A general invitation was given for remarks, which was responded to by Mr. Reynolds in a brief, well-timed speech on the "Fixed Government of God in the Physical, Moral and Spiritual Universe." He said that pain in every department of man's existence was inflicted as a cure and not as a punishment; that all were destined to learn the lesson of reform—some in early life, some in old age, and some sluggish souls would not learn it till they had been on "the other side of Jordan" for a thousand years.

The President then gave some of his experiences in the investigation of Spiritualism. He had seen spirits with his natural eyes; had heard them speak as audible as a human voice, independent of any visible medium; and had conversed with them face to face, as with an earthly friend. His belief in Spiritualism had become knowledge.

Afternoon Session.—J. L. Potter first occupied the stand, and spoke on the subject of "Happiness." He partook largely of that spirit himself, and was frequently led into franks of joking and fun-making, which is not his wont while occupying the platform.

Mr. Reynolds then followed, and after clearing away the theological rubbish, laying the Bible on the top of the heap, he builded a tower, whose four corners were Truth, and rested on the Rock of Ages, while its top reached the heavens. He is a master-builder.

Thus ended our meeting, which, to us, was a "feast of fat things," while this imperfect sketch must suffice for those who, with well-filled baskets, were compelled to remain at home during this (to us) memorable Sunday.

B. R. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

Cherry Grove, Minn., Aug. 7, 1865.

Grove Meeting.

A Grand Grove Meeting of Spiritualists and other friends of Moral and Religious Progress, will be held at St. Johns, Clinton County, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2d and 3d, 1865. We meet in the fields of reason to discuss moral, mental and religious subjects, which have engrossed the ablest minds of all ages. Blind faith alone is not sufficient for thinking beings.

A large corps of able speakers will be in attendance, viz: A. B. Whiting, Prof. E. Whipple, W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. Emma Martin, Mrs. Pearson, and others.

Vocal and instrumental music will be in attendance, to enliven the meeting with Spiritual Songs and Chants. Persons of all religious opinions are cordially invited to attend. "He who does not reason is a coward; he who will not is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool." Our platform is free. At the close of the meeting a series of resolutions will be introduced by a Committee appointed for that purpose.

Arrangements have been made with the D. and M. Railroad Company, to carry persons coming to the Convention for half fare from Birmingham, Grand Rapids and intermediate stations.

Hours of meeting: Saturday, 10 to 12 o'clock A. M.; Conference from 1 to 2 P. M.; Regular Speeches to commence at 2 P. M. Sunday, Conference at 9 A. M.; Regular Speeches from 11 to 12 A. M.; Conference at 1 P. M.; Regular Speeches begin at 2 P. M.

Mr. Jamelson will report the proceedings of the meeting for publication.

E. D. TRIPP, Secretary.

S. ALEXANDER, Committee.

J. HICKS, Committee.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 23th, 24th and 25th of August.

Dr. J. L. BRAFFITT, Secretary.

SIRAS SMALL, Committee.

DR. COOPER, Committee.

AGNES COOK, Committee.

A Grove Meeting of the Associate Friends of Progress.

The Spiritualists of Ypsilanti, Mich., and vicinity having organized under the above title, will hold their first Annual Meeting, August 30th and 31st, three miles east and south of the city, near the Willow Run School House. Rev. Moses Hull, Mrs. Fowler, and others are engaged. All are invited to attend. S. F. BALLANT, President.

Vermont Convention.

The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their twelfth Annual State Convention in the Universalist Church in Ludlow, Vt., the last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of August, and cordially invite all Spiritualists and true reformers to meet with them. Warren Chase, Chas. A. Hayden, A. E. Simmons, M. Bent, E. B. Holden, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. A. Horton, and other speakers are expected to be present.

Board and lodging at the hotel, one dollar per day.

The Vermont Central, and Rutland and Burlington Railroads will return members of the Convention free.

W. W. RUSSELL, THOS. MIDDLETON, } Committee.
D. P. WILDER,
GEORGE DERRICK, Sec.

Rutland, Vt., July 7, 1865.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The tenth Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress of North Collins, will be held at Hemlock Hall, in Brant, Erie county, New York, commencing on Friday, September 1st, 1865, at ten o'clock A. M.

Among the prominent speakers expected to be present are Giles B. Stebbins and Frederick Douglas, of Rochester; Lyman C. Howe, of Clear Creek, Chautauque county; George W. Taylor, of Collins, and others.

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

Committee—Levi Brown, Lewis Baldwin, James Varney, Lucy Hawley, Electa Landon, Prudence Sinton.

Picnic in Franklin.

The Spiritualists of Wrentham, Foxboro, Medway, Franklin and adjoining towns will hold a Picnic at Kingsbury Pond, August 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Mrs. L. Cuppy and other able speakers will be present.

Each family attending are requested to bring refreshments enough and to spare, so that none shall go away hungry. Should it be rainy on Wednesday, the picnic will be deferred until Thursday. A general invitation is extended to all.

Per order, Committee of Arrangements.

Franklin, Aug. 10, 1865.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Dover, Foxcroft and vicinity will hold a two days' Grove Meeting, on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th. Speakers engaged—W. K. Ripley and Susie M. Johnson. Speakers from abroad are cordially invited. Arrangements will be made to entertain those from a distance. Come one, come all, and let us enjoy a baptism of high and holy influences that will do us good.

A. H. P. GRAY, } Committee of Arrangements.
C. CHAMBERLAIN,
C. GOODWARD,
EDWIN BROWN.

Grove Meeting and Picnic.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullen will address the Spiritualists and friends of progress in a grove on the grounds of Lewis Clark, four and a half miles north of Beloit, and nine miles south of Janesville, river road, east side, Sunday, Aug. 27th. Also a basket picnic will be held at the same place, on Saturday, the day previous, commencing at ten o'clock A. M.

A cordial invitation is extended to public speakers and friends.

So far as convenient, friends from a distance will be entertained. M. P. COGSWELL, Beloit, Rock Co., Wis., Aug. 8th, 1865.

Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress for Indiana.

The next Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held at Richmond, Indiana, October 20th, 21st, and 22d.

Seidson J. Finney, S. S. Jones and others will be present to dispense the word of wisdom and love.

Arrangements will be made for all visitors. By order of the Executive Committee.

AGNES COOK, } Richmond.
SAMUEL MAXWELL,
SETH HINSHAW, Greensboro, Ind.

Obituaries.

Passed away, in Albany, N. Y., April 7th 1865, while on his passage home, Walter Fox, son of Mr. Carter and Mrs. Mahala Fox, of Thornton, N. H., aged 32 years.

While in the bright beauty of his manhood days, surrounded by everything that could make his life desirable and pleasant, he was seized with a large consumption of the lungs, and his friends were crushed by his early death. Relations, that scourge of our northern clime, had early claimed him for a victim, and he died, a strong, promising, and cheerful man, who had to five, he succeeded in warding off the "fell destroyer," till it had made such innovation upon his physical system, that he was obliged to bow to its invincible power.

He was a young man of great business activity, and had, through strenuous exertion, amassed quite a property. His friends, however, were not content with the kind of his disposition, and urbanity of his manners, he had many true and sincere friends, who will long and deeply mourn his early departure from the shores of material being.

Some years anterior to his demise he spent in visiting foreign lands, in the hope of regaining his lost health; but all to no avail. The inspiration of the grandeur and beauty of the world, and the beauty of his own soul, brought not the blessing of health to his feeble organization, and he plainly saw that soon he must pass from this mortal sphere to a land where summer perpetual bloom, and where sickness invades not his untimely precincts. He has left a wife and child, and a host of relatives and friends, who will long and deeply mourn his early departure from the shores of material being.

We miss his dear and cherished form—his well-remembered voice.

We miss his sweet and pleasant smiles, which made our hearts rejoice.

The Messenger of Death thy soul has borne from us away, To bloom in never-fading bowers an everlasting day.

Our spirits turn to thy fair home, where peaceful billows roll, To catch a glimpse of thy sweet smiling soul.

To hear the echoes of thy feet upon the starry floor, And gaze within thy love-lit eyes, as in the days of yore.

We feel, dear one, that thou art not dead. Thy flower-enriched grave Bids us look upward for the soul that's gone to Him who gave.

To bask within his radiant smiles—a dweller in the land, Where the fairest flowers forever bloom, by summer zephyrs fanned.

In all our sad and lonely hours we feel that we will be near, To lead us through this vale of woe, of sorrow, doubt and fear; To have the light of truth and love's inspiration's light, And into paths of truth and love our weary footsteps guide.

O'ershadow with thy strength'ning wings, thy wife and darling child, And teach them to this beautiful law of change be reconciled; O! bid them with thy words of truth, of wisdom and of love, And feel the peace that blended loves extend.

And feel them both, while in the form, to welcome thee above. Sleep sweetly in thine early grave, thou consecrated dead; No vaulted tomb shall ever dare to debase thy bed! And thou, enraptured soul, that hast to higher life and love, And gather up the pearls of truth which lie in the shores above.

Also, in Thornton, N. H., Elmore Francis, aged 5 years 7 months; and Clara Malvina, aged 2 years 7 months, children of Mr. Moses and Mrs. Lucinda Sargent.

Your little flowers are blooming now, And death can't break the light and shining brow; No death can break the light and shining brow, And brighten still your mortal life.

No frost to blight their petals fair, Their mortal race was early run, Their earthly mission soon was done; Their angelic thought's heavenly power, Should cheer their never fading bow.

'T was hard to watch the fleeting breath, And know that soon 't would end in death; That you must part with your sweet doves, And feel the peace that blended loves extend.

But ah! the twinkling stars which went From out your earthly urn, and went To gladden still your onward way, And making night as bright as day.

They came at noon, at noon, at eve, Some taken of their loved life away, To bring some evidence that they Are hovering o'er you night and day.

You may not see their forms of light, But you may feel their presence bright, And that fact for ever will be true, Are peering on you from the skies.

Let the sweet thought your spirits cheer, And drive away each falling tear, And that you're waiting souls can come, And brighten still your mortal life.

Four darling ones to you are given, Two dwell on earth, and two in heaven; The loves of both your hearts shall bless, And bring you peace and happiness.

And when the tears of earth are given, Your souls shall dwell in higher life, The loved ones entered on before, To know no separation more.

JOSEPH D. STILES.

On the 3d inst., Sister Sarah B. Segraves, of Worcester, Mass., after having passed fifty-one years in the body, rose to her home in the Summer-Land.

She was formerly a member of the Methodist Church, but

by obeying the command to "grow in grace," outgrew its dead form, and now has transit from the mortal to the immortal in the calm faith of the New Dispensation. Two years of sickness wore out the material body, but left the mind as clear as the soul as it bid adieu to earthly joys and pains.

At the request of Bro. Segraves, the writer was present at the funeral, and saw the remains of the "dust to the earth as it was." A large concourse of people was in attendance, some of whom were, no doubt, astonished to learn that we have no funeral in the hidden sense of that term, but rather we are to celebrate the advent of the spirit into its immortal house of love.

J. S. L. Boston, Mass., Aug. 16, 1865.

Passed to the spirit-life, from Pensacola, Fla., Jan. 11th, 1865, Oliver O. Willard, aged 46 years, a member of Co. D, 7th Reg. Vermont Vols.

Joseph P. Willard, aged 46 years 11 months, Co. C, 95th Reg. Vols., passed to spirit-life, Dec. 3d, 1864, from Nashville, Tenn.

March 22d, 1865, Eunice Willard, aged 90 years 10 months, mother of the deceased soldier, joined her husband and other dear friends, at the post of the Summer-Land.

They passed, with the cannon's din and roar, And the aged mother watched the shore, Until she joined their band.

Bridgeport, Vt., 1865. M. B. TOWNSEND.

Married.

In Geneva, Ill., by Mrs. H. F. Brown, Mr. Geo. P. Sherman, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Mattie D., second daughter of S. H. Todd, Esq., of Geneva.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Sunday, Aug. 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Hickey, regular speaker. The public are invited.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., at 121 Blackstone street, corner of Hancock street. Lecture by Dr. Clark in the afternoon.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings will be resumed in the City Hall, Sept. 2d, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the supervision of A. H. Richardson. The public are invited. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during October and November; J. G. Fish during December.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing Sunday, Sept. 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M. Speakers engaged—Dr. B. H. Cranford, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie B. Deane, Dec. and Jan.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings during the summer months at 1 P. M. and 5 P. M.

TAUNTON, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall, regularly 2 P. M. and 10 P. M. Admission 5 cents.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, forenoon and afternoon. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. J. M. Peabody during September; Charles A. Hayden during October; J. M. Peabody during November; J. G. Fish during December.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuppy during August; Mrs. Anna M. Johnson during September; Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Dec. 1 and 8. Meetings also held in Pratt's Hall, Weymouth, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 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. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peabody, Dec. 1 and 8. Meetings also held in Pratt's Hall, Weymouth, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock.

OLD TOWN, Me.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church, Temple street. Speakers engaged—Mrs. J. M. Peabody, Dec. 1 and 8. Meetings also held in Pratt's Hall, Weymouth, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 o'clock.

ROCKLAND, Me.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodges.

DOVER AND FOXCROFT, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. Speaker engaged—W. K. Ripley during August and September.

NEW YORK