

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XVII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR. }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

{ SINGLE COPIES }
Eight Cents.

NO. 25.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A PAGE FROM A LIFE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

[Conclusion.]

Half an hour later, and our heroine had the chaise and Brown Bess to herself, and was speeding, as fast as possible, to the arms of her mother. What a pleasant ride that was! Here my pen falters, for I would fain linger amid the soft glory of that autumnal morning, forgetting that blighting frosts and chilling winds ever came to scatter the gold and crimson of the woods, and rob the beautiful Indian Summer of her crown and scepter.

In that hour, Ernestine Wilder looked abroad over the fields of waving grain, and at the distant hills, bathing their brows in purple mist, and realized that life was growing sunny. Yes! Time, with gentle hand, had thrown a veil over the grief in her heart; and the ring upon her finger had brought her tenderness, and was bringing her peace. No wonder she gazed down upon it with reverent awe, and for the moment likened it to a magician's wand, for had it not lifted her out of the darkness into the light. At first the plain circlet had made no revelation unto her sad spirit; but, latterly, its utterances had been always of duty, and she was too true a woman not to listen attentively when that was its theme. As she thought of the past, a shade of regret swept over her face and centred in the curves of the scarlet mouth; but the great, dusky eyes, shining beneath their white lids, like stars in an evening sky, looked straight out into the future. She remembered her wild longings for death with a shudder, then. But ah! how did she think of them when she went home that night, and found the smiling landscape of the morning hidden by a cold, gray fog, that lay upon the mountains, and in the valleys, but heaviest of all upon her own soul!

Wonder, surprise and delight shone in the faces of the inmates of the cottage, when Brown Bess stopped before the door, and the sweet, rare smile of Ernestine beamed upon them. When they fully realized her actual presence, Mrs. Grey wept upon her neck, and Jessie danced with joy, while Atherton uttered a shout that would have raised the neighbors, had there been any in that vicinity. At last she shook herself clear from their embraces, and informed them that as it was her intention to spend the day, it was really desirable that they should moderate their transports a little.

How many questions there were to ask and answer, and how rapidly the hours flew. The sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens, and the afternoon was drawing near its close, before they had fairly recovered from the bliss of meeting. This Ernestine, so full of life and animation, was very different from the pale, spiritless one, who had left them four months before. Not since those radiant days, when Death's cold fingers had snatched no blossoms from her path, had she been so merry and glad. No wonder that her brother and sister declared, for the tenth time, that they did not see how they had ever lived without her; while the fond mother's glistening eyes echoed the remark. What a fund of information she had to impart, and how interesting the simplest incident grew, related in her charming manner.

It was while she was in the midst of a comical story with regard to some of their adventures among the mountains, and her listeners were all laughing heartily, that there came a sharp, quick rap upon the outside door. At the sound, Jessie started up, exclaiming, with a frown:

"Dear me! I did hope that we should not have any interruption to-day; but Mrs. Osgood and that old gossip of an aunt of hers, are always on the watch for something out of the common course; so I presume that they saw the chaise go by this morning, and have accordingly hastened down to pay their respects to Mrs. Kenneth Wilder, and to hear the news; although you see if they do not pretend that they had not the remotest idea that you were here;" and with a grimace extremely indicative of the disagreeableness of her task, she went to admit the visitor.

Upon opening the door, however, she found that her surmise was not correct, for a man in the garb of a soldier stood there; but what was there in the appearance of a blue coat, or in the smiling, sun-browned face before her, that should deprive her of the power of speech, blanch her lips and cheeks, and cause those fearless eyes of hers to take on that wild, affrighted look?

"I am not a ghost, Jessie!" he said, with a laugh. "But tell me, is Ernestine well, and at home?" She nodded her head, and put out her hand, with a vague idea that she ought to let him know that her sister had another home now. But he dashed by her, and the next instant stood in the room from which their light laughter had floated out to him like a welcome.

The sight of that eager, handsome face, thrilled Ernestine Wilder with a rapture akin to that which we experience when life's most blessed boon, that which we deemed wholly lost, is suddenly restored to us. She forgot that she was a wife! Indeed, all thoughts were swallowed up in the joy of knowing that the dead had been resurrected, and that Wallace Cameron stood before her. It was only for an instant, though; the next she remembered the grief that was between them, and with a low cry sank back white and stony in her chair. Then he sprang forward to clasp her in his arms, but she put out her hands, saying:

"Nay! nay! remain where you are, Wallace. Oh God! what shall I do?"

The young man regarded her for a moment in silent amazement, and then broke into a laugh, which in its utter unconsciousness of what was in store for him, was terrible.

"Why, you are as absurd as Jessie," he at length

exclaimed. "She seemed to think that I was an apparition, and here you are infected by the same fear; but, indeed, my darling, I am flesh and blood, although, I must say, that it is a matter of wonderment to me that I should be, considering all that I have undergone; but there, that has passed, and the most that I want now is for you to understand that I am decidedly and intensely human," and again he advanced toward her with outstretched arms, but she still waved him back, crying, brokenly:

"Oh Wallace! Wallace! better that you were a ghost, than to come in this shape to torture me."

Her singular words, together with the wild horror in her face, smote his heart with a sudden fear, and turning to Mrs. Grey, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Is my promised bride, my Ernestine, crazed, that she receives me in this strange manner?"

"Tell him! oh, tell him, mother, for I cannot!" pleaded the wretched creature.

Thus adjured, Mrs. Grey strove to speak; but there was something so awful in the pallid countenance of the young man, that her very soul shrank within her, and the words died unuttered upon her lips. The silence which followed was agonizing. At last Jessie came to the rescue. Had those moments, so full of suffering to others, stamped the rash, impulsive girl with the golden seal of womanhood? It would seem so; for with a gentleness entirely at variance with her usual impetuous manner, she laid her hand upon the soldier's arm, saying, in a voice whose tenderness appeared to deprecate the blow that she was giving him:

"Wallace, you must think of my sister no longer as yours, for she is now the wife of another!"

Thus the truth came, sudden, swift and sure. It was like a thunderbolt! He had stood the shock of war, but he staggered under this. Death had looked him in the face on battle-fields, scores of times, and he had never blanched; now, every drop of blood in his veins seemed to surge about his heart. He recovered from the stroke almost immediately, though, and the next instant turned upon his informant, as though he would dash her to the floor; but the great dark eyes that looked so fearlessly into his, conquered his purpose; and presently the fierce anger smouldered. Then hope rose again, and he cried, imploringly:

"Oh Jessie, say that you were only in fun. I remember your tricks of old; this is one of them, is it not? I used to tease you, I know, but it was equal of you to pay me back in this way."

She did not speak. Poor child! she could not, for tears were in her throat. He gazed from one to the other in perplexity; their silence was ominous. Then his anger blazed again, and striding to the white-faced occupant of the rocking-chair, he fiercely exclaimed:

"Answer me, Ernestine! Is this horrible thing that she tells me, true?"

"I thought that you were dead," she faltered.

"Great God! I did not ask your reason for the act; I wished to know if it was so."

"Oh, if you had only come before!" she wailed, scarcely conscious of what she was saying. It was well that she did not look up when her aching heart found utterance in that agonized cry, else the withering contempt with which he surveyed her might have chilled her very life-blood.

"Pray do not waste your sympathy upon me," he said ironically. "I shall probably survive this desertion. Indeed! I am already inclined to congratulate myself upon my fortunate escape. There is one point, though, upon which I am curious: how long was it before you were sufficiently recovered from the shock of my death as to be able to receive consolation in the shape of a husband? I do not ask this question because of any personal interest in the matter; oh no! but simply from a desire to benefit the human race. You see I may get out a work some day upon that entertaining subject—a lady's heart—and your ideas with regard to the proper duration of grief, and about what time a little comfort may be safely administered, would be of incalculable importance to disconsolate females in deep mourning."

Oh, how she writhed beneath his words! She scarcely knew him with that mocking demon in his voice. Was it possible that she had lived to hear such language from his lips? and—oh! sharp pang of all—to feel that she deserved it? Should she ever be able to lift her head again?

"What! have you no answer? no disposition to assist the world with your experience?"

"Oh, Wallace! spare me!"

"Ah! it is fitting that you should ask me for mercy; you, who have robbed my life of its sweetest blossoms. Great Heaven! Ernestine! do you think that I can meet with such a disappointment as this, and not have it change my very nature? Do you know what you have been to me? Do you realize that thoughts of you have carried me safely through seas of slaughter? that even the horrors of a rebel prison could not quite strangle the hope that I had of one day clasping you in these arms? that that desire laughed at bolts and bars and even the vigilance of sleepless sentinels, and plunged me at last into forest depths and trackless swamps? that here, when the fierce baying of bloodhounds sounded loud on my track, and I grew faint and disheartened, the remembrance of the past and the promise of the future came to me like a strengthening cordial, until I spurned the thought of death or capture? and that when I reached the Federal lines and was received as one risen from the grave, I mourned because of the sorrow which I fancied that you had known? I even—foolish dreamer—pictured your face with all the life and beauty drooped out of it by reason of the hot, scalding tears you had shed; and so I hastened to bring the light to your eyes and the smile to your lips; and now this is the end! Well, I have heard of the constancy of women before, and to my sorrow, believed in it; but, thanks to you, I have learned to-day that all such stories are but pretty fables, related by poets

and dreamers, and swallowed by innocent young men, to the infinite amusement of the fair sex."

Oh, the bitterness in his voice! It stabbed her through and through. She did not speak, however, for what defence could she make? and words of consolation coming from her lips would seem like a mockery; so she sat there with her small hands tightly clasped, looking with troubled eyes into the distance; outwardly there was paleness and rigidity; within, a white heat.

At last something in her face—perhaps its dreary hopelessness—riveted Wallace Cameron's gaze, and then his mood changed. After all, could he have so mistaken her character? What a proud purity there was about her once! Was it possible that she had so degenerated? Then the memory of the loving, winsome ways of the girl, and the sweet, gracious dignity of the woman took his heart captive; so all the old tenderness came flowing back into his tones as he cried:

"Oh, Ernestine, this affair is so unlike you that my reason and judgment will not believe it even now! but if it is true that you are really a wife, there must be something behind the scenes which I have not yet fathomed. Tell me, darling, did circumstances that you could not control bear you into this cruel, unnatural position? I feel that such was the case when I look into your face, for, try as hard as I may, I cannot connect deceit with that brow and mouth, neither can I reconcile your love for me with the fact of your giving your hand to another; for that I was once first in your heart, I cannot doubt. Explain the strange riddle, then, dearest, and forgive me for not having sense enough to think of it before, instead of hurting you by my harsh words."

What a transformation the proud face underwent while he was speaking. She was no longer a lily, cold and stately, but a superb tropic blossom with a vivid coloring on cheeks and lips, and eyes large and dark, that alternately glowed and melted under the dusky gold of their lashes.

Oh, the sweetness in his voice had been like rich wine unto the weary, fainting heart, or, better still, like a cup of pure, cold water. Should she tell him of the weakness that came over her when she heard that he had fallen, and yet of the strength that would not let her yield up her life in the long, terrible agony? Should she let him know that she sacrificed herself for her dear ones? that because hope's bright ray no longer illumined the future she ceased to struggle, with circumstances, thinking that the grave would soon free her from all fetters? Then he would not despise her, nor curse the day when they plighted their vows, but would pity her sufferings and love her still. Love her! Had she forgotten that she was a wife, that her mind wandered in that way? Had duty and gratitude no claim upon her that the memories of the past thus swayed her? Did she not deliberately take a lie upon her lips when she gave her hand to Kenneth Wilder, and should she shrink now because the punishment followed in the footsteps of the offence? She had weakly striven to lay off one burden; could she not, for the honor of her womanhood, be brave enough to bear this? Wallace Cameron had already quaffed the bitter cup, and though, to be sure, her hand had held it to his lips, she had done it all unconsciously; but if her husband's heart and home were desolated, could she plead ignorance then? Now that her fate was sealed, was it not better that Wallace Cameron should believe that she was perfectly satisfied with her lot? Deeming her all unworthy, then, he would fiercely banish her image from his heart, and, in time, happiness would visit him again. As for her, perhaps Death would come soon; meanwhile she could draw comfort from the thought that she had not been such an ungrateful thing as to sting the hand that was ever seeking to scatter blessings in her path.

Thus she reasoned, with her head bent slightly forward, away from the eyes of fire that were striving to search her face, and not two minutes had elapsed after he ceased speaking, before she arose, and, walking to his side, laid her hand upon his arm, saying with an expression such as we wear when we are gazing on our loved ones for the last time, ere the coffin-lid shuts them from our view:

"Wallace, life does not always bring us the things that we most crave; and yet, as the years advance, we learn patience and contentment, and sometimes more than these; for do we not often realize, with the experience of riper days, that our desires, when once they had been gained, would have turned to ashes on our lips, and that the path which we entered upon with reluctant feet, it may be, is, after all, delightfully pleasant and peaceful? By this I do not intend to convey the idea that it is my opinion that you and I should not have been happy in the marriage relation;—her face whitened now, but there was no tremor in it as she went on—"how that might have been we may not know, and perhaps in mercy to us both it is so decreed; the time for all such speculations has passed, however, and to revert to the by-gone now, save to gather warning from its lessons, is worse than useless. My fate has come to me yours is yet in the distance; and that you may be brave to meet it, letting no thought of me cloud your future, I hope and trust. But do not condemn me utterly, Wallace. Remember that if the threads of our lives had indeed been twined together, I should never have given so willing an ear to words of love from another; and the day may come when you will be inclined to thank me that I did so listen, and thus left you free to wed some gentle girl whom your heart will recognize as approaching much nearer your ideal than I ever did. Go, then, and think of me as one who, in patient endurance, could not rise to the height of your soul, and who, not being an angel, but a faint and weary woman, gladly found rest in the arms of as good and true a man as ever lived."

Her companion did not speak immediately; he had shaken off her light touch long before, and now stood erect, regarding her fixedly with eyes in which all the old scorn and indignation blazed again. Well, she had known it would be so! Had she not spoken to that end? Because her words had made the impression that she intended, should she shrink away with clasped hands? Was there such weakness in her nature, that her heart still hungered for some sign of tenderness? That thought sent her to the window with shame-painted cheeks.

"And so this is all the explanation that you have to make?" The voice, so hard and stern, made her start. "I might have known it would be so. I was a fool to think for one moment that there were any extenuating circumstances; but we do not easily believe evil of those we love, and so I trusted that you would make the matter all clear, and you have! but not in the way in which, owing to your protestations in the past, I had a right to expect. The fact that you wearied of me, and accordingly turned your attention to some one else, is, by your own showing, glaringly apparent."

"You forget that I had every reason to believe that you were dead when I accepted the love of another," she answered, with a tone and manner so cold and calm that they were almost mocking.

"An excuse that you were, without doubt; very glad of, although, whether the knowledge that I was still in the land of the living, would have made any material difference in your plans, I will leave for your conscience to determine, that is, if you are provided with such an inconvenient article. By the way, you have not yet told me the name of the very excellent man who has been so fortunate as to win such an exemplary creature for a wife. What a pity that he is not here, that I might congratulate him upon his acquisition. Pray, does he know how many hearts you were obliged to toss from you, in order to find sufficient room for his to rest in?"

"Since you are so curious about the matter," he laughingly, "I am happy to inform you that Kenneth Wilder did not become my husband until he was fully acquainted with my past history."

"Ah! then the poor fellow took the fatal leap with his eyes open! Well, I do not know that it is surprising, considering that he was in the power of such a siren. I can imagine with what a wonderful pathos and beauty the narration was clothed. You always were ambitious, Ernestine, and you certainly did not forget yourself, when you spread your net for such high game as you have had the good fortune to snare. The thought of being the mistress of that beautiful estate upon the hill, would have made many a woman do more than cast the memory of a dead lover out of her heart. Really, I do believe that if I had known before that I had had the honor of being forgotten for the benefit of the owner of Beechwood, I should have been quite contented by this time; for of course I could not think of competing with him. Under the circumstances, I deem it just possible that it might have been the glitter of his gold, instead of his goodness and truth, that made you so gladly find rest in his arms. A reasonable conclusion, is it not?"

An indignant denial came rushing to her lips, but conscience spoke, and it never left them. Yes, he was right; she did marry for money; and in that moment a sense of such utter meanness pervaded every fibre of her being, that she wondered that the earth did not open to receive her as a thing not fit to remain upon it. She struggled against this feeling, presently, thinking that if she had wanted wealth it was for the sake of her invalid mother and to benefit her young brother and sister, and surely, the desire to surround the former with every comfort, and to assist Jessie and Atherton into the positions which they were best fitted to occupy, was praiseworthy. But had her motives been purely disinterested? Could she wholly shelter herself behind them? The being the mistress of Beechwood, might not have tempted her particularly, but was there not something in her nature that shrank from poverty, and that loved the refinements which wealth brings? Was it not the thought of the hand to hand struggle with want through the weary years of the future, that cast her down so utterly in those sorrowful months that followed that day of tears and moans in the schoolroom? But then, if Kenneth Wilder had been less than the man that he was, his gold could never have had any power over her. That reflection lifted her out of the valley of Humiliation, caused a little of the crimson to depart from her cheeks and made her raise her head again, to find Wallace Cameron watching her with a mocking smile upon his lips.

"I am really glad to perceive that you are honest enough not to deny the charge," he said, almost tauntingly. "In that one thing you are like the Ernestine Grey of my remembrance."

"When it is plainly apparent that an individual not only prefers, but is determined to believe a particular assertion, although I may know it to be utterly false, I never waste my time nor strength in endeavoring to convince that person that he or she is in the wrong," she retorted, with an assumption of dignity that she was far from feeling. "And now, Lieut. Cameron—"

"I beg your pardon," bowing with great politeness, "Captain Cameron; I have been promoted."

"Indeed! Allow me to congratulate you! Also accept my thanks for the correction. Well, then, Captain Cameron, I was about to observe that it strikes me that we have already unnecessarily prolonged this interview; but be that as it may, its continuance, at least, is not desirable."

"Just my mind exactly, Mrs. Wilder. I am exceedingly sorry that I interrupted you, if that was to have been the completion of the sentence. You see I had no idea it was so important."

"Oh Wallace, must we part in this chilling manner?" she cried, the anguish at her heart breaking into her voice a little, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, as she saw him turn to go.

"Think whose fault it is that we separate at all," he answered sternly.

"I do, I do! but if one of us should die, would not the survivor wish that the farewell words on both sides had been, to say the least, friendly?"

Well, she had known it would be so! Had she not spoken to that end? Because her words had made the impression that she intended, should she shrink away with clasped hands? Was there such weakness in her nature, that her heart still hungered for some sign of tenderness? That thought sent her to the window with shame-painted cheeks.

"And so this is all the explanation that you have to make?" The voice, so hard and stern, made her start. "I might have known it would be so. I was a fool to think for one moment that there were any extenuating circumstances; but we do not easily believe evil of those we love, and so I trusted that you would make the matter all clear, and you have! but not in the way in which, owing to your protestations in the past, I had a right to expect. The fact that you wearied of me, and accordingly turned your attention to some one else, is, by your own showing, glaringly apparent."

"You forget that I had every reason to believe that you were dead when I accepted the love of another," she answered, with a tone and manner so cold and calm that they were almost mocking.

"An excuse that you were, without doubt; very glad of, although, whether the knowledge that I was still in the land of the living, would have made any material difference in your plans, I will leave for your conscience to determine, that is, if you are provided with such an inconvenient article. By the way, you have not yet told me the name of the very excellent man who has been so fortunate as to win such an exemplary creature for a wife. What a pity that he is not here, that I might congratulate him upon his acquisition. Pray, does he know how many hearts you were obliged to toss from you, in order to find sufficient room for his to rest in?"

"Since you are so curious about the matter," he laughingly, "I am happy to inform you that Kenneth Wilder did not become my husband until he was fully acquainted with my past history."

"Ah! then the poor fellow took the fatal leap with his eyes open! Well, I do not know that it is surprising, considering that he was in the power of such a siren. I can imagine with what a wonderful pathos and beauty the narration was clothed. You always were ambitious, Ernestine, and you certainly did not forget yourself, when you spread your net for such high game as you have had the good fortune to snare. The thought of being the mistress of that beautiful estate upon the hill, would have made many a woman do more than cast the memory of a dead lover out of her heart. Really, I do believe that if I had known before that I had had the honor of being forgotten for the benefit of the owner of Beechwood, I should have been quite contented by this time; for of course I could not think of competing with him. Under the circumstances, I deem it just possible that it might have been the glitter of his gold, instead of his goodness and truth, that made you so gladly find rest in his arms. A reasonable conclusion, is it not?"

An indignant denial came rushing to her lips, but conscience spoke, and it never left them. Yes, he was right; she did marry for money; and in that moment a sense of such utter meanness pervaded every fibre of her being, that she wondered that the earth did not open to receive her as a thing not fit to remain upon it. She struggled against this feeling, presently, thinking that if she had wanted wealth it was for the sake of her invalid mother and to benefit her young brother and sister, and surely, the desire to surround the former with every comfort, and to assist Jessie and Atherton into the positions which they were best fitted to occupy, was praiseworthy. But had her motives been purely disinterested? Could she wholly shelter herself behind them? The being the mistress of Beechwood, might not have tempted her particularly, but was there not something in her nature that shrank from poverty, and that loved the refinements which wealth brings? Was it not the thought of the hand to hand struggle with want through the weary years of the future, that cast her down so utterly in those sorrowful months that followed that day of tears and moans in the schoolroom? But then, if Kenneth Wilder had been less than the man that he was, his gold could never have had any power over her. That reflection lifted her out of the valley of Humiliation, caused a little of the crimson to depart from her cheeks and made her raise her head again, to find Wallace Cameron watching her with a mocking smile upon his lips.

"I am really glad to perceive that you are honest enough not to deny the charge," he said, almost tauntingly. "In that one thing you are like the Ernestine Grey of my remembrance."

"When it is plainly apparent that an individual not only prefers, but is determined to believe a particular assertion, although I may know it to be utterly false, I never waste my time nor strength in endeavoring to convince that person that he or she is in the wrong," she retorted, with an assumption of dignity that she was far from feeling. "And now, Lieut. Cameron—"

"I beg your pardon," bowing with great politeness, "Captain Cameron; I have been promoted."

"Indeed! Allow me to congratulate you! Also accept my thanks for the correction. Well, then, Captain Cameron, I was about to observe that it strikes me that we have already unnecessarily prolonged this interview; but be that as it may, its continuance, at least, is not desirable."

"Just my mind exactly, Mrs. Wilder. I am exceedingly sorry that I interrupted you, if that was to have been the completion of the sentence. You see I had no idea it was so important."

"Oh Wallace, must we part in this chilling manner?" she cried, the anguish at her heart breaking into her voice a little, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, as she saw him turn to go.

"Think whose fault it is that we separate at all," he answered sternly.

"I do, I do! but if one of us should die, would not the survivor wish that the farewell words on both sides had been, to say the least, friendly?"

"I cannot pretend to have a knowledge of what you might desire," he fiercely rejoined; "but as for me, the joy of the thought that you were in the grave, away from the heart and home that you sacrificed so much to win, would occupy my mind to the exclusion of every other feeling."

"Very well; if that is your mood," relapsing into all the old stoniness again, "I certainly have nothing more to say;" and then she turned to the window, and waited with throbbing heart to hear the door open and shut. Perhaps three minutes passed; it seemed an age to her, and then a step sounded at her side, and she looked up to find the soldier still in the room.

"Ernestine!" he said, his face working strangely. "It may be a weakness, but by the memory of what you once were to me, I cannot leave you in anger. I hope and trust that we may never meet again on this side of eternity, but no other wish than that you may be happy shall ever find a resting place in my heart;" and then he caught her hand in his, the touch of the slender fingers, icy though they were, filling his veins with a liquid fire, gave one hungry look at the beautiful, agitated face, and then was gone; while she stood there wondering if it was very sinful in her to long to fall down upon the floor and yield up life in one single pang.

Suddenly she became conscious that her mother and sister were both in the room, although when they entered she did not know, and that the latter was talking in an excited way.

"Ernestine! I do think that you have treated Wallace Cameron the meanest that I ever heard," she was saying, her large, passionate eyes all aglow under their tear-gemmed lashes.

"Do you?" wearily. "Well, I guess that I will be going home; those clouds seem like rain."

"Pray tell me if you were made up without a heart?" cried the astonished Jessie. "I should really suppose, judging by your cool, indifferent manner, that the scene through which you have just passed, was nothing but a common-place, every-day affair. Oh, to think that a Grey could not have been more constant! I would hide my head in very humiliation, if I were you, instead of wearing that serenely unconscious air. Yes, you had better go back to Beechwood; but all the splendor there, would not make me forget what a bitter cup I had mixed for the lips of one of Liberty's brave defenders, whatever it may do for you."

"Oh, hush, Jessie!" turning with eyes similar to those of a deer at bay; but if the words had been like dagger thrusts to her, they came to Wallace Cameron, standing just outside the gate, where he had paused to speak to Atherton, like the blessed notes of a comforter.

"That little thing is as true as steel," he thought, as he strode down the quiet road, crushing the rustling, whispering leaves of the forest under his heel, and comparing their rich coloring of crimson and gold to the bright hopes that so lately fluttered in his heart, never fearing frost, but now, alas! withered and lifeless, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

That evening, instead of her husband the train brought a note to Ernestine, in which Mr. Wilder stated that imperative business compelled him to remain in the city that night, much to his regret, but that he would certainly have the pleasure of dining with her the next day, provided the fates were willing, which of course they would be.

The absent one might have been a little astonished, had he seen the glad light which flashed over his wife's face, and heard the expression of relief that dropped from her lips after she had perused the lines which had at least caused him some sadness to write.

The fact was, she had a duty to perform before she felt prepared to meet her husband; for, packed carefully away in a drawer, to which she alone had the key, was a lock of dark-brown hair, a photograph, a bunch of withered flowers, half a dozen fondly-curiosities letters, and an oval ring; these she must put out of her sight forever. While she believed that Wallace Cameron had folded his tent of life and joined the shadowy army on the other shore, she had felt that she did Kenneth Wilder no wrong in retaining these mementoes of a dead love; but circumstances were changed now, and she must no longer indulge in sentimental musings, tears and regrets over what was clearly irrevocable, but make such atonement for her sins as conscience should dictate, in spite of the weakness which might still lurk in the depths of her heart.

I do not like to dwell upon the anguish which filled the lonely watches of that night. Only those whose feet have pressed the same thorny path can understand the keen torture that she endured in thus yielding up, at the call of duty, the only treasures, teeming with the fragrant memories of a bright and happy girlhood, that she had been able to save from the wreck of the past.

That photograph, together with the faded flowers tied with the bit of blue ribbon—he had called her attention to the color, and told her that it meant fidelity—that now looked so reproachfully at her from the flames into which she had consigned them, were given to her upon the same day. How very becoming the army blue had been to his handsome face and commanding form, and how proudly she had smiled upon her brave, young soldier.

Those travel-stained letters, a heap of ashes now, had flown with wings that never wearied over wide stretches of country, until they reached the cottage door, where, their rough journey being ended, they nestled in her soft, caressing hands, and delivered up the messages of love and good cheer entrusted to their faithful keeping, always repeating the same sweet story, that whether in the battle-storm, or performing lonely picket duty, or passing through the routine of camp life, thoughts of her ever came to infuse new strength into his veins, and calm his soul with their blessed presence. There was one among them—his last!—she should hardly have thought that the fire could have burned that, it was so

damp with the tears she had shed in thinking that it was the only farewell that she should have from him. Oh! better that than the one which, perhaps, because of her murmuring, had been vouchsafed her that day.

Then that look of waning, chestnut hair, that clung to her fingers so like a thing of life, as she strove to shake it into the grate, how well she remembered the night when she covered the precious token from his hand, and then knelt, laughing, by his side, and let him cut off one of her own shining tresses. It was in May, and the trees were not more laden with rose-tinted anticipations of what the future would bring than was she. Well, to carry the simile further, a blighting wind passed over them in some instances. Would he keep that long, golden curl, and, marrying, show it to his wife some day in the future, and tell her of the faithfulness of her who once wore it? Or, had he already proudly laid it where she was now tearfully placing his?

And now, with the opal ring following the others, her work was done. Oh! that was the dearest of them all! How it glowed and flashed in the dimly-lighted room! Again she saw Wallace Cameron bending over her, marked the tender triumph in his eye, and heard the joyous ring in his voice, as he slid the jeweled circlet upon her finger, and bade her never to take it off, not even when he should bring another of plain gold to confirm its pleasing story. How the color flamed in her cheeks then, and he, observing it, smilingly told her that he believed she was already stealing some of its beautiful fire. Well, its place had been made good by two since then. Oh, no! God forgive her! she could not say that yet; perhaps she might by-and-by, though, when duty and gratitude had so schooled her heart that it throbbled a little less painfully.

After that she went and hid herself down, thinking that if her eyes could close in that slumber which only Sleep's "twin-brother" can bring, it would be the happiest thing that could befall her.

The morning dawned cold and pallid, and in at least one face that looked out at it from Beechwood, it saw a reflection of its own grayness and gloom. The hours were certainly not winged that followed; but at last noon came and went, and then, with a strange numbness at her heart, Ernestine heard a voice, which she supposed was hers, returning her husband's greeting. He had brought a friend home with him; so she exerted herself to entertain them both, and during dinner laughed and chatted in such a way as to pause occasionally, and wonder in her own mind if she were not some one else, while the guest, completely fascinated, mentally pronounced Mrs. Kenneth Wilder as the most charming of women, and took the earliest opportunity to congratulate his delighted host upon the possession of so admirable a wife.

Oh, how slowly the afternoon and evening wore away, at least to Ernestine; but to her husband and his friend the hours passed very quickly and pleasantly, thanks to her efforts. At last, the visitor bidding them good-night, was shown to his room, and then the trembling wife knew that the moment had come which she had been longing and yet dreading to have arrive.

"Kenneth," she said, standing by his side, with downcast eyes, "something has happened since you have been gone which I have been very anxious to tell you about, but owing to the presence of Mr. Clayton, have had no opportunity until now. Wallace Cameron's name did not belong in the list of those who were killed, although it was very natural that it should have been placed there, considering that nothing was definitely known with regard to him. He was one of the unhappy number, however, who fell into the hands of the rebels, but he had the good fortune to escape from their clutches, after a time, so he is now at the North, and—I have seen him."

"Well," with a catching of the breath that went to her heart more than words would have done, "if you have anything more to say to me, Ernestine, in mercy speak it quickly."

"That is all, Kenneth," and now the broad lids flashed up, revealing, in the shining depths below, what, if it was not love, was at least a tenderness powerful enough to send the fear out of his face as suddenly as it had entered it.

"By the feelings of that one moment I know how to pity him," he said, presently. "Ah, if he had come four months before, I should have missed the greatest happiness of my life!"

"And I should have been spared the greatest misery," she thought, and then she let the past utterly, and turned a resolute, if not a cheerful face to her present life and its duties.

A month slipped away, and then Jessie was sent to New York to put the finishing touches to an already good education, and to pay particular attention to music, for which she seemed to have considerable talent, while Atherton was placed at an academy in an adjoining town, and Mrs. Grey came to reside at Beechwood—changes that were pleasing to all concerned.

Life now moved on calmly and happily, until a year had flown without bringing any material alterations, except in Jessie's leaving school at the expiration of six months and accepting a situation as companion to a blind girl, much to Mr. Wilder's regret; but as she seemed very happy there, and always was a little willful, her mother and sister made no attempt to interfere with her plans.

There came one morning, however, when a new thought was thrown into the quiet circle at Beechwood, and it certainly succeeded in bringing a few ripples to the smooth surface.

"Ernestine, guess, if you can, who has been writing to me," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, entering her daughter's apartment early on this particular day with an open letter in her hand.

"I should say Jessie, if you did not seem so very much surprised. Can it be that any of your old acquaintances, after ignoring your existence for so many years, have suddenly felt a desire to revive the dead friendship? If so, I should very quietly inform them that there is no resurrection for it."

much as I loved her, never entered. Lately I have been thrown into her society a great deal, for Emily Sinclair is no recluse, if she is blind; and perhaps it was the attentions which the little willful spirit so smilingly received from others, that first aroused me to the fact that the small fingers had tuned my heart-strings, and were filling the chambers of my soul with a melody such as I had deemed could never echo there again. Say, may I leave the little musician, if I can win her? I do not think she hates me, and if you will write that you have no objections to her becoming Mrs. Cameron, why, I will attack the citadel at once. And now, before I close, allow me to say one word to Mrs. Wilder. Tell her that I have arrived at that time when I can thank her for having gone where her heart led her, thus leaving me free to choose one who, with all respect to her, does approach nearer to my ideal than she did. She assured me that I should realize this some day, but I listened with incredulous scorn then; and in my anger flung her words fiercely from me; but they come floating back to me now, and in this love of my manhood, I see wherein she was wise and I was foolish."

"Thank God! oh thank God that that burden is taken from my soul, and that his feet have turned into blossoming fields again," thought Ernestine, as she read those lines.

"Well, what do you make of it?" inquired her mother, perceiving that she had laid the letter down.

"Why, it is certainly very clear that he wishes to marry Jessie, provided she will have him." "I thought so; but then I could not believe that my eyes told me right. Why, she is only a child."

"Rather a large one, mother," laughing, "considering that she is nineteen in the winter."

"Why, so she is. Well, I had quite forgotten that the years were carrying her from me. I suppose, then, that she will be marrying soon, and I am sure that if I could select a husband for her, I should prefer Wallace Cameron to any one that I know; but will she look upon him with the favor that I do? An important question. Can you answer it, Ernestine?"

"Not positively, of course. Still it is my opinion that she will prove a willing listener. Indeed,"—as her mind reverted to her indignation on that memorable afternoon—"I almost know that she will."

And Mrs. Wilder was right; for when Jessie came to Beechwood the ensuing spring, the saucy black eyes were full of a tender light, and the ring upon her finger—not an opal, but a diamond—proclaimed that Wallace Cameron's wish was likely to be realized.

They are to be married next month; and Ernestine, looking down into her babe's sweet face and then into the proud, fond eyes of her husband, thinks very calmly of the approaching wedding-day.

A KISS, A SMILE, AND A TEAR.

A kiss, a smile, and a tear; These sisters different are, Yet all agree; They dwell in harmony together, Love and friendship seem to tether, While each is free.

A kiss oft tells the lover's tale; A smile betrays the loved one's ail; While teardrops start, Hiding beneath the silken lid, Then stealing forth, although forbid, Of love a part.

A kiss will oft do more than words: 'T will make the heart to sing, like birds, Sweet nature's song. A smile may chase away the gloom, And play like sunshine on the tomb Of joys long gone.

But then the tear in pitying eye, At scenes of grief or misery, Is e'en a gem, Whose untold value none may know, But those whose hearts are steeped in woe, Or those condemned.

Let those prefer the kiss who will, Give me the pearly teardrop still; It tells a tale Of love, deep in the felon's heart, Of every mortal soul a part, However frail.

The hardest criminal may live Without an inkling of the live Of honey-dew within; But touch the spring, the fountain bursts, The honeyed water gushes forth, And all is love again.

As when in infancy he slept, And his fond mother softly crept To gaze again on him, Her proud heart swelling with new joy As she looked on her lovely boy, Nor thought what time would bring.

A kiss the token is of love; The smile of friendship oft will prove, And both are sweet; But then the tear in pitying eye Is a heaven-born gift, not doomed to die, The soul's best treat.

But neither kiss, nor smile, nor tear, Can symbol that great love, I fear, That dwells in angel hearts; Nor tell the sympathy they feel For human woe or human weal, For each and all have part.

Richmond, Ind., 1865.

Moral Freedom.

There is a crisis in the history of nations, as well as of persons, that estranges, as it were, their feelings and affections, and writes their character for prosperity. The versatility of human language fails to convey the true impress of God upon the heart. Its mistaken evidence; its portrayals of power have deluged the world with grief, and mantled the fair abodes of peace with unending ruin. The national marts of civilization have proven but too truly the native impress of God, speaking everywhere. The subjugated forces of human thought have rebelled, and we behold this power encircling immensity. For the triumphant trins of popular theories are surging to and fro beneath this mighty convulsion that holds Humanity in one hand and Freedom of Thought in the other. Beneath that Divine impress of a God which holds life and death as the subjugation of right and wrong, behold the convulsive stream of the soul! It responds beneath the light of day. It mingles with the mighty changes of time, and throws the discordant mantles of repose over the frailties of the common lot.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

(Original.)

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER IX.

For a few weeks after his dismissal from Squire Niles's, Abraham and his mother managed to live quite comfortably for the good man had carried them a load of vegetables, and some finely ground wheat; but Abraham began to see, as the winter days came on, that their store decreased, and there was nothing to replenish it. He also saw that his mother's face looked paler and thinner, day by day, and an anxious fear settled down on her brow, that took the form of deep wrinkles. Something must be done, that was certain; and yet Abraham knew not what to do. Miss Jones, Mr. Potham, Cerinda and John Dean, had kept up their busy talking and wondering, until the people of the village were all ready to think that something was amiss because Abraham was in no business. And so careful had they been to circulate all their own imaginary reasons for his leaving Squire Niles's, that no one felt willing to employ Abraham for any length of time. Once in a while he would get a day's work at wood-sawing, and Mr. Stamp had hired him a week in his store. But as Mr. Potham kept winking and hemming, and saying, "aha," and "well, I do declare!" Mr. Stamp, being a man much indebted to other people for his ideas, concluded it was not best to hire him any longer.

But the cold weather had come, and with the winter, many wants. Abraham knew that his mother needed some warm flannels, and he needed a new cap and coat. His old cap was so small for him that he could scarcely keep it on his head; and his coat had many a patch besides those of long standing in the elbows. To be sure, he had earned considerable at Squire Niles's, but he had generously given all to his mother, intending to remain and get himself an outfit for the winter. Many thoughts of bitterness came to Abraham in these days. He remembered his Uncle Isaac's words with a feeling of disappointment. He had been very sure that they were true as long as he had been tolerably well prospered; but now that repeated ill luck seemed to attend him, he concluded that, after all, Uncle Isaac spoke from his own experience only, which he was sure must have been one of good fortune.

One day as he was looking over some boxes in his mother's back chamber, he came across some papers, and because he had nothing else to do, he began to read them. Among them he found some letters of his Uncle's, written, when quite a boy, to his mother. They gave an account of his early struggles, his failures and success. One sentence Abraham read over and over again. "I am determined to do my very best; and God helping me, that will be success." In some letters of quite recent date, he read, "I have found that very often what I feared would be a great misfortune, proved a great blessing; and that what I called failure, was, after all, success."

Nothing could have cheered Abraham more than these words. They seemed like the living voice of his good Uncle speaking to him. He more and more resolved that he would treasure his Uncle's memory, and his words, and not be entirely discouraged because his efforts had failed to bring him all he expected.

"After all," said he, as he sat on the chamber floor, looking out of the little window at the dark, wintry clouds, "I learned a great deal of Squire Niles; and then Mary taught me so much about plants, it was like going to school to be there. But I have graduated from that school, and I wonder whose I shall enter next."

Even while he was thinking thus, he heard a loud knock at the door of the kitchen, and hastened down. A stranger stood there; a rough man in appearance, with broad shoulders, long hair, unshaven beard, and clothes of the coarsest quality. But there was in his eye a sparkle of kindness and intelligence, that pleased Abraham at once.

"I've come," said he, "from the recommendation of Squire Niles. I want a good, hardy lad to go into the woods to chop. It's tolerable hard work, and no one can play at it, because it takes lively work to keep warm; but it's good, wholesome work, and good pay; and there's a plenty of food, and good quarters to sleep in."

Now Abraham had just been thinking of Mary Niles, and how pleasant a teacher she had been, and hoped he should find another such. He could not comprehend that this rough man could in any way answer his wish. But he immediately determined to engage to work for him; but it was with a feeling of disappointment and doubt if his Uncle's words could prove true in his case.

Mr. Hardy liked Abraham's prompt decision, and immediately made him an offer; and it was settled that Abraham was to go to his work the next week. In the meantime he was to provide himself with some coarser, warmer clothing, the money to purchase which was thoughtfully advanced by Mr. Hardy.

A clear, cold winter's day, found Abraham in the forest, several miles to the northeast of the village, in company with his employer. Their business was to fell the huge trees and chop them, and prepare the wood for the market. It was hard work, and there was no play in it. The first day Abraham's hands and arms ached, his feet were numb, and the frosty air made the tears flow from his eyes. He was too gloomy to talk much, but worked well at the task given him. At night he slept in some little log huts that had been built for the purpose, and in which the woodman's wife prepared their food. As he was tired when his work was done, he went early to bed. Several days passed in this way, and Abraham grew more and more gloomy. He thought it a hard, cruel life, and he did not care how soon it ended. He could see nothing to be gained from his labors only the little money that he needed.

One night, when they had been driven in early by a drifting storm, and he was not weary, he sat up later than usual, and was surprised to find that the woodman and his wife were talking upon subjects that much interested him. They were discussing the probabilities of the continuance of weather suited to chopping, and then the advantages of taking their dry wood early to market. A proposal was immediately made to Abraham to improve the first roads suitable for sledging, and take the wood to the town several miles distant. This would give Abraham a chance to see something of a world he had longed to know of. He was so elated with the thought that he could scarcely sleep after he laid down upon his buffalo robes, for his night's rest. The next day's work was a pleasure, instead of a toil. How great a change had suddenly come to him.

In the course of a few days the deep snows made

it difficult for them to prepare the wood, and they broke a path out to the main road, that they might improve the already smooth sledging. Abraham started on his first journey with his heart full of wonder and thankfulness. The woodman accompanied him, and told him many amusing stories of life in the large town. Abraham fancied it to be a place full of elegance and beauty.

When his load of wood was safely deposited, he had an opportunity of looking about him. He found a plenty to absorb him. The busy streets, the shops, the strange faces, to a boy who had never been in a town larger than the little village he called home, and who thought Mr. Stamp's store a marvelous place, containing all that could possibly be needed for man, woman or child, was pleasure enough. He was not a boy to look stupidly at anything. He noticed, among other things, that a quantity of the skins of animals that abounded in the forest where he had been at work, were sold. He immediately resolved to commence himself catching these animals, such as were to be caught in the winter, and to bring their skins to market. He also discovered that some kinds of gums were sold that flowed from resinous trees, and he resolved to gather such, and thus increase his means of helping his mother.

He went home with a cheerful heart, thinking of all that he could do in such a busy, active world as he had just seen. He planned with the woodman for making traps for the foxes, whose tracks they often saw. One night, also, they had heard wolves barking, and they planned the best methods of killing them, and preparing their skins for sale. In all Abraham's plans the good-natured woodman entered eagerly, and helped him in many ways. His wife also gave him advice about the collection of gums from the balsam and spruce and white pine.

Abraham spent many delightful days in the sport that was to bring him in so much ready money. He soon collected many fine skins, which he dressed carefully, and which he readily sold and bought some delicacies for his mother, whom he went to see every Sunday. He also indulged himself in purchasing several books, which he read aloud to the woodman and his wife the long winter evenings.

Mr. Hardy showed so much good sense and knowledge of the world, that he found him able to explain many things that he could not understand.

Thus the winter was passing pleasantly, and Abraham was gaining much valuable information, and, besides, a rugged, healthy body. He had begun to think that, after all, it was quite fortunate for him that he was obliged to leave Squire Niles's, for now he was able to learn more of men and things than he could have done for years. But he did not forget Mary and her kindness to him. He bought her a book in which to arrange her pressed flowers, and he wrote to her to tell her how he was getting along, for he had not been able to see her when he went home. He received in return a very short note of thanks; but he understood why she had written no more. One day, however, he found a letter from Sophia awaiting him at his mother's. She had returned to Adams, to finish her education. It read thus:

My dear friend Abraham—I thought I would like to tell you that Charlie and I are engaged. Mamma says we are very young, and papa says it makes no difference; but both of them were very good, and let Charlie send me a ring. It is very broad and very heavy, and has engraven in the inside, "The love is true that I. O. U." Is n't that pretty? I am sure I do n't know when we shall get married, but I hope soon, for I wish very much to go to New York and live. Shall you be sorry when I go so far away? I think of you a great many times, you were so good not to tell of Charlie! I wrote to him that it was a real shame for him to be afraid to tell; but you know he is a dear little kitten, and does not want anybody to think ill of him—not even Betsy Aurella. Oh! did you know that Miss Jones was in great trouble? She has burned her right hand and cannot work, and they say she never can. I am real sorry for her, and wanted to send her some of my spare money, but that very day I got a letter from Charlie, saying he had got into a little trouble, and a little, a very little money would help him out; so of course I sent it directly. I'm sure I do n't see what trouble he could get into in New York! Don't you think Cerinda a dreadfully selfish girl? She would n't go near Miss Jones when she was suffering so; but Mary Niles went and took care of her two days and nights; I can't write more, for Mrs. Ames says it is time that we retired for our nocturnal refreshment. I'm glad it does not consist of dry bread and mouldy cheese!

Your true friend, SOPHIA TAFT.

Now Abraham had, ever since he had thought much about his future life, always fancied that he was to spend it with just such a girl as Sophia Taft. Whenever he thought of her defects of character, he immediately covered them over with so many charms, that she became the best and most agreeable person in the world. Notwithstanding he saw that she was not quite honorable or courageous, yet he imagined that it must be some other person's fault than hers. When he worked for Peter Hink, he was always imagining whether Sophia would be willing to be a shoemaker's wife, and when he was tolling in Squire Niles's fields, he used to think of Sophia making butter and cheese on some nice farm, just like this. Again a feeling of bitter disappointment came over him. He saw a failure there greater than he had ever thought of before. The beautiful picture vanished from his future. Even in the forest, at his hard labor of loading the wood, he had fancied how Sophia would some day welcome him home from a bright fire in a snug little cottage, not far from some grand old forest, if he should conclude to become a woodman.

These dreams went out of his sky very much as the fading light had gone from the west, and he fancied it was very dark all about him; but he resolved to toll on faithfully for his new friend, and in his gloominess he made up his mind to live with them always in the little log hut, and drive a team to market, and catch foxes and minks for their skins. Sometimes it seems to us, when the clouds are heavy, and no sunlight sends its bright rays into our homes, as if on the morrow it would still be dark and dreary, and perhaps many morrows; but the sunlight breaks through the heaviest clouds, and so it is of the dark days of the spirit. We think there will be no gladness more. But God did not intend that our spirits should be gloomy, more than the sky, and unless we shut out the beautiful light of his love, we shall find it making the dark places bright, even in our greatest sorrows.

Abraham returned to his labors feeling many years older than a few days before, because he had lived a heart experience that he had never known before. He was more attentive to his books than ever; and sought from the good-natured woodman to learn all that he could that was useful. He told of his journeys into the wild country to the north; of his encounter with the Indians; of his sickness among them; and of their tender care of him. He told him of the many

plants they gathered, and used for his cure, and some of them Abraham found to be the same that he and Mary had studied the summer before.

"What makes plants cure people?" said he to himself. "It must be that we are related to them in some way. I wish I knew all about it."

While matters were going on thus with Abraham, he was growing more and more content in his labor. He found he had a ready hand for chopping, and he could load his wood neatly and quickly. There was no finer looking load went to market than his. "After all," he thought, "it was not all a failure when I left Squire Niles. I have had a good teacher in hard toil, and I believe I have learned a good deal; but I think I will not graduate from this school at present." This he was thinking as he drove his team up to the shanty that served for a barn, near the log hut. But how little we know what we will do! The fire was burning brightly as he entered, but there was something unusual in the room. The cheerful welcome was wanting. He found that the kind, motherly Mrs. Hardy was very ill. In a few hours she died. It was a dreadful night to Abraham. He had never seen death before, and he had never been told anything beautiful about it, but only gloomy ideas about its great terror and the doubts of the strange future. But here death had come close to him, and to one he had learned to love. The good woodman was heart-broken; but Abraham knew not how to console him. They sat through the gloomy night watching the pale face, and Abraham longed to know what had made so great a change. At last he could bear the silence no longer, and he said:

"Where is she? I do wish I knew."

"Well, I'll tell you what I know. I'm an ignorant man, and don't know any of the minister's talk, but I've seen a deal of the world, here and there, and death is just the same everywhere, and I know it is just like the going down of the sun; to-morrow it shines again. She's in the sunshine before this, and it's not far off either, I know by the way I feel it. She may be up in heaven, but she's right here, if I can't see her. I tell you, Abraham, folks would n't go far away from right if they knew who was looking on to see. I'm glad I know all about it, and don't feel afraid for her. But I tell you what it is, I can't stay here any longer. I shall just shut up the old cabin and leave it forever. I'll go where nobody knows me, so that I shan't seem to be like a cloud to anybody. I give you all the wood that is ready for market. You've served me well, and many's the good time we've had together. But you see I should just make it dark and miserable for you. I did think perhaps you'd conclude to live with me, and that we would all have many a sunny day together; but it wasn't to be; I'll risk you in the world anywhere. We shall see each other after we part to-morrow."

Abraham laid himself down on his buffalo robe with his heart aching, and it seemed to him his sky had never been so dark. Again he was without employment, and again he must seek for something to do. He thought of every word that Mr. Hardy had said to him, and wondered if Uncle Isaac did really know of his failures.

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER SIX.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! cheerfully cried my neighbor, the cricket, who gave me a most friendly call. It was just at twilight, that beautiful hour when one remembers none of the busy cares of the day or the troublesome fears of the night, but dreams about heaven, and sees the beautiful curtain that shuts out the spirit home lifted—it was at this hour that my little visitor began his cheerful song. "What are you trying to say, you dear little fellow, and why do you come out of that corner and tell it all?" thought I.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp! why I was just asking you, if you remembered when you was a little girl and used to sit by the hearthstone and look in at the embers and dream sweet dreams about the pictures there? Do n't you remember the happy faces you saw there, and the beautiful castles with their glowing turrets? And do n't you remember the bright seas and the radiant sky, and the silver clouds that came marching out of the glowing embers? Oh, you remember! Well, I just want to know if you've ever found those castles, and glowing hills and loving faces. I am only a poor house cricket, that knows nothing about the world, and all I know about you is what my great, great, and ever-so-great grandmother told to her daughter." What could I answer the little cricket. I kept thinking in my heart how many beautiful things the dear angels had shown me, and of the many good things that the loving father had given me—of beautiful eyes of little children looking at me lovingly, of sweet words spoken to me, of great sorrows that had been changed to great blessings, and I was about to begin to tell the cricket a very cheerful story about all the journey I had taken through this life, when he got impatient, and began "chirp, chirp, chirp! You do n't answer, and my opinion is, that you grown up men and women never find the castles to live in that they dream about when they are children, just because you do n't know where they are."

Now there is a castle full of splendor and beauty, and the way into it is just as plain as the way into your garden; and I keep telling about it all the time. Why if you'll believe me, it was that very castle that my great, great, ever-so-great grandmother was telling you about when you was a little girl; and we've all been telling about it ever since. Its name I try to sound every time I draw my wings together. It is the castle of *Cheerfulness*. Just find that, and you will always dwell in a palace and have loving eyes to look on you, and beauty all around you. That is the story I try to tell to all the children, for I do n't believe that any other castle will ever satisfy them."

A little noise disturbed my talkative neighbor, and I went to thinking again; and I came to the conclusion that every word was true. I will try to tell you something about the habits of crickets that I think you would like to know. The field cricket is larger than the house cricket that loves to creep about the chimney corner; but both belong to the genus *Acheta*. The field crickets eat grass, seed and fruit, and they carry their provisions into their abodes. These they make by digging holes into the ground in some dry place. They first make the hole in a horizontal direction, and then they dig downward; and they always enter their holes backward, and when chirping are usually standing in front of their holes. They drink only the moisture that adheres to the leaves. They make their music by rubbing the sharp edges of their wings together, and they may be called skillful fiddlers.

I am sorry to say that crickets are not altogether amiable in their disposition, but quarrel with each other, especially the field crickets. They often drive the house cricket from its retreat, and then they dig downward; and they always enter their holes backward, and when chirping are usually standing in front of their holes. They drink only the moisture that adheres to the leaves. They make their music by rubbing the sharp edges of their wings together, and they may be called skillful fiddlers.

I have read that boys in Germany are so fond of hearing the songs of the crickets that they catch them and put them in boxes and carry them into their bedrooms at night, and are sung to sleep by their contented chirp. I am quite sure that all boys and girls are fond of their pleasant notes, and I think that you will think of their cheerfulfulness that all crickets try to lead us into.

The Lecture Boom.

A LECTURE, BY J. S. LOVELAND, Delivered in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Mass., June 11th, 1865.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

TOPIC.—The duty of Spiritualists to establish a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the City of Boston.

[The following lecture, though designed for the latitude and longitude of Boston, will answer for the entire Union, and is earnestly commended to the careful attention of our readers.]

Perhaps no theme could be more distasteful, in some respects, than the one selected for this afternoon. This arises from the fact that we propose to speak of duty. A feeling exists, to some extent, that whoever speaks of others' duties is an officious intermeddler in their affairs, and that each one should be the sole judge of his own personal obligations. There is a truth in this which should not be lost sight of, or lightly overlooked, and should make us cautious in settling questions involving another's conscience and conduct. We are apt, from our inherent selfishness, to wink our duties out of sight, or become remiss in their performance, unless stimulated by the living thought of another. We are also not aware of claims upon us often times, till some one lays the case before us. It is right and proper, therefore, to sometimes discuss the question of duties. I am this afternoon to present to you a theme, comparatively new, and, in relation to which, you have not had fully, the requisite means for forming an intelligent conclusion. Every question of duty involves three things. First, something to be done. Second, somebody to do it. And third, the relations between the first and second; for duty grows out of, and is based upon, relations. We have these three categories in the theme before us. 1. The thing, or work to be done, is the establishment of a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the City of Boston. 2. The assumed actors, or agents in this work—the Spiritualists. 3. The relations of the two. Now, before we can have authority for assuming duty in the case, and much more of defining it, we must very carefully examine the relations between the two. This will, of course, compel us to a definition of Spiritualism and Spiritualists—their principles, professions and position, as compared with other classes of people. We must also inquire into the nature of the Lyceum—its constitution—what it can do—whether it is designed to aid in the work Spiritualism proposes for itself—in fine, is it a part of our system? When we have settled these questions, we can easily decide that of duty. Indeed, it will be so decided, by doing this, as to leave nothing for us to do but to act at once, or else dismiss the topic entirely. Let us then inquire, who are Spiritualists? or, what is Spiritualism? To answer one replies to both questions.

Three, and only three answers can be given to these queries. Spiritualists are (1st) mere negationists, i. e., general fault-finders, denunciators, destroyers of other people's faith and work; or, (2d) they are a sect; or, (3d) Spiritualism is a New Dispensation. We will examine these propositions *seriatim*. The first affirms that we are mere negationists—that "desolation marks our progress," but no up-building follows destruction—that we are fierce iconoclasts, destitute of either disposition, or power to engage in positive, or constructive efforts. I confess there has been much reason for making this charge. We have been savagely destructive to old things. We have ruthlessly assailed the sacred institutions of men, without thinking of supplying them other and better ones. We have pulled down the hovels of poverty, and have not raised others in their stead. We have torn off the ragged, filthy garments of old theology, and have left its adherents poor and miserable, and naked, with no clothing to screen them. So general has been the destructive, and so little and feeble the constructive work heretofore, that it is not strange that superficial minds should conclude that we are nothing but negationists. So egotistic and positive are the dogmatists of the old, that the first aspect of the new is somewhat necessarily more destructive than constructive. When the query is proposed, what have you done, and what do you propose to do, we are obliged to admit that destruction has been our principal business, and that we are in no good position at present for any other. We are not in trim for positive work. To be sure, we have a vast power in numbers, means, etc., but they are as yet not positioned for mighty work in the positive direction. We have, as we will yet show, positive ideas and principles, but they are held in a sort of abeyance, while the opposite has full scope. It is wonderful, then, that we are regarded by the Church as only a new phase of infidelity, or negationism? Positive work alone can dispel this notion, and prove them to be mistaken. It is for us to make the correction, and it can be made by deeds, not words.

The second supposition is, that we are a new sect. A new sect is of the old, and its distinction from those which have preceded it is this, a new interpretation of some of the dogmas common to all the sects. It is, therefore, special, not general. Generally, it belongs to the past—accepts and pays fealty to the ideas of the past, and only claims a better apprehension of that idea than others. And however much it may magnify the importance of its interpretation, it dare not shut out the existing bodies from the common Patronymic, even though their bigotry, for a time, may deny it to the new claimant. All history verifies this assertion. It is not disputed that some ground has been given, for the supposition that Spiritualism was, or would be, a new sect. Many Spiritualists have clung to the old churches, and have sought to justify themselves in and to the Church by new interpretations. Some call themselves Christian Spiritualists, which means, if it mean anything, that we are only a new phase of Christianity—a new sect. But the name is a misnomer. Who ever heard of Christian Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, or any other sect? It would imply that Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., were not, as a general rule, Christians; and the use of the term Christian in this way, is an admission that Spiritualism, as a whole, is not a sect, is not a mere form of Christianity. You might as well talk of Christian Mahometans, Hindoos, or Atheists, as of Christian Spiritualists. Nor is it possible to deceive the old Churches in this way; for however ignorant they may be of the nature and principles of our religion, they know it is not theirs—is no form, or sect of theirs. They cannot comprehend it; they can but misrepresent it; for it is a mystery, or a stumbling-block to them. Yet, of one thing they are sure, it is radically unlike their own.

But, say some enthusiastic ones, here are certain manifestations just like those of the times of Jesus and his apostles—we are the true Christians, instead of the old sects. In the meantime, the D. D. come forward and prove that this whole thing is a prelate counterpart to the Demonism of ancient times. Still the Spiritualists know they

are not a sect of the mythological Demonism of Greece, and the Church knows they are not Christians; and they themselves feel in their very heart's core, that they are not sectarian.

We have only one more possible supposition, which is, that Spiritualism is a New Dispensation. What constitutes a New Dispensation? A new ideal! Nothing more, nothing less. If we can find an idea distinctively new, one unknown before; and also, find this to be the very centre and core of Spiritualism, we shall have the demonstration required in the case.

The Mosala Dispensation had a new idea—the absolute oneness of the Deity, in contradistinction to the Polytheistic notions of the prior ages. Jesus taught charity, in the broadest sense, and that was the central idea of Christianity, the enunciation of it constituted an Era. Dispensations give new interpretations, as well as sects, but they also do more. They have a revelation of their own, while sects appeal to the one common to their Era. Judaism, Christianity and Brahminism, have each a revelation of their own, but Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists, all appeal to the same primary authority.

Dispensations make all things new. This they must do of necessity, for a new element of human consciousness comes into self existence. If to a chemical compound you add one more element, the whole mass becomes changed, and often there is not a single original function left; they have all become new. So if you introduce one new idea into the human consciousness, "all things become new." Every element of conscious life and power become positioned and polarized anew. The old has passed away, and we have a new man, in every respect. A new religion, Church, State, philosophy, science; in fact, everything has been transformed.

To be sure, nothing has been destroyed, and yet, nothing is as it was. Dispensations do not "come to destroy, but to fulfill." They are complementary—supplying a want, or filling a defect. Christ fulfilled, that is, he complemented Moses, supplied what he lacked; filled a vacant niche in the human soul. The one idea of charity, changed the whole programme of human experience. Judaism is fitly symbolized by Moses killing the Egyptian, and hiding him in the sand; Christianity, by Jesus upon the cross, saying, "Father, forgive them." One is vengeance, the other mercy. The incoming of a New Dispensation does not prove the utter falsity of the old, only its imperfection. They are true to the time of their birth, and also to the necessities of man in that era and condition. Their falsity lies in the assumption of finality, and completeness on their behalf. This was the falsity of Judaism, the falsity of Christianity, and of every sect claiming that as its generic name.

But, what is the new idea, the positive demonstration that a New Dispensation has been inaugurated? I answer: *The Naturalness of Spirit Manifestations!* And consequently: *The Naturalness of Revelation!*

All the Religions, all the Dispensations of the past, have rested upon the assumed *Supernaturalness* of all actual, and possible revelations from the land of spirit-life. All revelations are of the mere will and pleasure of the Deity, and given through some special interposition of his power, contrary to the immutable methods, or laws of nature. And unless unmistakable proofs were supposed to exist of such supernaturalism, nothing was allowed to be a revelation from the invisible sphere. Deity was above law, and only by acting as above, and beyond law, could he demonstrate his existence and will. The natural theologians endeavored, indeed, to prove the being of Deity, but failed, and never essayed to deduce his will, or law, save from a supernatural revelation.

But, on the other hand, the Naturalists, the Infidels of the ages denied all spiritual manifestations—all revelations from the hereafter, of every kind, because supernaturalism was to them inconceivable and absurd, and they had no conception of any possible spiritual existence or manifestation, aside from the notion of the supernatural. They glorified nature and reason, and scouted the idea of spirit revelations. Spiritualists complement the old, by announcing a *Natural Spiritualism*. Future, or continued life is a certainty. The world of spirit-life is a reality; and, communication with that life and world is a natural process, just as much so as telegraphing, or any other method, by which human beings transfer their thoughts to each other. It is no more supernatural than writing a letter, addressing an audience, or composing music. **THIS IS A NEW IDEA.** It is not the old naturalism of Deism, Atheism, or Pantheism, as they have existed heretofore; for the *Nature* of Spiritualism includes an immortal, conscious life. Nor is it the Supernatural Spiritualism of Moses, Jesus, or Mahomet; for no capricious, vengeful, pitying, personal God, critically, or jealously watches their acts and thoughts. Our God is not their God, themselves being judges. His laws are not thoughts, volitions, or caprices; but they are the spontaneous outgoings, the eternal outworkings of his incomprehensible Nature. His laws are not statutory, and, therefore, penal; but are working powers, always accomplishing perfectly their end. Our God never fails, never mistakes, and therefore never mends. In esse, changeless—in manifestation, progressive. Behold, then, all things made new. The old Bible and religions, as they were, are revered no more. They cease to produce any awe; for they are fulfilled, that is, complemented by another idea; which, while it does not destroy, so positions and relates them to itself, and to each other, that they cease to be what they were, and become something entirely different. Hitherto they have possessed man, and dominated him, by means of the idea of supernaturalism; but now, man possesses and dominates them. He is greater than his accidents. Still, we more truly and loyally reverence the past than religionists of the old school can; for we reverence the real for its value, instead of venerating a caprice of credulity, as a reality.

Spiritualism has no war to make with Christianity, or its Bible, for they are facts of consciousness and history. But it is qualified to judge of what constitutes Christianity. The new always judges the old, though, of necessity, the old is utterly disqualified from judging the new. The child cannot judge the man, he lacks the comprehension of man's experience; while the man, having been a child, comprehends him perfectly. As a consequence, if any man, or sect of men, present themselves under the Banner of Christ, while they wear the uniform, and speak the language of Moses, we shall disallow their claim, and take the Banner from them. Nor can we allow any class to limit the resources of the Infinite, or circumscribe the vast possibilities of human progress and happiness. The present sects of the various religions, are no more able to judge of the spiritual possibilities of man, than a Hottentot can comprehend the actualities of our civilization.

They have become natural men to such an extent, that they cannot "discern the things of the spirit." They are confounded and obliged by the same class of phenomenal manifestations as

characterized the opening period of their own dispensation. They have so long depended upon the mere letter reading and intellectual interpretation of the word, as sufficient, and psychological excitement of the sensibilities as spiritual experience, that they have become incapable of a true and just appreciation of anything which is truly divine and spiritual. There are some few persons in the old sects, who could see and understand, if allowed the opportunity; but they are so hedged about by unpropitious circumstances, that they are really prisoners. Spiritualism would be a mighty deliverer to such, it would give them the freedom for which they so earnestly long. Our ostensible Christianity reverences the Bible, and affirms it to be an inspired book. But it is utterly incomprehensible to them, as to its true meaning, for they multiply books like leaves, and give interpretations without number, and yet come to no definite agreement as to its fundamental ideas. They have no common basis of method, and are, therefore, lost in the endless maze of conjecture and supposition. They are entirely ignorant of the law governing inspirational utterances, consequently grope helplessly in the dark. A New Dispensation can only fully interpret the old. The sealed book has become unsealed. The lost key has been recovered, and the old time Scriptures can now be read understandingly, for the first time since they were given. The New Dispensation will, in time, give a full and complete interpretation of all the Holy Books belonging to man. I said it came not to destroy, it is eminently a builder. It does not, and will not, with blind, unthinking rage, dash in pieces the institutions of man's past. It brings a new idea, but does not falsify all that have been heretofore. It correlates them to itself, and thus positions them anew to each other. The new is mostly made of the old. Institutions are only incarnations, manifestations of ideas. All ideas are true; though no single one, is the *whole* truth, consequently, institutions, *per se*, are true, and not false, and need only to be modified in accordance with the new correlatedness of ideas, to become the truth.

But this modification is a *new method*; and, to those who are in the dark, seems the utter destruction of all the cherished good of the past. They cannot see that seeming destruction is absolute conservation. On the other hand, persons equally blind, cannot see how anything that has been, can be of the slightest value, or entitled to any fate but annihilation. They fail to perceive that nature never destroys, only changes. A New Dispensation supplies a defect in man's life, meets a want which nothing else could fill. How admirably is all this illustrated in the present. That man's manifested life was imperfect, that his institutions failed to meet his aspirations, that, in spite of all the claims of theologians, to perfection for their religion, and plenary inspiration for their Scriptures, men were becoming more and more infidel every year, prior to the advent of Spiritualism; cannot be disputed. That it exactly meets the existing want, supplies the flagrant defect, is equally demonstrable.

But it is needless to pursue the argument further, for we shall find it constantly cumulative. There is nothing, which can be affirmed of a dispensation, which is not possessed by Spiritualism. True, it has not yet unfolded all that pertains to one completed, for it is yet in its nascent period. It is the infant in its cradle, not the strong man in his maturity. Its Pentecost has not yet come, but is not far in the future.

The next question for us to settle, is, whether the Children's Progressive Lyceum is in harmony with, or, in other words, does it belong to the New Dispensation? If we attach any credence to the declarations of Mr. Davis, this Lyceum method is only a transcript of what constitutes the educational process in the Summer Land. I am free to say that I have as much confidence, to say the least, in the revelations made by him as any other person whatever. But we are to subject all things to the test of reason, before we adopt them. Let us do so in this case. What is the core of the Lyceum method? What its fundamental assumption? It is this: All science, all philosophy, and all religion are in man; and its inference, is, therefore, that a true method of education, is to *educate*, or draw out what is in man, rather than seek to put into him what is already there by nature. Is this not Spiritualism? Does not the old, or theologic method regard man as destitute of all these, and does it not urge, and command him to get religion—to get an education? Does not its God give religion, and its teachers give an education? Most certainly this is so. And it is equally true that our Dispensation ignores that method, and indicates the other. The Lyceum then belongs to us. Its central idea has been one of my most cherished ones for years gone by. It is not merely a method for Sundays, but what we propose now to initiate is the germ of what shall overturn the whole system of schools, from the Primary to the University. Indeed, it is already doing it, to some extent. But our system goes further. It affirms that the process of education requires that the uneducated should be placed in given relations with those who are educated—that through the outer agents of human converse, and especially through psychological rapport, the work is to be accomplished. Is this not a part of our Dispensation? All dogmatic, or authoritative dictation, as to what is true, is excluded. The opening, feeble, yet growing powers of the young are stimulated, assisted and led out in their own channels, by natural methods. So mighty is this method, especially in the acquisition of positive science without any of the ordinary methods, that we need not be surprised to find many in the future astonishing the world with science which they "have never learned," that is, in the ordinary manner. Does not our Spiritualism already illustrate this principle? How are we to interpret Mr. Davis, and others, except by this principle? The Lyceum proposes to work this "lead" to its utmost capacity. It aims to institute such conditions, that every object shall reveal a principle, every word an idea, that from the play of internal powers, the whole external universe shall be interpreted, or understood.

The young are being educated in some way. If not in the right, certainly in the wrong. Not a few of our children are in the Sunday Schools of the Churches. They are being demoralized by its falsities; they are having memory stored and fancy perverted with the monstrous notions of the old mythology. Instead of having a healthy development of conscience, they are being made the victims of a morbid fear, of a psychological phantom which may embitter years of their future. And is this a slight misfortune? Why are you so jubilant over your new-found light? Is it not because you have suffered for years in consequence of the errors instilled into your minds when young? Do you wish to bequeath the same heritage to your children, or suffer it to be done by others? The most common dictates of humanity will answer these questions; but the answer will require us to institute some means to protect the young from the snares which lie in their way. Compassion for those exposed would demand

action on our part, if no other reason urged on us the obvious duty of the hour. But we must survey the question from another point of view. Notwithstanding the enormous good we have personally received from Spiritualism, we cannot suppose that we are capable of giving it as perfect an expression and manifestation as is possible. We are too much influenced by the Old. Our tastes and habits have been all, formed under the influences of the Old Dispensation. The New needs, for its perfect expression, those who have been born and educated under its influences. But how can this ever transpire if we pay no attention to the training of children in the right way? And what proof of our own sincerity do we give while we send or allow our children to be sent to nurseries of falsehood? Certainly he who should declare us insincere, would have good ground for his allegation. We cannot, for a moment, suppose that the wisdom and goodness of the Heavens, in ushering in a New Dispensation, have done so with the understanding that it is for adult persons only; that the young are to be turned loose, with no provision in principle, or methods for their culture, save what pertains to the by-gone and effete systems of the past. Such a supposition would be simply affirming that we are not in a new era—that we are simply a sect, or, even worse, mere negationists.

Thus, every way in which we view the subject serves to show the intimate relationship we sustain to this matter, and, as an unescapable inference, imperative duty demands that we should act. Each separate view is conclusive argument in the case; but when we aggregate the whole, the demonstration is complete. Considering Spiritualism, with its principles, and the end proposed, and the Lyceum, with its perfect adaptation of means, appealing, as it does, to all the opening faculties of our nature, we are left no resource but to admit our duty and resolutely and gladly perform it.

But when we have established the binding force of moral obligation in this matter, we have unrolled our no rugged, thorny path for you to travel with blisters and bleeding feet; we have laid no weary burden on your shoulders to make life sad and bitter; we ask no groanings and tears, no fastings and painful self-denials, nor sleepless vigils in the performance of this duty; nay, we do not invite you to a tedious and dangerous pilgrimage over deserts or through wildernesses to reach the promised land. No, no; far from this. We propose a duty which any angel in heaven could covet as a privilege; a duty which involves possibilities of growth and happiness to ourselves beyond all power of words to express. It is to draw out and culture the vast resources of the loving souls of childhood; it is to place ourselves in the very midst of the most glorious sunshine of earth. Spiritualists have become too sour and thorny—there is too much asperity and uncharitableness among us; there is a lack of that loving gentleness which so glorifies human nature when possessed. The reason is: we have been doing comparatively nothing; certainly nothing for childhood; and, therefore, the gentle influence, the sunny gladness thereof is wanting in us. The Lyceum opens to us a field of duty; a field of labor, I grant, but it is also one of surpassing beauty and deathless joy. Every child admitted to the Lyceum is a Fountain of Eternal Life, whose up-gushing waters shall refresh you with their crystal clearness, and, led out in fitting channels, shall cause the living flowers of beauty to send forth an aroma of fragrance as delicious as the perfumed atmosphere of the Summer Land; yea, in the recitations, singing, marchings, etc., of the Lyceum, it shall be to thee like the musical Porium on the Isle of Akroponamede. This duty, then, is to us a great necessity, as it shall be one of our brightest glories and sweetest blessings. The duties required by truth are usually pleasant, because they are in accordance with the law of wisdom and progress, while those exacted by false systems are onerous and painful, being contrary to our nature and happiness. The duties we urge here, accord with the highest and best of our nature, and brighten with their radiant light the promise of a glorious destiny.

THE LONG LOOKED-FOR MILLENNIUM; ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

BY K. GRAVES.

NUMBER TWO.

Commotion of the Elements, Stars Falling, and the Planetary System Broken Up.

The great millennial epoch, or golden age of the future, so long and so universally prophesied of by the Oriental nations, so frequently realized in their dreams, so often breathed into poetry and song, and sometimes portrayed by fearful and frightful ditties, was to be inaugurated not merely by the fiery consumption of our terrestrial home-stand, but by the destruction of some of those vast and boundless orbs which roll their massive forms along the broad cerulean concave—the illimitable archway of heaven. Millions of times larger than this pigmy planet on which "we live and move and have our being," as some of them are, they are nevertheless to break loose from their moorings, and, straying from their iron-bound orbits, to tumble pell-mell to this little spheroid or ellipsoid which we call "the earth." What tiny little footholds—mere playthings—the starry worlds (including sun and moon) must have been in the conception of the ancient Pagan "Second Adventists," and their religious heirs, the Jews and Christian gospel-writers and Roman Catholic Christians, when they imagined them flying hither and thither at the dictum of man, or at least for his accommodation.

The writer of Judges (if we accept the literal as the true meaning) must have supposed the stars to be intelligent locomotive beings when he declared "the stars fought against Siserah."—Judges, iv: 20. And St. John declares, "I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth."—Rev., vi: 1. And the same mystified revelator avers that the old Dragon Tempter, Commander-in-Chief of the rebel angels, on one occasion tore loose with his ubiquitous or endless caudal appendage, and brought down, at one haul, one-third of all the stars which bedeck the boundless canopy of heaven.—(See Rev., xii.) And here we will note it as a remarkable fact, that the stars were in every instance to play a conspicuous part in the great millennial drama of all the ancient nations who believed in and cherished the tradition, including also the Christian edition of the story. Christ, when foreshadowing or forecasting this terror-inspiring event, apparently so confidently expected by him and his followers to occur in that age and generation, is reported as declaring, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."—Mat., xxiv: 29. Now it is worthy of remark that this sounds much like a prediction found in a much older Bible than the Christians'. The *Zand-Avesta* of the Chaldeans declares, "The dread event approaches. The good will weep over the evil, and the evil will weep over themselves. A star (quot-

ed before) with a tail, in the course of its revolutions, will strike the earth and set it on fire. The fierce heat will make metals run down from high mountains and flow over the earth. All men must pass through them. But the good will be purified through fire, and come forth excellent and happy." Now mark, this is a very ancient prediction of the votaries of a Pagan religion, and must be at least three thousand years old; and it is a curious as well as an instructive fact, that its practical fulfillment and solemn realization was most confidently expected to take place in that very age and generation. And similar phenomena to those here portrayed are preaged in the millennial prophecies of ancient Greece and Rome. Seneca declares, "The constellations will dash together, and the whole universe, plunged in the same common fire, will be reduced to ashes." And Plutarch reports Cleanthus as declaring, "The moon, the stars and the sun will perish, and the celestial ether (the component substance of the Deity, according to the stoics) will convert all things into his own nature, or assimilate them to himself." The Buddhist and Brahmin Bible, in a like prophetic strain, announces and proclaims that "at his approach (the Second Advent Saviour, or new Messiah), the sun and moon will be darkened, the earth will tremble, and the stars will fall from the firmament."—(Vedae.)

Thus it will be observed that the stars were to act an important part in the great millennial drama, as pictured in the fearful forebodings and portrayed in the trembling hopes of the Oriental nations who gave birth, in their childish and credulous dreams, to this solemnly and confidently anticipated future event. "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear," and learn from history the groundlessness of all fears relative to an event which cannot transpire without transforming "the meek and lowly Jesus, the Prince of Peace," into a rabid, ferocious, vindictive warrior, and "the all-loving Father" into a rash, reckless, suicidal demolisher of his own handiwork.

N. B.—If any reader should object to my making Jesus a Millenniumist, I reply, that if he was not, then the doctrine falls to the ground; but if he were, then it is evident, from the foregoing historical facts, that his belief in the matter was borrowed from the Orientals.

Harveysburg, O.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Remarkably Precocious Medium.

I am happy to be able to lay before the readers of the Banner an account of the most wonderful spiritual phenomena of the age. A Mr. and Mrs. —, whose names they refuse to the public, at least for the present, are each precisely forty-four years of age, both having been born on the 10th of August, 1821. They were married quite young. During their courtship, they mutually agreed not only to be true to each other as wife and husband, but also agreed to abandon the use of all kinds of flesh as food just as soon as they were married and became masters of their own household, which pledge they declare they never have violated.

During the first eight years of their married life, they had four children, one son and three daughters. The daughters all died in infancy, the eldest at the age of sixteen months. This child was named Anna, and from the parents' account, must have been a wonderful child, and medium, yet the parents kept most of her peculiarities to themselves.

About one week before little Anna died, she was controlled to write with a pencil a few lines of poetry. These lines have been very carefully preserved, and were shown me yesterday.

A little over eleven months since, these same parents, now forty-four years of age, had the fifth child born, who was a daughter. This child, though the parents keep the precious gift as quiet as possible, is really a wonder of wonders. I have been acquainted with the family over thirty years, and know them to be scrupulously exact and just in all they say or do, and it is only my long acquaintance that gave me an opportunity to witness the great manifestations through the child. Last night was the third time I have been permitted to witness the manifestations, two other friends only being with me. Before commencing, we were obliged to promise on oath or affirmation, that we would not reveal the names of the parents until the time appointed by the child—for the child gives every direction in regard to the course to be pursued. This done, we were admitted to the room. The child sat on the floor, with a small slate and pencil in its hands. As soon as we entered, the child wrote our names on the slate and handed it to us to read. They were handsomely written and correctly spelled. I returned the slate, and the child wrote, saying of herself, "my name is Anna, and I am nineteen years old." This would have been the age of the first Anna, had she lived. I remarked, "you seem small of your age." She then threw her slate aside, and leaped upon her feet and then on to the table, and began dancing a beautiful figure. This being done, she rose to the ceiling of the house, about ten feet high, saying, "now, sir, am I small?" This I had never witnessed before, and my heart was too full to speak; indeed I felt that I had almost blasphemed the wonderful works of God in making such a careless remark.

The child then spoke in a clear, full voice, saying: "These things appear strange to you; but when the people of this world learn and obey the divine law of reproduction, their children will be angels instead of animals, as you now see them. My parents bogot me quite too soon. At that time, they had nothing to spare; and had I and all of the others lived, my parents would have died years ago; but as they were the stronger, we poor children had to go down; but I am now here, and my name is Anna the first. And now, as my parents have gained strength, through obedience to the law of their spiritual and physical natures, I shall live and continue my individualization forever and ever. When my little temple arrives at full stature, the world will see and hear what it now believes to be a lie, or as some say, a false and ruinous doctrine; but what is false to your present notions, will become beautiful and attractive in less than twenty-five years. But let me tell you now to preserve the whole man, if you would share the glories which will soon break upon the earth. Good-bye."

The child was now carefully let down, and resumed its seat on the floor, and we left the room. JOHN WINISOR.

The above is a true statement of what we saw and heard. ALFRED DODGE.

ALMY DODGE. Cincinnati, O., Aug. 10th, 1865.

HOW TO SERVE A DOG.—When attacked by a bloodhound, or any other dog, raise your left arm and let him seize it; then instantly grasp his wind-pipe with your right hand and squeeze it with all your might; that will disable him in two seconds. If you wish to keep him from getting into your house, if you wish to kill him keep your hold for a minute or two—he is done! You are ready for another. One at a time is all you need. The writer speaks from experience with big dogs.

Letter from Dr. H. T. Child of Philadelphia.

Perhaps there are few questions more frequently asked, than "How is Spiritualism getting on? Is there any increase in the interest felt in it, or in the number of Spiritualists?"

First, then, Spiritualism is getting on very well, notwithstanding the croakers and those who from interest, or any other motives, are endeavoring to defame it.

My intercourse with all classes of the community, convinces me that there is a deeper and more earnest and general interest in the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism; a higher and better appreciation of its grand and glorious realities, which alone can feed and satisfy the soul in its immortal aspirations after truth.

But I shall not attempt to prove to the numerous readers of the star-eyed Banner, that waves so nobly for mortals and spirits, and advocates their cause so truly, by mere assertion and general theory, that these things are so, but shall refer to some facts in the case; not feeling like a person who, having put forth a very plausible theory, was informed by a friend that although it was good, it was at variance with the facts.

And second, we have held free meetings in Sanson street Hall, during the past year, and have had larger and more appreciative audiences—and especially is this the case with our Conferences during the summer, which have been nearly twice as large as in former seasons.

I know by the number of persons who call on me daily for information, for light on this great philosophy, which lies at the very basis of all our knowledge, "life and immortality," not figuratively speaking, but in reality, and both here and hereafter, that Spiritualism to-day has risen to a position to command the respect and the investigation of the best minds of the age.

Among the early investigators of Spiritualism, I learn, was Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, a man occupying a position on the bench for many years, and possessing the logical acumen which belongs to his profession; and one who was willing to sacrifice reputation and position in the fearless advocacy of an unpopular cause.

We have recently had a visit from the Judge, and invited him to lecture for us on the evening of the 13th of August. His subject was "Progress—Universal, National and Individual." He handled it in a masterly manner.

Decorah—Spiritualism, etc.

Spiritualism in Decorah "is not dead, but sleepeth." The latent germ lives in the hearts of its votaries, and is only waiting auspicious developments of the elements of the outer world to burst forth into new life and vigor.

We have had quite a number of addresses and several series of lectures by able and popular expounders of the glorious doctrine, and very many of the good people yield a tacit assent to its truths, and now only need some practical or physical demonstration of spirit power and control, to enlist their energies in the noble cause.

A single instance: About one half mile north of the town and on the margin of the river, is a cave, commonly known as "the Ice Cave," wherein the water which trickles down its rocky walls is congealed, forming a coating of transparent ice several inches in thickness.

Certainly we have a good field for the spiritual missionary, and as many inviting scenes as can be found elsewhere.

Decorah, Iowa Territory, Aug. 17th, 1865.

An endorsement is like a tooth-brush—neither to be borrowed or loaned.

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

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

The Banner of Light New York Office.

It gives us much pleasure to announce to our numerous readers everywhere, that we have purchased all the stock in trade and good will of Messrs. C. M. PLUMB & Co., book and periodical publishers, 274 Canal street, New York.

The friends of Messrs. A. J. Davis and C. M. Plumb will be pleased to know that we have appointed Mr. J. B. LOOMIS, formerly head clerk of A. J. Davis & Co., and, later, of C. M. Plumb & Co., as our agent, who is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT and receipt for advertisements.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers and Proprietors of the Banner of Light.

The Colchester Case.

We have foreborne from setting ourselves up as a tribunal for giving judgment on this case, simply because that is not our office. The practice in these columns has been to invoke clarity and brotherly feeling, to excite a spirit of kindness and forgiveness, and to inculcate the habit of looking for the real good in men rather than the evil.

It seems, at any rate, that the jury having Colchester's case in their hands, believed that some, if not all, of the manifestations coming through him were made by himself, with deceitful motives like those of professed jugglers and sleight-of-hand men, and did not proceed from unseen intelligences.

Thus it is obvious that the real merits of the question, whether Colchester is a medium or not, through whom spirits manifest, were not so much touched. None of the jury sat down opposite him at a table, to test the matter for themselves. And hence there need be no anxiety on the part of the great body of the Spiritualists of the country, lest the Courts may have inaugurated an era of attempted religious persecution.

If the witnesses are to be believed, and did not "juggle" with their testimony as they openly profess to do with other things, the jury may not be severely criticised for believing that Colchester was not at all times conscientious and honest in those performances which should have been manifestations only.

The letter of Judge Edmunds on the case we have read. With deference to the views and judgment of so clear a mind and so truthful a nature as his, we must still decline to take part in that public and unqualified condemnation of Mr. Colchester which he thinks his conduct demands.

Our New York patrons will always find a full supply of the BANNER, on our counter, 274 Canal street.

The Spiritual Convention at Darlington, England.

We published in our paper some time since a notice of the Call for a Convention of Spiritualists, on the other side of the water. We were cordially invited to be present, and should have been pleased to have met with our European friends in Convention, had circumstances permitted.

The call for this gathering had been before the public for some weeks, and on the 26th ult., a goodly number of friends of progress assembled in the Lower Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, Darlington. Mr. and Mrs. Spear were present, from London, with many earnest friends from different parts of the country.

On the 27th the Convention assembled an hour earlier, to give an opportunity for all the useful and original papers to be read and commented on. The chair was occupied by various members of the Convention of both sexes, and the interest increased toward the close.

A practical Mesmerist, says the Times, was in the camp, and contended that the phenomena were mesmeric. This was ably rebuked by the Spiritualists, and much light was thrown on the subject. Many wonderful personal experiences, inspirational addresses, and suggestive remarks were recorded during the proceedings, on which we need not dwell at present, as they are in the hands of Mr. Burns, of the Progressive Library, who has been entrusted with their preparation and publication.

It is the intention of this body to encourage similar Conventions in other towns. The Times thinks it was a novel feature of the Convention that woman took equal rank with her brother, man, in managing the business, and acting as officer in the new association.

The members of the Convention were delighted and refreshed, and their souls enlarged, by this never-to-be-forgotten event, adds the Times, and expresses the hope that the friends of humanity and religion, in their truest sense, will ardently improve an opportunity which has been so successfully inaugurated.

Autumnal Jaunts.

Those who have had the grace and courage to stay pretty well at home through the hot days of summer, will be sure to avail themselves of the earliest autumnal weather to push out into the country and up to the mountains. As the frosts begin to make themselves felt, and the leaves of trees that stand in low and rather damp places begin to show signs of discoloration, the mornings and evenings are cool and the noons are full of an exhilarating heat.

More people go off on autumnal excursions than were wont, as if they had but begun to find out where true pleasure lies. They have probably tasted the soothing pleasures of a perfect day in autumn, the sun tempering the air to just the right heat, the cool nights inviting to the soundest of slumbers, food tasting better than all the artificial relishes could make it, and the nerves kept up to a healthy state of excitement from sun to sun.

The Bishop of Natal.

Bishop Colenso, whose writings on the Pentateuch have recently made such a stir in the English Church, and who has been passing some time at home with his brethren, has come out of his trial before an ecclesiastical court without receiving the least damage from the charge of heresy, and of course is not deprived of his office as Bishop of Natal. But as it is a post which has hitherto been supported by the voluntary contributions of the Home Church, those who sought his disgrace but failed to achieve it, are now resolved to cut him off from support.

Mrs. Stearns going to New Brunswick.

We are informed that Mrs. H. T. Stearns will spend the month of September in New Brunswick, lecturing in St. Johns City and vicinity. She will answer calls to lecture in Maine, or any part of New England, during the fall and winter. Her permanent address is South Exeter, Me.

Prof. Stearns has been delivering a course of lectures on psychology in Belfast, Me., to crowded audiences, who were well pleased. Mrs. Stearns has also recently lectured in that city, to the satisfaction of her audiences.

Meetings in Boston.

We are daily asked "When are our meetings to be resumed?" From the best information we have, we feel safe in replying "very soon." Mr. J. S. Loveland, whom the invisibles, as well as mortals, have selected to inaugurate and conduct a Children's Lyceum, is making arrangements for a suitable place for the accommodation of both the Lyceum and the meetings, and hopes to be able to announce, in a very short time, the perfection of his plans.

Our friends will also bear in mind that a Library is needed for the use of the Lyceum, and that Mr. Wilson, who undertook the task of completing one, made a call through these columns, for those who had books suitable for such a purpose, old or new, to forward them to his care, at this office.

Our merchants are not disposed to be behind with the movements which are making elsewhere for reopening the relations of trade with Southern ports. They have already established a line of steamers to New Orleans, and now have taken hold of another to Havana. Connections are likewise making with the various coastwise ports, all the way down to Florida, and soon to Mobile and New Orleans.

Steam Lines South.

Our merchants are not disposed to be behind with the movements which are making elsewhere for reopening the relations of trade with Southern ports. They have already established a line of steamers to New Orleans, and now have taken hold of another to Havana. Connections are likewise making with the various coastwise ports, all the way down to Florida, and soon to Mobile and New Orleans.

Accidents.

People will not be very apt to forget the present summer, if only on account of its fatal accidents. Crimes of all sorts have been numerous enough to startle the most indifferent; but when we come to add to them the array of fatalities by land and water, by car and steamer, which blackens the path of what should have been a joyful summer—because the first summer of peace—it makes so ugly a record that one instinctively averts his eyes from regarding it any further.

Meetings in Charlestown.

The free meetings which have been inaugurated this season in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City Square, Charlestown, under the management of J. B. Hatch, are likely to prove a success, at least as far as attendance is concerned. The meetings commenced on the first Sunday in this month, when N. S. Greenleaf, one of our best trance speakers, addressed the large audience in his usual excellent style.

The meetings in City Hall, where they have been held for several years past, under the supervision of A. H. Richardson, are continued every Sunday, as usual, and excellent speakers are engaged to fill the desk. A Children's Lyceum has also been formed, which meets in the forenoon. Mrs. N. J. Willis speaks there next Sunday; and Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith the following Sunday.

Legislative Reform.

Movements are making toward inaugurating a reform in the character and calibre of our Legislature. It stands badly enough in need of it. We are passing through times which demand the best talent and the largest wisdom; mere politicians and fagmen are of no account; there should be the best heads and hearts in all this proud Commonwealth collected at the State House, to pilot us through weather such as this generation has not seen the like of.

Saw a Spirit.

The following item is going the rounds of the secular press as "a singular affair," although among Spiritualists the seeing the spirits of those who have once lived with them in the form, is but an every-day occurrence. The story is, that a young lady in Chicago was betrothed at the beginning of the war to a Lieutenant in the army. He was killed in battle, and his body taken home and buried by his nearest friend and comrade who was with him when he fell.

What the West Needs.

Our co-laborer in the spiritual ranks, J. L. Potter, now in the West, says, "Here more test mediums are wanted; why will they not come and satisfy the demand? Every place I stop at the cry is, 'Give me some test, but my friends are around me, then I will believe.' I cannot blame them for not believing without some such evidence. I observe a general progress toward Spiritualism throughout the country. A little exertion by the part of those who possess the gift would satisfy many as to the reality of spirit communion."

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

BY JOHN B. ADAMS.

How sweetly falls upon our souls The ministry of angel love! How are we blest on earth below By those in heaven above.

An Astonishing Record.

The deluge of railroad disasters which have occurred in this country of late, has been far more destructive to life and property than many have any idea of. A New York paper estimates that there have been about forty-five railroad "accidents" (so-called) since the close of the civil war in April last.

The Hop Crop.

Those who ought to know all about it report that the crop of hops this year will be minus. Perhaps ten thousand bales will be picked—perhaps twice as many. Between these limits the whole will be comprised.

A New Disease.

The New York papers announce a new disease, which has not been given a name as yet, arising from over-crowded, ill-ventilated street car travel. Something of the kind might be looked for, when day after day cars that were arranged to seat twenty persons at the most are packed with sixty and seventy, in all weathers, the passengers heated and perspiring, their garments wet sometimes with the rain, the doors, windows and passengers clogged up so that ventilation is impossible.

Petroleum.

The excitement in rock-oil speculation has wonderfully subsided from last winter, yet discoveries appear to be continually made in the oil regions, particularly in Western Pennsylvania, that establish the oil mining business on a solid and permanent foundation. From gambling it has come down to sober reality. We do not hear so much of new oil companies as we used to. Men are more chary of the dollar a share stocks than they once were, and there are few such things now offered in the market, either. Our exports of oil to foreign countries are indeed very large, and make the whole oil trade shrink wonderfully in comparison. Our trade in oil is destined within a few years to be of the first importance, leading as cotton used to do and will in time again.

Cheating by Army Officers.

The people are doomed to still another surprise, in being told that certain military officers have been discovered to be defaulters to a large amount. They were concerned in paying off a lot of Government bonds for the value of their face, and putting the advance interest, specially authorized by Congress, into their pockets. The difference really belonged to the soldiers, if anybody; but these self-sacrificing officers have managed to make a clean swindle of the thing and helped themselves. They are being overhauled by the authorities, and their villainies will be exposed.

Off for California.

We stated two weeks since that Miss Adn L. Hoyt, the writing and rapping test medium, intended visiting California the present month. We now announce that she has engaged her passage, and will leave in the steamer which sails from New York, on Saturday, the 16th. We congratulate our California friends on the acquisition of so excellent a medium of communication with their invisible friends, who are ever anxiously waiting for the doors of their hearts to be opened that they may enter, and give them a knowledge of existence beyond the grave. We doubt not she will be the means of doing much good in spreading the truths of our glorious Philosophy. Her address after the 16th will be San Francisco, Cal.

Important, if True.

A few days ago President Johnson informed a delegation of Western gentlemen, who called to see him on business, that he had decided to restore the writ of habeas corpus, and would issue a proclamation to that effect in a short time. He also told them that the army was to be reduced to the lowest possible limit, by the withdrawal and mustering out of the troops serving in the Southern States as soon as they reconstructed their governments satisfactorily. So says a telegram from Washington.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was taken by the Spirit of the Word...

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life...

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 159 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS...

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, the consciousness of thy presence falls upon us like a sacred benediction. It comes like the breath of sweetest flowers...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to hear such inquiries as the audience are pleased to offer. Friends need not wait one for another...

vidually by the entire body. So, in one sense, you have no free agency, and yet, in another sense, you have it. Through your individuality...

Q.—Then responsibility is erroneously considered? A.—Sometimes it is; and yet, as individuals, you are held responsible through your human individuality.

Q.—This theory teaches that the moral law will be considered under a new form, as the Pagan, for instance? A.—The Mormon law has its place and time of being. It exists to-day in the form it does exist in.

Q.—Is not the development of matter the mission of intelligence? A.—Yes; that is a part of its mission, but not the whole. As matter becomes refined, developed, unfolded, as the spirit acts in this direction upon matter...

Q.—Are we to believe that there will soon be a religious war in Europe, having that peculiar character, in a few years? A.—You are at liberty to believe what you choose. But whether you believe it or not, it must come.

Q.—Will that war be of a physical or spiritual character, or both? A.—It is our opinion that it will take on the physical, as well as the mental. You are prone, as yet, to wind up your mental conflicts with the physical.

Q.—It has been said that the Church of Rome would be transferred to Jerusalem. What are we to believe of it? A.—Many believe this will be so; but your speaker does not.

Q.—If, as it has been said, some spirits sleep a thousand years, why may they not sleep eternally? A.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties.

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Q.—It is a self-evident fact that some spirits will sleep that length of years, perhaps longer in some, if not in all their faculties. It is exceedingly hard to arouse some spirits after death, from the lethargy that the Church has thrown around them...

Pendleton. My parents were Quakers. I was fourteen years old. Two years ago I had the typhus fever. It ended in consumption.

About six weeks before my death I was brought out as a medium; but they said it was—what I said I saw—was only a result of my weakness, my sickness, and they never thought of attributing it to the right cause. But I said if what these people that come to me tell me is true, I shall be able to come back, after I die, and then you will know that I was—that this was not because I was weak and sick, or at any rate it was real, it was not the fancy you supposed it to be.

When I first got to the spirit-world, I was met by my sister Caroline, and she told me that all I'd seen during my sickness was not a dream, but a reality, and very soon I should learn how to go back to earth again and speak. And she's been teaching me ever since. But I've never found courage to come until now. Sometimes I feared I should suffer, as in my sickness, and I do some. And sometimes I feared I should frighten my parents; that I didn't want to do. But most of all, I feared that the process of leaving again would be as hard as it was in dying. But I finally overcame all my doubts, and determined to come here and speak to-day.

I want my parents to know it was real, and not fancy; and more than that, I want them to sit in council—no, that's not it—in a circle, and we'll surely come and give certain demonstrations that we are there.

I am happy, happy, so happy! and I would not return if I had a well body—no, not if I knew I'd live forever. Good-by, sir. June 25.

Mary Eliza Hammond. I know it is the custom of those who come here to give some name to the disease they died of, but I cannot. I was falling for many months, and at last died. I did not know the name of the disease I died of. Some said it was one thing, some said it was another, and I never interested myself to find out, after I died.

I was thirty-three years of age. I lived in Hamilton, Lower Canada, and the name my body was known by was Mary Eliza Hammond.

I have a sister, whose name is Agnes, here somewhere in Massachusetts. She was written to during my sickness, but she did not get the letter, so did not come to me. I thought of her earnestly then, and I've thought of her earnestly since I passed away. She's some three years younger than I. She has been away from home in all about sixteen years, although in that time she has been home perhaps five or six times, but never to stop long.

Now I thought if I could only come here and find her, and talk with her, and let her know I could come back, how glad I should be. I do not know what you do for us, only as I've been told. They say you publish what we give, it goes out into the world, and in some way reaches our friends.

I want to meet my sister here; that's what I come for. I don't know where she is. She's somewhere in Massachusetts now. Is this Boston? [Yes.] She was here, sir, the last time I heard from her.

Oh, would you tell her that I came here, and I am anxious to speak to her. I have got so many things to tell her. [What is her name?] Agnes. She's three years younger than I. I've nothing to reward you with, sir. I can thank you. June 25.

Jennie Alderney. I got permission to say just a word to my mother. My name is Jennie Alderney. I lived in New York. I was most eight years old. I had the measles, or something. [Did you live in New York City?] Yes, sir, I had the measles, and I died last winter.

My mother's poor, and she nint got anything, hardly, and she feels awfully because I've gone. And I asked the folks in the spirit-land if I could come here and say a word to my mother, so she'd feel happy. I am happy in the spirit-land. I am only here for her, she's so unhappy.

There's three of us in the spirit-land, three of us there, and we all want to come to mother, every one of us. Father don't stay to home. He drinks, and don't stay to home, and my mother do n't—he don't take care of my mother any. And if I could speak to him I'd like to; I'd like to tell him not to drink any more, and to take care of my mother. I want my mother, if she can, to go to some one of these folks that let us speak. Good-by, sir.

Can you come here if she wants to. [Certainly.] Well, she's in New York, and they won't let her come for nothing. [She can find some medium there.]

Well, if I can talk with Mr. Jones, I know he will. [Who is he?] He's a man what used to give her meat when I was sick. He's a provision man. He's good. My mother used to say she should be bad off if it wasn't for him. I've thought about him many times since I went to the spirit-land. I reckon I'd do something for him some time, when I grow larger. Good-by. June 25.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Tuesday, June 27.—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Ellen Murphy, of Johnson's Court, New York City, to the Catholic priest, Father Kearney; Harry Hodgkins, killed on F. R. Railroad, to his sister "Jip"; J. P. 21-bridge Jay Harris, to his friends on earth.

Thursday, June 29.—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Wm. Smith, of Keokuk, Iowa, to his home and other friends; Martha Verkins, of Boston, Mass.; George Donelson, of New York, to his mother.

Friday, July 3.—Invocations; Questions and Answers: Jack Alcott, of Watpole, N. H., to his friends; Hon. Rufus Chute, of Boston; Benj. Aldrich, of Troy, N. Y.; Susan Wickliffe, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her father, John Wickliffe.

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES. RECEIVED FROM Galle Morris, Manson, Ind., 50; E. H. Wilson, John, Pa., 25; Emily Wetherbee, Hanover, N. H., 25; Friend, New York, 1.00; Henry Turner, Louisville, Ky., 50; Howard Turner, 50; Edwin Turner, 50; F. Long, Foster's Crossing, 50; Mary M. Heale, Forrest City, Ill., 1.00; C. P. King, Louisville, Ky., 1.00; J. F. Pratt, Gallatin City, Tenn., 50; J. H. Smith, Mass., 1.00; Mrs. E. H. Matthews, Parkeville, Wis., 50; Ann Hagan, No. Royall, Va., 50; Maria D. Smith, Eau Claire, Wis., 1.00; Friend, 1.00; Orestis P. Smith, Burlington, Vt., 50; Geo. G. Mead, Thompsonville, Wis., 50; Geo. J. Bacon, 1.00; N. D. Smith, 1.00; A. V. Barlow, Mahomet, Ill., 50; A. M. Turner, 50; Friend, 50; A. Friend, 50; A. Friend, 50; F. M. Lawrence, Quincy, Mass., 50; R. M. Loring, Gloucester, Mass., 1.00; Geo. A. Noble, Ware, Mass., 1.00; Friend, Boston, 1.00; Geo. Napier, Courtland, N. Y., 50; J. P. Fulkerson, Elkhart, Ind., 50; Powell Halleck, Kendall, Ill., 25; J. K. Jones, Nevada, C. T., 1.00.

BREAD TICKET FUND. RECEIVED FROM Henry Anderson, New Philadelphia, O., 50.00; E. H. Wilson, John, Pa., 25.00; Emily Wetherbee, Hanover, N. H., 25.00; Friend, New York, 1.00.00; Henry Turner, Louisville, Ky., 50.00; Howard Turner, 50.00; Edwin Turner, 50.00; F. Long, Foster's Crossing, 50.00; Mary M. Heale, Forrest City, Ill., 1.00.00; C. P. King, Louisville, Ky., 1.00.00; J. F. Pratt, Gallatin City, Tenn., 50.00; J. H. Smith, Mass., 1.00.00; Mrs. E. H. Matthews, Parkeville, Wis., 50.00; Ann Hagan, No. Royall, Va., 50.00; Maria D. Smith, Eau Claire, Wis., 1.00.00; Friend, 1.00.00; Orestis P. Smith, Burlington, Vt., 50.00; Geo. G. Mead, Thompsonville, Wis., 50.00; Geo. J. Bacon, 1.00.00; N. D. Smith, 1.00.00; A. V. Barlow, Mahomet, Ill., 50.00; A. M. Turner, 50.00; Friend, 50.00; A. Friend, 50.00; F. M. Lawrence, Quincy, Mass., 50.00; R. M. Loring, Gloucester, Mass., 1.00.00; Geo. A. Noble, Ware, Mass., 1.00.00; Friend, Boston, 1.00.00; Geo. Napier, Courtland, N. Y., 50.00; J. P. Fulkerson, Elkhart, Ind., 50.00; Powell Halleck, Kendall, Ill., 25.00; J. K. Jones, Nevada, C. T., 1.00.00.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRIT SHADOWS.

Oh, dimmers of the Summer Land, What beauties from your pencils grow—Visions of Peace, of Joy and Love, To cheer the wanderers here below. Clothed in the never dying tints Of life immortal, Godlike truth, All hallowed by the blessed seal Of Joy supernal, fadeless youth. Sweet, treasured faces, once of earth, That smiled our joy, and wept our pain, And faded to the other shore, Now smile to us from heaven again. Galesburg, Ill., 1865.

For the Banner of Light. SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY HENRY LACROIX, MONTREAL, CANADA.

The light of Spiritism, as Spiritualism is called in France and throughout the Peninsula, has taken different hues in different countries, apart from that which is purely physical. Facts are facts everywhere. Nations, like individuals, do not all belong to one class; some belong to the physical order, others to the moral. We (in the singular) are not ready to say that any, as yet, can be classed in the purely philosophical status.

The Anglo Saxon race represents, to our mind, the physical philosophy; but the French can well be said to be the best exponents of moral philosophy. The American people, which we are pleased to consider as the development of all Anglo-Saxon races, have undoubtedly the physical genius. To the Americans the goals of the spiritual sphere have addressed their first salutations, when they lately came to earth to inaugurate the new reign. Pioneers, in no matter what cause, can always be considered as physical. The Americans have undoubtedly led the way into Spiritism. They have been the first to say to the world: "Here are facts that mean something, and we shall know what they do mean."

We shall not revert to the trials which the new pioneers have met, but with a joyful feeling we are content to say that they have obliged the world to admit that these facts were not and are not illusory, but bona fide demonstrations. In the land of free inquiry and free thought was lately born over the Spirit of Truth, of ancient times, which taught men of the nature of the unseen. The Americans, endowed with greater mental faculties than the nations of old, have received that Spirit as a welcome visitor. They have not bowed down and worshipped him as the ignorance of olden times did; but committees or groups, all over the land, have sat and conversed with that Spirit, and bid its many voices to give utterance to its claims. That Court of Inquiry has established, beyond a doubt, that the spirit-hoards of these days are intelligences served by moral and physical powers, and that they are congenitally linked to the material world to outwork the great ends of progression and happiness.

The physical propensities or genius of the American people has enabled the spirit-world to demonstrate its physical or fundamental powers, to a degree quite unexpected. The whole civilized world has stood aghast at the wondrous demonstrations of the invisible world, effected through the mediumship of the American people. As the revolutionary spirit of independence went from the emancipated United States to distracted France, to bid its people rise and crush asunder the vile spirit of despotism and proclaim the "rights of man," so, likewise in our days, the spirit-hoards went from the United States to France to inaugurate there a central battery to illumine benighted Europe. A few years only have elapsed since this took place, but a mighty work bears witness to the efficiency of French mediumship. As Andrew Jackson Davis has been one of the main agents, in America, of spirit-power, to outwork the great change and reform, so Allan Kardec, in France, has been one of the chief agents to electrify and enlighten many thousands of his countrymen and others throughout Europe.

In the United States the spirits have sown the physical seed of Spiritism; but in France they have sown more particularly the moral seed. Paid mediums are not to be found in France. But the nature of the people there is such as to bring on them inconveniences, if we may so term it, of another kind, much to be feared, we imagine, as to their ulterior consequences. Nations of the moral class, like individuals of the moral kind, are naturally inclined to seek for protection and authority. This particular trait is very noticeable among the Spiritists or Spiritists (which is all one), of France. Centralization is usually resorted to there to attain even the ends of reform and progress.

There is a Central Group in Paris, of which Allan Kardec is the President, consecutively elected ever since its formation. All other groups throughout France and adjoining countries, and even as far as Russia, retrace toward this Central Sun and draw from it a good deal of their vitality in points of doctrine and rules of organization. This may be all well for the beginning at least, for those populations who have been ever so long accustomed to the monarchical rule; but in republican countries, that system would be at least distasteful. Every system has its peculiar advantages, and the one adopted in this respect in France, may be the means of giving more immediate power to Spiritism; but does it not logically lead, ultimately, to a terrible ambush—Secularism?

Z. Y. Picard, the editor of the *Revue Spirituelle*, published in Paris, has always strongly opposed the above system; but the majority are certainly of a contrary opinion to his.

The principal doctrine advocated by Spiritists in France, is that of re-incarnation. Reasoning and the concordance of innumerable spirit-communications throughout France and elsewhere, throw sufficient light on that doctrine to make it acceptable; but we contend that this doctrine is accompanied by coarse or undeveloped notions, which logical minds cannot accept. For instance, it is repeatedly advanced by Allan Kardec and many other writers, that the principal object of re-incarnation is for the purification of the individual; that spirits come back in the flesh for the main purpose of atoning for former offences. This appears to us a narrow view of the case. We would say, the consequence is taken for the objective sense. We take it for granted, that Allan Kardec and others have been careful to collect a large amount of testimony from the spirit-sphere, both in France and elsewhere, before they undertook to cast over the beautiful doctrine of re-incarnation the bur of atonement. We are also led to believe that communicating spirits in France, as a general rule, are of the moral class of minds than otherwise; like draws like! For instance, the disrobing spirit of the Central Group in Paris, is said to be Saint Louis, and the leading

communications in the *Revue Spirituelle*, more often bear theological names, appended signatures. Now, we all very well know that the best men among us, of the moral class, have not wide, scanning minds, and that they are not rated as intellectual authorities. Experience proves, apart from logical reasoning, that the same rule stands good in the upper world. Our mind has always been led to the conclusion, that moral beings are simply the mouth-pieces, or carriers, employed by higher intelligences for the transmission and spreading of truth, and that they but very rarely realize the point and importance of the messages they transmit—as the mother in the human family—and that their inefficiency to properly understand, often leads them, to some extent, more or less, to alter the great truths confided to their care for diffusion.

The doctrine of re-incarnation is assuredly a brilliant light, which makes clear many and many perplexing questions, but in the hands of moral beings, either spirits or their earthly brethren, it does seem to our mind to be wrongly or coarsely appreciated. With all due respect for the candid opinion of the spirits and their co-laborers on earth, who but see the right-side view of that great doctrine, we still feel bound to repel the notion of atonement, as its principal object. Those spirits who have promulgated on earth the doctrine of re-incarnation, have undoubtedly misconstrued its right or true meaning, or rather, they have been unable to understand, in the highest sense, its philosophy. Understanding is always in accordance with the state of the mind; and the moral state is certainly not a clear-seeing state.

We doubt very much should this doctrine of re-incarnation be generally brought forward before the notice of American Spiritists, whether they would take the French view of it. There is something repulsive in the idea that atonement is the main object or the object of re-incarnation. The minds that are psychologized with that belief, either in the spirit-sphere or on earth, are undoubtedly yet under the influence, to some extent at least, of theological notions.

TO DISORGANIZERS—PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

MY DEAR BANNER—Will you allow a plain man to ask a few plain questions through your columns? Do the disorganizing Spiritualists intend to agree to obey any good law or rule in society? If so, will they tell us what it is? This will enable other Spiritualists to understand whether there is a difference of opinion regarding the moral principles we wish established in society. "Oh," say many of them, "we are not opposed to agreeing to obey any good law; but we are opposed to Spiritualists organizing to establish them. We are fearful it will result in more evil than good. Organized associations, in our opinion, are dangerous to the rights of the individual and the liberties of the people."

And who are in favor of associating together to establish good laws, fear, if it is not done, that organizations, now formed and being made, will establish unjust laws. Our principles are, that we should associate to overcome evil with good. And we are fully convinced that all Spiritualists who are for the right, will join us to establish it, as surely as birds of a feather flock together. We owe to the associations of reformers, in the middle ages and since, the legal freedom we now enjoy. They commenced with the best principle that was practical in their time—the right of private judgment. This was followed by the common-law principles, that persons accused of crime should have the right to be tried by a jury of their peers. Eventually the rights of the people were secured more firmly by the writ of habeas corpus. Now were the associations that took these liberties and made creeds of them, and these creeds and made laws of them, ever dangerous to the liberties of the people?

Most persons will say the above principles were never the basis of creeds. That is my opinion; but they were the basis of associations to establish them as laws. If reformers of this age propose to organize associations upon the most just principles that are practical, they are classed with creed-makers, and people are warned to beware of them as such.

There is a plain difference between good principles that we propose to establish as the laws that will make all the people equally free, and the narrow creeds that are calculated to elevate the few at the expense of the many. Every proposition that is made should be examined carefully with regard to the principles it contains, and note especially whether they are calculated to benefit, elevate, and make more equal the people generally, or to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. Having put every one on their guard in this matter, our next duty is to draw attention to the most vital evil, creeds, institutions, or laws that exist, and give the living, acting principles by which we propose to overcome them. I am of the opinion that the most pernicious creed of this age is the sacrificial one of vicarious atonement. It is the greatest preventive of religious, political, scientific and moral progress of any partisan doctrine of the age; and we should try to overcome this evil first by the good teachings of spirits, which have proved true in practical life, and are consistent with scientific conclusions.

Acting on this principle, a few Spiritualists in this city established a free-speech platform for spirits and persons equally, and adopted the following article in their association: "We agree to associate together upon the religious principles: that the spirits of persons who have left the form of flesh, communicate with people now, and teach them that the only way to be saved from pain and misery is to live in obedience to those physical, moral and spiritual laws of human nature that produce health and happiness."

Here we have the distinctive difference between the Christian's creed and the Spiritualist's principles. The Christian relies on Christ to save him, and the only real work he has to do is to pray, exhort, and observe the sacred feasts and holy fasts. The Spiritualist relies upon the laws that God has established to save him, and at once goes to work to learn what they are. First, the physical laws. He applies to the sciences to learn what he should do to make the body a fit vessel for the pure spirit of God to put in it; the kind of food and clothing it requires; the muscular and mental exercises that will be most useful; the hours of labor necessary for the support and comfort of individuals; and the hours of recreation and rest. And he soon learns that a dress-reform meeting, including the sitting of shoes, is of more importance than a prayer meeting; and that a meeting to consider muscular and mental exercises, and the quality and preparing of food, the ventilation of houses, and the hours of labor, is of vastly more importance than a meeting for prayer, exhortation, and a sermon on the atonement thrown in. This is the physical religion. We are endeavoring to begin a Sunday Progressive Lyceum for children, and introduce the mental and physical exercises that are most approved, so

Esther Pendleton. I was Esther Pendleton. I lived in Philadelphia. I was the daughter of John and Esther

that the young will be trained to acquire the best developed muscles and minds that it is possible to attain. A. J. Davis's system seems to be the most popular.

Second, the moral laws. The Spiritualist soon discovers that these are all based upon the principles that all adult persons are entitled to the same moral or legal rights and immunities, and should be subject to the same moral or legal restrictions and disabilities; because people who will not grant equal rights to others, will not grant them equal measure or weight, or the same choice in the pursuit of happiness. It is the only real test that I know of which shows that a person really believes that God is our Father, and every man our brother, and every woman our sister. The adoption of this equality law is the moral and legal want of the age, and is of as vital importance now, as was a trial by jury in the age that demanded it. We cannot take one step in moral reform until this is adopted, that is at all likely to prove permanent and valuable. This is the moral religion.

Third, the spiritual laws. Persons wishing to receive good communications from spirits, will know that they must obey the laws of peace and harmony. To increase the value of the communion, so as to have the clearest and best ideas of the spirits, the medium must have the best possible physical and mental development, and the purest moral principles, practices and thoughts. This shows the necessity of the physical and moral training being in accord with our nature, as spoken of under those heads. When all these necessary conditions are complied with, then will our spirit-friends direct us so that we shall find stolen or lost property, or to mines of wealth in the earth, to fountains of pure water in the midst of sandy deserts; cure our diseases, and make paths of peace for us in our pilgrimage on earth, and be always with us to direct, comfort, and help in our needs, and guide us in paths of wisdom, until we join them in their heavenly homes. This is spiritual religion; is intimately joined with the physical and moral; and all are to be considered, taught, learned and practiced on Sunday, as well as on other days.

In conclusion, I wish to ask the friends of humanity to point out the faults in the principles and plan proposed in the above article, so that the very best way may be selected to overcome the evils at present existing in society by good. Will the disorganizer tell us of the dangers to personal or national liberty that will arise from organized associations formed to establish the above principles as the laws of the land, or the rules by which the laws will be made? Let us reason together; adopt the good, reject the bad. 618 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis., 1885.

Obituaries. From Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 20th, passed home to the Angel World, the spirit of Mr. Wm. Wildes, aged 87 years 4 months, and 3 days.

Our brother was well known in former years as the kind and gentlemanly keeper of the Elm Street Hotel. He has long been suffering from rheumatism, and was confined to his home at last the Messenger came and took him home to rest with the angels. May the comfort which Spiritism affords afford relief to his children, and to all who are afflicted with the same affliction. He was a true friend, and his loss is felt by all who knew him. SAMUEL GROVER, Somerville, Mass., Aug. 24, 1885.

Called to her home among the angels, June 24th, Eliza J. T., wife of Frank V. Putnam, of Rumford, Me., aged 23 years 8 months.

Beautiful, noble, kind and gentle in earth-life, ever ready to perform his duties well and faithfully; a faithful wife, a loving daughter and sister, a true friend, she was beloved by all who knew her.

When the angel called for her, after two weeks of the most intense suffering, she bade her friends farewell, her blessing for her child, her young one, and she was borne to the land of eternal rest. S. A. N.

Transplanted into the Garden of God, a frail human blossom, Aug. 27th, 1885, Miss Lawrence Wales, aged 14 months and 19 days, only child of James L. Wales, Jr., and Mary V. Wales, of Groveland, Mass.

"They called her sweetest name, When they kissed her living brow, Their 'Pet Bird,' 'Blossom,' 'sweet,' 'Thee by her name,' they would call thee." The funeral services were conducted at the house of the parents, the graves delivered by the writer. LAURA CURTIS.

In Woodstock, Vt., on the 19th Aug., at the home of his kind son-in-law, Mr. Geo. Raymond, Mr. Shadrack Phillips, aged 89 years, passed to the Summer-Land to join his companion and children who had passed on before.

He had been a good Universalist for many years, and it was believed by many that "Fattier" Ballou spoke words of comfort upon the occasion to the mourners and friends through the instrumentality of the Spirit-Sphere. Chapter XVII—How the spirit should be both friend and foe, and gathered up in the harvest season. It is beautiful to ripen for heaven." H. S. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, Vt., Aug. 21, 1885.

New Books.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL. All Ages and Nations and in all Churches Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith. By WILLIAM HOWE. There are two courses of Nature—the ordinary and the extraordinary. "Butterfly Analogy." "Without that call of madness which thou art proved to know nothing."—Terrentin.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I. An Apology for Faith in the Nineteenth Century; Spiritualists before the American Development; Manifestations of the Supernatural in Germany—continued; Manifestations of the Supernatural in Switzerland and France; The Supernatural in the Bible; The Supernatural in the Apocrypha; The Supernatural of the New Testament; The Supernatural in the Ancient Nations; The Supernatural in Assyria, Chaldea and Persia; The Supernatural in Ancient Egypt; The Supernatural in Ancient India and China; The Supernatural in Ancient Scandinavia; The Supernatural in Ancient Greece; The Supernatural in Ancient Rome; The same Faith continues in all these Nations to the Present Time; The Supernatural among the American Indians; The Supernatural among the Early Fathers; Supernatural of the Neo-Platonists; The Supernatural of the Roman Catholic Church.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II. Magic in its Relation to the Supernatural; The Supernatural in the Greek and other Churches; Supernatural in the Waldensian Church; The Middle Ages; The Spiritualism of Luther and the Early Reformers; The Supernatural and the Culture of the Church of England and of General Opinion; The Miracles in the Churchyard in Paris 1711 and Subsequently; The Supernatural in the Church of England; Spiritualism in North America; The Philadelphia Brethren; Opposition to New Facts; The Philadelphia Brethren; Swedenborg and Irving the Moravian Brethren; or, Unites Fratrum; A Chapter of Poets; Miscellaneous Matters; Conclusion. Two volumes. Price \$3.00. For sale at this office. June 1

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD. With Narrative Illustrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. As it is the peculiar method of the Academy to interpose no personal judgment, but to admit those opinions which appear most probable, and to leave it to the reader to judge for himself, it may be reasonably stated in favor of each proposition, and so, without obtruding any authority of its own, to leave the judgment of the reader free and unimpeded. This is a custom which has been handed down from Socrates; and this method, dear brother Quintus, if you please, we will adopt, as often as possible, in all our dialogues together. "Cicero."

CONTENTS. PREFACE.—List of Authors Cited. BOOK I.—GENERAL. Statement of the Subject Cited; The Impossible; The Miraculous; The Improbable. BOOK II.—TOUCHING CERTAIN PHASES IN SLEEP. Sleep in General; Dreams; The Phosphoric Acid. BOOK III.—DISTURBANCES POPULARLY TERMED HAUNTINGS. General Character of the Phenomena; Narrative; Summing Up. BOOK IV.—OF APPEARANCES COMMONLY CALLED APPARITIONS. Touching Hauntings; Apparitions of the Living; Apparitions of the Dead. BOOK V.—OF OBSTRUCTIONS OF PERSONAL INTERFERENCES. Retribution; Guardianship. BOOK VI.—THE SUGGESTED RESULTS. The Change at Death; Conclusion; Addenda to Text (Thousands); Appendix; Index. Price \$1.50, postage free. For sale at this office. June 11.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK; OR, HOUSEHOLD AND PRACTICAL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE, AND THE UNINITIATED. CONTAINING EIGHT HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT NEW AND ORIGINAL RECIPES FOR COOKING AND PREPARING ALL KINDS OF Poultry, Vegetables, Made Dishes, Fish, Game, Pasties, Desserts, Omelets, Pickles, Potting, Sauces, Cakes, Pies, Hops, Fish, &c.

MORNING LECTURES. Twenty Discourses DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN NEW YORK, IN THE WINTER AND SPRING OF 1885. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, ON THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, BY LIZZIE DOTEN, INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. BY WASH. A. DANSKIN, BALTIMORE.

TWO DISCOURSES, BY REV. F. L. H. WILLIS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE FIRST CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW YORK. Published by request of the congregation. To which is appended a request, a letter addressed to Mr. Willis to the Unitarian Convention recently held in New York. Price, 20 cents; postage free. For sale at this office. June 8.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE, For My Juvenile Friends, BY FRANCES BROWN.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles, by one of the most talented writers of the day. Price, half gilt 68 cents; gilt 75 cents. For sale at this office.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE. OR HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION. BY GEORGE STRAITS. This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls "a very handsome little work," and which the Boston Cultivator says: "A more unobjectionable and practical case has not been written." Its leading topics are: 1. Vulgar Concocts of Love. 2. What the Poets say of Love. 3. When and Whom to Marry. 4. Conflicting Notions of Love. 5. Guide to Conjugal Happiness. 6. Nationality of True Love. 7. Wedding Without Wood. 8. The Pathetic of Love's Ing.

JESUS OF NAZARETH; OR, A TRUE HISTORY OF THE MAN CALLED JESUS CHRIST, THROUGH ALEXANDER SMYTH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB. BY EMMA HADDINGE.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL. All Ages and Nations and in all Churches Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith. By WILLIAM HOWE.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD. With Narrative Illustrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK; OR, HOUSEHOLD AND PRACTICAL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE, AND THE UNINITIATED.

MORNING LECTURES. Twenty Discourses DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN NEW YORK.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, ON THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

TWO DISCOURSES, BY REV. F. L. H. WILLIS.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE, For My Juvenile Friends, BY FRANCES BROWN.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles, by one of the most talented writers of the day.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE. OR HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION.

JESUS OF NAZARETH; OR, A TRUE HISTORY OF THE MAN CALLED JESUS CHRIST.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB. BY EMMA HADDINGE.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

PETERBONS' NEW COOK BOOK.

MORNING LECTURES.

LECTURE BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TWO DISCOURSES.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

CHARMING BOOK FOR Juveniles.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Correspondence in Brief.

Warren Chase on the Vermont Frontier.

A few fearless souls, who have risen superior to theological fetters and popular opinion and preface, have been sent through the columns of the Banner that Mr. Chase was spending the summer in South Hardwick, resolved to make up a small purse and invite him to spend a few days in this vicinity, hoping he would dispense some spiritual truths that should, in the future, spring up in the hearts of unbelieving ones, and bear much fruit among a bigoted community. Mr. C. promptly responded to our call, and the afternoon of the 4th and 5th of August found him dispensing the best of his to a little company gathered at a private dwelling. Friday and Saturday evenings he gave lectures on our national affairs, in which all are equally interested to an attentive audience in one of our public buildings. Sabbath he gave two lectures on the truths and philosophy of Spiritualism, in the Universalist church in West Charleston. As there were two Orthodox meetings in the village, and the notice of Mr. C.'s lectures was limited, there were comparatively few present to hear him; but all listened attentively, and those of them, who feel wrong, were gratified, and feeling that a glorious light had dawned upon their souls. Mr. C. then went to Derby Line, where he spent a day and a half, visiting Stangstedt Place. He would have lectured at the Line on Sabbath, but the one church was pre-occupied by the Adventists, who rejoice in their belief that the soul sleeps in the grave till the resurrection of the mortal to immortality. Surely, their surprise and joy must be unbounded when, over the river, they find themselves still living, conscious identities. Mr. C. did not lecture at the Line, but was pleasantly entertained at the house of Mr. James, an earnest and active Spiritualist, although he stands alone amid scoffers and unbelievers. Mr. Chase needs no desires no enigmas from the people where he scatters the seeds of Truth broadcast by the wayside, or into the hearts of earnest seekers for light; but it is due him, as a faithful and untiring laborer in the field, that we publicly express our gratitude to him for the good he has done during his short stay of five days among us, strengthening and encouraging the hearts of our small but steadfast circle of Spiritualists. We hope he will not only come here again, but will encourage other good lecturers to send their way up among the green mountains and placid lakes and points of our frontier villages, that the blessed truths of spirit-communication may, ere long, be known and received by all. In the belief of the Spiritualists of Derby, Aug. 23, 1865. "SYLVANUS."

"Can Spirits pass Walls without Disorganization?"

In the Banner of Light of Aug. 5th, I find a contribution entitled, "Thoughts and Theories, by J. M. Peckham," wherein it is stated, "Can spirits pass walls without disorganization?" (he says) therefore the fact, I, for one, question it. I, therefore, I do not believe it a fact. Bro. P., in confirmation of his views, quotes different authors and qualities of elements to prove the inconceivable fine particles of which the human spirit is composed, but forgets or neglects to inform us of the myriads on myriads of particles from inconceivable sources, that go to make up the sum total of a human spirit, each of which itself would undoubtedly pass through a wall, or a hermetically sealed box. But when these countless millions of particles are organized into a glorious individualized being, the case becomes wonderfully changed. I suppose Bro. P. admits that organized spirits are substance, and consequently occupy space; if not, they must be the inconceivable nothing. But if they do occupy space equal to that of a mortal, or rather, if they are of diminutive size, I think they cannot pass through the pores of a door any more than I can, comparatively speaking. Bro. P., after summing up and showing the wonderful refinement of the elements of light, atmosphere, electricity and magnetism (each of which are separate distinct elements), says, "Spirits are doubtless millions of times finer still." Agreed; and yet it is asked how spirits can pass walls without disorganization? "With more propriety," he adds, "ask how a mortal, without disorganization, can pass banks of fog, or smoky strata of atmosphere." To answer to this last will truly answer the first regarding organizing and disorganizing. When I pass a bank of fog, smoke, water, or atmosphere, these elements do not necessarily pass through me, nor I through them; they are, for the time being, merely displaced for me to pass. Precisely so of organized spirit: the door, wall, &c., &c., must be displaced, otherwise they cannot pass. Let this be tested by the only true standard that I know of, viz. Nature and Reason, and I am persuaded, eventually, that Bro. P. will find himself, in his respect, mistaken. H. HANSEN, Akron, O., Aug. 18, 1865.

Matters in New York.

In my last I promised to acquaint your readers, from time to time, of our discussions at Metropolitan Hall, on Sixth Avenue.

The question, "Spiritualism vs. Orthodoxy," elicited much logical and philosophical reasoning, as well as rehearsals of some of the manifestations of the phenomena, showing that spirits do communicate with mortals, and inspire us to deeds of usefulness. A Professor of Theology took the negative, and did not exhibit to the audience some twenty spirits that he had in his pocket, which he had caught from time to time, and which consisted of spoons and, low strings, etc., stating that he could show how a jack-knife could be suspended by a string, inside the pantaloons, so as to rap upon the floor, etc. He made many other similar statements, which are too ridiculous to mention. We only regretted that the Professor had been thus unfortunate in the selection of his associates, and that he had forgotten that green glass always reflect the same color upon everything.

Of course lady mediums are called green inked and poetical, by their opponents; but what care we, when we know that many of them can improvise beautiful poems—before an audience numbering thousands—which many a literary would be proud to have grace his book, if they could come under their own signatures. Unfortunately for such wisecracks, they gain their knowledge from ancient lore, instead of receiving that of the walking souls the inspiration and revelations of to-day.

Metropolitan Hall is gaining celebrity for its free platform and densely crowded audiences. It was used last winter by Dr. Trall's students in hygienic and dress reform, who graduated with the title of M. D. affixed to their names.

Mrs. Ella E. Hobart, renowned for her indefatigable labors for the soldiers, gave inspirational lectures in this hall the last two Sabbaths; and Walter Hyde has also commenced a series of lectures with dramatic illustrations. Last week you saw, Metropolitan Hall is becoming noted for its free progressive platform; and I trust the interest manifested in these abstruse questions will result in some good. F. A. LOGAN, New York, Aug. 27th, 1865.

Scaled Letter Answered by Mr. Farnsworth.

DEAR BANNER—Some months ago I wrote a letter to my spirit father, sealed it up and sent it to L. L. Farnsworth, now in your city, having heard several times, from different persons, of his wonderful powers. At the time that I wrote it was not convinced of the truth of spirit-communication, but every part of my letter being so perfectly answered, and even more given than I asked for, had having been much aided, both spiritually and materially, through the instrumentality of Mr. Farnsworth, I deem it just to him and the public to request you to publish the following letter and its answer in your valuable paper. Respectfully, S. T. MORSE.

MY DEAR FATHER—Will you please answer the following questions through L. L. Farnsworth. Have you met with my children in the spirit-land? and are they happy? and do they ever visit me? Have you ever communicated to me? and if you have, what medium did you control? Father, I am embarrassed financially, and you assist me, by directing me so that I may provide for the necessities of my family? Please give me all the information that you can concerning every matter that will benefit me. Your affectionate son, S. T. MORSE.

"MY DEAR CHILD—I have met, and am often with Emeline and Thomas; they are happy, and

visit you often. I have communicated to you through Mrs. H., of New York. It gives me much pleasure, Stephen, to assist you all that I can, and am very glad of the opportunity. Write to Mr. San Francisco, Cal. I am now in circumstances to pay you all that I owe you. Beware of G. B.; he is deceiving you. I will try to direct you concerning oil. Other spirits assist me."

Suffice it to say, the communication, would be too lengthy for publication. The names of my children were correct, and I had also received communications purporting to come from him through Mrs. H., of New York, and the other matters given were correct. I followed his advice, and found all he said to be true. I consider this communication as positive proof of spirit-communication, and can no longer doubt the existence of a life beyond this. S. T. M., Pittsburg, Penn., Aug. 26th, 1865.

Old and Young Embrace Spiritualism.

Being engaged with you, dear Banner, in giving to the hungry souls of earth the food borne to us by our angel friends, I venture to send you few words of encouragement, and the offering of an aged lady, who wished me to send the enclosed, with her best wishes for your success. For more than forty years this lady and her companion were chained to the Church, and when their three-score years and ten had nearly passed, they grasped the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and now are happy in the thought that they have gained the knowledge to light them through the narrow valley which they may be called upon to lay off the mortal garb.

Six years and a half ago, their only daughter saw the form of her beloved companion laid in the grave, and as she looked upon her little ones she felt that they were indeed desolate.

More than a year passed, and at the urgent request of her brother, who was visiting her, she sought to gain some knowledge of her loved one. She became convinced of the truth of the principles advanced, and, wishing to feel free, she asked to be dischained from the Church, which was denied, upon the plea that it was against the principles of the Church to throw members out on the world; but in a few months they expelled her in disgrace. At this time the old lady dared not read the Banner on Sunday, but now she loves it and would not do without it. She sends one dollar for your Free Circles, and one for the broad ticket fund.

Whenever I go I find the interest increasing, and can only wish that mediums may be faithful to their trust. Mediums are being developed in every village; and the mighty truth of Spiritualism is rolling on, bearing the human family on to harmony and happiness. SARAH A. NUTT, Ware, Mass., Aug. 18, 1865.

Lectures in Gallipolis, O.

We have recently had a visit from Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Cleveland, O., who delivered three lectures in our city, upon subjects given to her by a committee chosen from the audience, the topics being unknown to her until she stood up to speak. The first lecture was on the "Spirit of the Rebellion," and the second on the "Futuro Destiny of the American Republic;" the third, "On Spirits and Material Substances." These subjects were well explained, and on the last one she spoke an hour and forty minutes without wearying her audience. They felt the inspiration to be more than human. At the close of each lecture she improvised a poem.

Mrs. Thompson was the first spiritual lecturer that ever spoke in our city, and from present appearances she has sown the seed of truth, that will spring up and bring forth fruit in good season, for the ground is now prepared to receive it. I fear not the result.

Mrs. Thompson has also given private sances, and examined persons for disease, giving evidence and tests that have convinced the most skeptical that spirits do communicate to friends in the form. Mrs. Thompson is one of those noble souls who sacrifices her own health and comfort for humanity's sake. It is happy and consoling to know that if she is not rewarded in this world she will be in the spirit-world.

The Universalist Society cheerfully gave us the use of their church for the lectures. Let showing a liberal and Christian spirit indicative of progression and development of the human mind. H. BREKEMAN, Gallipolis, O., Aug. 24, 1865.

To Spiritual Societies Everywhere.

We the undersigned wish to call your attention and patronage to a very worthy advocate of our Philosophy. M. H. Houghton, a lad nineteen years of age, has been here and delivered four of the ablest discourses we have ever listened to. Therefore we consider it a duty we owe to him and societies who are in need of a first class speaker to recommend him, as he is a new comer in the field and needs and deserves patronage. He has spoken in Stafford of late, with marked success and ability. His discourses are logical and delivered in a very forcible manner. He holds the audience spell-bound, and the skeptic exclaims, "Truly wonderful!" We cannot be more explicit than in saying he is a first class speaker, and needs the encouragement and support of spiritual societies everywhere. He has no engagements for the future, and will be pleased to answer calls to speak in any of the Eastern or Middle States the coming fall and winter. Address him at the office of the Banner, where I have been during the past two months. Express to return shortly to Central City, where he intends to deliver a lecture on Geology; he also intends favoring the public with lectures on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, &c. We need some one to help us in this way, but the number of known Spiritualists are not able to support public speakers regularly yet; but we live in hope that the day will soon come when we shall rise in our strength and proclaim the truths and beauties of our Philosophy. WILLIAM KEITH, Tolland, Conn., Aug. 23d, 1865.

Prof. Denton—Spiritualism in Colorado.

Extract from a letter from Nevada, C. T., of a recent date: I have been informed by my spiritual friends of this town, that our noble and worthy friend, Professor Denton, has visited Central City, Denver, and other portions of our Territory. He is now on our shore over the Snowy Range, where I have been during the past two months. Express to return shortly to Central City, where he intends to deliver a lecture on Geology; he also intends favoring the public with lectures on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, &c. We need some one to help us in this way, but the number of known Spiritualists are not able to support public speakers regularly yet; but we live in hope that the day will soon come when we shall rise in our strength and proclaim the truths and beauties of our Philosophy. I. K. JONES, Nevada, C. T., Aug. 28th, 1865.

Notice to Lecturers.

The Spiritualists of Chenoa and vicinity have organized under the name of the McLean Pioneer Circle.

We cordially invite all traveling lecturers passing through Central Illinois, to call and help us. The society is not able to employ agents to visit us especially, or from a great distance; but we can assure all such traveling this way, that their expenses shall be all met while here, and something for the needed additional expenses. Lecturers will take notice that Chenoa is the junction of the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis with the Peoria & Logansport Railroad, and the Eastern and Southern trains, from the East and South, do not make close connections, so it will be for their interest to stop over with us. Arrangements can be made by dropping a line to the undersigned. S. W. RICHMOND, Secretary, Chenoa, McLean Co., Ill.

To Dr. A. B. Child.

In the Banner of June 10th, Dr. A. B. Child's address at the Spiritualists' Convention in Boston, for the education of children, is the following paragraph, which has been read and very much criticised by some who cannot understand it. Will the Doctor please explain his views more simply, and oblige some of his admirers? "He who has an enemy is always an enemy to his enemy; so he who has an enemy always stands on a level with his enemy. Charity steps in, and enemies go out of the heart. Enemies make the world dangerous, and justice makes enemies. What the world wants is security—is success. Neither can be had under the rule of justice. The rule of charity is the people's security; the justice of a people is the people's destruction." Thine respectfully, MAHON GARRETTSON, Prairie Grove, Iowa, Aug. 16th, 1865.

A Picnic Meeting.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Spiritualists' Picnic at Portage Bridge, N. Y., Thursday, Aug. 24th, was an occasion long to be remembered with pleasurable emotions by hundreds who attended. The day opened bright and beautiful—was indeed all that could have been required, had the "clerk of the weather" done his best for such an occasion.

The special train of cars for the picnic left Avon at seven o'clock A. M., receiving large accessions of excursionists along the entire route, but much the largest number at Batavia, where those from Rochester, etc., joined the party. Leaving Avon at about ten o'clock, the train consisted of eleven coaches, filled to overflowing, and arrived at Portage Bridge at a quarter of twelve, when we immediately proceeded to the beautiful grove led by the Burgin Band, whose thrilling notes added much to the interest of the occasion.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. J. W. Seaver, in a few words of hearty welcome on behalf of the Committee, on whose motion the following officers were chosen: S. Chamberlain, President; Howland Richmond, Vice-President; Messrs. Post and Wilson, and Miss Sarah Stevens, Committee on Resolutions; and Messrs. Snimon, Merritt and Preston, and Mrs. Amy Post, Committee on Finance. J. W. Seaver and Sarah K. Stevens, were chosen Secretaries.

Mr. Wm. M. Sage and lady, and others, of Berlin, sang an appropriate piece, as also one or two others of the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed, assisted by a Committee of well known Spiritualists. Mr. Greenleaf, of Lowell, will speak Sunday, Sept. 10, at 10 A. M. He is a well known and successful medium, who will lecture during the season. The public will please take notice that these meetings are free, and all are invited to attend.

CHENEA.—The Spiritualists of Chenoa have hired Library Hall to hold their regular Sunday afternoon and evening meetings each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. H. H. Grandon, Chenoa, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 6 and 12. Meetings during the summer months: 13th and 20th P. M. SPIRITUALISTS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 7 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission 5 cents.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Free of charge. Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 10 and 12 o'clock. Carver, Co. Sec., to whom all letters should be addressed. Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Sept. 10, 11 and 24; Mrs. M. H. Wood, Sept. 10 and 24; Mrs. M. M. Wood, Nov. 17 and 26.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, Lowell, Mass., every Sunday afternoon and evening, 7 o'clock. Meetings at noon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during January; J. M. Peckham during November; J. O. Flah during January.

HAVENHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—Isaac F. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peckham, Dec. 3 and 10; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

VERMONT, N. J.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Westchester street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, 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 City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept. 3 and 10; Mrs. A. A. Currier, Sept. 17 and 24; Mrs. Laura Curry during October.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodge.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Ulver Hill Academy, during the winter months. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodge. NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Meetings are held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular meetings at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

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

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the name of "The Religious Society of Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

blending of the "drapery of the heavens" in other fantastic pictures.

There is no witness to this sight, I should have fancied myself the victim of an optical illusion; but there were those with me whose years carry them beyond the imputation of enthusiasts and seers of goblin shapes in crackling fires and shifting clouds, and the letters were distinct enough to simultaneously attract the attention of three of the party.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association will hold its next Annual Meeting in the city of Oshkosh, on the 9th and 10th of September next. Speakers engaged—Dr. H. P. Fairhead and Mrs. S. E. Warner. J. P. GALLUP, Sec'y, Oshkosh, Wis., Aug. 4, 1865.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

THE BURLINGTON SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Hicker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. Dr. J. Hicker, Sup't.

CHENEA, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Townsend during October and November; Neul Todd during December.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The Spiritualists of Charleston have organized, and hold regular meetings at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening. These meetings are to be conducted by a Committee of well known Spiritualists. Mr. Greenleaf, of Lowell, will speak Sunday, Sept. 10, at 10 A. M. He is a well known and successful medium, who will lecture during the season. The public will please take notice that these meetings are free, and all are invited to attend.

CHENEA.—The Spiritualists of Chenoa have hired Library Hall to hold their regular Sunday afternoon and evening meetings each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. H. H. Grandon, Chenoa, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie Felton, Dec. 3 and 10.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 6 and 12. Meetings during the summer months: 13th and 20th P. M. SPIRITUALISTS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall regularly at 7 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission 5 cents.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Free of charge. Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 10 and 12 o'clock. Carver, Co. Sec., to whom all letters should be addressed. Speakers engaged—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Sept. 10, 11 and 24; Mrs. M. H. Wood, Sept. 10 and 24; Mrs. M. M. Wood, Nov. 17 and 26.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, Lowell, Mass., every Sunday afternoon and evening, 7 o'clock. Meetings at noon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during January; J. M. Peckham during November; J. O. Flah during January.

HAVENHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—Isaac F. Greenleaf during September.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peckham, Dec. 3 and 10; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

VERMONT, N. J.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Westchester street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, 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 City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept. 3 and 10; Mrs. A. A. Currier, Sept. 17 and 24; Mrs. Laura Curry during October.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodge.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Ulver Hill Academy, during the winter months. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodge. NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Meetings are held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular meetings at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

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

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the name of "The Religious Society of Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[To be careful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Light office, Boston.

N. S. GREENLEAF, inspirational speaker, Lowell, Mass., will lecture in Mechanics' Hall, Charleston, Sept. 10.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Portland, Me., Sept. 10; in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements until further notice. Her many admirers and students will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. LAURA CURRY will lecture in Amory Hall, Lynn, Sept. 10; in Boston, Oct. 10. Will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during October. She will answer calls to speak week evenings as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Worcester, Mass., during September. To be held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular meetings at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

DR. AND MRS. L. K. COOKLEY will lecture and heal in Marshall County, Ill., from Aug. 15 to Sept. 10, in Havana, Mason Co., from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. Address, Havana. Will receive applications for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform books.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sept. 10; in Portland, Me., Sept. 17 and 24. Address, box 815, South Malden, Mass.

MISS MARTHA L. ROCKWELL, trance speaker, will lecture in Lynn, Mass., during November; in Philadelphia, Pa., during December. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Bangor, Me., during September; in Hartford, Conn., Oct. 15, 22 and 29; in Foxboro, Mass., Nov. 6 and 12; in Plymouth, Nov. 19 and 26; in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 3 and 10. Address, 13 Chaucery street, Boston.

MRS. S. A. HASTOR will speak in Rutland, Vt., the first Sunday of each month until November. LOUIS VAISROCKEER may be addressed at Liverpool, O. J. G. FISH will speak in Baltimore, Md., during September. Address, 13 Chaucery street, Boston.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Chicago, Mass., during September; in Philadelphia, Pa., during April. DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will take subscription for the Banner of Light, as usual.

MRS. F. L. WADSWORTH speaks every Sunday morning and evening in Sturges, Mich., till further notice. Address accordingly. MISS M. L. FRENCH, inspirational medium, will answer calls to lecture of attend circles. Free Circle Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

DR. B. M. LAWRENCE will answer calls to lecture. Address, Quincy Point, Mass. MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the coming fall and winter. Address, Tolland, Conn.

MISS JENNETT F. CLARK, Fair Haven, Conn., will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the coming fall and winter. Address, Tolland, Conn. MISS LAURA DE FORCE COOPER, Bangor, Me., care of H. B. Emery, Esq.

MISS H. T. STRANES, South Exeter, Me. MISS E. K. LADD, No. 140 Court street, will answer calls to lecture. ELLIHA HADFIELD, Persons desiring information of her whereabouts can obtain it by inquiry of Mrs. E. J. French, 84 North avenue, New York. Those who have occasion to write to her can do so by addressing Mrs. French, care of Mrs. G. H. Wilson, 725 Chestnut Hill, Manchester, England.

DR. JAMES MORRISON, lecturer, Mollney, Ill. MISS LUDIA ANN PRABALL, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. MISS ELIZABETH MARQUARD, inspirational and trance speaker, 91 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to lecture.

ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER will answer calls to lecture on Complementary Life, the Common Law, and the New Dispensation. Address, 61 Walnut street, Newark, N. J. J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, will make engagements through the West to speak where the friends desire. Address, 61 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

MISS MARTHA A. STUBETSKY, trance speaker, 27 Warren street, Boston. MRS. DR. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon the Law and their cases, and other subjects. Address, 111 Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

ALMA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Engagements made for the remainder of the year. Address, box 118, Bridgeport, Conn. J. H. RABDALL will answer calls to lecture in the central and northern part of New York during September. Address, 100 N. Y. St., New York.

MISS SOPHIA KENDRICK, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sunday, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address, Lebanon, N. H. MISS H. H. DECATUR, Mich. MRS. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. M. A. BROWN, West Brattleboro', Vt. L. J. DDD PARKER, Somerset, Somerset, Co., Pa. MRS. H. M. BROWN may be addressed at Chicago, Ill. SELAH VAN SICKLE, Maple Rapids, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in this vicinity.

F. L. H. and LOVE M. WILLIS. Address, Hancock, N. H. MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH, Seymour P. O., Allegheny Co., N. Y. ALBERT E. CARPENTER will answer calls to lecture. Address, 17 Fulton, Conn.

MRS. J. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Complementary Life. Address, Hampton, N. Y. MISS LIZZIE CALEY would like to make engagements for the winter months with the friends in New York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MRS. F. O. IYER, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. MISS ANNA M. L. POTTS, M. D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon anatomy, physiology, and the laws that govern the human system. Address, 62 State street, Chicago, Ill.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE will answer calls to attend public circles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapids, Mich. MRS. S. H. BROWN will answer calls to lecture. Address, East Westmoreland, N. H.

H. B. STORER, Brooklyn, N. Y. MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT, Eden Mills, Vt. J. M. and C. F. ALLEN may be addressed, for the present, at Searsport, Me. MRS. FRANCES T. YORNO, trance speaking medium, No. 12 Adams street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. FANNIE DAVIS SMITH, Milford, Mass. LEO MILLER, Davenport, Iowa. A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker. Address, Lee Hill, England Co., N. C. MISS FRANK REED, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MISS L. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. MISS LOVINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. MRS. MARY J. WILCOXSON, Hampton, Atlantic Co., N. J. C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 183, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Manakota, Minn. WILLIAM H. SALISBURY, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 1 Bank Row, Taunton, Mass. J. W. SEAYER, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at accessible places. Address, Union, N. D. He is again in the field, and ready to receive calls for lectures. Address care of A. J. Davis, 474 Canal street, New York.

MRS. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich. MISS H. MARIA WORTHING, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. MISS DELLE SCOUALL, inspirational speaker, Rockford