



Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
We think that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy hours.

GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER XI.

The following letter will take up the thread of Abraham's life:

NEW YORK CITY.
TO REUBEN NILES: My Dear Friend—Your letter giving me the free consent of yourself and wife to the marriage of myself and Mary, was so full of expressions of kindness that it carried me back to my boyhood and the days when we worked so happily together in the fields.

I owe much of my present happiness to your good advice, which I have never forgotten. You wish to know something of my history since I left your region of country. You know that as far as the world could see, I had rather poor success in getting on in the world; but I have learned that the good Providence that keeps our lives, often makes our failures wonderfully successful in bringing us good. I learned patience with Peter Hink; to love nature from you and Mary; I gained courage and faith from good Mr. Hardy; in my school I learned to study character; from Dr. Dean I learned that the best thing one can do is to bless his fellow men; Miss Jones showed me by her meddling some ways the folly and wickedness of gossip; Mr. Potham made me sure how much better it is to attend to one's own affairs than to be interfering with other people's; from John Smith I learned that good deeds are sure to bring a blessing, and evil ones a curse, (I suppose you know that John was convicted of stealing in this city, and was sentenced to three years confinement, but I was so fortunate as to use my influence in his behalf, and succeeded in getting his term shortened, and I sent him to the West, and he is now at work on a good farm); from Sophia Taft I learned how much better it is to do right without fearing the consequences, for Sophia's attempt to shelter Charles made him ready to yield again to any temptation, and I fear he is not so faithful as he ought to be. So you see how many teachers I had, and I should have been a very unworthy pupil if I had not learned a great deal. My hardships made me brave and healthy, and my trials made me determined to overcome all evil. I am what the world calls a successful man; but my greatest success has been in myself, for all the outward good that I get is not to be compared with the treasures I have gained from discipline and trial.

When I left Dr. Dean, because his wife was afraid the Dr. would like me too well, and wish to adopt me in the place of their son, I had no place to go to. The world was wide, and its occupations many; but all that I had tried I had failed to keep. For the first time in my life, I believe, I prayed in earnest, for I did not pray a selfish prayer, but I asked that I might become useful to my fellow-men. I had wished to be prosperous for my own sake. I thought I would like to make money and get rich, but I had not been able to, and I thought I had learned that rich people were not happy because of their wealth. The good Doctor, by his benevolent life, had shown me a better way to become happy, and I wished I could be beloved as much as he for his goodness.

When I left his house I walked to an adjoining town to save expense, for I had engaged to keep a winter school. As I went through the snowy paths I thought of good Mr. Hardy and his excellent wife, and I remembered that this life, at best, is not what very long, and I resolved to devote on some business that should help the world in some way. I seemed to remember Uncle Isaac's words spoken so long ago, "Abraham, you'll make a good physician." I resolved, in a moment, to follow in the steps of the good Dr. Dean. I commenced my school with courage. I had a purpose, and I laid up carefully all my earnings, and in the summer I worked on the farms. My good mother had died, and needed none of my help, so in a year I had quite a comfortable sum to commence my education. I studied and worked for three years, and then people called me a Doctor. But I had only begun to learn. I profited by the knowledge Mary and I gained of plants; and I remembered what Mr. Hardy told me, and I kept studying nature. I studied every plant I knew, and tried to know all its virtues. It was to help John Smith in his troubles that I came to New York, intending to leave immediately, but I found it a good place to do good in, and I stayed.

As soon as I had learned that success means the greatest good to the spirit, I seemed to have stepped on the right track, and I hope I shall never leave it. I have a good home, enough money to allow me to bless others, and soon I hope I shall say I have the best of wives. I close this sketch of some portion of my life, by begging that you will accept a life lease of your old farm, which I was so fortunate as to purchase last week. You know Mary and I will wish a home in the country. I should have told you that I looked up my Uncle Isaac's affairs, and received quite a little fortune from a piece of land he had owned, and which was almost worthless in his life. When I took it, I said, "Uncle Isaac, this is to be spent for you," and with a part of it I purchased your old farm. With another part I bought John Smith some land in the West, with another part I located Miss Jones comfortably in her old home, from which poverty had taken her, and I did not forget old Peter. I shall do as much more as will make Uncle Isaac happy in his new home.

From your old friend, ABRAHAM.

"How nice," said Susan Sloan, "that we should be sent just as we were so many years ago in your room. Don't you remember the day I came up here, when Abraham worked here, and we went into the woods for flowers? And now you are going to be married, and I am here helping you fix. It makes me feel as old as Methuselah."

"But you do not look old," said Mary, "and I'm sure I feel just like a girl, and can't believe I've been a school mistress these ten years."

"Don't tell me it's so long as that, and your cheeks are just as rosy as ever, and you love flowers just as well. Do put on this wreath and let me see if it will do for you to be married in. Here's just a bit more of the Clematis buds, and a spray more of the myrtle. There, that is lovely! Really, I most want to be married myself."

"Why not, Susan? The minister has asked you over and over again, and every time you say, 'wait a little.'"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mary," said Susan, "it's just because I have not been converted, and everybody says it's a shame for a minister to marry anybody that isn't pious."

"Let me tell you," said Mary, "what Abraham

said in one of his last letters. He had learned that real religion consisted in goodness, and that the most pious people were those that loved God by showing love to others."

"Well, Mary, that is beautiful to believe, and I feel it is just so; but when Capt. Spooner's wife asks me if I have met with a change of heart, what can I say?"

"Why, Susan, some hearts are so loving that they don't need to change, but only to keep on in the same beautiful way of goodness. I'm sure I don't see how you could change, only by becoming a little kinder to the Rev. Mr. Worthington."

"Ah, Mary, you preach to my liking; but if you should be wrong?"

"But you see I am not, Susan; because, you must know, that Jane Dean's saying she had got religion did not make her a bit kinder to Miss Jones when she was sick. I can't help thinking what old Peter Hink said the other day: 'I like that sort of religion that leaves the latch-string out, and says, "Come, here's a plenty and to spare, if it's nothing but a bit of a crust;" and I believe in that piety that's just like my pear tree that is growing and giving of the best it has to 'make people contented.' And Peter added, 'that he had learned that sort of piety from Abraham.'"

"Well, Mary," said Susan, thoughtfully, "I'll dwell on what you've said until to-morrow, and then I'll give my final answer to that great question that you have answered so well."

"To-morrow is a great way off," said Mary; "but there is a charming to-day. Only think how nice you'd be my bridesmaid, and then I would be yours! I'll run down stairs this minute, for I hear a voice that does not give its pleasant tones to the reading of hymns."

And so there were two weddings at the old farm, and Susan consecrated her heart to the divine love of blessing the world by first blessing her patient admirer, the Rev. Mr. Worthington. The house was as merry as in the olden time, when the apple-bee called together so many merry boys and girls. Jacob Zinkert was there with his wife Gerinda, who forgot her old ill-will, and thought Abraham the best man in the world after Jacob. And Phebe Stamp sat beside a fat, rosy-cheeked farmer, as easy and good-natured as her father; and by the glance of her eye at Mary's dress, it was quite evident that she was thinking of a dress that she soon expected to purchase for a wedding after her own heart. Jane Dean sat by herself, and looked anything but pleased at the turn affairs had taken; for everybody said that she had done her very best to win the place that Susan occupied as the minister's bride. There was so little love on her face, that no wonder Peter Hink said, "She was cut and dried for a crabbed old maid."

Peter was at the wedding, also, and his face seemed to have fewer wrinkles, and his hair to lie smoother on his head than was its wont. Miss Jones also wore a nice cap that Abraham had brought her, and his kindness had so changed her disagreeable nature, that she looked younger than when our story began; for nothing makes one grow old and wrinkled like an ill temper.

When the ceremony was over, Squire Niles said:

"As this is not just like other weddings, when people are expected to be very quiet, I wish to say a few words to these young folks. Remember Abraham's motto, 'Make success of every failure by getting the most good out of it possible.' If you'll do that you'll have a prosperous life, let what will come."

"I'm sure, I wish these much joy," said Mrs. Niles, "and I hope these has forgotten the trouble I gave thee."

"As for trouble," chimed in Miss Jones, "I'm sure I hope folks don't remember by-gones."

"By-gones," said Peter, "I think we all may as well forget a little what we don't care to remember."

"Well," said Mr. Potham, "if I'd thought of this ere day, I'd just minded my own business."

"I beg," said Abraham, "you'll all take my good will. I am only too glad to meet so many old friends. And now, Squire Niles, if you could bring back old times by one tune on your violin, it would warm up all our hearts."

Mrs. Niles looked toward the minister and shook her head, and the Squire protested he had grown too old; but soon the soft, sweet notes of "Auld Lang Syne" echoed through the room; a few voices joined, and then one after another chimed in, the trembling voices mingled with the steady, until every one present seemed touched with the spirit of the occasion and the harmony of good feeling, if not with the sweetest melody.

"Dear me!" said Miss Jones, the next day, "I was quite broken down. Now I allow it set a lot by Abraham, though I did not think like some folks. And it's true, as Squire Niles said, that things work for good, and no knowing, if folks had not abused Abraham, as he'd been more than other folks."

Thus Miss Jones tried to satisfy herself that all was well that ended well; but something very much like conscience spoke to her after this fashion: "Suppose Abraham had not turned his failures to good account; suppose he had become discouraged by the unkind words spoken of him; suppose he had thought it was no worse to do wrong than to have people say he did it; suppose all this, and who would have been accountable for his real failure, his wrong doing?"

And Betsy grew so excited at the thought of what might have been, and that there would have been no good, kind man to have kept her from the almshouse, that she shook her head, and stamped her foot, and exclaimed aloud:

"There's no sin greater than evil speech, I do believe. May the Lord forgive me for every evil word I have spoken."

"Amen!" said Mr. Potham, who happened to hear her; "that's all true. I just called in to say, don't you think it a living shame that the minister should marry a wife that isn't a professor? Now I heard Deacon Dean say—"

"Now, Mr. Potham," said Betsy, with spirit, "I'll have no more of your say-sos in my ears! Did n't you say amen to what I said? and here you are trying to bring reproach on as good as an Christian a gal as lives; for did n't Susan show her heart when she bore with my crossness when I was sick? Now I tell you, Mr. Potham, I'm determined—yes, I am, to stop this ere business of hinting and wondering, and I'm coming down to facts. Yes, Mr. Potham, I be, so there!" and she gave another shake to her head, and a stamp with her foot.

"Don't be hard on an old friend," said Mr. Potham, mournfully. "There's nothing sticks by like habit, and I'm so used to stopping and telling you all I hear—"

"Well, I say," said Betsy, "I'll have no more of it, not I!"

Original Essays.

THE GRAND ANTICIPATED MILLENNIUM: ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

BY K. GRAVES.

NUMBER THREE.

"Go home, dear friends! dry up your tears; Here we shall live till Christ appears. And when he comes we're sure to have A joyful rising from the grave."

It is a noteworthy fact of history that the votaries, under the various ancient systems of religion, one and all, confidently anticipated the installation of a new Messiah, or the return to earth of a departed Saviour, as one of the signal events to accompany the introduction and establishment of the millennial age. The primitive Jews, (then known as Hebrews, or Israelites,) who so readily inhaled the spirit of the Oriental religions with which they came in contact, predicted the divine birth of a "Second Adam," denominated by the Cabalists, or Cabalistic Jews, "Adam Cadman." He was to appear on earth in the character of a Messiah; and some of the Jewish sects still hold the realization of this prophecy as an established future event.

Descending to a later period, we find in the New Testament Scriptures, that the texts are extremely numerous, (abounding in almost every chapter of some of the books,) which apparently announce, in the most explicit terms in which language can be used, the prospective Second Advent, or redemptive to the earth of "the Son of Man," on the occasion of the general conflagration of the world, and the separation of the sheep from the goats—if the "just judge" should be so fortunate as to find any sheep among the goats. Texts of this character are so very numerous that our inflexible rule of exclusion must exclude the insertion of the greater portion of them here. We will select a few of the most explicit and appropriate. "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."—Matt., xvi: 28. "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—Matt., xxiv: 30. "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."—Matt., xxiv: 34. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout."—1 Thes., iv: 16. "Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up, together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."—1 Thes., iv: 17. "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord."—James, v: 7. "For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—James, v: 8. "Behold, he cometh with clouds."—Rev., i: 7. "Behold, I come quickly."—Rev., xxii: 7. "Little children, it is the last time," etc.

Many other passages of a similar character might be cited, if space would allow, necessarily required it. Now most unquestionably to our comprehension, if human language can mean anything, the foregoing texts establish, beyond anything, two facts: 1st. That the general expectation prevailed with the disciples of Christ, that their Messiah—"The Son of Man"—would suddenly make his reappearance, descending on the clouds, some time after the fashion, we suppose, that an aeronaut rides, or once round, upon a balloon. 2d. That this momentous event was to be realized in that age or generation in which the anticipated occurrence was announced. They also evince the illiterate notion, prevalent in that age, that the earth is a flat tabular or level plain, inhabited only on the upper side; else how could they have spoken of those who should be yet "alive and remain" on the earth, witnessing the descent of the Son of Man, when this was impossible for more than one-half of the inhabitants of a round or spheroidal shaped planet? However, we recollect that the Rev. John Calvin admonishes us "not to build our hopes in the Divine Word on the sands of human reason." And his coadjutor and co-laborer in the Protestant reformation, Martin Luther, seconds the motion, when he exclaims, "Reason is the pride of the Devil." That Christ and his contemporary followers really expected the literal and practical fulfillment of the millennial hopes of that epoch, and cherished the fullest conviction that it would occur in that age, and be witnessed and participated in by them in person, is not simply the forced deduction of an infidel skeptic; for Christian writers, free from the remotest faith in "Second Adventism," have expressed this opinion.

The Rev. Mr. Sitrat, after quoting the text, "Then the Son of Man will be seen coming in the clouds with great power and majesty; his angels will gather the elect from one end of the world to the other," &c., remarks: "He announces all this as events to be witnessed by his apostles, and declares, 'verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled.'" And similar Christian testimony is within our reach. But we hasten to show that the appearance or reappearance of a Saviour and Messiah as a "Judge of the world" on the approaching event of "the consummation of all things," formed a very prominent article in the millennial creed of the Orientals; and who believed, likewise, that he would bless and exalt their religion, and establish his reign in their dominions, and rule the world in right and righteousness.

The Holy Book which serves as a practical guide in the faith and practice of the Hindus and Buddhists, declares that "in the last day, Vishnu (incarnated into Chishna) will appear on earth in the form of an armed warrior, riding a winged white horse. In one hand he will carry a scimitar, blazing like a comet, to destroy all the impure who shall then dwell on all the face of the earth. In the other hand he will carry a large, shining ring, to signify that the great circle of yugs, or Iron Ages, are completed, and the Golden Age at hand, and that the Great End has come. At his approach the sun and moon shall be darkened, and the stars fall," &c. This proclaims the Veda as at least twenty-two hundred years old. And so ardent were their anticipations for the consummation of this long-looked for event, that the devout among them were frequently heard to exclaim, "When will the Divine Helper come? When will the Great Deliverer appear?"

Mr. Higgins tells us that "in the Province of Oude, in the North of India, the people still flatter themselves with the hope of a Saviour of whom they know nothing, except that he is to be the tenth Avatar or Outou." He is to appear in that country first, and will then proceed to "destroy all distinctions, and establish pure happiness on earth." He will be called "The Spotless—the Immaculate." The Parsee Messiah is to appear, not on a horse as the Buddhists and St. John's, (see Rev. xix: 10) but in the form of a horse. He is to appear "at the end of the world in his quadruped form."

It is quite possible that this story has got altered, and that the original tradition placed him on a white horse, as St. John places the Christian Messiah on a "pale horse."—(Rev., xix: 6.) "And every Mexican Inquirer" (says the Anaclypsis) "knows that the last Avatar (Quiva) of that coun-

try is always expected by the people to come mounted on a white horse—a tradition admitted by Maurice and other Christian writers, to be more than two thousand years old. "They had the expectation," our author adds, "of the return of their crucified Messiah," (Queralcoats). In the Persian Bible (the Zend-Avesta) we find the prophetic declaration that "At the appointed time the Holy One will appear, whose mission it will be to judge the evil and the good, and to restore the world to its primeval beauty. He will bring all the world to the worship of Zoroaster, and establish universal peace and happiness." "It is the universal belief among the Chinese, likewise," (says a writer), "that a Divine Man" (God incarnated) "will establish himself in their Holy Mountain, and everywhere restore peace and happiness, and extend their empire (religiously) over the whole world." And their time-honored Bible (the five volumes) declares, "The God Fo will make his appearance in the latter days. The nations are waiting for him, like a plant for a refreshing shower. He will restore the world to order and to happiness." An ancient traditional prophecy among the Tibetans leads them to cherish with the most devout and unswerving hope the expectation of another incarnation of the Grand Lama, "to set the world in order." At whose approach they declare, "Fountains will flow even in the parched deserts, and flowers spring up wherever his foot touches the ground; and his person will exhale a celestial fragrance. He will see and know everything, even in the deepest recesses of the heart."

How much the reader will observe, this sounds like some of the prophetic ebullitions of the leading prophet of the Jews. "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."—Isa., xxxv: 1. "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirity land springs of water."—Isa., xxxv: 6-7. We will only remark, with reference to the two strikingly analogous spiritual, soul-breathing aspirations for the dawn of the glorious, happy Eden of the Golden Future, that the one of Pagan origin is conceded by historical Christian writers to have found utterance first, and hence could not have been plagiarized from that of the Jewish prophet.

We will cite a few other cases of ancient Oriental "Second Adventism." "It is the prevailing belief," says Mr. Crawford (Res., vol. II, p. 190), "among the inhabitants of Ceylon, that Maitre (an expected Messiah) will appear to establish a new order of things upon the earth." A similar statement is made of Salavahar, of Bernuda, "An ancient treaty" (says the Anaclypsis) "declares that he would appear at Sateya d'Kara, (the city firmly seated on a rock.) Virgil, in his fourth "Eclogue," expatiates in most rapturous strains, and at considerable length, upon the prospects of a Messiah, or Divine Redeemer, and very impassionately ejaculates the petition, "Oh, chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains, and haste the glorious birth." Again, as a result, he predicts "the universal globe shall enjoy the blessings of peace, secured under the mild sway of its new and Divine Sovereign." And in the Roman Sybilline verses it is prophetically and oracularly announced, "The Son of God shall come clothed in flesh like unto mortals on earth." And then we have the "divinely sealed" proclamation in the Koran, that the "Great Prophet" will make his second appearance "as a Judge in the earth, and as a swift witness against idolaters and unbelievers" (in which Christians are included) "and as a Saviour to the righteous, and to establish the only true religion on earth."

We will omit citations from Tacitus, Sentionius, and other Messianic seer Messengers of the Iron Age, who sailed on the river of Hope in pursuit of the "pearl of great price"—the key to perfect earthly bliss and blessedness—the Golden Era to be inaugurated by the installation of a Divine Messiah, Saviour, Redeemer, or Deliverer, upon the throne of a renovated and rejuvenated world, when the curtain of Time is to be rolled up, and our earthly home blotted from the sphere of existence, and her place known no more forever in the van of the planetary host which roll their blazing chariot wheels athwart the unbounded sky, to give place to the New Jerusalem, which (according to Christian oracles) is to descend from God out of heaven, and be henceforth the home, "the Golden City" of saints and seraphims forever and ever.

Harveysburg, O., 1865.

THE SCHOOL OF PROGRESS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Religion and literature have progressed side by side, tending alike to the elevation of the masses. Christian virtues and intelligence are in partnership for the interest of the world. Religion has been purified in the crucible of skepticism, and its history traced through the eternal ages of the past; and, viewed with prophetic inspirations, the sublime realities of its glorious future will lead millions out of the gloomy superstitions of fabulous eras into light, where it is felt by the fireside, at the altar, where love breathes its vows, at the grave, where its voice utters its sublime language of consolation.

Progress in religion tells the heart that faith is the highest wisdom, and love the richest treasure in the universe; it was owing to its revealed truths that the Czar of Russia liberated the serfs. Reformers in this field should be like Alexander, not content with victories, but press onward in search of new conquests, like brave warriors in this great, progressive war, and know no such word as fall, while there is one stumbling block in the way of its advancement. Each one has a mission to perform. Some are led to seek its solution in the Cimmerian Cave of German philosophy, and, with patient investigation, reconstruct the histories of men who have disappeared from earth, from tangled traditions, imperfect records, and crumbling monuments; others suppose that their mission lies in imitating the ancient philosophers, and fill their rooms with crucibles, retorts, microscopes and other instruments. No chemical theory is too difficult for their ambition. To rival all their predecessors and bring to light a new science, is the guiding star in their heaven of progress.

The science of medicine has advanced steadily with the student's knowledge. The man who remembers the nauseous drugs that he was obliged to swallow in his childhood, rejoices that his children are exempt from like treatment, and his progressive mind hails the advent of homeopathy, and mesmerism. Leeches, blisters and bleeding are becoming obsolete, except in some country town, where they do not "take the papers." All who pity the "negro women, sitting at their work, with fevered hands and aching brows, will bless the inventor of the sewing-machine, and others who, by their inventions, have given operators time for mental improvement, and saving of manual labor in mills, and factories; who select instruments from all departments of nature, to combine them into a mighty machinery.

This brightest picture in the history of progress is the advancement of the working men into the

So I was a child of the free, blue waste, born beneath genial summer skies. Next followed a residence of some few years upon my mother's native isle, and my spirit drank deep of the inspirations of the dream-life of the Tropics. Its gorgeous wealth of coloring, its fervid skies; its mountain scenery; its sparkling sea; the long days spent at will in niter emporia of the turmoils or material cares of the world; the idyllic pictures of indolent repose, of careless occupation; the bright-hued pet blinds I fondled—and the wintry stillness of my Western home, what contrasts, fraught with Wisdom's teachings, do they bring, these memories of the past!

Thence once more o'er the sea, to my dear father's native town in England. I remember well the sudden sense of a foreboding sadness that seized upon me on the first view of the chalk cliffs of Albion—how, with my natural impulsiveness, I fell upon my grandmother's neck and wept, not knowing wherefore. Strange it is, but all the thoughts that oppressed me, all the joy that filled my being, all the vague sorrow that haunted me, was confided to her. Ever tender and loving as was my father, something that was never akin to fear or distrust restrained me in his presence. Ever indulgent as was my mother, ever solicitous that my every want should be gratified, I could not be as frank with her as with the dear old grandmother. Loving both parents with all the ardent affection of which I was capable, I almost worshipped my father's mother, though she was the only one who reproved my petulance, and reprimanded me for my outbreaks of temper. To her guiding and restraining hand I owe the foundation of all the moral culture I possess.

My mother was a Catholic, my father a Protestant. In the blissful security of a loving, child-like heart, Maravilla Sheldon prayed unto the Virgin mother, and believed in the intercession of the saints. My father seldom went to church, but I have found him studying books of devotion, and pondering deeply on the mysteries of religion. Grandmother Heath, with the power that the possession of a well cultivated intellect bestows, had discarded all creeds, and had framed for herself a standard of belief and morals to which I intuitively subscribed. She was angel-taught, and that receptive spirit and benevolent heart. And despite of these differences, not a sound of discord marred the household unity. Mother and son were heart-linked in closest bonds of affection. With her soul in the utterance, my mother invariably called the old lady "dear mamma," in that sweet lisped English, so fascinating in its brokenness from her lovely lips; and she was, to all intents and purposes, "my daughter." No foolish jealousy on either side, but perfect trust, such as but seldom visits the divided households of our time.

To all that could please his mother, the wife would urge the husband; to all things conducive to the happiness of her "dear Maravilla," the good mother urged the son. The reins of dominion over me were freely given into her hands; for, with unaccountable hesitation in his manner, my father would say, when well aware that I merited punishment:

"You are the best and most impartial judge, mother. Olive cannot be in better hands. But I cannot, I dare not punish the child. Do as you see proper; you need no permission from me."

And my mother, looking at me with tear-filled eyes, would add:

"I cannot renege with the child; you have the most power over her. The first harsh word I should speak to her would suffocate me. But you can do what is right, best."

And the gentle woman, sometimes so fiery-spirited, would burst into tears.

What a miserable little sinner I felt myself at such times! No ill-treatment under any form, my very parents refusing even to admonish me; and yet, in view of the misery I caused them, I was tenfold more bitterly punished than if I had received the severest reproofs, or bodily inflictions of stripes.

And how did my grandmother punish me? Not with the merciless whippings then, as now, so much in vogue; not with the customary threats of Divine vengeance. No; she appealed to the principle of love; to my sense of justice; she sought to make me self-reliant from a child; to inculcate absolute love of truth. I was willful, disobedient and indolent, but I never told a falsehood. I had the most exaggerated sense of honor; I was sensitive to a fault. Thanks to that dear old grandmother, conscientiousness was made the ruling organ of my brain, its dictates my rules of conduct.

Nether did my father interfere with my religious trainings, such as I received at my grandmother's hands. And mother never argued with one who, as she expressed it, was "her superior in wisdom and in years." Thus, you see, I took the blessed initiatory steps toward religious freedom in my childhood.

My grandmother's religion had grown out of her life, the spontaneous and natural result of the efforts of a fearless and far-reaching mind. In the seaport of H—, where for the first time I beheld the wonders of the winter-time, my grandmother related to us the story of her life. My father was absent on one of the short journeys he occasionally took alone. I was ten years old at the time. She then related it to my mother, but in after years she wrote it out for me. I give it to you in this place.

[To be continued in our next.]

PEACE.

BY PHOENIX CARY.

Oh, Land, of every land the best; Oh, Land, whose glory shall increase; Now in your whitest raiment dressed For the great festival of peace;

Take from your flag its fold of gloom, And let it float undimmed above, Till over all our valleys shall bloom The sacred colors that we love.

On mountain high, and hill-top low, Set Freedom's beacon fires to burn; Until the midnight sky shall show A redder pathway than the morn.

Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride, Your veterans from the war-path's track; You gave your boys, untrained, untired; You bring them men and heroes back!

And shed no tear, though think you must With sorrow of the martyred dead; Not even for him whose hallowed dust Has made our prairies holy land.

Though by the places where they fell, The places that are sacred ground, Death, like a sullen sentinel, Paces his everlasting round.

Yet when they set their country free, And gave her traitors fitting doom, They left their last great enemy Baffled, beside an empty tomb.

Not there, but risen, redeemed, they go Where all the paths are sweet with flowers; They fought to give us peace, but lo! They gained a better peace than ours.

Probably the reason why so little was written in the dark ages was that the people could n't see to write.



More about the Disorganization of Spirits.

DEAR BANNER—A friend has called my attention to a criticism upon a recent article of mine relative to the disorganization of spirits in passing what is termed solid substance. Bro. Harris thinks I shall find myself "mistaken," touching the position I have taken, that spirits do not disorganize in passing doors, &c. It is quite possible, perhaps probable, that I may. In the past I have found myself mistaken many times, and expect to in the future; for I am only a child seeking the light—a pilgrim feeling my way through diverse experiences toward my preëstimate state. Hence, acknowledging the beauty of teaching and being taught, I am thankful for every brotherly effort to set me right.

The burden of the brother's difficulty lies in his confounding physical substance with spirit substance, and the physical laws that pertain to earth's grossness with those spiritual laws that obtain in spirit-life and govern spirits. The law of gravitation that lings a rock to the surface of the earth, would have little to do, I imagine, with the ascension of a spirit. Consequently an argument with premises resting upon the earthly and physical, would not be legitimate when applied to the spiritual. His remark, that "when countless millions of particles are organized into a glorious individualized being, the case becomes wonderfully changed," would have force, if the door to be passed were a living, reasoning, conscious organized being. He further says, "When he passes a bank of fog, smoke, water, or atmosphere, these elements do not necessarily pass through him, nor he through them; they are merely displaced." I grant it. Such was my position, to the letter. Consider that each particle in the door is doubtless composed of an almost infinite number of minuter particles, no two of which touch, and all are in motion, and from each is an aural emanation. Now a spirit wishes to pass; of course there must be a displacement; but the spirit being positive, and understanding the laws governing physical matter and spirit substance, the displacement must be with the particles of the door. The brother may not see spirits thus pass doors and walls; neither do blind men see the sun; but clairvoyants do see them pass and re-pass, and testify accordingly. Therefore, I reaffirm the belief that spirits can pass doors, walls and earths, even without disorganization; and this belief is based upon the testimony of all spirits with whom I have conversed upon the subject, upon the testimony of all clairvoyants whose powers I have tested, upon those principles of science founded on the deductive method, and upon what little reason and logic I can master.

Finally, as Bro. Harris has volunteered to become critic and teacher, I earnestly inquire how a conscious spirit, once disorganized, each primary element disintegrated from adjoining elements, can become reorganized—that is, by what process? And then the law of organization being an infinite and ever-operating law, how came it to cease action? Individualized immortal spirits "over there," I suppose, are each dual, having a spiritual body and the spirit, the immortal, or God-principle; and if these can be absolutely disorganized, where, I ask, or what has become (during the process) of that infinite, ever-acting, central law of organization, the very seal of immortality? Again, it must necessarily require an exercise of the will-power to disorganize, and by parity of reasoning the same will-power would be required to re-organize; but how could a spirit will to organize, when disorganized, disintegrated and divided into elementary conditions?

Suppose a band of spirit-workers, long in realms celestial, veiled their way earthward in the twilight of a wintry evening, to magnetize and re-nature a mortal for morose meditative usefulness. They enter the habitation by open door. Soon, the winds rising and howling furiously, the doors are closed, and not again opened. The dwellers in the cottage retire, and these spirits from the heavens find themselves shut in, imprisoned for the night. What is to be done? Time is precious—the night is long. Upon the hypothesis of Bro. H. only this course remains: they must unmake, disconnect and disorganize themselves for an escape. Accordingly, limbs are loosened, joints unjointed, members dismembered; the functions of life cease, and the law of organization annulled; or overpowered; while particles and elements are flying in every direction, hunting a crevice for egress. "Mark well," the whole SPIRIT-MAN unmanned, unmade, disintegrated, depolarized, parted and scattered in nebulous confusion. Tell me, oh tell me, my brother, how by what process, by what or whose will-power, by what law and the proximal time required for these unfortunately housed spirits to disorganize themselves, and re-organize themselves preparatory for future missionary labor? Am I told they might impress some member of the household to open their prison-door? So they MIGHT NOT. I sit at the brother's feet awaiting the response, that I may receive more light. J. M. PEEBLES. Providence, R. I., Sept. 9, 1865.

Trial of Colchester.

The trial of Charles J. Colchester, a so-called spiritual medium, at Buffalo, terminated on the 23d in a verdict of guilty. He was prosecuted for neglecting to take out a license under the internal revenue law as a juggler, which he refused to do, on the ground that his spirit performances were not juggling. The testimony was neither so interesting nor so conclusive, one way or the other, as might have been expected. There were damaging charges of deception, and fraud against the defendant, but the attempt to explain and counterfeit in open court his most remarkable feats—such as the blood-red writing on the arm—were failures. What Colchester did instantaneously could not be produced by the compelling "magician" under several minutes, nor would the latter undertake to cross-write at all. It is to be regretted that the defendant was not permitted or called upon to show, if he could, the distinction between his two operations, in which the whole question of supernaturalism is involved; just as, that a table should be moved is no extraordinary matter, unless we see it stirring *ex motu* to all appearance. The counsel of Mr. Colchester applied for time to present certain points of law. Judge Edmonds, the well-known Spiritualist, has expressed, in a published letter, his distrust of Colchester's integrity, and condemns his practice of earning money by his manifestations.—The (N. Y.) Nation.

THE "HUB."

Of all the cities of the land, Which in their strength or beauty stand And claim applause or praise, I hold—albeit in humble awe—That Boston proudly o'er them all Must bear the victor's palm. Long live old Boston and her schools! Despite the laugh of envious foes, Who loves not her communion? Still may her worth and beauty last! The future hail her, as the past, The Candle of the Union!

MODERATE.—In the last Independent, the editor of that paper is called all sorts of flattering names, and is announced as one "who to-day stands in the foremost rank of American editors, poets and popular orators!" "Fine preaching in Worcester yesterday," said a certain old clergyman to another person in the street. "Ah! You do not say so!" who responded? "I did," quietly replied the unsung divine.—Boston Transcript.

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

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Signs of the Times.

The querying and questioning that is so rife, is an unmistakable symptom of the underlying fact that dissatisfaction has done a thorough and perfect work among men, and that the age of individual action and growth has finally set in. Even in staid and slow-going England this change in the popular feeling manifests itself, and the rich and powerful Church, which was always thought to be so firmly established that it could not be shaken, is experiencing to-day the progress of a work which it never would have dreamed of. In our own country, so youthful and energetic, the prevailing spirit has always been that of inquiry and search; and those who gave themselves to watching closely the course of events early discovered that it would take but a little time for this active and aggressive spirit to push its way into matters of religious and spiritual as well as of scientific and secular concern. And the result is the cheering spectacle which we are all of us permitted to behold to-day.

Who would have things any different, if he could? Who would reach up and set back the hand on the dial? The present is better than any past that ever was known. Shall we say, like children who do not yet know what they want, that this age of active thought and awakened sensibility is not so good as the far-back times when women formed no part of the social system, when everything like inquiry was stifled and had no existence, when new ideas were accounted proofs of infidelity rather than of progress and expansion, and when the spiritual life of man lay dormant in the closed hand of the priest or the puritan? Would any reasoning man have days like those come back again? God forbid. Having once broke loose from their influence, it will be impossible to bring us back within its baleful circle again. The time when the spirit should brood on the waters that covered all forms of life, is fully spent; and now the dry land with its teeming life emerges, and the sun appears in the heavens, and glory begins to shine round about us everywhere. To seek to blot all this out of existence, or to wish that the world was back in the dull and dreary cycle where spiritual life was scarcely apparent in vigor, would demonstrate that the wisher and the seeker was unacquainted with the very simplest laws of his being, and cared not to be born anew into the presence and enjoyment of those glories which form the highest stimulus to the real life of the immortal soul.

The Church throughout the United States is becoming more and more spiritualized, though it may not know or accept the fact. Leaders cannot keep back the truth, nor hinder the flocks from coming into it as fast as it is discovered by them. If they will not go over to Spiritualism, then Spiritualism will go over to them; they may stand and parley long about their religious forms and requirements, but Spiritualism happens to care nothing for these, and therefore makes no sacrifice in advancing where ecclesiasticism is timid or scornful. As a leveller, in the very best sense of that much abused term, it is doing a great and glorious work; no influence, or power, which has made its appearance in these modern times can be cited as its equal. War, and its accompanying passions, have broken up a great deal of the ground which the Church stubbornly refused to have plowed, and good seed is being sown in the furrows as fast it can be, which will in due time bring forth fruit a hundred fold. The leaders in the Southern Churches even now manifest a sullenness and truculence which is wanting in the public men generally, but their temper will only serve to spoil their influence and bring their counsels to naught. The immortals rule above our heads, their heads as well as those of all the rest.

The liberal and tolerant spirit which is everywhere professed and in very large measure manifested, is what gives character to all the hopeful prognostications which men are wont to indulge in while forecasting the future. Yet there is no need of our waiting until that future comes around to our doors. If we could but keep it in mind, there is no future with any of us, and there is to be none. It is always and everywhere an eternal present. It may, to be sure, be irradiated by the hopes which send back their bright rays upon the present, but that is all. Each day and age is sufficient for itself. The Scripture says, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" and we presume to add, and the good likewise. We have everything to be thankful for, whatever our lot, for we are inspired with that fresh and buoyant hope which "springs eternal in the human breast." The signs all around us bring us only joy, and excite us only to gratitude. The immortals are always at work on our side, and will have the victory.

The Changing Foliage.

Autumn is making ready to show its many-hued glory by hillside and lowland, the leaves on trees and shrubs and vines giving evidence of those mysterious revelations which shed such radiance over the earth in the time of the dying year. We expect that the spectacle this fall will be fully the equal of any previous one known. Only those who live in country places, or go out into them to stay there through these changeable external nature, can form a true conception of what they express. They require to be seen, then coming on, rapidly as that process develops itself. The lover of nature needs to be out alone with her in these delicious autumnal days and woods, and then she will reveal to him what he can successfully learn on no other terms.

The Message Department of the Banner the present week is uncommonly interesting, especially the questions and answers.

The New Volume.

With the present number we take great pleasure in presenting the reader with the beginning of the Eighteenth Volume of the Banner of Light. Thus far we have been carried on in the work it was given us by the immortals to do. Under their guidance and inspiration it has all been done; and where it has been but imperfectly done, the fault of course lay with the imperfect human instrumentalities they saw fit to employ. The only consolatory thought in that regard is, that any other merely human instrument they might have chosen would have had its imperfections also. If, however, the consciousness of having labored with an undivided purpose and in the strength of a full and unqualified faith can excite to grateful and pleasing reflections, it is no straining of the limits of propriety to say that the record we have made through this paper has been in many very important respects a profoundly satisfactory one.

The times are wonderfully changed from those which welcomed the BANNER's advent into public existence. What was matter of prophecy then has been in rapid process of realization ever since. The future has become the past. The spirits saw what was to be the experience of this people, and have placed themselves in such close relations to mortals as to guide and control those great movements which are to result in the elevation of the individual and the whole human family. Our work was marked out for us as that of cooperation with them. Their wish has always been our own wish. In the fullness of time the first era of this social revolution will have been completed, and then we shall enter on the second and broader one. Men and women will be impressed into service by that time who would refuse to listen to the call made for them to-day. It has been so in the past, and it will be more strikingly so again.

It is unnecessary for us to pledge ourselves to increased efforts to make the BANNER the representative paper it has been hitherto in the grand Spiritualistic work, and to enlarge its capacity for usefulness in every possible way. Nor will it appeal with any less attractiveness to the family circle as a journal of miscellaneous instruction, offering the pick and choice of literature, furnishing what is fresh and important in current social matters, enlightening the spirits with works of imaginative power, and submitting views and opinions of its own that will arrest attention and encourage progress and elevation. The Eighteenth Volume should be better in all respects than its long list of predecessors, and that is what we shall sedulously aim to make it. Our friends, however, will not omit to cooperate with even more earnestness and vigor than before, and to combine to maintain the Banner of Light in that position which it has held with such strength since the great work of Spiritualism took shape and form in the present generation.

The European Condition.

Napoleon's finger can be seen without much difficulty in almost every pie that is baked in Europe, and he means to stick it in ours also. The cool way in which Prussia and Austria have concluded to divide up the Danish duchies between themselves, after all this war and these pompous declarations on behalf of their "liberation" from Danish rule, is very poorly calculated to excite confidence in their intentions or to tranquilize the general settlement of the peoples of Europe. It is certainly one of the most cold-blooded partitions of territory of modern times, Poland not excepted. Germany—that is, the smaller States of Germany—went into the war for the duchies originally, because they were convinced that Denmark had no right to them or their population; but little did they think that their movement was to result only in the aggrandizement of Austria and Prussia, the two great powers of the Confederation, of which they have reason to stand in fear.

Austria takes one of the duchies, and Prussia takes the other. In return for a consideration in money, paid into the hand of Austria by Prussia, the latter power is permitted also to take possession of Lauenburg, with its entire population, when all Europe knows that one of them has just as good a right to it as the other, and neither has any at all. The Emperor of the French is thought to be a secret though active operator in this strange business, which is quite enough to account for its strangeness. There are troubles brewing in the heart of the continent which even his master-mind may not be potent to still. Germany is indignant beyond what she ever was before at this usurpation of the two great German powers.

Beautiful Spiritual Truths.

The Rev. Dr. George Putnam, in his able and eloquent address, delivered at Harvard College on the occasion of the commemoration services in honor of the students who have fallen during the war of the rebellion in defense of the Union, gave utterance to beautiful sentiments, and also important truths which the believers in Spiritualism have long been trying to impress upon the minds of mortals, when he said: "It is most fit that, amid this day's solemnities, we, with the spirits of our dear martyrs hovering over us, and all loyal men giving us their sympathies, and the freeman lifting to heaven his unshackled hands and his eyes streaming with grateful joy—it is fit that we bend our knees in fervent thanksgiving to God, for our country saved, for sweet Peace restored, for our fathers' graves redeemed from threatened dishonor, and for the bow of promise that spans the heavens for us, its one limb brightening in the present gladness, and the other encompassing the far, far destinies of our posterity. Let us rejoice before the Lord, and be glad! These young heroic lives which we commemorate to-day were too beautiful and precious that we should bear to think of them as lost in death. And we need not, most not! These lives given to their country are only so far as to be found—formed in ampler fides of being, in fairer forms, in higher spheres of consciousness above, and wider fields of influence on earth. Our tears may flow for them, but they must be tears of admiring love, not of pity. Let all our pity go to those who have a name to live, yet are dead—to our very selves, it may be—but least of all to them!"

Enough of War.

Evil certainly leads to its own cure. When we have suffered for any known cause, we are very likely to shun contact with that cause thenceforward. The people of the South express themselves fully tired of war in every form, and are ready to resume the work of peace. The few unsettled or turbulent spirits among them are not numerous enough, to change this wide-spread and profound feeling. War has fairly killed the love of war out, as fire is the best element at times with which to fight fire. With such a sentiment prevalent throughout the South, we may confidently hope for a long term of peace, and the gradual return of comfort and general prosperity. A great change has come over the South, which will make itself hardly less felt over the rest of the country.

"Immortality of all Things."

The above interesting subject was selected by the audience for the theme of the closing discourse of the series recently delivered in Haverhill by Mrs. Laura Cuppy; and the manner in which it was handled was highly pleasing and interesting to the large audience present, says the Publisher, from which we clip the following synopsis: The speaker believed that all things were immortal, not only man, but everything in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. She referred to the "development theory," advocated by some, that man sprang from the lower orders of the animal world—the tadpole, oyster, etc., and suggested that if this were the case, it seemed a monstrous idea that mankind should eat their own progenitors, the oysters. When man became so developed as to reproduce his kind, there appeared no further use for these lower orders of animal life; consequently, in the course of nature they become extinct; and the fact that they had not so become was sufficient evidence to the speaker that mankind had no such origin. If the spirit of the dog was not immortal, what became of its reasoning faculties, or instinct, when the body ceased to exist? It could not be annihilated. If it had once existed, it must still continue to exist, somewhere and in some form. So with other animals, in whom instinct, which was but another name for reason, was exhibited in a greater or less degree. Some even contended that children who were prematurely born, and ceased to exist, were not immortal. What, then, was to become of those who were prematurely born and lived, and lived, perhaps, their three-score years and ten on earth? Where was the line to be drawn between immortality and non-immortality? Some new and perhaps startling ideas were suggested to the minds of many present, furnishing much food for deep thought and investigation.

A Child's Vision of the Brother Jonathan Shipwreck.

Mrs. Norman C. Brooks, who was a passenger on the lost steamer, left her little son, Charlie Brooks, aged three years, at his grandfather's ranch, near Napa, Cal., taking with her an infant child, and her sister, Miss Mary Plass. The San Francisco Morning Call relates as a fact the following incident: "When Mrs. Brooks and her sister left the ship at Napa, for San Francisco, for the purpose of taking passage to Portland, little Charlie Brooks, who was left behind, was kept in ignorance of his mother's intended departure from California, and made to believe that she was merely coming on a visit to San Francisco. On Sunday, July 30, little Charlie, being still at the ranch, and utterly ignorant of his mother's real whereabouts, seemed all at once seized with a paroxysm of grief and stood transfixed, having told his grandmother, who was sitting by, that he had just seen 'Ma and Aunt Mary go down into the water in a ship.' In vain Mrs. Plass endeavored to pacify him, and during the whole afternoon his grief was so violent that the family were fearful he would go into spasms. A few days afterwards came the dreadful tidings of the loss of the Brother Jonathan, with nearly all on board, the day and hour exactly corresponding with the singular vision—or whatever it was—of little Charlie."

Spirit-Portraits.

Last week, Mrs. Z. Kendall, of this city, placed in our Free Circle Room a life-size vignette crayon portrait of the spirit of a little girl of about eight years of age. (The picture is beautiful, artistic and life-like. Mrs. K. does not know who were the parents of the child, but was told by the spirits that some one would recognize it.)

This phase of Mrs. Kendall's mediumship is rather singular. She informs us that when in a passive or semi-trance condition she is controlled by some spirit, and, independent of her own will, is made to take up her crayons and commence drawing, until a portrait is finished. When any difficulty is encountered, such as getting the right color of the eyes or hair, the medium becomes fully entranced, and remains so until she sees the spirit distinct enough to obtain the desired color required to perfect a portrait. The day after she finished the above picture, she says the spirit of a lovely little boy came to her several times, and on the following day she was influenced to paint his portrait. It is the finest head of the two, with marked characteristics, and a very natural and intelligent expression.

An Unhealthy Religion.

The American Consul at Palermo, writing to the State Department at Washington, in regard to the ravages of the cholera, says "eight hundred persons have died in Ancon, Italy." The Consul at Port Mahone says it is making its way eastward, five hundred having died on board a Turkish steamer, and adds, "Thus far the disease has followed the Pilgrims. Their religion does not allow them to sleep or wash while going to and from Mecca, and the consequence is that the disease is unchecked by any sanitary measures." It is unfortunate that any class of people should be so duped as to adopt such an unreasonable, not to say unclean, idea into their religious creed. Cleanliness and good deeds will prove the better saviour.

A Comet.

Biela's comet is now steadily approaching the earth and sun, and about the latter part of November, or during December, it may be near enough to the earth to be seen. It will approach the sun until Jan. 20, 1866, when it will reach its perihelion. At the return of this comet in 1846 its head was divided into two separate comets; in 1852, 1859, the comet was so situated that it could not be observed, and at its present return it will be favorably situated for observation, and great interest is felt in regard to the appearance or change going on in this comet's head. This comet is small and cannot be seen with the naked eye. It has a period of six and three-quarter years, and may be again expected in 1873.

"The Great Rebellion."

When the late civil war broke out, we headed an article upon the subject, "The Great Rebellion," to which one of our Virginia subscribers took great offence. He wrote us to stop his paper, intimating that it was no rebellion at all, or, at any rate, a very small affair. We presume our friend has ere this come to the conclusion that we headed our article very nearly right, for the rebellion has cost the South five thousand eight hundred millions of dollars, to say nothing of the valuable lives which have been sacrificed on the battlefield.

Mrs. Stockwell's Readings.

On Thursday evening week, Mrs. Stockwell, of this city, gave one of her popular readings of choice selections from the Poets, in the Town Hall at Medford. The audience, (not large, owing to the extremely hot and sultry evening), were perfectly delighted with the spirit, she infused into the thoughts of genius. She possesses, in a marked degree, fine dramatic and eloquent powers.

Banner of Light Branch Bookstore,

274 Canal street, New York City. The subscribers, (successors to Andrew Jackson Davis & Co. and C. M. Plumb & Co., late publishers at the above-named locality,) announce to their friends and the public that they will continue the business, keeping for sale all the Spiritual, Liberal, and Reform Publications that they advertise at their central office in Boston. Our agent is J. B. Loomis, who will superintend all business connected with the New York Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT. In this connection we wish it fully understood, however, that the BANNER is mailed from the Boston office only, hence all subscriptions for the paper must be forwarded to us, and not to the Branch office in New York. Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid spread of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spiritualists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf. The Banner can always be had at retail at the counter of our New York office. WILLIAM WHITE & CO. Boston, Mass., Sept. 9, 1865.

California Matters.

We learn from our friend, L. Armstrong, that the Spiritualists of Sacramento are holding meetings every Sunday afternoon, in Graham's Hall, located on Sixth street, between J and K streets, and are favored by addresses in the normal condition by Mr. Wm. F. Lyon, a prominent business man of that city, which are well received by the audience. We notice by the San Francisco papers, that Mrs. C. M. Stowe has taken rooms at the Meade House in that city, as a medical clairvoyant. She was formerly located at San José, where she frequently delivered lectures on Sundays. Robert S. Moore, the phonographic reporter, formerly of New York City, where he took a great interest in the Children's Lyceum, is laboring to establish Lyceums in California. The San José Mercury speaks of his delivering two addresses in that city; one on "The Children's Progressive Lyceum; or, Old and New Methods of Education," and the other on "The School and the Church; or, Educational Reform."

Miss Angela Starr King has been giving readings with remarkable success in San Francisco and other places. In alluding to her readings in San José, the Mercury says: "Although she had drawn immense houses in San Francisco, and the critics of the city dailies had spoken in the highest praise of her readings, yet we were scarcely prepared to recognize in her dramatic and elocutionary talent of the highest order. She holds her listeners spell-bound from first to last, entering into the author's most subtle meaning and rendering the language with a force, elegance and expression that not even Charlotte Cushman, in her palmiest days, could excel."

Foreign Items.

Gen. Sir George Brown, of Crimean fame, and Judge Halburton, author of "Sam Slick," are dead.

Queen Victoria has inaugurated the Prince Albert statue at Coburg.

The cholera appears to be receding to the parts from whence it came.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company having issued a formal notice that they will not attempt to recover the cable this year, the underwriters consider this equivalent to a total loss, and have settled insurances on the cable. The company have also given orders for the manufacture of a cable to be laid early next year.

A Vera Cruz letter says the French court martial at Zacatecas has caused the execution of more than two thousand Mexicans on the charge of being guerrillas.

Gatherings in Michigan.

The friends of the Spiritual Philosophy in Michigan have had frequent mass meetings this summer, at which a very large number of inquiring minds were present, anxiously seeking for something more satisfying to their souls than anything they have heretofore been able to find. The recent gathering at St. Johns was a perfect success. Our worthy co-laborer, W. F. Jemison, favorably known in the West as an inspirational speaker, took photographic notes of the proceedings, which he promises to write out for our paper as soon as he can find time.

Mrs. Dr. Kane.

The family and relatives of the late Dr. Kane, the renowned Arctic navigator, having denied the story that the Doctor was married to Margaretta Fox privately some time previous to his death, as stated in our paper last week, that lady has since called upon the editor of the New York Times, and exhibited to him proofs of her marriage with Dr. Kane, and reasserted her determination to publish a book containing the letters she had received from him, together with other facts in the case.

Belle Bush's Poems Appreciated.

Godey's Ladies' Book contains the following complimentary notice of Miss Bush's new volume of poems: "Voices of the Morning." By Belle Bush. We have turned the pages of this beautiful little volume with great satisfaction. They breathe the spirit of true poetry. The delicate conceptions, the pleasing fancies, the musical rhythm of the poems will charm the most fastidious, and give the author a high rank among American poetesses."

A Lecturer.

Mrs. Junett J. Clark is spoken of by a correspondent as a remarkable and highly gifted inspirational speaker. She has recently been lecturing to attentive and delighted audiences at Fair Haven, Middleton and Bloomfield, Conn. Her address will be found in the lecturers' column.

The London Spiritual Magazine.

Copies of this monthly can be obtained at this office, and also at our branch office, 274 Canal street, New York, immediately on their arrival each month. The September number has been received.

Personal.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, the celebrated musical medium, contemplates a tour through portions of the "State of New York" soon. She will return to this city, where she will resume her agencies, on the first of November.

One of our correspondents writing from Pennsylvania, says: "Dr. A. B. Child's speech at Abington, was reported in the Banner of Light, was very, very beautiful. I feel that thank him in behalf of humanity, for the interference of such noble and pure sentiments; and I would bless the good angels for giving us such gems of truth through a human organism."







