

So I was a child of the free, blue waste, beneath genial summer skies.

Next followed a residence of some few years upon my mother's native lake, and my spirit drank deep of the inspirations of the dream-life of the Tropics. Its gorgeous wealth of coloring, its verdant slopes, its mountain scenery, its sparkling sea; the long days spent at will in utter unconcern of the tumults or material cares of the world; the idyllic pictures of indolent repose, of careless occupation; the bright-hued pet birds I fondled; and the wintry stillness of my Western home, with 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, was 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 lilting 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 reprimand 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.

Neither 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 me 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 PHOEBE CARY.

Oh, Land, of every land the best;
Oh, Land, whose glory shall increase;
Now in your wildest 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, unried,
You bring them men and heroes back!

And shed no tear, though think you must
With sorrow of the martyred band;
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 sudden sentinel,
Paces his overhanging round.

Yet when they set their country free,
And gave her traitors sitting down,
They left their last great enemy,
Bathed, 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 not see
to write.

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 Hunt.)

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 meddlesome 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 decide 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 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.

Happy from your old friend,

ABRAHAM.

"How nice," said Susan Sloan, "that we should be seated just as we were so many years ago in your room. Do n'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 n't 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 sprig 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 n't 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 if 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 Tinkerton was there with his wife Corinda, who forgot her old ill-will, and thought Abraham the best man in the world after Jacob. And Phoebe 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 thee much joy," said Mrs. Niles, "and I hope thee has forgotten the trouble I gave thee."

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

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

"Well," said Mr. Potham, "if I'd thought of this ere day, I'd jest 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 rooms; 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 broke down. Now I allers did set a lot by Abraham, though I didn't show it like some folks. And it's true, as Squire Niles said, that things work for good, and no knowing, if folks had n't 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 Betsey 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, do n't you think it a living shame that the minister should marry a girl that isn't a professor?" Now I heard Deacon Dean say—

"Now, Mr. Potham," said Betsey, with spirit, "I'll have no more of your say-so in my ears! Did n't you say amen to what I said? and here you are trying to bring reproach on as good and as Christian a girl as lives; for did n't Susan show her heart when she told you 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 supposing, 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 sicker by like habit, and I'm so used to stopping and telling you all I hear—"

"Well, I say," said Betsey, "I'll have no more of it, not I."

"Well, well, do n't fire all your guns at me. I opine some on 'em may as well plant to home."

Upon this Miss Jones entered her house in stately style, and this ended the principal part of the gossip of the town. For Mr. Potham had no one to listen to him, he had nothing to say, and Miss Jones kept her promise. She would hear no evil speech, and Mr. Potham was forced to stay in Mr. Stamp's store during his leisure hours, and talk of politics. So the town became quiet, and the Rev. Mr. Worthington enjoyed a happy honeymoon with his happy bride, who remembered Abraham's definition of religion and piety, and joined her husband's church without a fear.

[Concluded in our next.]

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 lie 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. xxi. 7. "Little children, it is the last time," etc.

Many other passages of a similar character might be cited, if space would allow, or necessity required it. Now most unquestionably to our comprehension, if human language can mean anything, the foregoing texts establish, beyond cavil, 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, something after the fashion, we suppose, that an aeronaut rides, or once rode, 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 skepticism; 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 Vedas 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 Buddhist's and St. John's, (see Rev. xix. 11), but in the form of a horse. He is to appear "at the end of the world in this 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. 11.) "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 Mahomed 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," (Quemalcoats). 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 Thibetians leads them to cherish with the most devout and unwavering 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 thirsty land springs of water."—Isa. xxxv. 6-7. We will only remark, with reference to these 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 Salavahara, of Bermuda. "An ancient treaty" (says the Anaclypsis) "declares that he would appear at Salaya 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, Senonius, 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 fail, 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 Clumberian 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, reports, microscopes and other instruments. No chemical theory is too difficult for their ambition. To outrival 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 homoeopathy and mesmerism. Leeches, blisters and bleeding are becoming obsolete, except in some country towns, where they do not "take the papers."

All who pity the needle 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.

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

rapids of distinction and influence. Progress, in developing all the resources which the hand of the Creator has placed within our reach, is a divine lesson in fraternal economy; it arranges the physical materials of our hemisphere into a compact system, and compels them to subserve a general end, unfolds secrets from dynamic, chemical and magnetic forces, opens the spheres of art to repeat the instruction and dazzling wonders of the universe, enforces every form of human power, and strengthens the relations of mind to matter.

Progress in inventions has given railroads to the whole land; implements to the farmer, miner and manufacturer.

The printing press has kept pace with all other improvements. The schoolmaster is abroad, and so is the lecturer, to penetrate into the highways; to scatter the seeds of knowledge where they will take root; to bring forth buds and blossoms that are to bloom through all eternity. Such teachings are cosmopolitan, despite of war, selfishness and sin. Man was never as near to his brother man as now. They show to each other much of the philanthropy by which the Apostle Paul was distinguished above all satirists, all social and political reformers of his own or any succeeding age.

Progress has made rapid strides in the musical departments, vocal and instrumental. Compare the harpsichord and spinet of olden times with the grand pianofortes of the present day. The musical performances of artists seem miracles of exhaustless and sparkling inventions, until the divine strains irradiate human hearts and throw over them a delicious spell, which elevates the soul to a region heavenly and inspiring.

The wish for advancement led men like Kepler and Galileo to toll among the stars and open a pathway to science by their radiance. Power is derived from created, original strength. The wish for progress has given to us records of Shakespeare in poetry; Raphael in painting; Handel in music; and of men who have caught glimpses of the future and revealed the visions in burning words; men who were wise in counsel, fearless in trust, rich in hope, martyrs in spirit, progressive in action, and whose prolific pens have sent out thoughts from their brains which have found congenial soil in the hearts of their readers, and formed characters that have shone in grand conceptions and startling deeds of virtue, disseminating knowledge to millions of recipients throughout the world.

The world is now convulsed, but its revolutionings are of the intellect. Men are thinking for themselves; investigating the growth of truth, and will not accept pulpit teachings for the solution of life's drama, but learn its mighty mysteries by their own individual genius and God-given powers of perception; they feel that they have within themselves powers that far transcend anything which past ages have considered within the range of possibilities. The day-star of knowledge now sheds its illuminating rays upon the hitherto night of faith. Angel hosts are speaking with the voice and power of the spirit, proclaiming to men the period of universal incarnation. They are witnesses to a divine wisdom and glory still present among the affairs of men, ready to meet them at every step of progress toward the sovereignty of this lower creation, arming them with vigor for new victory, and in every doubtful hour assuring them a complete and perfect triumph; then will earth be a nobler abode for man.

Every great truth is a prophecy of better days. The future opens a broader and more luminous vista, as genius, taught of God, announces some lofty and sublime sentiment which humanity ought to feel and obey. Souls are now living in greater freedom than ever before, and will give lessons to men, because they are teachers appointed, and just such minds as the advancing civilization of the age demands.

Another great era in progress is the important part that woman is ordained to fulfill in the fortunes of our country. Whether demonstrated in art, literature or science, she is in either sphere an axiom in civilization, and continues to vitalize the private and public social relations with her talents and original genius, knowledge, beauty and love. She has shown an enfolding philanthropy, a wise and truthful devotion to all intellectual and moral interests. Woman has now a prominence, a position, an influence, not more profoundly felt than distinctly recognized. She builds hospitals, founds observatories, establishes institutions, writes books, edits magazines, travels as missionary in foreign lands. Truly the spirit of womanhood is abroad. She is educating the intellect, and through that, the heart of the world, while she enlarges the domains of science and art. She cultivates the soul of the age, and inspires its loftiest endeavors. Spirituality is the special province of woman. Though men may be unconscious of its subtle, penetrative presence, nevertheless it is working a mighty influence, with its ethereal delicacy, and has its bearings on the progress of society. Her example has kept many from the dangers of materialism, in its corrupt and chilling forms. Hereafter, man and woman will walk side by side in the vast fields of reform. Her divine guardianship arouses those instincts which preserve him from the curse of gross and degrading earthliness. God has anointed woman for a special work. She has become a great moral and social power in our land, and can now grapple with ignorance and destitution with the materials her progressive mind calls into action. She has a character, a sphere all her own, by which she has become the best educator, philanthropist, and writer. Man now understands her capacity to love, and folds her to his heart with the purest devotion, and acknowledges her ability to aid him by her wisdom, lofty sentiments and sympathy, and assist him to oppose everything that will brutalize and degrade mankind. Her work, in the school of progress, will be to soften the heart by love, to govern by philanthropy.

WORDS.

Words, though simple in themselves, have yet a mighty influence abroad in the world. What radiant joy, what untold sorrow, have they wrought in the human heart. What varied emotions they have the power to awaken; what mingled feelings to create. Perchance sorrow cometh upon the soul, enshrouding it in midnight clouds of grief and woe, which even the eye of faith can scarcely penetrate; then how sweetly falls the gentle words and soothing tone of some kind-hearted friend upon the ear of the sorrowing one; while the light, careless words of the thoughtless-minded, strike the heart with painful discord; or the bitter taunt, the contemptuous, sneering remark, comes like a dagger to the soul, causing it to shrink in terror from its cruel lacerations. But we may listen to language of cool, level, bitter reproach or biting sarcasm—it can never rouse the feeling of indignation, so hard to be subdued, which the vile sayings of slander have power to produce; and methinks that person were not human, but divine, who could lightly pass the slanderer by, or easily forgive the words which have such a blighting effect.

But the heart is often made to suffer by mere

thoughtless words, without an unkind intention. Would that persons, possessing little of the finer feelings of human nature, were aware how the untimely remark strikes home to the heart of a sensitive-minded person. Would that they would pause and think, only for a moment, how much better it were to be sometimes silent, and leave the rude witicism unsaid. Each word we utter may somewhere find a resting place, and its influence tell for good or evil; and who shall say a little word may not strike a chord, which shall vibrate throughout long years to come, even after long forgotten by the speaker.

Let us have a care in the use of words, since they may have such a lasting influence.

E. M. H.

SPIRITUALISM AND ORGANIZATION.

Among the questions which the spiritualistic movement suggests for solution, is that of Organization. The experience of the world has demonstrated the utility and importance of organizations for certain purposes. It enables those engaged in the promotion of any cause to work more efficiently for certain ends. It will not be questioned that the strength and efficiency of Catholicism and Methodism are largely due to the thoroughness and compactness of their organizations. But do not the members of those communions pay a fearful price for the benefits derived from their compact organizations, in the loss of individuality and intellectual freedom? When an organization is completed, in all its parts, it is virtually controlled by the lower stratum of minds; minds that live and work almost solely for the interests of organization, regardless of the general interests of mankind. On this ground, then, are serious objections to be urged against organizations as they are ordinarily managed.

All new movements, destined to usher in a better era, must be untrammelled by the shackles of sectarianism; because, in being thus shackled, they cannot be outspoken and free, as their work demands. From Moses to Theodore Parker, every founder of a church polity was a combatant. The proverb relative to turning new wine into old bottles will ever prove applicable to any new movement that is to bless mankind. The scientific and incontrovertible facts of Spiritualism cannot be accepted by any of our church establishments, because it is felt that the new wine would inevitably burst the old bottles. How could Theodore Parker have done his God-given work had he been hampered by the conventionalisms of sect? His social and genial nature would have relished the social sympathies of the clerical class in Boston and vicinity, but he could not have that sympathy and fulfill his mission. Christ and his Apostles did their work outside, not inside, of an organization. Had Jesus Christ been a strict conformist, he never would have done his Christly work, nor should we ever have heard of him.

The Universalists and Unitarians of this country have done a noble pioneer work; and all the better they have done it, because so loosely organized.

If, in their present efforts to get organized, Spiritualists succeed, their spiritual life will depart, and their condition will be analogous to the brakes and switches on our railways.

Spiritualism has a vast duty to perform. Its work is to break up and demolish existing creeds, as such, destroy the idols of the day, and eventually reconstruct, in part, out of what has been demolished. With all the sectarian advantages that would accrue, the spiritualistic movement, in the broadest and best sense, would be as impotent for good, if compactly organized, as was Samson of old for the exertion of physical strength, when shorn of his locks.

The writer of this knows something of the bitter workings of the sectarian spirit, where men of small minds are enabled to wield its weapons.

Should Spiritualists organize thoroughly, there are thousands who would enlist in their ranks for the purpose of heading the organization, now unknown to its most faithful pioneers. The severest trials of genuine Spiritualism are to come in attempts that will be made to cramp its free spirit by rigid organization.

CLEMENS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AUTUMN.

BY ARTHUR L. MESEVRE.

Like a queen in robes of purple,
Of crimson, flame and gold,
With the glowing grapes about her,
O'errunning each flashing fold,
Autumn comes over the hillsides,
With banners in the sky,
And a train of glowing banners
Guarding her footsteps nigh.

The sober, green old forest
Has flung her welcome out,
In flame and blood and crimson,
To the west winds' joyous shout;
And out from hill and hollow,
From dingle, marsh and fen,
The ringing call of the hunter
Is echoed back again.

The harvest fields are empty,
The reapers' task is done,
The well-fought battle's over,
And a glorious victory won.
Autumn, with her lap of plenty,
Brings joy where'er she goes,
Till anon her footsteps are hidden
In the trackless winter snows.

Second Sight.

This, in all parts of Ireland, is the well-known superstition (if I may be allowed the expression,) of the *Feth*, and which is the foundation of the sweetest and most touching poem in the English language, by Keats, in one of his exquisite novels. The Irish belief is, that when a person is about to expire, the ghost or spirit—if such can be so called, whilst the person is still in the flesh—of that person appears to some one at a distance from the place of residence of such person, where it would be physically impossible that he could be at the time. When I was a boy I knew a very remarkable case. In the north end of the county of Wexford, adjoining Wicklow, a gentleman of veracity asserted that, one evening, just at dusk, he saw a neighboring gentleman walking rapidly toward a churchyard which was about four miles from where he resided. The observer made haste to overtake his friend, but failed, as the other ran out of his sight in a moment. On his way home he called at the house of his neighbor, and found, to his horror, that the man had died a short time before, after a few hours' illness; but at the time of the alleged apparition, the man was alive, so that it was his *feth* that had been seen. This story was credited by high and low in the district, and created a vast sensation for a long time, and is still remembered in the locality.—*Notes and Queries.*

Every thought that sweeps across the scroll of living existence, every hope buried beneath the crumbling ruins of the past, and every desire that actuates the mind, every purpose we accomplish—differs as they may—all are leading us nearer the land of promise.

Some men nobly serve their country by dying on the battle-field. Others can serve it by dying anywhere.

POETICAL GEM FROM THE SUNNY SHORE.

ADDRESSED TO RELATIVES, THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES.

Father, I would guide this mortal,
That I may present to you,
From the ever-shining portal,
Some sweet message, brief and true.

I have left your world of sadness,
All its scenes of bitterness,
And have joined, in realms of gladness,
Angel legions numberless.

Clothed in raiments pure and shining,
Do they come by day and night,
Every darkling shadow lining
With the golden lines of light.

Oh! how it my soul rejoices,
That I can this arm control,
And that sweet, familiar voices,
Can breathe comfort to your soul.

Earth is full of woe and trial,
Troubles gather in man's path,
And the fearful war-sound's wail
Overruns with hate and wrath.

Strife and discord, blood and anguish,
Fill the thick and murky air;
Aching hearts and households languish
All around you, everywhere.

Still the demon dark is making
Of your homes a fresh demand,
Heeding not the hearts now breaking
Over all your stricken land.

When will this black King of Terror
Abdicate his bloody throne,
And his reign of crime and error
Nevermore to man be known?

When, oh! when will come the dawning
Of the great millennium day;
When will come the joyous morning,
That true love man's heart will sway?

Not until his soul is ready
To obey Heaven's highest law,
And he makes his earnest study
Arts of peace as well as war.

Not until by true endeavor
He the triumph seeks to win,
E'er determined to discover
All fidelity to sin.

Then, oh! then! your eager vision
Will behold the first glad ray
Of that bright, mundane Elysian,
Which proclaims the Coming Day.

Do not doubt; be not weary;
Faint not in the harvest-field;
From behind the clouds so dreary,
God's pure sunshine is concealed.

Angels true for you are working;
They will all your troubles quell;
Dangers in your pathway lurking,
They will speedily dispel.

Have faith, then, in those above you;
Warmer friends you cannot know;
They will ever, ever love you,
Both in gladness and in woe.

Friendships formed on earth may perish,
Faded away like dews of morn,
Which a season you may cherish,
Soon to vanish they are gone.

But the love in angels blending,
Is unlike your earthly love;
There is faithful, knows no ending,
Faithful as the God above.

Father, you I thank sincerely,
For your kindnesses to me;
Ever shall I prize most dearly
Every precious memory.

Henry, I am glad to find you
Interested in this cause;
A great work has been assigned you,
Do not in this regard pause.

If the world's cold, cruel slander
Seeks your better name to soil,
Do not from Truth's pathway wander—
Backward will its weapons coil.

When you wish for sister Stella,
Call her spirit-name in love,
And you'll hear the answering echo
From the bending heavens above.

Father, mother, brothers, sisters,
Partner of mine earthly life,
Some day you in heaven will greet me,
Daughter, sister, loving wife.

STELLA C. DRYANT,
Wife of Thomas Tomkinson.

Woodstock, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1885.

What is Life?

What is Life? To sympathize with all Nature animate and inanimate; to be gladdened by the sparkling fountain; to soar with the towering eagle; to contemplate with pleasure the flights of the ephemeral butterfly; to muse by the murmuring brook; to feel fresh vigor from heaven's purer breezes; to have one's heart swell with the roaring of the mighty ocean, and again in its deep calmness to find repose; to expand thus universally; exulting with the lofty and powerful; softening with the subdued and gentle; bounding with the swift; lingering with the tardy. This is Life! To appreciate fully good and evil, (without confusion of the terms) as they exist in their finite forms; yet to look at all things, generally, and without prejudice, allowing for what might have been with but little change; to acknowledge the good that exists in the most depraved and tyrannical, and what is perhaps more difficult, forgive the frailties and failures; in fact, the evidence of humanity, from which our saints and heroes have not been exempt; to understand how deception or injury may have ruined in their turn the victor and his victim; to understand the strength and virtue of Nature, without being too self-satisfied; and in weakness and corruption without feeling too abashed—this is Life! To arrive at conclusions free from prejudice; to have grasp of mind sufficient to comprehend the various systems proposed, and reforms started for the amelioration of mankind; to perceive all of the good which they would achieve; to confess the evil which it is desirable to remove, yet to have sufficient acumen to discover that many of the limited so-called reformers possibly would produce almost unlimited evil, and that much of the sorrow which now surrounds us is but the necessary concomitant of unpurified humanity; comprehending all this—not to rest in misery, but rise like a "strong man refreshed" and so on and so on all the good within reach, and give as freely as has been received; to have, in addition, the holy spirit of love, which will manifest itself in adoration of God, in tenderness in the social relation, in beneficence to creation at large; to have a desired ultimatum in view, which is steadily pursued—this will truly be to live, physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually. This is the fullness of Life! This is Life.

Given by the spirit of Edwin Barnett.
Brooklyn, N. Y., March 22, 1885.

VERMONT ANNUAL STATE CONVENTION.

Again it falls to my lot to write to the dear Banner something of what was said and done at our recent State Convention.

It will not be expected by our intelligent friends that I shall do more than give a general outline of the whole, the prominent ideas that animated the meeting, and an occasional gem of thought that might be picked up from the mass of ideas and sentiments given.

We met in Ludlow, a thriving and pleasant village of Windsor County, on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, on Friday, Aug. 23th, and continued the meetings with increasing interest through the following Sabbath.

The meeting was called to order by W. W. Russell, and the following officers were appointed, viz: Newman Weeks, President; Mrs. W. W. Russell, Vice President; George Dutton, Secretary, and George F. Baker, Assistant; D. P. Wilder, W. W. Russell and George W. Ripley, Business Committee; under whose management the Convention was more harmoniously, inspiring the people with more ideal earnestness, or with the belief, as expressed by one of the members, that "we have lived in the play-house of Spiritualism long enough." Warren Chase, Henry O. Wright, Charles A. Hayden, A. E. Simmons, M. C. Hunt, E. B. Holden, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. S. H. Matthews and Mrs. E. A. Horton were the principal speakers, though many others took an active part in conference.

Several earnest and active friends from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, George F. Baker and Mr. Sprague, contributed not a little to the interest and usefulness of the Convention. Mrs. Helen M. Bloom, Warren Chase and A. E. Simmons were early appointed a Committee on Organization, which was the dominant idea of nearly every speaker.

Bro. Wright spoke briefly of "Home and its influence," and from the text: "The health of woman the hope of the world." Let Spiritualism be manifested in elevating the home.

"Home is not made of palace walls,
Filled with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where the heart hath built,
Filled with the heart's truest life."
Home is where there is one to love—
Home is where there is one to love us!"

Be tender and considerate of the health of woman, for God has invested her with the power to gather up materials and fashion them into human beings; and the diseases of the mother must go into the child.

Bro. Hayden spoke, Saturday afternoon, of "The Natural and the Spiritual," and again on Sunday. His discourses were torrents of eloquence and argument. A few thoughts from his discourses may serve your readers to determine their quality, like a cup of water from Niagara, but can give no idea of their quantity or power. Naturalism is Spiritualism, and vice versa. Every human being is of God, and in the material universe, to attract and subordinate to himself. Through Psychometry we are opening up the treasure-house of the past; and eternity is in the past as much as in the future, yet the soul is linked to both. There are no mysteries of Godliness to-day. We dare to take the Christian's eternal, and walk there and study God there. Mystery is only another name for ignorance. Let knowledge be universally diffused. We would revolutionize the old Kingdom of Hell, like Basil, the good old monk, who was sent down there for neglecting to count his beads. He went to work for the redemption of the unfortunate victims. The devil, in fear of losing his subjects, thrust him down deeper, but he worked there also, and at last was seen ascending the rounds of the ladder of moral worth, and was admitted to Heaven. Children need not be educated to be Spiritualists; they are so naturally.

The Spiritualists' Bible is so large that it cannot be comprehended through the narrow gates of bigotry, and his divinity so large that it cannot be comprehended by any Church. We believe in immortality and the power of its demonstration. Through suffering comes purification, through purification holiness, and through holiness happiness. The Progressive Lyceum is the most effective blow yet given to superstition.

Bro. Chase spoke strongly in favor of organization. We have no work and no one to do it in the world cannot be applied. He asks organization, that we may separate education from superstition. We now are cradled in infancy and dominated by the theology they are taught. His feelings are strongest for the elevation of woman, but his intellect is most deeply interested in education. Not one known practical truth in science was given by God orally. He has planted within us the soul-gem of nature, and given us power to read her book, and must educate ourselves. Our colleges, theological subjects, each confusion. Take a scale to the naturalist, or a plant to a botanist, and science gives one definite answer on which all agree. Ask Chapin or Beecher what eclipses the moon, or any question in anatomy or mathematics, and either gives the same reply; yet in theology they do not agree, though teaching side by side, more than two ignorant men who cannot read or write. We want colleges established on reasonable principles, but without organization we can do no more than we have—support the colleges as they are. Some practical questions must be settled: viz: What is the human soul? Where does it go at death? What does this life do for the next? What pocket change shall we take that will be current over there? Shall we get salamander coats that will shield us from fire, or get insured in a Methodist insurance office? Let science deal with these as it has with material questions.

Bro. Sprague, of Schenectady, introduced Resolutions and called special attention to the spiritual and educational interests of the freedmen.

Bro. Simmons spoke of the logic and beauty of Spiritualism. It appeals first to the intellect and next to the heart. The Spiritualist has fastened his falcon gaze upon the beauties of the hereafter, and will not be turned aside. He is the nobleman of nature, and goes boldly forth; as Daniel Webster asked not Dartmouth's diploma, but waited for the world to give it. He can afford to wait, for the world will give it to him. He is the nobleman of nature, and goes boldly forth; as Daniel Webster asked not Dartmouth's diploma, but waited for the world to give it. He can afford to wait, for the world will give it to him.

Bro. E. B. Holden, of Clarendon, Vt., spoke in favor of organization. It was the break which we ought to apply to the car of theology, now crushing humanity in its progress. The bullet in the highest power. We have passed Resolutions, but done nothing for education, for our faith and doctrines. He proposed to appoint a Committee to draft a form for local organizations, in the State, to publish it in the Banner, and go right to work. On motion of the speaker, Dr. Dutton, Dr. Randall, Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Randall were appointed as that Committee. Now go to work, said the speaker, and gather the particles of gold.

The Committee appointed on the subject of organization in general, reported the following Resolutions, which were discussed in Convention, and adopted:

Resolved, That local organizations are essential to all efficient co-operative action of Spiritualists, either in propagating truth, or defending themselves and their religious belief, as well as in the promotion of their participation in State, national and world-wide organizations and efforts in reform in the various departments of life; therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the Spiritualists and Reformers in general, in every neighborhood where ten or more persons are gathered, to form a local organization, for the purpose of sending out strength and efforts for self-defense, for protection and support of medium and believers, and for carrying out such measures of reform in the nation, in the State, in the family and in the individual, as may from time to time be deemed for the best interests of the race.

Resolved, That we approve of the call for a Convention in Philadelphia, in October next, and recommend to that Convention to take such steps as will effect or lead to a permanent national organization of Spiritualists, and all who will co-operate with them in such efforts.

Resolved, That the Vermont Convention of Spiritualists be a permanent organization of twelve years' standing, and numbering a regular attendance of over two hundred members, to be held by the call of the national committee, and to be represented in the National Convention to be held in October next, in Philadelphia; therefore

Resolved, That we appoint a Committee of three persons to nominate four delegates to the said National Convention, and report their nominations to the next session of conference.

The President appointed Thos. Middleton, Mrs. M. B. Randall and E. B. Holden, Committee of

nomination. This Committee reported the names of Newman Weeks and George Dutton, of Rutland, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Bridgewater, and Mrs. M. B. Randall, of Woodstock, and they were duly appointed delegates to the next National Convention.

Bro. Sprague introduced the two following Resolutions, and they were adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention ask the special attention of the National Convention, to be held in October next, at Philadelphia, to the spiritual education and elevation of the freedmen of the South.

The Secretary was instructed to place this Resolution in the hands of the delegates.

Resolved, That a Committee of three ladies be appointed to raise funds and engage teachers for the colored freedmen, and that this arrangement be called the Martin Washington Association.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. W. W. Russell and Mrs. Sarah A. Willey, were appointed Committee for the above named Association.

The following Resolution was introduced by Dr. Randall, of Woodstock:

Resolved, That Spiritualists cannot consistently all pecuniarily, or attend with their families and friends, any social or religious meetings where the freedom of speech of male or female is ignored.

Austen E. Simmons, of Woodstock, Sabbath School, of Eden, and George W. Ripley, of Montpelier, were chosen a Committee of Arrangement for our next Annual State Convention; George Dutton, of Rutland, Corresponding Secretary.

A vote was passed, thanking the Universalist Society for the use of their house; to George H. Cole, proprietor of the hotel, for his uniform kindness and hospitality to his guests, and to the President, for his decision and firmness in preserving order in the Convention. Adjourned sine die.

Fraternally and sincerely yours for the right,
GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Secretary.

Rutland, Vt., Sept. 8th, 1885.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

(This is the song which old and young are singing, playing, and whistling, at the present time.)

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay
Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching;

Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the stars and flag
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the freedom in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood,
When their fierce charge was made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before they reached our lines
They were driven back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.
Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

So within the prison walls,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eyes grow bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Letter from Dr. Coonley.

Dear Friends of the Banner, I am just able to drop you a few lines, briefly speaking of my late severe sickness.

About three weeks since I was suddenly attacked with neuralgia, which soon assumed a typhoid character of the whole system. Every attempt to subdue the pain and procure an equilibrium was of no avail. I was rapidly sinking, and I remarked that if I could get to LaSalle and be under the treatment of Mrs. Dr. M. A. Thompson, I was satisfied I would get well. I got there a week ago last Friday, and was enabled to return here, comparatively well, yesterday. I assure you I came very near "crossing the river," and I am satisfied that but for the skill, perseverance and constant attention, night and day, of my worthy doctor and the angel-guides, I should now be an inhabitant of another sphere. It is but justice that I should say that Mrs. Thompson is a practicing physician of the truly "Eclectic School," though classed among the Electro-Homoeopaths. She has long been known in LaSalle and vicinity as an independent worker in behalf of the poor, suffering and unfortunate.

The severe affliction through which I have just passed, I have no doubt was caused by over exertions in treating the sick by "laying on of hands," in which I have been busy, and, I think, successfully engaged for some time past. I shall be enabled to resume my labors in a few days.

The cause is progressing finely through this section of country. We go next week to Havana, Mason Co., Ill., where I can be addressed, as per notice in Banner list.

I regret exceedingly the unfortunate differences of opinion in regard to the last and coming National Conventions. I had hoped that our divine philosophy would have so enlarged our feelings that we could work in harmony with every effort to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

The Banner is greeted, in its weekly visits, with the same fervent welcome with which I met its first unfolding eight years since. Though we have a fine paper just started in Chicago, there is ample room for the sustenance of both with our critically reading spiritual public. May the Banner still wave, carrying its glad tidings to millions yet unborn.

L. K. COONLEY.

Henry, Marshall Co., Ill., Sept. 6, 1885.

The Allen Boy Manifestations.

Some time since I read several communications in the Banner concerning the "Allen Boy," and the manifestations made through him. I will now relate to you what I saw of him last winter at Glover, Vt. The circles held were in darkened rooms. One evening I held the boy's right hand, another gentleman held the left. Soon I visibly felt the touch of a hand upon my arm, shoulder, head, face and breast. I could feel the pressure of fingers and their various movements, as plainly as I ever felt the touch of any person's hand in my life. Occasionally I would be slapped upon the shoulders, which I felt and heard as sensibly as I ever felt anything; more than thirty persons present also heard the sounds. The hand unbuttoned my shirt bosom, took from my pocket various articles, combed my head, and patted my face very tenderly and lovingly.

The hand also took candy from some one's pocket and placed the same in my mouth, holding it for me to bite off a piece, then put the rest between my lips, by which means I could distinctly feel the fingers with my tongue. I heard the drum beaten with a force that seemingly must have broken in the head. The hand would obey my mental requests as readily as though I had spoken aloud. The manifestations were various, and some of them were executed very rapidly. Indeed, such as moving things into different parts of the room; and noises were heard, first in one place, then in another, almost at the same moment. The boy was raised up out of his chair while I had hold of his hand.

The boy seemed unsophisticated, plain, and I verily believe, truthful. And though I had been a believer for some time in Spiritualism, yet I confess I was surprised at what I saw and heard, not quite realizing that it could be so plainly demonstrated. I have said that these circles were held in the dark, yet I have heard that the hand had been seen a day or two previous to the date which I speak of, by truthful and reliable persons in every respect. The hand was seen to take up shears and clip a lock of hair from another lad's head!

F. V. POWERS.

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 predestinate 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 minute 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 earth, 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 muster.

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, wend their way earthward in the twilight of a wintry evening, to magnetize and prepare a material for future mediumistic 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 those 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 unjoined, 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 unmade, 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 attempts to explain and counteract 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 competing "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 the 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 *its* own 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.—(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 our Boston and her schools!
Despite the laugh of envious fools.
Who loves not her communion?
Still may her worth and beauty last!
The future hail her, as the past,
The Candle of the Union!

MODesty.—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 preached?" "I did," quietly replied the unassuming divine.—Boston Transcript.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.
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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 spirit 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 floods 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 leveler, 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 suppleness 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 glories 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 the country to stay there through these changes in external nature, can form a true conception of what they express. They require to be seen, when 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 plot that is hatched 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 tranquillize 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 commemorative 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 thanksgivings 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 bright emblem in the present gladness, and the other encompassing the far, far stretches 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, must not. These lives given to their country are only so bat as to be found—formed in ampler tides 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 his wide-spread and profound feeling. War has duly 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 it feel hardly less at ease 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.

Biele'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. 23, 1866, when it will reach its perihelion. At the return of this comet in 1840 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 offense. 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 photographic 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 eloquent 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 Hallburton, 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 Zucatecas 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. Jemelson, 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 poets."

A Lecturer.

Mrs. Jennett 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 upon 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 labors, on the first of November.

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

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who gave it, and is published through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Oh wondrous and mysterious Law, by whose wisdom the flowers bloom, the rain falls, the seasons come and go; who marketh every condition of life, and understandeth all things; thou, whose wisdom formed the rolling worlds and rounded the tiny dewdrop, give us light, more light. Let us read more perfectly thy law. Let us understand thee, for we would worship thee understandingly. Let us know how to praise thee, by reading thee. Oh Spirit, whose infinite power we may never fully realize, let us know somewhat of thee. Let us feel thy presence permeating all things that are. Oh wash away our doubts with thy great ocean of wisdom. Teach us by thine own ministering angels, that have outlived all doubt, gone beyond all skepticism. Let us minister to these thy children. Let us give them living waters. Let us plant bright flowers in their souls. Let us take away the dead leaves and give them green and fresh ones. Oh, let us give them truth in all its simplicity, in all its beauty, all its purity. Father, we praise thee, though we cannot fully understand thee. Father, for all shadows we bless thee, for all sunshine, for all the sorrows of life, for crime in its deepest, darkest form, for all things we praise thee.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to answer the inquiries of correspondents or the audience.

QUEST.—Supposing two persons are born into this world with equal minds, but one possesses a great deal more physical strength and energy than the other—therefore possesses the ability to develop the mind—will that same power be manifest in the spirit-world, or will there be an equality there? or will the time ever come when those persons will be equal in development?

ANS.—To begin with, there never existed two minds in all respects alike, any more than there ever were two bodies alike, or two atoms exactly alike. Although they may seem to be, yet a close spiritual analysis will determine otherwise.

QUEST.—By R. O. What evidence or proof can be given that the spirit is not resolved into its original elements, (like the body) or great ocean of spirit, and become lost, as to its identity?

A.—There is no other proof except the demonstrations they are able to give through these persons, and through certain things that are used as media. There is no other evidence, certainly none that we are acquainted with.

QUEST.—If God is in all and through all, wherein is the accountability of man's spirit?

A.—His accountability rests with his individuality. In that way, alone, is he responsible. Whatever is perpetrated through that individuality, the individuality itself holds him accountable for.

QUEST.—In the approaching religious war, will there not be some person who will stand out as the spiritual representative of that period?

A.—That a distinct human being will positively stand out prominent during the religious war that is to come, we fully believe. We also fully believe that that person is with you now.

QUEST.—How long before this will take place?

A.—That we do not know, or if we did we should not answer it.

QUEST.—Is this to be a war of physical conjunction or a war of ideas?

A.—We believe it will be principally a war of ideas. But in certain localities, with certain groups of minds, it is very possible; and we may say very probable, that it will take on physical force.

QUEST.—What is expected to be the result of this war?

A.—A new divine dispensation; the death of the old, the birth of the new.

QUEST.—Will there be any sectarianism after such a war?

A.—Oh yes. So long as there is in existence the elements on which sectarianism lives or exists, it will remain. This religious warfare will by no means wash out this sectarianism. Thousands of years will be needed to do this.

QUEST.—Inasmuch as this war is urged principally against sectarianism, will it be of long duration?

A.—In one sense, it will be. Christianity and Paganism have been at war ever since the birth of Christianity. And so it will be with every new dispensation. It will be constantly growing, therefore constantly encroaching upon the old, constantly eating it up; and this will produce perpetual, although somewhat silent warfare.

QUEST.—Is the Spiritualist to stir up this war?

A.—Oh no; the Spirit of Truth will do it, not the Spiritualist.

William Smith.

I was pretty bad off before I got free from the troubles of this world, having been in a Southern prison between four and five months; was sick most of the time. So I've been waiting until I could muster up power enough to come back in this way, although I've been away since last September.

I am from Michigan—I am from Keokuk, Michigan. I have a good deal to say, but I'd like to say it to my own people, my own folks.

I don't want to tell them, as I know of, how much I suffered before I died. According to all accounts, they'd like to know. But the most I care about is, to know how they are going to get along, how they are going to understand this Spiritualism. It's a pretty deep, and takes a mighty sight of brains, stranger, to comprehend it, to begin with. My folks ain't very well educated, don't know a great deal; don't know anything about Spiritualism. I want them to know that we can come back, and that we live. There's no use in folks saying there's no proof of our existence after death. The proof is, that we come back; that's the proof; and if you ain't got that, you ain't got anything that is worth having, anyhow.

I was William Smith here, but what I am now is more than I can tell. Well, Bill Smith that was, ain't known by that name in spirit-life. He is known by his works, and not by his name now. That's the order of the day, sir. [You are known only by your name, here.] Yes; so I had to keep my old name in mind, to give it here. You'll be known by your works—I want my folks to know that—and not by the name you bear. Now that's so.

I had a good old aunt who had lost two children of the same name. They're in the spirit-world; and she's terribly troubled, and wants to know how she's going to get along with having two of the same name there. I can tell her that the name belongs to the body, and you don't carry it with you to the spirit-world; and that is the reason some poor fellows have had scratching to think of it when they come back.

I want her to know that the two Mary Anns that were here, are the two Mary Anns in spirit-life. But the name don't go there, 'tain't used. She needn't think she'll know her children by the name they had here. No; she'll know 'em by their works, and by the attraction. [Don't you suppose they will come to her?] Oh, Lord bless you, yes! They'll recognize her in spirit-life. I tell you what, it is well enough to have a name to be known by on earth. There's a mighty sight of truth in that passage of Scripture that says, "A tree is known by its fruits, and ye shall be known by the works you do." It might have read like this, "Paul won't be known as Paul, but by the works he does;" and you need not think your name will take you to heaven, for in spirit-life you'll stand or fall on your own virtues. That's it.

I knew plenty of fellows here that lived on their money and their good name; that is, it was good as far as the name went; but come to live down beneath, and they wasn't worth fighting for. It served their purpose here. They made their reputation, made money on it; but it ain't going to serve them when they get on the other side. They've got to live on good sound virtue when they get there, if they've got any. If they haven't got any, they'll be badly off, that's all.

Well, I don't know how I'm going to approach my folks, only to let 'em know I'm alive and around. I did feel pretty bad in the spirit-world, at first; got little over that now.

I'm alive! I'm alive! that's it; although I did die in the body. I'm alive! Now you understand that, don't you? I served thirty-two years in the body; and I've served in the spirit-world since last September, out of the body. Now you know just how much there was of me. That's all that I've got any account of. Good-bye to you, stranger.

Matthew Perkins.

I am very glad that the way is opened by which we can return to our friends that live on earth, if we choose so to do. For my own part, before my death, I had no belief in the existence of such an open highway between the two worlds.

I am informed that some of my friends attribute my death to Spiritualism. I beg leave to correct them. I was no Spiritualist, not if I know myself. I had seen somewhat of it, and had heard a great deal about it; but I was no Spiritualist. I did not commit suicide because I expected to make myself better off, according to the spiritual theory. No; they are sadly mistaken when they suppose that Spiritualism was the cause of my death.

I would like to inform them that for months, and I may say for years before my death, there were times when I would feel as though I must take my own life. There seemed no escape from it. Indeed, I would be so harassed by this terrible feeling, that it was a living hell to me; and, at last, rather than to be so harassed and tormented by this terrible incubus, I said I would do the deed, let the consequences be what they might.

I now see that these terrible feelings were within me at my birth. I had no control over their growth. They were there, and grew, and became stronger than I was. I was physically weak. I suffered for years from ailments of the body, that rendered me very weak, physically speaking. But only when these fits seized me, did I contemplate taking my own life. When they did, I was ashamed to make my condition known. I was anxious to outgrow it. I felt I should be strong enough to resist the temptation, if such you may call it; but the desire was stronger than myself, consequently I succumbed to it.

Now I am exceedingly sorry that this feeling ever had an existence within my being. I cannot say how it came there, but in all probability it was given prior to my natural birth. I date it back beyond my natural birth. So, then, I could have no control over those elements. I did the best I could to bring them into subjection; and when I could not, rather than to be so tormented, I said, "I'll do the deed, let the consequences be what they may."

I am, or was, Matthew Perkins, of Boston. Good-day.

Georgie Donelson.

I am Georgie Donelson. I am from New York. I been away from there a year and a half. I was eight years old, most nine; and I want to speak with my mother. [Do you see her here?] No, sir, she ain't here; she's at home.

I want to tell her how I live in the spirit-land, and all about the folks that I live with. And I want to tell her how I don't want her to feel so bad because I died.

Please to tell her that Dr. Carter's son—he was killed in the war—he helps me. Dr. Carter lives in New York; and his son Galen's in the spirit-land, and he helps me to come. He said he could not come himself—wanted very much to—so he'd help me to come. I know him. We knew him when he lived in New York.

Dr. Carter's son says he thinks that his father will fix a way, perhaps, so I can talk to my mother, although he don't believe it, because he don't know anything about these things. You do n't know how I can, do you? [Your mother will try to find some medium, if she reads your letter.] Well, that's what I want. And then I can tell her not to cry any more; how nice I am in the spirit-land, and everything about it, can't I?

Dr. Carter says he'd give the world if he could talk the way I do. He says things ain't right for him to. He's got to wait. Good-bye, Mister.

Invocation.

Oh Holy Spirit, whose mysterious life no soul can define, whose presence has been felt in all the past, is in all the present, and will be in all the future, to come, hear thou our prayers. We come to thee from the sacred temple of human life, seeking thy blessing, imploring thy protection. And yet, maybe, there is no need of this; maybe there is no need that we ask thee to bless us, for thy blessings, like the sunshine, are showered upon all alike, and no one is exempt from them; and thy protection, like an eternal presence, is around us and within us forever. It is to that we look for all our strength, all our wisdom, all blessings that are to be bestowed upon us. Oh, teach us Divine Life, to know what thy protection means.

Teach us to understand thee better. Teach us to know that thou art our Father in every sense, that thou art the Divine Presence from which we have come, in which we live, and in which we are to exist in the future. Teach us to feel that this is an immutable truth, an unchangeable law. Oh, teach us to feel the greatness of immortality. Teach us that it comes laden with the glory of the past, is covered with the glory of the present, and prophesies of that which is to come. Oh, open to us the volume of thy creations, for we would read thy word and understand thy most Holy Scriptures.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Have you questions from correspondents? If so, we will hear them.

QUEST.—The chairman read a letter from G. G., who says he is somewhat bewildered on the subject of Spiritualism, thinks it is somewhat antagonistic to Ancient or Biblical Spiritualism, and wishes some criterion to guide him in coming to a right understanding of the subject.

ANS.—Life, when resolved to its simplest elements, is but life. It is a unit. There is oneness existing throughout all life, and yet there is an infinite variety of form, of manifestation, of unfoldment. The truth that underlies Modern Spiritualism is exceedingly simple. The truth that underlies Ancient Spiritualism was also exceedingly simple. Both are one and the same, and yet in their outward form they differ. And this must needs be, because the very nature of their growth or unfoldment determines the variety of the form to be taken on. No two ideas can be unfolded alike, simply because no two can be aggregated alike.

Your correspondent is in doubt concerning Modern Spiritualism, simply because his ideas have not reached that standard of wisdom requisite to human comprehension of it. When the time shall arrive that he shall have grown large enough to comprehend Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, then that which is a mystery and surrounded with doubt will be resolved to a simplicity, divested of all doubt. Your correspondent seems to believe that Modern Spiritualism ignores Ancient Spiritualism. This is not so. In form alone they differ; but the life is the same.

QUEST.—Will the controlling intelligence please tell us what kind of spirits possessed the sons of Sceva, the Jew and chief of the priests, when the evil spirit answered and said: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are you?" And what were those curious arts they used? and what kind of books were those they burned?

A.—They were curious and mysterious simply to those who questioned them, because they did not understand them; but, in themselves, they were simple, exceedingly so. Now these spirits were simply differently aggregated in soul-life from those that approached them and dared to question them. Therefore many mistakes occurred concerning them.

QUEST.—Please explain why the sons of Sceva were not able to cast out spirits?

A.—We should suppose, judging from observation in localities not altogether dissimilar to this one, that the cause was simply this: They did not understand the process by which those evil spirits could be expelled or driven thence. Jesus says, "Some are cast out only by fasting and prayer; some by the exercise of love in all its simplicity; some by the exercise of sternness mingled with justice."

QUEST.—One would suppose that they should not have called forth the indignation of those spirits.

A.—You seem to be very, very short-sighted. Are you not aware that there are some persons, some spirits, who are so conditioned that they do not see the good you offer them, only in the light of evil, and therefore meet you accordingly? Do you not meet exhibitions of the kind in your everyday walks in life here on earth?

QUEST.—I would ask whether many of those cases we call insanity, or madness, are not caused by persons being possessed with evil spirits?

A.—Yes; in our opinion much of the so-called insanity may be attributed to such a cause. Sometimes the near approach of inharmonious or antagonistic spirits so disturbs the spiritual atmosphere as to produce what is called insanity. Sometimes these evil influences take possession of human forms. Such individuals are obsessed in all their parts by foreign, antagonistic spirits, then. Physicians at the present day have but a very limited knowledge of the causes of insanity. We hope in the future they will learn more concerning it. We hope, instead of dealing entirely with the material, they will deal more particularly with the spiritual. We have often told you that all your human ills had their origin in the spiritual. Now if this is true, the physician should deal with that first, if he expects to accomplish a radical cure.

QUEST.—Would it not be possible that some law, or laws, could be laid down, by which spirits could be cast out?

A.—We cannot believe that there is any general law that could be made available in every case. Each case has to be governed by its own peculiar laws; and in order to treat any one case with success, all that is necessary is to understand the law governing in the case. There is no general law that can be made applicable, with success, in our opinion. That which might be made applicable to one, could not be to another.

QUEST.—Jesus Christ, in giving his disciples instruction, as regards the casting out of evil spirits, seemed only to give them some general laws. Now is it not possible that the power they possessed is possessed still?

A.—It certainly is possessed still. The only difficulty is, they do not know how to use it. If you are really possessed of that Christ-spirit, that power that thinketh no ill, but beareth love to all, you could do just what he did; perform the same miracles. He tells you this; but can you find this power in your Churches? Oh no; the Devil enters there, and from beneath the roof of the Church thousands pass on annually, simply from obsession. And yet your priests have no power to cast out these evil spirits. And why is this? It is because you have not the Spirit of Christ. If you had, you could do just what he did. But there are many in your midst, thanks be to the great God, who understand the process of doing away with evil, or harmonizing these inharmonious conditions. But they stand back and dare not come forward, because society has placed her hand there, and they find it very hard to overcome it. There is an antidote for all ills, whether mental or physical. Seek those things that will effect a cure, a power that will harmonize, then you will be restored to a moral and healthy condition. You are all physicians in the hands of the Great Physician, who is saying to you, through countless avenues, "Know thyself, oh human reasoner; understand my law, which is to understand things own; then you will understand less of human law, and more of Divine law."

QUEST.—What causes the near approach of evil influences?

A.—That we cannot tell. Sometimes it is from one cause, sometimes from another. Sometimes their near approach comes from physical difficulties,

sometimes from mental derangement; sometimes from inharmonious surroundings.

QUEST.—Are we to understand that all diseases can be cured without the aid of medicines by spiritual influences, if we understand how to use that power?

A.—Yes; the remedial agents that exist in what is called medicines are only needed, only a necessity, because you do not understand the use of the higher.

QUEST.—Is there not some mode of prevention better than cure?

A.—Yes; live as naturally, as harmoniously, as heavenly as possible. This is the most direct way. And there are ante-natal circumstances surrounding every individual, that have been projected into their beings, over which they have no control. These circumstances must be met and dealt with according to their necessities. Some have a tendency to produce insanity; some to bring sorrow in one way, some in another. Yet if you are wise, and know how to govern the elements by which you are surrounded, you can overcome these elements. But at present you have not this wisdom. You must seek earnestly for it. Do the best you can to live harmonious lives. Above all, obey the laws that govern you as individuals, ignoring all other laws; render obedience to that that applies particularly to yourselves.

QUEST.—But if those circumstances have been projected by God, how is it possible to evade them?

A.—You cannot evade them, perhaps, but you can meet them with strength, not weakness. We would not ask that the ills of life could be turned away from your pathway. We would only ask that you might have strength and wisdom to bear them, to understand them.

QUEST.—Is the speaker aware whether Jesus Christ himself has ever personally communicated, or endeavored to correct the misunderstandings that have been made in regard to himself?

A.—Jesus Christ has made many personal communications with humanity at the present day. He has endeavored, through many ways, to correct the wrongs of his life, as given in the Scriptures. Do not suppose because Christianity has hallowed this individual, that he cannot come among you and minister to your needs; but rather suppose that he is with you, dealing with humanity, not alone in thought, not in a general way, but especially, personally. Oh yes; he is with you. He has communicated many, many times to individuals who understand his presence. Why, the law of spiritual attraction would answer the question. He must dwell with you. The great mass of Christian minds are continually drawing him hither. The perpetual thought that is kept up concerning him determines his presence among you.

Judge Alcott.

It is many years since I was on the earth possessed of a human body. I think in all it is something like thirty years, and yet I have never seen a moment when I could say, I have no longer any wish to return to my earthly home, the place where I suffered so much, and enjoyed so much.

Within the last fifteen or eighteen years, the subject of the return of the departed spirit has been producing such an intense agitation among people, that there has been a corresponding agitation in the spirit-world.

Many have said we cannot return, because we have not experienced the blessings of return. Now it may seem very strange to you who believe in spirit-power, that there should be any individuals in the spirit-world who are not able to know that they can return. But it is a fact. There are thousands to-day who do not know, will not know this truth, as there are thousands of millions on earth who do not know anything of Spiritualism. Some of us may suppose you are very ignorant because you do not all believe in the return of the spirit. Seeing that the two worlds are so near, seeing that the manifestations are so very potent and strong, that all must appeal to your inner senses and outer combined, it seems as though not to believe in the spirit's return were ignorance upon your part. It is the same with us who do not believe we can come back.

In the first of these agitations in spirit-life, I could not believe in spirit return; for I had believed, in my earthly life, there was no return, that indeed the gulf was so very wide and deep no one could bridge it. But the more I heard about it, the more I began to believe I could come, as a spirit; but I did not believe I could take on a body and communicate through that body, as I do through this one. But recently, within the last few years, some with whom I was related, so far as earthly things are concerned, have become interested in the beautiful theory of spiritual communion, and have called upon their friends to return to them. Among the rest I have been called for; so I am here to-day to obey the summons.

I was called in my earthly life Judge Alcott. I lived in Walpole, N. H. I spent most of my time in Hanover. Now although I have returned, yet I have not the means at hand by which I can demonstrate to my friends the truth of Spiritualism; but I have taken the first step in answer to their call. If they wish the second, they must help me take it themselves. I am possessed with a memory of events of any time in my life, that I can recall, that is, if they'll come to me. Let me come to them as I do here, and not say to me, "Judge, go away; tell us this and that about the spirit-world," and at the same time give me a proper mouthpiece. I can't give the sound of the trumpet through the violin. Give me this same instrument in the presence of my friends who have called upon me, and I can answer all they ask. I am just as earnest to prove that I am an immortal spirit, and that I can return, as they are to know what becomes of them beyond the grave. They want to know—some of them are all ready to step across—and they ask, "Oh, give us light concerning the future." Yes, that is what we all want—light, more light.

Well, friends, seek on, but seek in the most direct way. Ask for the highest gifts, and if you put yourselves in a condition to receive them, the Great God, who is able to bestow them, will not withhold them from you, rest assured of that. Good-day.

Rufus Choate.

I did not intend to gain control of your subject to-day; but I was here to congratulate this dear old friend of mine upon having gained light enough to return with, and I suppose I was drawn a little too near, and so was obliged to come and take positive and full control of your subject, in order to free myself legitimately from it on leaving. It's very pleasant to know that we can return, and it's more so to know that we can do something for our friends who are in the dark. This good old Judge held a very pleasant relationship to me until I took my departure from the body, which was but a few years ago. I learned his condition, although I was somewhat in darkness myself, yet I was able to impart some light to him, coming, as I did, fresh from this side of life.

So I said, "Judge, I really believe the way is

opened; really believe you can return, if you choose, to earth; so let us put all our forces together, and try if we cannot build a bridge upon which to return. I rather think you can return; think it will carry you safe over."

The old man has gone on rejoicing, and I earnestly hope that the friends who have been kind enough to tell his return, will give him a chance to meet them privately.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Benjamin Aldrich.

And so the wheel keeps moving. Sometimes we are up, sometimes down. How are you? So the old man there and his son-in-law put their strength together to build a bridge, and when it was done the old man was afraid to come over it, for fear it would fall in. [Was he afraid to come over the bridge he'd helped build himself?] Yes, he was. Now if I'd called on me—I was when here somewhat in the way of building bridges—I might have given them a little light. I don't know—I suppose the building of bridges in spirit-life is somewhat different from the materials you use here.

Well, my friend, I hailed from Troy, New York. Three years ago I was rather unceremoniously driven out of the house I occupied. It was some time before I could get reconciled to my new home, until I met the person who drove me out of the body in the spirit-world. Then we rather squared up matters, and I felt better about it.

You see, the case was rather an unpleasant one. I had been called South on business, was called to Savannah, Charleston, and some other places. Just before the breaking out of the rebellion I was pretty largely tainted with abolition principles. I suppose in my way I was a sort of a quiet Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison, though I didn't speak in public, but I believed in what they taught the people, and lost no opportunity of expressing my views privately. Well, I didn't know the hellish spirit that was existing at the South. So when I was questioned upon that subject by persons there, why, I spoke my mind freely. The more I tried to get out, the deeper I got in, until at last they played Lynch law upon me and strung me up. I felt so hard and unsettled about it, that I believe if I could have had the power to return and hang every one at the South, I'd done so. As I said before, I didn't feel reconciled to my new condition until the leader of the Lynch law gang was sent over to my side of life. Then we squared up, and I feel pretty well now, only my friends that I've left don't know anything about how I'm situated, don't even know that I can come back. Yes, while they are thinking that Benjamin Aldrich is dead, gone, passed away, he's thinking of the very best means to get through their thick human senses to make himself known. Now that's a bad position to be in, isn't it?

My friends here at the North never knew what became of me. They heard I was imprisoned, kept there, retained, then imprisoned, and a good many stories, every one of which was false. They have n't heard the right one at all. My brother understands it like this, I believe: that I was detained there, kept in prison, that prison life so wore upon me that I at last died of despair. I was n't in prison a day. I was just as free as I ever was, but somehow I got into trouble, and kept getting in deeper, instead of getting out. Somehow or other, I would say what I wanted to; but I didn't know, as I said before, what a hellish spirit was existing at the South, or I should have pursued a different course.

Now I should be very glad to meet my folks in any reasonable way. I hear that there is a very good medium living not far from here. And if they'll avail themselves of all opportunities, I'll try to do the same. I don't want them to feel hard toward the South, or Southern institutions, because they killed me for their've killed thousands that are far better than I was. Just think of them as a people blinded to their own interests. If they had n't have been, they never would have hugged slavery to themselves so long as they did. It turned upon them, and it's lashed them pretty severely ever since. So that's a proof enough that they have been blinded to their own interests, and ought to be pitied, rather than censured.

I'm much obliged, sir. Good-day. July 3.

Susan Wickliffe.

I'm Susan Wickliffe, died in Philadelphia on the 7th day of last February. I had been South in the hospital doing for the sick. I was taken sick with a cold, which resulted in inflammation of the lungs, of which I died. I was thirty-three years of age. I have left a good father. He says all his support has gone; he has had five children, and all have passed to the silent land. He is no religiousist. He does not believe in the Bible. He has no faith in any known religion. He might be called an Atheist. He says, "All that was dear to me has gone. Had I the world to give, I'd give it to know where my loved ones are."

During my sojourn in the hospital, I learned something of this Spiritualism from a sick soldier. When I talked with him about dying, he said, "Oh yes, I am willing to do what you call die, but I can't die, for I'm going to a newer and better life." "But," I said, "I have no regrets because you're going away from your friends?" "No, for I'll go straight to them," he says, "as soon as I leave here."

I couldn't understand it, but I thought of it. And he went out so happy, he seemed so illuminated, that I thought if that was the life in Spiritualism, I find it out. So I read what I could; but I didn't know enough about it to insure belief fully. But now I know of it; and I come back to-day to tell that old man that all of us are with him—Susan, John, Joseph, Eliza and Mary—all with him; with him not in some far-off star, but right here. And I'll have to do it, to find some of these persons that we can use, as he would use his knife. Think of them as instruments, as nothing else, and we can come. He said all the light was gone out. He was mistaken. It burns as brightly and purely now, and more brightly and purely than ever, because now I know what I didn't know here. Your father's name? John.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Invocations, Questions and Answers: Alice Tremblay, to Wm. Tremblay, of Savannah, Ga.; Dave Carter, of the 2d Michigan Reg., to his mother, Frances Carter, of Hartford, N. H.; Eliza Miller, to her mother, Mary Miller, of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, to his wife Rebecca; Dennis Casey, of Fall River, Mass., to John Casey.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—Invocations, Questions and Answers: David Kennedy, to friends in Cleveland, O.; Edith Beckford, who died in Baltimore, Md., to her parents, Wm. Willig, of Wilkes' Field, Elm street, New York; and George Colledge Johnson, a New York fireman, to Tim. James.

DONATIONS.

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.

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