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DREAM-LIFE.

A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
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Author of "Agnes, the Step-Mother; or, The Castle of the Sea," "Daisy Newbrook; or, Romance of Real Life," "Adapted to the Power of Conscience," "Celia Walton; or, Will and Justice," "Famine; or, The Discipline of Life," "Felicity; or, Crime and Retribution," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

The History of Augusta Heath.

"Is the nature of the dead of God
To render finite fullness infinite,
Or to eternize sin and death in fire?" FATHER.

"I was one of many daughters belonging to a time-honored family, that once had been allied to some of the highest nobility in this, my native land. My father was a wealthy land-owner, strictly Orthodox and thoroughly conventional, holding on with might and main to the traditions of his ancestors, and sighing all his life-long for a title. My mother was a sensibly practical, thorough housekeeper, well versed in the accomplishments usual to ladies of those days. We lived in a small town, or, rather, outside of it, in an old-fashioned, turretted house, pompously styled, 'The Domain.' There, with the customary servants, the comfortable routine of persons in our station, my childhood and youth were passed. My two elder sisters married in accordance with parental wishes, and the aims of their own ambition. I followed in due order, accepting the offered hand and fortune of Warder Sheldon, and I left the paternal mansion for the distant home of my husband. I was quite young, only seventeen, and I thought I loved the man chosen for me by my parents; for it was at their earnest request and persuasion, far more than through inclination of my own, that I accepted Mr. Sheldon. He was possessed of a handsome face and figure, an easy and pleasant manner, elegant manners, and a religious turn of mind. I came into a well-appointed house in a beautiful part of the country not far from the great metropolis. I had costly dresses; jewels in abundance; no one to hinder me in the full sway of my domestic rule. My husband's distant relatives were kind and unobtrusive. He had no near ties of kindred. The first year of my married life was spent in comparative happiness.

Certain eccentricities that I had heard lightly spoken of before, began to develop in my husband's character, until they assumed such formidable proportions as to deprive me of rest and hope for the future. He was a monomaniac on the subject of religion; all the time given to reading was devoted to controversial works on the subject. A full believer in what sectarianism, mis-called Christian doctrine, he wavered between the different tenets of the 'varying sects'; and for this reason his days were either filled with gloom, or with an unhealthy exaltation, which he named 'Influx from on high.' My first doubts and fears, and consequently, my first thoughts of investigation for myself on this momentous theme, were suggested by my husband's irrational conduct and erratic changes. I had hitherto blindly believed, as others had done before me, I could give no reason for my faith; I yielded an unquestioning tribute of formal word-prayers and outward observances, that never penetrated with religious joy or fervor the depths within. Like thousands, I was a worshiper of externals in every sense. I had never felt the quickening of the divine life within. I loved this life for its material uses. Upon the Saviour's merits I relied for the blessedness of the Hereafter. I knew nothing of *self-growth*; of preparation, by effort and aspiration, and cultivation of the faculties, for the commencement of a heaven-life upon the earth. I prided myself upon being practical with regard to everyday concerns, while I neglected my own interior realm, and doing my duty solely in the accepted conventional form, deemed myself a follower of Jesus.

"I thank God that I was awakened from the torpor of mental and spiritual indolence; that with bleeding heart I was led over solitary waters, and through immeasurably deep waters of affliction I have learnt to sympathize with, as for all suffering. I have gained a philosophy of life which will brighten my pathway to the grave. Did I say to the grave? That is one of the forms of speech that cling to us from educational prejudice; there is no grave-rest for the soul; there is no death, my child. Ignorance of natural law, perversion of the appetites, unregulated passions, have brought disease, and unnatural and premature release of the spirit from the body. 'Natural death is beautiful, as is the change of seasons; it is birth into a higher life; it is transition; it is ascension; it is blessed relief, and divinely awarded compensation!'

"Oh, my grandmother! so blest, so crowned, so youthfully radiant in this spiritual beauty! Enthroned by the decree of God, the acclaim of angels, for thy sacred ministry of forgiving love on earth!

Forgive me, I have shed a few remorseful tears over that old paper. Once again the longing of my solitary youth has seized me to feel her hand, to sit at her dear feet, to weep out all my sorrow and my joy upon her faithful breast!

Ungrateful Olive! So late, and yet so timely blest with love; with the fruition of all the heart's matured desires! Give thanks unto the Giver of all Good, commune with thy own soul, and be still in thankfulness!

I will continue the narrative of that commissioned life:

"When my first child saw the light, it was welcomed by no joy of human and fatherly love; religious fanaticism shed over the innocent being its lurid doubts of eternal happiness. While my heart leaped with its maternal joyousness, Warder Sheldon groaned in anguish of spirit for the addition to this world of another sinful soul, predestined, nay, hap, to all the horrors of everlasting punishment. This fatal condition was impressed upon the character of my child, my pretty, first-born boy, my Arthur! What knew I then, what know our women now of ante-patal tendencies that embitter or embellish life, as the parents direct? Religion, then, for me had but one meaning: the observance of forms, the implicit obedience to instructions of the past. Now I have learnt to reverence physical laws, to believe in the expansion of the reason, the intuitions of the soul. All of life is holy in my sight; not its set Sabbath days and festival seasons appointed of men. I once looked with a fastidious repugnance on the bodily functions; I reverence them now as beautiful evidences of divine uses. Where I once beheld God, boxed into a narrow compass by the foolish imaginations of men, I see the ever-present Deity, the inexhaustible reservoirs of unending progress. Progress? Yes; I mean by that an education not derived from books or school routine. The symbolic ladder seen in Jacob's vision is a divine reality. From every human heart ascends the steps that lead to heaven, where the ministering angels of our Father descend to guide and bless us. Not only the beatific host, but the innumerable aids broadcast over the earth by the lavish bounty of the Lord, come to bless us. There are angels of consolation in the flowers; in the shining wayside pebbles; in the singing gladness of the streams and winds; in the summer sunlight and the noonday depths of calm; in the bracing inspirations of the frost; the falling of the virgin snow; the gathering together of the starry numbers; in labor and in rest; in music, and in gentle words and deeds; in minerals, and plants, and animals; in all the varied bountiful creation; and grandest, noblest of all, in man and woman, dwells the essential aids to Progress. And to all these is added the invisible help of those beyond the veil.

These thoughts, that may seem strange and fanciful to you now, but which one day will surely form the belief of the world, came to me slowly, by degrees, as, with tortured heart and mind ill at rest, I sat beside the bedside of my children watching their fitful, uneasy slumbers; for parental inadaptation, the conflicts of my spirit, and the unfortunate bias of their father's mind was reacting through the pliable spirits of my little ones, on their frail bodily organizations. My little precocious Arthur died at the age of five, an unnaturally silent and serious child; never seeking the amusements of his age; not acting with the playfulness of other children during his short and melancholy existence.

I should probably have given way to an excess of frantic grief for his loss had not another treasure remained to me, my baby James. He lived to delight me with his prattle, to cheer me with his smiles, then he too passed away; quick, suddenly, in the night; before he had marked the premature old expression that had marked my Arthur's countenance was as fully impressed on his. Then I was ill of grief for many weeks, and my husband wrung his hands and talked about God's judgments, and raked up all the long-forgotten sins of his ancestry, and quoted daily in my ear 'that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.'

They were visited upon our offspring; not the decrees of an arbitrary punishment, but the inevitable consequences of physiological transgression and perverted mental states; and thus in ignorance and lack of true conjugal love, six children were born to us, all boys; your father, Olive, my dear son Louis, the only surviving one of all; and he, I think, with the exception of one or two peculiarities, is happily exempt from the fatal influences that crushed the rest. I had become emancipated from my worldly and religious fetters half-way, at least, by the time he was born. He never saw his father's face; for before his first baby wall was heard, Warder Sheldon had found a grave for his weary, worn-out body, in distant Palestine.

He had never offered personal abuse, nor used harsh language to me; but he had broken my heart by indifference and cold neglect; by the atmosphere of gloom and hopelessness with which he enveloped me; by the denunciatory, horribly threatening texts he thundered at me. And thus fifteen years of my life were spent; my strength exhausted in maternal cares and nightly watching by sick beds; in daily, silent resistance to the dominant will that clutched me as with a grasp of iron. Friends and neighbors kept aloof, for the gloomy master of 'The Heights,' our beautiful residence, made himself repellant to every one; and lastly he forbade my mingling with the silly and frivolous world, as he termed it. Surrounded by one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, I longed to flee from it, with all the appointments of wealth and luxury at my command. I was restricted as to the number and quality of my dresses; my very food was ordered for me, by the imperious command of him, whose slave I was in every fact and deed. The envied mistress of one of the finest country seats in England was to be most sincerely pitied; for she had no freedom, and could gain no redress of her soul. So I pondered on the question of our sex's rights, as some tried souls have done before me, as many brave and noble ones will do after I shall have gone from earth. And recalling in my heart that not one link of affection bound me to the man, whom the unjust laws, human framed, declared my master; I set up in my own soul a loftier moral code than that yet owned by the world. In the future, men inspired of truth, and women rendered, eloquent of sorrow, shall give to the world my thoughts; and that thought shall

eventuate in action; and the laws of force shall no more bind, but only the sacred law of love.

One by one I followed my children to the grave; I became a prematurely faded, a sorrow-stricken woman; at thirty years of age I looked old; since then, my spirit has lived in magic waters and I have renewed my youth, by admitting the return of all its aspirations. One draught of divinely freighted earthly love was wanted to me; I have not drained its cup of sweetness; it awaits my coming, held in an angel's hand, who stands upon the margin of the eternal shores.

I believe in continued inspiration; in the visits of heavenly dwellers under various forms such as our mortal sense can bear. One night, soon after the birth of Louis, I had a dream, that I believe was granted, by God's mercy, to cheer and sustain me thenceforth. (I was in the first months of my widowhood.) Methought that I wandered sadly, as I had often done, through the silent halls and chambers of my deserted home, and as I walked I wept aloud and called upon my lost ones—Arthur, James, Warder, Edward, and Charles. Then I passed out of the house and sped over the fields and past the forest to the burial-ground. And there by the five little graves I cast myself down in all a mother's agony of bereavement, and cried unto God in heaven to restore to me my children.

And then I saw, lifting up my face all wet with tears, a white rose blooming on the grave of Arthur; a tuft of violets springing from the soil that covered James; sweet honeysuckle trailing over the little mound, my Edward's resting spot; a cluster of blue-eyed forget-me-nots wafting perfume from Warder's bed of earth; and the gridding place of Charles heaped with the abundant magnolia. And these flowers were unlike the many I had culled before in earthly gardens; they were vivid with coloring, and bathed in a sunlight that seemed the reflection of another and a better world. Low music thrilled my heart-strings; it was borne upon the breeze, that gently fanned the heavenly flowers, and it shaped itself into words, that calmed me as the written promises of the Book had never done:

Rest, mother, rest! thy loved ones are not sleeping
Beneath this sod:

They live in realms where angel hands are reaping
The fruits of God,
Where the beloved, in holy recognition—
A household band—
Behold the haven of the soul's fruition,
In spirit-land.

Sing, mother, sing! thy children, mid the angels,
Shall bring to thee
Tidings of faith, the beautiful evangel
Of Liberty.
From the drear stupor of thy earthly sorrow
We bid thee rise,
And to the dawning of the glorious morrow
Uplift thy eyes.

All that thy soul is learning in the valley
Of grief and tears,
Shall teach thy spirit's inmost host to rally
Against worldly fears,
And on the mountain heights thine own shall
greet thee:

The goal divine,
The ministry of holiness and beauty,
Forever thine.

Look upwards, mother, to the sunlit heaven,
The home of all;
List to the prayer-songs of the souls forgiven,
The angels' call;

Thy treasured heart-flowers safely are transplanted
To realms above,
Freely from the terrors that earth souls have
haunted,
For God is love.

Then, as I hope to win eternal blessedness, I saw my children in shining garments of a silvery whiteness, wearing on their brows wreaths of the emblematic flowers that bloomed, not over their graves, but on the resting places of the caskets that once held their arisen souls. And all five pointed upward, and I saw mountains towering heavenward, and stretches of soft, green, shady valleys between, and flowing rivers, and seas that mirrored the calm, blue skies; and on the highest, most verdantly beautiful mountain, whose summit was enveloped in silver gleaming and azure clouds, I saw a sort of altar, around which was grouped a multitude. Oh child, I saw their vestments, luminous as if woven of the living light. And the stars they held—no monarch's jeweled sceptre can dispense such rainbow gleams of splendor! I looked on the coronets they wore—brilliant flowers with the hearts of gems. But I veiled my mortal sight from the resplendent glory of their faces; and when I awoke in my lone room at the 'Heights,' it was to find my pillow wet with tears, and my heart filled with the loftiest consolation it had ever received. I said not a word to my servants, to any living being, but I was strengthened thenceforth for all coming trial. I grew resigned in spirit as in utterance, and devoted myself to the care of little Louis without any of those sad forebodings with which I had looked upon the infant faces of my other children. I wrote down the beautiful words that had impressed themselves indelibly on my memory. I thought with calmness of my husband's distant and solitary grave. I could not conscientiously grieve, and I put on no mocking outward show of sorrow. I began to breathe freely and hopefully, and the old, light-hearted spirit of my girlhood returned. I renewed my youth, as it were, and with a calmer frame of mind came the restoration of health and strength.

My mother had died some years before my husband. I was enabled to soothe and cheer the last moments of my father, by virtue of the power that precious dream or vision endowed me with. He said I did better for him than all the ministrations of the Church of England could have done.

I was forty years of age when I met with Russell Heath, and then, strange as it may seem, and contrary to all the usages of the story books and dramas, I loved, truly and deeply, and for the first time. The difference between the girlish fancy and the soul-deep affection of the matured woman was revealed to me. I knew the significance of life in its fullness. The compensation awarded me was such that it effaced all the pain-marks from my life, as it did their evidence from my brow. I had suffered from my first husband's inordinate family pride, as much almost as from his aberration of mind upon religion.

I chose a man of the people—one of Nature's noblemen—who, of humble origin, and after a wearisome struggle with circumstances, had attained a modest competency. Of course, I shocked the aristocratic neighborhood by such a descent from the pedestal of their fancied caste; but I ensured my own happiness; and the years that I lived with my own true and noble husband, afforded me fullest compensation for the trials of my past days. I gave birth to no more children, but Russell Heath was a father to my boy, and he gave him that title of his own free will. When it pleased the angels to call him home, the grief of Louis far exceeded mine; for I had a faith to sustain me which he had not learned. All the hidden poetry of my nature, so long repressed, was called forth by my husband's love. I developed late in life all the latent graces of my womanhood; I learnt to idealize the common things of life; to keep free from that hard, cold matter-of-fact, that looks upon the beautiful as an innovation out of place in the domain of Uses. I learned to avoid extremes; to measure the meaning of that true romance that is for all ages and times; and the difference between it, and that sickly, weakening sentimentalism that passes current in its name.

Many years my beloved Russell has been an inhabitant of the world, he poetically denominated 'the Italy of Souls.' Call it superstitious, fancy, imagination, what you will, I feel his presence, though I do not realize it through the sense of sight.

We did not live at 'The Heights.' By some of the never-to-be-explained quibbles of the law—in which there is no justice—it passed into the hands of some very distant branch of the Sheldon family. In a far less imposing, but much happier home—at 'Rosebush,' in—shire—I spent the happiest years of my life. The dearest spot on earth to me, is that which marks his grave; not because I think that which Russell Heath's soul-life is there, but because I love and venerate the cast-off garment that once held the kingly spirit. See how, in the years long past, the evidences now broadcast over all lands, come in consolation unto wounded souls. The encircling spirit-worlds send forth their ministry of blessed communion to the longing human heart."

CHAPTER IV.

Travel Life.

"A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the Southern breeze
Might waft, at golden fall of day,
O'er blue transparent seas!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

I traveled with my parents through many portions of the English Isle, filling my heart with pictures of its home beauties; its rural charms; its striking contrasts of wealth and poverty in the great cities. Thence over to beautiful France; through the legendary parts of Germany, through her mystic forests, and over her haunted mountain passes; over the storied Rhine, to earth's dreamland—Italy. What a fund of glorious recollections are mine! Amid the Winter's waste of snow, out on the far Western prairie, surrounded by all the appliances of the actual work-day world, how my spirit rests upon the contemplation of its poetic treasures, early gained in life! Some parts of the changing panorama are invested with dimmed hues of dreamy uncertainty; others stand forth in bold relief.

The moonlight flooding the wide expanse before me, with its low range of encircling hills, recalls the golden nights of song and reverie on the blue bosom of the Mediterranean; the walks amid the orange bowers and olive groves; the fairy bay of Naples; the marlin's song in the still harbor of Livorno. The canal boats on the river, laden with the produce of the fertile Western soil, recall my Egyptian pinnaces, with her oriental accommodations for comfort, though there is not the remotest resemblance in the shape or outfit of the Sally Ann of Stagnationville, and the white-winged skimmer of the Nile. And in place of vapors picturesquely laden with fragrant oranges and figs, half hidden in the wealth of emerald leaves, my eyes rest upon unwieldy lumber carts, filled with the black splendor of undeveloped diamonds, the plenteous yield of the abounding mines of coal.

The lazzaroni and the fruit vendors of Italy are still fit subjects for the artist's pencil; the native loafer of these regions is simply a repellent animal. The Western farmer is not a poetic object; but better than that, he is devoted to an honest calling, and without his aid the prairie soil, from which thousands derive their sustenance, would remain a desert.

Here is no music-voted vesper bell, but the hoarse clamor of our village—I beg a thousand pardons, I meant to say city—bells, calls the faithful to prayer-meeting in truly accredited Orthodox style, despite of wind and weather.

Every country has its institutions. Just now, prayer-meetings and dances are in vogue; of course on opposite sides. Every country has its superstitions; the Italians worship the Madonna, the Americans the Dollar.

My father delighted in this roving life; he seemed to enjoy intensely the vast and diversified aspects of Nature; but the sight of the ocean saddened him; I never could find out why. I have seen great tear-drops standing in his tender grey eyes, while gazing wistfully upon the flowing waves; and yet he said their murmur was the

sweetest music to his ear. I overheard him one night, as he was looking out upon the phosphorescent waters, say, in tones of such utter sadness as I never remembered from his lips before:

"Oh, treacherous sea! Oh, beautiful and false! thou hast deprived me of my joy, my life!"

I pondered over these words, and yet I dared not ask their explanation, of my ever indulgent parent. An undefined dread kept me silent on this point. But I asked my grandmother, and she replied, gravely:

"Every heart has its sorrow. You are too young yet to be taken into your father's confidence; some day, no doubt, he will tell you, when the right time arrives."

"Have you or father ever lost a dear friend at sea?" I queried; for the desire to know was strong within me.

"Yes, Olive; the dearest friend your father ever had, and of course dear to me on his account; died on the ocean. But ask me no more questions now. Have you learned the verses I gave you the other day?"

"Yes, Grandmother. But I was born at sea, was I not?"

"I have told you so a number of times. Why urge the repetition?"

"Because you are all so queer about it. When I ask papa, he says he was away at the time; and mother says she would rather talk about something else; and you, too, are always putting me off. How can I help wanting to know what belongs to me?"

"You ask me many questions, Olive, which were to answer would not satisfy you, for the replies would be beyond your comprehension, my child. The time of your birth was one of great suffering—to—all of us. Now I know my little girl would not willfully distress me; so do not ask again until you are some years older. And now go and fetch the poem."

And with a bright smile and a kiss she dismissed me, and left my all devouring curiosity unsatisfied.

The term, "worship," would not have been misapplied to the soul-homage with which my beautiful mother regarded the husband whose thoughts so often seemed to wander far away, even when she was by his side, and her musical voice was speaking low and earnestly in her own Spanish tongue, or the broken English so becoming from her lips. The wife of many years was still, as ever, the adoring worshiper; the ideal of her first love had not been lost; nor did her wondrous beauty seem to wane with the advancing years.

Whether from the results of our travel-life, or of some spiritually renovating springs within, her eye lost not its brilliancy; her cheek retained its ripe, rich hues; her glossy, raven hair its rare abundance. The expression of her face grew, perhaps, more matronly, and the melancholy grace overcast it often; but she was ever to my sight and heart the "Wonder!" my beloved and most beautiful!

Blest with a robust English constitution, with a power of mind that exerted a healthful influence over the body, my grandmother lost nothing of the majestic carriage that was her natural gift. Her face neither paled nor wrinkled; enough of coloring was there to evince good health, but hers was not the tropical luxuriance that, sun-like, endowed my mother. She was a northern star that shone steadily, but never dazzled.

Whom did I resemble? A difficult question to answer. I ought to have been a handsome child, but I was not. I had not inherited my mother's glowing loveliness, nor my father's features and manner, nor yet my loved grandmother's blue eyes and wondrous golden hair. My complexion and my eyes were dark, but the pomegranate hues on lip and cheek were wanting, as was the flashing brilliancy, the bewitching softness of my mother's eyes. My mouth was wide, and showed white but most irregular teeth; while her lips were sculptured after Cupid's bow, and a symmetrical grace had fashioned the pearl rows that glistened when she smiled, an ever renewed source of admiration to me, her chief admirer. My hair varied, it is true, but not in my mother's graceful fashion; I always looked unkempt, and there were several shades to my tresses, from a rather lightish brown with reddish gleams, up to an almost black; heavy eyebrows, an irregular nose, indicative, perhaps, of strength of character, but decidedly at variance with all established rules of beauty; unlike my mother's Arab foot, mine was a useful machine for long marches; my hands were small, but not cast in a shapely mold. They lacked the flesh and dimples, the tapering fingers, the velvet softness that made my mother's hand a marvel; not a trace of her willowy, gliding motions. I was awkward and a tumble-about. I brushed past breakable things and upset them; I stumbled over every object in my way; I invariably sat down upon the cat, and trod upon the dog's foot or tail. I tore my dresses, by an unfortunate propensity I had of hanging on to nails and brushes and door-knobs. I was most at home on the sea; there I felt the freest, and there I lost a portion of that awkwardness that everywhere else formed my torment.

As I was when a child I am now with my forty years. I still catch in the doors or by some other portion of the household, wares, especially since the advent of hoops. About once a week I cause an inundation by the upset of the wash-stand pitcher; my utmost care does not prevent me from forming tea-islands on the table-cloth. I daub my fingers with molasses; and since I joined the sisterhood of the pen, I have been compelled to use lemon juice and borax, bran and various preparations, to remove the tell-tale ink stains from my fingers. I love order and neatness dearly, but I get into great hurries and forget the practical and personal application. Only yesterday Mrs. Ryan called me back from the porch into the house, saying:

"Mrs. Willoughby, ma'am, you've got a big streak of black ink right across your nose. Looks as if ye'd been blacking stoves. Do wash it off,

Why Spiritualists are Dissatisfied.

It was stated in the papers some time ago that List, probably the most thorough planist in the world, being unable to make his instrument express all that he mentally felt, had become so dissatisfied as to renounce playing for a while, and had turned his attention to the manufacturing of a new instrument which he was determined should not be open to this objection.

It is easy to complain; difficult not to, when and where there is just cause.

Whoever has intelligently and critically watched the spoken and published words of the most earnest and ablest thinkers, the foremost minds and souls known to the spiritualistic public; been treated in private to their own unreserved estimate of their respective public efforts and the probable effect produced upon their audiences; and then explain as best they could, the various phases of thought and feeling through which they had passed; heard their enumeration of the causes which produced these successive mental states, and saw how in the course of their spiritual unfoldment, as they obtained better perception and clearer insight of their own requirements, they had ready power to compass the needs of those to whom they ministered; whoever has been either thus watchful, or thus privately and publicly favored, cannot fail to have noticed in looking back over a few years, a constantly increasing discontent with respect to the unsatisfactory spiritual status of Spiritualism. This dissatisfaction is becoming as general and wide-spread, as it is deep and heartfelt.

That such is the fact, no discerning mind will successfully seek to ignore or deny. Every issue of the Banner bears witness to this truth. A limited interchange of thought and private commingling with the advocates and acceptors of the Spiritual Philosophy confirms it; and proportionately as one makes a more extended and public acquaintance will be convinced beyond peradventure. The question however is not as to the existence of the fact, but to ascertain if possible why it exists. The reason for this growing dissatisfaction on the part of exponent and attendant, speaker and hearer, must be in every instance independent, yet analogous; though the special processes by which the same result has been attained, vary as do the individuals.

Now why is it that Spiritualism to-day, fails to meet or to fully satisfy the heart yearnings, the soul longings of Spiritualists? What is the meaning or cause of this? and to what does it inevitably tend? How comes it that in the midst of seeming plenty they are not filled? There must be an answer somewhere to these queries. "It is not enough to affirm that spiritual teachings generally are too diffusive; that our lecturers are insufficiently and disproportionately paid; that Spiritualists are not sufficiently practical, charitable or harmonious. Granted that all this is painfully true; but were it otherwise, it would not suffice—the questions still remain unanswered. 'Tis not enough to accuse, however just the accusation, the mass of Spiritualists with evident lack of even an approximate comprehension of the scheme, scope and spirit, of this New Dispensation, this new-born system of the skies. Nor what is really conceded, that more active faith and consistent cooperation is required, on the part of the so-called embodied with the disembodied. The multiplying of mediums with new and increased powers—however desirable in itself and for the cause—will not remove the difficulty; and it is not unlikely, but rather probable, that they themselves, sooner or later, will experience the same dissatisfaction. Neither local nor national Organization, however increasingly and imperatively demanded—will give the solution.

Is there anything in the realm and nature of Spiritualism that will? Most emphatically there is. As the African Sibyl phrases it: "Yes, child, sure 's God lives!" Yes, only by and through the laws which find truer exposition in Spiritualism than in any other system now known to man—is the relief to be sought, the satisfaction to be found.

Observation and experience testify to a commonly felt necessity—often deeper felt than can be expressed—of a lack of the divinely religious phase of Spiritualism. There is need and will in due season be furnished, corresponding to the error, the sincerity and receptivity of the soul-nature upon the wings of Aspiration—a quickening within of Celestial life, a far deeper, intenser and divinor experience in the lower element of the Infinite God of Love, Wisdom and Truth.

What is measurably true of Spiritualism in this respect, is immeasurably true of the popular religions of the day. While the Churches of Christendom claim to possess all the virtue there is in Christianity, the majority of members thereof are apparently satisfied with worshiping according to Saint Cuthbert, the crystallized forms and ceremonies of the dead past. The nineteenth century finds Ichabod—the glory hath departed—written all over the walls of the Modern Church, and no amount of glib effort can erase the everlasting inscription. If there is not an actual necessity for a new religion, there is absolute need of a better and universal manifestation of the old. The world has not had its religious nature specifically and profoundly moved these many years. People, Society, Governments have grown cold, callous, materialistic. The nature of things forbid that this should continue. Never as now have the innermost depths of our nature such need of being stirred. A change is absolute; and while this is to be in greater part the work of the angels hosts of heaven, a joint effort is necessary on our part. In virtue of this co-partnership or union, 'tis not too much to expect a mighty upheaval or down-pouring of the Spirit of God.

The living world to day craves a fresh and vitalizing influx of divine grace, commensurate with the larger needs of the New Age. By some, this demand is peculiarly felt and made. The supply must be forthcomin. Before Spiritualists as a body, become an effective, shaping, directing power, as is their destiny, they are to be subjected from without, invigorated from within, inspired and inspired by a divine magnetism which shall individually and collectively permeate their inmost centres.

The dawn of this New Day illumines the horizon. Let the faithful of every name and clime and station—those who have patiently labored and watched for its coming, be prepared to receive its heavenly effulgence; be like those who on a certain occasion were found both ready and deserving of their Pentecostal baptism.

Does the reader experience this need? If so, is he or she in the way of doing the best to usher it in?

G. A. B.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1885.

The editor of the "Southport Visitor" quotes the account we lately reprinted from the "Banner of Light," of the physical manifestations of the Eddy Brothers, and says: "If true, they go far toward proving that Ferguson, Eddy and the Eddy Brothers are not the humbugs which they have been generally accounted."—London Spiritual Times.

J. BURKE, 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 man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it is, through a careful, reverent study of facts, 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 mind and the spiritual world. It is the catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

"The Valley of Dry Bones."

When we have occasion to remark—as we often do of late—that there is a shaking and a quaking among the hide-bound formalists, pharisees, and bigots of Ecclesiasticism, the penetrating and intelligent reader, whose spiritual faculties are fully awakened by surrounding influences, of course understands that it is no material and visible tremor, like an earthquake or an explosion, but an interior, silent, unseen operation, that takes hard hold on the springs and life of things, throwing back the individual on the resources of his own thought and experience again, and thereby re-fashioning what we all style the institutions and laws of social life.

That is exactly the change which is proceeding to-day. It is in its nature a thorough and wide-spread revolution—one of those very same revolutions which do not "go backwards." It is an interior and spiritual reformation, reforming man and his institutions together. And although it is heralded by none of the voices that announce what are called great events among men, and accompanied by none of the sensational manifestations which are such sources of excitement to the imagination, it is not one whit the less effective and real, going to the very root and core of modern life, setting up a constant inquisition on what is passing all around us, searching out what is effete and worthless only to throw it away, and what is valuable and lasting for its conservation, and challenging all customs which have nothing but their age to recommend them. This is the spirit and soul of the revolution that is to-day going on. Whatever is able to pass muster before its searching sight may be allowed to stand until its day of usefulness is over.

And yet it would be a disclosure of mere recklessness of spirit and confusion of purpose to advocate a revolution of this sort just from a morbid love of excitement, or a habit of dissatisfaction, or an empty notion that it was according to the divine order to be all the while tearing down with violence and making havoc where existing circumstances fall to comply with our desires. We need to guard carefully against such a temper as that. That is not reform, whether we agree to style it revolution or not, nor is it a genuine reformation, the creative faculty is active as well as the destructive. It is a process of burning old bonds merely to get larger room; but that room is wanted for more growth only. The annular history of the forest tree illustrates the case as exactly as any physical fact can do it. The divine law at all points suggests and enjoins economy—economy of means and of power. In Nature's mysterious operations nothing is wasted. Every element and quality, and each shred and fibre of every element and quality is put to service where its true place is. There are no chips lying around. Loose work is not the sort of work which is done. And hence the vague desire which some unbalanced and ill-furnished natures feel within them to riot in the work of destroying what is old and useless and in the way of progress, is to be sternly challenged by the question whether they would lead themselves to this work of destruction in the hopes that something far better than what has yet been shall be evolved. Else frenzy will be permitted to unseat reason itself, and men will come at last to hate reform worse than they ever did the institutions requiring reformation.

The "dry bones," however, need to be clothed with a new and living covering. In our worship we have lapsed by too easy a surrender of our spiritual independence, if not our spiritual life itself, into ceremonialism, and formalism, and repetitions, and acquiescences and partizanship, so that it is going to require an almost herculean effort on our part to rouse up from the semi-funct state in which we find ourselves, and shake off the torpor-giving influences which bind us more potently than Circian spells or bands of Cyclopean forging. Upon that particular state the ecclesiastic, whether of design or by force of habit, relies for success in his appointed work. Being more or less spiritually numb himself from non-education of his faculties to the extent and in the direction allowed by Nature, he would find all others, of course, in a similar frame of mind; and when he meets with an occasional surprise in learning that here and there an exception exists, he falls to calling hard names, such as "Atheists," "Infidels," and the like, instead of borrowing the veil which his extens was so arbitrarily limited for him at the seminary where he learned to become a mere ecclesiastical advocate. Here is where revolution is visibly setting in, overthrowing the assumptions and conceits of religious dogmatists and theorizing bigots, and opening a way for fearlessness of thought, largeness of conception, and the unlimited and natural growth which has been hindered by conventional rules now destitute of power or meaning. The "dry bones" are shaking in this field, and a new race of living men will soon start up from the valley where they have lain so long in oblivion.

The Bible, for instance, is positively made of no vital meaning to multitudes, because those who seek to expound it pretend to an authority which tyrannically permits no question to be raised which will be likely to bear hard on their special prerogative and office. Now there are numerous things contained in the Bible which are calculated to feed and stimulate and inspire the soul of man; but those are the very things which, for a purpose, are deprived of their real spiritual meaning, and made husks for mocking men's hunger. That book will do the work it is capable of doing not until it is unlocked from the keeping of ecclesiasticism and allowed a true and natural, and therefore a spiritual, interpretation. For these greatly desired changes in popular sentiment and opinion it is incumbent on every

advanced and progressive man and woman to work with the full measure of his or her zeal; but to be most effective, let it be a zeal with knowledge, and by no means without. That is as bad as bigotry itself. Either extreme is vicious and wrong. And though we may not have very much that is visible or tangible to encourage us in our efforts; taking one day along with another, we may certainly repose in the faith that the great work of regeneration is going on, and that it is proceeding, too, through our own labors, directed by the wisdom that comes down continually from above.

Mysterious Sounds in a Church—Investigation by the Police.

Considerable excitement has arisen in Jersey City in consequence of groans, yells and unearthly sounds said to emanate from a church in the upper part of the city, for some nights past, says the New York Herald. The first known of these mysterious sounds was some ten days since, when the pastor had occasion to return to the church after evening services to procure some manuscript which he had forgotten and had occasion to make use of. The edifice had been closed for the night and was in total darkness. On entering he lit a match to guide him along the aisle, and when approaching the altar, at the rear, his attention was attracted by a low moaning sound, which gradually increased and at the same time drew nearer. To this he at first paid but little heed, presuming it to be the antics of mischievous boys; but presently the sounds changed to seemingly unearthly yells, shrieks and groans from innumerable invisible beings clustering around in close proximity to his person, until finally his feelings were so wrought upon that he felt impelled to leave the building with all possible haste.

The above are substantially the facts of the case, as stated by the pastor of the church to Chief of Police McManus, after reports were beginning to be circulated in the neighborhood that the church was haunted, and requesting that the matter might be kept as quiet as possible, believing that in a few days at furthest he would be able to unravel the mystery and satisfactorily explain the cause of the sounds. Since that time the church edifice has been thoroughly examined, inside and out, but without unraveling the mystery; and meantime these dismal and unearthly yells and cries are heard almost every night. A couple of nights since, Chief of Police McManus, accompanied by aid Doyle and detective E. L. McWilliams, determined to pay a visit to the reported haunted church. They accordingly procured the keys and entered the edifice shortly after midnight. Taking their position in the centre of the church, in total darkness, they had remained there but a short time when they heard a low, moaning sound apparently proceeding from the vicinity of the pulpit, which gradually grew louder, came nearer, until it finally culminated around their heads in howls, yells, groans, &c., and then gradually died away as it came. After a few moments of perfect silence, Chief McManus drew from his pocket a revolver loaded with blank cartridge and fired one charge, when almost instantly the edifice seemed filled with thousands of infuriated demons, making the most hideous noises, and apparently bent on tearing them to pieces. The officers describe having experienced a very peculiar sensation in the head, and finally the noises became as hideous and unearthly that they made a hasty retreat, apparently pursued by the infuriated demons to the door, which they closed and locked. The officers then crossed the street to the opposite walk and remained there until daylight, when they returned to the church and made inquiries which would tend to explain the mystery. The people residing in the immediate neighborhood claim to have been disturbed at all hours of the night by these demonic sounds, and a number of them have determined to leave the neighborhood.

The church folk have always insisted that "the devil" dwelt among the Spiritualists, and nowhere else. The above statement, however, goes conclusively to show that "his majesty" has taken possession of a church, and a great "scare" has been the result. Self-righteous people are always fearful that something devilish will overtake them, and consequently attract "disorderly spirits."

The European Visitors.

A party of distinguished European gentlemen of large capital are travelling in the country at the present time, to look after some heavy investments which were made by them in the railway interest not very long ago, and to see further where there may be opportunities for additional investments. They are welcome in our midst, and will be likely to find a great many objects to interest and surprise them. Not only will they behold what our needs are, and are to be, for railway communication between the distant points of the continent, but their wonder will be excited at the sight of our stupendous coal, iron, copper, gold and silver fields, as well as our oil wells, all of which, covering millions of acres as they do, will suggest very forcibly to them the wealth that lies hidden for nothing but the capital and skill to develop it for the common benefit. It is thought the visit of these gentlemen will lead to important results to ourselves as well as to them.

South American.

The conflict between Brazil and its allies on the one side, and the little State of Paraguay on the other, continues without any signs of abatement. Preparations are now going on for a resumption of war on a larger scale than ever before. The allies count from twenty to thirty thousand troops all together, and the Paraguayan army, though of course considerably smaller, shows no signs of trepidation or doubt. The resolution on both sides to fight it out is without abatement. The Paraguayan navy was pretty nearly tied up, in the late battle on the Parana river; but Lopez, the Paraguayan President, has constructed some batteries along the banks of the river, which are thought sufficient to protect the vessels that remain to him. He is at present engaged in marching an army southward, and a column under Flores is moving up to oppose him. It will not be long before operations in the field will be resumed by the contending parties.

Mexican Matters.

Affairs in Mexico are in very much of a middle state. Now the Liberal party gets the upper hand, and now it is the turn of the Imperialists. There are not many States in Mexico, in fact, where Maximilian has yet obtained a secure hold. There was a rumor that his wife, the Empress as called, was going home to her father in Belgium; but as the story also said that it was only a pretext for him to follow her and get safely out of the country, it has been thought best to give up the plan, which did include a visit of Maximilian to one of the Southern States. The Liberals, on the whole, may be said to be defiant, though their means of resistance are limited. They will be very hard to conquer, for although they may care but little for constitutional liberty they are unused to being subdued by any force, at home or abroad.

The Odd Fellows.

This body of men is doing a good work for humanity, in providing for the sick, the poor, the widow, and educating the orphan, besides tenderly performing the last rites in "burying the dead." Such an association is a blessing to the nation, not merely for the good it does in discharging its charities, and educating the fatherless children, but for the social and brotherly feeling it engenders all over the land. These facts have recently become quite prominent.

On the assembling of the United States Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in Baltimore, on the 20th of September, the occasion was selected to perform the ceremony of unveiling the splendid statue of CHARITY, in that city, erected by the Order. The various divisions of Odd Fellows in Baltimore and other places, marched in procession through the streets in large numbers, occupying one hour in passing a given point. Most of the Lodges appeared in regalia, making an imposing appearance with their elegant banners and bands of music.

But the most striking feature of the procession was the appearance of half a dozen large vehicles, handsomely decorated and crowded with young orphan children, mostly girls, who bore numerous decorated shields, variously inscribed with the names of States, Territories, motives, etc. Following these cars came a large number of orphan boys, who, like the children in the cars, are being educated at the expense of the Order. There were also many other orphan children accompanying the several Lodges.

What a noble work is this education of the orphan! The deed will prove a blessing to all engaged in it, and an imperishable advantage to the rising generation who are to step in and take our places in molding and guiding the destiny of our glorious nation. Success attend all such humanitarian efforts.

In the rear of the procession came the Grand Encampments in their costly regalia. Conspicuous in this portion of the procession was the tent of the Grand Encampment, in which was seated the Chief Officer, arrayed in his vestments, with two guardians on either side of the door, clad in black velvet. Then came the members of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in carriages.

When the head of the procession reached the monument, the line halted and formed in open order, while the Grand Lodge marched from the extreme left to the stand erected near the base of the monument, where the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Charity took place. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Williams, the report of the Wilsey Monument Committee was read. Past Grand Sir Nicholas then formally presented the monument to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which was received on their part by Past Grand Sir Vetch in an eloquent address.

The scene at the moment was one of surpassing interest, as, forming a complete circle around the monument, the agitated mass of humanity extended to a distance not only far beyond hearing, but even beyond seeing distance. The following letter was read by Grand Sir Nicholas:

"GENTLEMEN—I had hoped to be able to accept your kind invitation for to-morrow, but I have found upon careful survey that it would be incompatible with existing arrangements. I pray you to believe that I rejoice in the reunion of your Order throughout the United States as an auspicious presage of the restoration of order and complete political harmony throughout the Union. I need hardly say that, in my judgment, this is at the present moment the proper aim of true patriots. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
ANDREW JOHNSON."

Addresses were delivered by Lieut. Governor Cox, of Maryland, Mr. Andrews, of Texas, Mr. Fisk, of Kentucky, Mr. Fitzhugh, of Virginia, and Col. Duncan, of Missouri. The tenor of their remarks was congratulatory on the reunion of the Order and the return of peace, and presaging a happy future for the country.

California.

J. A. T., writing from Grass Valley, under recent date, says: "There is scarcely a place in the country where a good test medium could do more good or be better supported than here." He estimates the amount of gold daily taken from the mines in Grass Valley at a thousand pounds. He has recently become a subscriber to the Banner, and says his constant regret now is, that so much time has been passed without it, and that he cannot induce everybody to subscribe for it. In allusion to our Message Department, he remarks that "the verification of a spirit-message from Lewis Flinn, Sacramento, has done more good than volumes of argument;" and then asks, "Why can't we have more?" The reason is simply because those who have it in their power to furnish us with the verifications, are, in many instances, afraid to do so for fear they will be considered as alders in spreading Spiritualism, little considering how much more important is the service they would be doing for the world, by offering their testimony in confirmation of so great a truth. We have, however, received and published many verifications of spirit-messages, and hope to many more, if friends will only take the trouble to send us such facts as come to their knowledge.

The Naval Fete.

France and England have been doing the best they can at loblobbing on the water. The iron-clad fleet of one has been over to pay a formal visit to the iron-clad fleet of the other, and vice versa. These ceremonies comprised a naval display of both fleets at Cherbourg and Brest, and then at Portsmouth. The London papers seem to think the millennium is come. Perhaps so. We hope it has, at any rate. Napoleon has managed generally to carry his point where Great Britain is concerned, and it would not surprise us to find that he had done it now. What it really is, will soon appear. It is far pleasanter to think of these peaceful exhibitions, however, than of the bloody and destructive wars of the First Napoleon's time. If they are an actual inauguration of a reign of peace and tranquillity, when justice and fraternity are to rule on the earth, then they are many times welcome.

The Cholera.

The last accounts make out this terrible scourge to be on the retreat, having fallen back from Valencia and Marseilles, and it being reported that it is going back to Asia, where it came from. This fact is confirmed itself to the great Mediterranean basin, not yet presuming to stride across the European Continent and assail the people that crowd the heart of that vast stretch of country. The mystery of the progress of this pestilence has not yet been discovered any more clearly than before. It is a source of gratitude that it has kept away from the great centre and hive of population this season as it has, its havoc being principally confined to Alexandria, in Egypt, and Constantinople, in Turkey. Whether it will experience a revival another year, and attempt to complete the work remaining this year unfinished, may well excite the popular imagination at home as well as abroad.

Dr. J. H. Newton.

The Portland Daily Evening Star of Sept. 12th, contains the following significant remarks in regard to the wonderful cures he has been performing in that city during the last three weeks. The editor says: "By a notice in to-night's paper it will be seen that Dr. Newton's stay is limited to a few more days. We can only say that the ministrations of this man have been scarcely less than miraculous. Hundreds have been raised from sickness (apparent health at a touch of his hand. We do not write this as a puff, at all. We are as much at fault in regard to this wonderful man, as any member of the community. But through some agency—Spiritualism, he claims—he has done cures never performed, to our knowledge, by any other living man."

The Doctor has closed his office in Portland, and is to open one in Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 10th. On his way home, he called at our office, where he met a "blind man," who had been treated by many of the most noted physicians and opticians in the country without benefit. Having heard of Dr. Newton, he went to him before the Doctor visited Portland, as he says, "because other people did, but he had no faith that he would be cured." The Doctor put his hands on his eyes, and told him his sight would be restored, and immediately he saw quite distinctly. The Doctor further told him that in a certain number of days he would be able to read coarse print. The man said that promise came true. On learning that the Doctor was to be in this city last week, the patient, whose faith had now grown strong, desired to meet him again, and so came to our office for that purpose. The Doctor put his hands upon his eyes again, and his sight immediately became much clearer, and the Doctor assured him that in ten days he would be able to read very fine print. The man went on his way rejoicing, in full faith that the prediction will be fulfilled.

The angel-world, through the instrumentality of Dr. Newton, is truly blessing suffering humanity. The skeptical world should hide its head in shame for reilling this man because he sometimes fails in curing an incurable case. If but one cure in a thousand was effected, of the many thousands who come to him, even then he would be doing a holy work. But he does cure the majority of invalids who visit him, and therefore he is one of the noblest of public benefactors.

English Harvest Prospects.

The expectations of large harvests in England this year are likely to be disappointed. The wheat crop everywhere is short, so that they will be obliged to look to foreign aid for their supply; which will be no bad thing for us of the United States, although our own crop falls short of the magnificent series of crops which have been made since the year 1859. We have large quantities of grain, however, left over from last year's production, which, added to our yield of the present year, ought to answer all purposes. Still, we have not much doubt that this story of a scant yield in Great Britain will send up prices as fast and far as they will go, or ought to. The speculative spirit is not such an easy ruler to put down, after it has once had the reins in its hand. What with the meagre harvest and the cattle murrain in England, their condition in an agricultural point of view is by no means flattering. But we hope they will weather it without suffering.

Petroleum.

It is providential, that is to say, it was intended and predetermined, that the discovery of petroleum at this stage of civilization should be so helpful to the human race by taking the place of other agencies which were rapidly being supplanted. It came just when the stock of whines was about exhausted, thus supplying us with the means of illumination; and now it has just been discovered that it can be used in a crude state, or before refining, as fuel. This, among other things, will enable steamships to make long voyages without carrying such enormous weights and bulks of coal. Petroleum will make as hot and safe a fuel under boilers as anything else that can be burned. We are having it offered already for cooking, heating and illuminating, in stoves specially designed for that purpose; and it is not unlikely that it will make a cheap and efficient fuel which may successfully compete with coal, and be a great deal more handy, portable, and cleanly. This is verily the day of wonders and marvels.

Equinoctial.

We thought we had the "line storm" on us sure, at the beginning of last week, but it was a "false alarm." There came a terrible blow on Sunday night, and the easterly rain set in strong on the following morning; but after a day's visit it left almost as abruptly as it came, the sun shining out brightly on Tuesday morning again. The fall of rain, and in large quantities, is badly needed. The springs are very low in these parts. It is the old rule that winter never sets in until after the springs are full from the fall rains. So we need have no fears of winter yet awhile. The summer has been hot and dry, and a moister season for autumn would not be unwelcome. But it is not permitted us to chronicle its approach yet.

Spirit Sympathy.

The end of duty is never seen. When it begins we know; but when it ends who can tell? It goes with us beyond the grave, binding our spirits in one everlasting bond of union, through the laws of sympathy. The gratitude of the spirit that has passed out of the form; is intense; to those who aid it to rise higher in the scale of wisdom and happiness. We have in the past and are still aiding undeveloped ones to the best of our ability; and we feel repaid tenfold for our labor by their return to us to-day breathing forth blessings in our behalf.

Camden, N. Y.

J. A. Woodin has a large hall in Camden, Onondaga County, N. Y., in connection with his hotel, the use of which he offers, free, to any good speaker or test medium. Ada L. Hoyt was there a short time since, and created quite a sensation among the good people by her remarkable tests of spirit presence. Mr. Woodin expresses a desire to have Warren Chase pay them a visit, and thinks he will do much good there.

Hilness of Moses Hull.

We regret to learn that Moses Hull, editor of the Decatur Clarion, and lecturer, has been quite ill of late, from a severe attack of rheumatism. We trust ere long his limbs and joints will be able to perform their accustomed functions as subtly and especially as his tongue and pen can do their work.

Miss Harding.

We learn that this estimable lady is still at Manchester, Eng., suffering from the effects of her voyage across the Atlantic. We look for her to our brother of the Spiritual Times, that she may speedily recover, and find herself welcomed on the platform of her native country.

THE CELEBRATED MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
DR. J. A. NEAL.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Cassady.

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

Invocation.

Our Father, trusting thee ever, and never fearing thee, we come unto thee this hour not asking favors. We come with praises; with glad thanksgivings. We come lifting our souls upward and outward toward thee. Oh thou Wondrous Presence, encompassing all lives, baptizing with thy glory all souls, and governing all forms of life, hear, then, our petitions; receive, then, our praises, and teach us, through thy ministering angels, to understand thy law, to comprehend all thy blessings that come to us disguised; that come to us through sickness, through sorrow, through pain and through death. Oh, let us understand thee in all thy various attitudes. Let us learn to worship thee, oh Father, Spirit, in spirit and in truth. Let us turn to thee through sunshiny, through showers, through the beauty of life, and through its deformity also. Oh Father, Spirit, what though darkness and strife surround us on all sides; even then may we know that thou art nigh; even then may we behold thy smiling face beam through the darkness, and saying unto our souls, "Peace, be still." Oh God, we praise thee for all that which is before us; for that out of which we have come; for that in which we live, with all its ever changing attitudes. We praise thee for the great thoughts that have flashed across the horizon of life; that have lighted up the ages. For those lesser lights, set like twinkling stars in the firmament of the mental world, we thank thee. For all things we lift our souls in thanksgiving to thee. Receive our praises; hear thou our prayers, and bless us with thine own blessing. Amen.

Sept. 4.

Questions and Answers.

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

QUEST.—By B. T. C. The two last questions and answers on page seven of the Banner of Light of July 15th, 1865, are not understood, viz: "Do the spirits of those who are in the body go out and influence the spirits of those in the body, and make them permeate their sickness?" to which answer is made: "Yes; that is often done." And the other question was, "Do persons suppose they have passed away, and reject the doctrine of the spirit's coming, by that?" Answer, "Yes." Please further explain.

ANS.—And so your correspondent does not understand the pith of the answer. He asks if it is possible for a spirit that has not been divorced from the physical body to go forth and influence some other body? We answer, yes. But the condition is never absolute, never distinctly personal, but always psychological. Animal life remains in the body, and also that divine, connecting link that unites the diviner part with the body. Now it is possible for any one present to psychologize any other person who is susceptible to psychological power. Being divine, certainly it is an outgrowth of a great natural law. By the way, that law is but little understood at present. You are all constantly influencing each other, going out of your bodies. You cannot think a thought without unfolding yourself more or less. You are living spiritual lives, as well as material lives; and that spirit is by no means bound to laws that govern the physical body. It is just as free to-day as it ever will be. Mark us, the spirit is as free to-day as it ever will be. This being true, it can go whithersoever it will. If we have not distinctly answered the question, we will speak further upon it if any one desires.

Q.—Can spirits influence animals?

A.—They can, just as readily as they can influence humans; and in many instances, more readily.

Q.—By D. R. W. In the Banner of July 1st, 1865, I notice a reply to a question asked, which I should like a little explanation on. It may be found in the latter part of the last answer given by the controlling influence: "You see through one glass the way to heaven, and somebody else sees through another. There is a straight way, and a narrow way. We fear if there were but one way to heaven, many souls would come short of heaven." What are we to understand by this heaven? and where is this heaven? and what is the possibility of our being kept out of it?

A.—Heaven is everywhere. It is not a locality, but a state of intelligence, or mind, or spirit. It may be found here or elsewhere. It was affirmed by a speaker on that subject, that if there were but one way to heaven, some poor souls would come short of heaven. Well, your speaker of to-day stands upon precisely the same ground. If there were but one way to heaven, only one individual could enjoy heaven. Inasmuch as you are all differently aggregated, so far as mind is concerned, so you all require different heavens. In some one or more respects your heavens differ. No two are alike; inasmuch as you differ in the way also. You are all seeking for heaven in your own way. Some seek heaven through the wine-cup; some through love of gold; some through hard manual labor; some through politics; some by oppressing the poor; some through a false theology. All are seeking heaven; and who shall determine that all are not seeking for heaven legitimately, every one of you? Surely, neither you nor I can determine. The same great Power that calls you into life, shows you the way to heaven. There is a safe guide for all, but one cannot answer for more than one.

Q.—By J. C. Hall. If, as is now announced from the angel-world, Christianity, as a system, with the fall of man and a vicarious atonement for its two main pillars, is without any foundation in truth, then what of the apostle's commission which he received under these extraordinary circumstances on his way to Damascus, and looked up afterwards, where he says, "A necessity is laid upon me, and woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel?"

A.—Spiritualism teaches no such thing. The doctrine of vicarious atonement was good in its time, a perfect channel for certain souls to under-

stand somewhat of heaven by. Spiritualism, that which is true in itself, ignores nothing. The individual speaking, expounding, or endeavoring to expound the principles of Spiritualism, is not Spiritualism, by any means. Spiritualism claims to be the spirit of truth. It has many forms, just as many forms as there are individuals to need forms, or minds requiring symbols of spiritual faith. Your correspondent seems to think that Spiritualism ignores entirely the doctrine of vicarious atonement, the religion of Jesus Christ. Spiritualism, on the contrary, comes to establish more fully the doctrine of atonement and Jesus the Christ. You must all atone for all your shortcomings, all your mistakes. In the early stages of mind, larger symbols were necessary, in order that the human might understand the divine. It was absolutely necessary to institute such a form of religion as was instituted in the days of Jesus the Nazarene. It was what mind demanded, needed; and it served mind most excellently well. Now, then, shall we ignore it? By no means. We only say it is not fit for the developed mind of the nineteenth century. We only tell you you have grown larger and stronger, and need larger clothes, only need to eat of the meat of the word; that was the milk.

Q.—[From the audience.] Will the intelligence speak of the vicarious atonement?

A.—An ancient eminent personage says without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sins. He verily believed this was true; verily believed that the sins of the multitude must be atoned for by the shedding of blood. Why did he believe it? Simply because in external life he had been so educated; simply because his external life was not large enough to comprehend and understand, in its strictest sense, the doctrine of atonement. He supposed remission of sins could come only through the shedding of blood, because violence ruled the hour in his time; and we are sorry to say that it rules with you, in a measure, to-day; but we earnestly pray for a more bright state of things in your behalf.

Q.—That doctrine was useful, was it not, to the people of the first century, inasmuch as they believed it to be true, although it was not so in fact?

A.—Jesus Christ could by no means bear the sins of any other individual but himself; and yet, as we before stated, it was necessary that mind should so understand this thing. And if there was a necessity for belief in the vicarious atonement, you may rest assured that belief would come.

Q.—Why have not spirits thrown some light upon the Buzzy woods tragedy, the loss of the Collins Steamer "Pacific," and such shocking mysteries?

A.—Spiritualism, if it does its duty, produces no abortions. Spiritualism renders obedience to the law of human life, as well as divine life. Spiritualism allows you to receive things according to natural law, and except in rare instances never breaks through that law.

Q.—Some persons foretell events through dreams. Is that a spiritual occurrence?

A.—Every event is first formed in spirit ere it is projected into physical, crude life. Now there are some sensitive minds who are able, through clairvoyance, which is but the opening of the eyes of spirit, to perceive these forms as they exist in spirit ere they have taken on physical life, or in other words, ere they have shaped themselves into events. Prophecy sometimes comes through premonition, and sometimes a distinct disembodied intelligence gives information concerning that which is to come.

Q.—Are we to understand that these tragedies are planned in spirit-life?

A.—Yes, that is what we intended you should understand. The event is shaped in spirit ere it is born into physical life. The murderer never commits a murder without first thinking of it.

Q.—Such thought is in the realm of his own spirit.

A.—Very well; it is in the realm of spirit, nevertheless, and if you or I are able to penetrate into the realm of his own spirit, then you or I may know what is to come.

Q.—Cannot such persons tell what kind of fruit will be produced before the seed is planted, and what the flavor of that fruit will be?

A.—This can be done, and is often done.

Q.—What is the science of prophecy?

A.—That events are shaped in spirit long before they are shaped in physical life, and that is the legitimate foundation of prophecy. All true prophecy rests upon that foundation.

Q.—Reasoning from cause to effect?

A.—Yes. When the sky is cloudy you say it is going to rain. How do you know it? Why, by past observation. So the spirit in prophesying knows what is to come, judging by what has been.

Q.—Are there not sometimes countervailing causes that prevent the outworking of certain plans?

A.—No; there are no accidents in Nature. Everything is absolutely legitimate. It may seem to be otherwise, but in truth there are no accidents in Nature.

Q.—Is not a violent death an accident?

A.—It is just as legitimate as that of the consumptive, who may be a suicide as well as the other. The consumptive may have sown the seeds of consumption with a suicidal hand, just as much as if he had taken a dose of poison to put him on the other side of Time.

Q.—Do you not believe that the assassinator of our President was true to his own ideas of right?

A.—He certainly was. No one can truly say that he was not just as much an agent in the hands of a Divine Power as ever any one was under any action. We cannot believe there is more than one controlling influence pervading all things, and that is God, or good. There is no opposing intelligence. That which seems to be evil is only a different shade of good, and each and all are steps in the great staircase of life. All are necessary to each other. A Booth was just as necessary as a President Lincoln was. You may not now appreciate and understand our statement; but mark us, the time is coming when you will believe as we do, for mind is destined to unfold, and as it unfolds it appreciates law in its divinest and truest sense.

Q.—If all such acts as those referred to are right, why are persons made to suffer for their commission?

A.—It is just as right that they are called upon to suffer as it is for them to commit those acts. Both are legitimate. Offenses must needs come, but woe unto him by whom the offense comes.

Q.—Still the person by whom the offense comes, it would seem, did right in doing it.

A.—It is not right to those who do not stand in that particular sphere of thought where he stands. It was right to his own convictions of right, else Booth could not have assassinated your President. I could not have assassinated President Lincoln; in all probability you could not. Perhaps no one else could have assassinated him. But it is our firm belief that there was just as much a necessity for his assassination as there was a necessity for his election to the Presidency.

Q.—What is the object of punishment?

A.—That follows as a natural sequence of undeveloped right, always. The path of life is filled with thorns, and through all your unfolded condition you must press the thorns and be wounded. But as you learn to avoid them you receive less wounds, become more harmonious. In other words, learn to understand yourselves, learn to understand others, the world without as well as the world within, and rest assured you will be in heaven. You will commit no offense, therefore will not suffer the consequences. These are but the educators of the soul. They are set here, and there, and everywhere through life. You could not receive an education without them. The sick man says, "Oh, if I could always be well I should be so happy!" But he would not be, for through sickness, through sorrow, one learns to appreciate the opposite. Without it the opposite would be just as tedious and wearisome, just as unprofitable as the sick bed. When you are in danger you always instinctively turn for protection to something you deem potent to save you. Why do you do this? You cannot strictly answer the question. You only know that you do it. Life is filled with mystery, simply because you are passing through a vale of shadows, are unfolding step by step. You can only understand life at each successive step. You can comprehend life only by that which you experience. So all these various experiences are absolutely necessary for the soul's unfoldment.

Q.—Why do spirits promise to come here and report after death, and fail to do so?

A.—In promising this much to friends on earth they should make this addition, "If we are able so to do." But they have come to the spirit-world and investigated for themselves. They supposed it to be very easy; but when they stand again within the realm of physical life many are not able to control physical life successfully. Then they are not allowed to appear. Many do not wish to. If they are going to make so many mistakes as some do, then they had rather stay away until they learn to do better. Sept. 4.

Alice Trenholm.

I have made many promises of return; indeed, I said, when I was about to die, "If the spirit can return, I will, and shall come just as soon as it's possible for me to do."

But eight years have passed and this is the first time I have been able to speak or send even one ray of intelligence to light up the darkness that enshrouds the minds of those I've left.

My friends were infidel to all religions. We were taught infidelity in our family by our father and our mother. I have many a time heard my father say, "When I got to contemplating religion I think all the world is mad. If I was going to embrace any religion, it would be to embrace the religion of the Hindoo, for that seems to me to be the most practical religion." My father would say this, but he had no belief in the hereafter. And when Spiritualism made its advent into the world, my father could not believe it, and yet it would be like a light in the darkness of his infidelity if he could only believe it; but he said the moving of a table was no evidence to him, or sounds like raps, either, that the soul lived beyond death. But he said if some one of those who had passed away—died, gone out, he called it—should be revived again, if the lamp of life should burn with intelligence as of old again, then he might believe.

So when I was dying I said: "Father"—he was an old man—"if that Spiritualism which you so much despise, but cannot but be true, I'll surely return to you." But for eight years I've tried without success. To-day I am more successful.

Since I left my earthly home I have been joined by my two brothers, my mother, and many other friends. But my father remains, although he is but a wreck of his former self. The unhappy visitation of the rebellion has told harshly and harshly upon him. But, oh, I have come to cheer him with words of comfort. I have come to place a lamp at his feet; a guide that shall assure him that he will live after death.

Father, your Alice speaks to you, not from oblivion, but from the land of the dead, but from the land of the living. Father, that spirit-land that you once read about in a stray book that somehow found its way into our home, is a reality, a beautiful reality, and all the beauties of human life are, perhaps, no more material than the beauties of spirit-life. He used to say: "Alice, my child, I am a materialist; don't expect that I shall appreciate your visions, for such they seem to be to me."

Well then, father, your materialism is good, for all things have form. So all things are material, and your Alice speaks to you to-day from her spirit-home. George is there, Gustus is there, besides mother and many other friends. George says: "Father, I died on Yankee soil, and was tenderly cared for." Gustus says: "I was shot through the head and suffered nothing." They both desire to speak to you.

Now, father, you reason to join us. Your lamp of human existence, so far as the body is concerned, is nearly burned out. But ere that shall fade in human life, a brighter one shall be given you. You cannot die, you cannot go out of existence, you cannot lose yourself. Oh, father, you will surely live after death; let me impress this upon you. Let me turn your thoughts from earth to the spirit-world.

Father, don't you remember the night before I died I told you that I saw my little sister who died in infancy? Don't you remember, father, I said she was with me? And you said: "Oh, Alice, child, you're sick and weak. You were always visionary, but you're more so now." Father, that little one, who had grown so beautiful in spirit-life, was with me. She did welcome, did recognize me, and she, too—although she understands little of the practicalities of human life—often comes to you with blessings. Father, you know she passed on thirty-six years ago, yesterday, (Sept. 3d, 1835). Now, then, you know, too, that no one here in this Yankee land knows that. You know, father, that she scarce breathed here, and you have no hope of ever being united to her again hereafter. But she does live, and I speak of her possibly to identify myself, but more probably to identify and actualize that Spiritualism that, I believe, is destined to make bright your last days in human life.

Alice Trenholm, aged twenty-five years, daughter of William Trenholm, of Savannah, Georgia. Farewell, sir. Sept. 4.

Dave Carney.

Where! sworn in again! Well, here I am; how are you? [How do you do?] I'm fast here. Well, now, I'd like to get some word from you folks out in the West. I'm from the 2d Michigan, and I've been trying to send some word home ever since I was located on the banks of the Chickahominy; but, somehow or other, I had to wait until my turn came.

Now, sir, you'll please tell the folks that Dave Carney, of the 2d Michigan, comes here to-day from the spirit-world, to send a few words to

those folks there that have got to try it some day themselves. I don't see that that time is very near, but they've got to die, you know, and some of the folks are mighty afraid they shan't get the right ticket to go across with. Now I didn't have any fears of the kind at all in going out. I thought God was a pretty good kind of a God; anyway, he'd taken good care of me all my life. I always had a terrible horror of sickness, and as God had kept me free from it here, I reckoned he was going to do pretty well by me when I got on the other side of life.

Now see here, I've got a dear, good, old mother that is praying every moment of her life about my untimely end and unseasonable stepping out. She rather fears for me. I wasn't a believer in any of these notions that teach about heaven and hell; I believed I should live in a natural way hereafter. Well, I was a pretty natural sort of a fellow, anyhow, and I made up my mind religion was bad truck, anyway, and would n't find sale in my market. I used to tell my mother and folks that I guessed I should be well enough off on the other side. Now, you see, I'm just as well off as I deserve to be. I've plenty to do. I liked to help others along here, and there's plenty of poor cusses that want helping up; and the very ones that want helping up most are those that went across in the boat of some religious dogma. I tell you they're the deepest in the mire. I always say, "let go of your religion, and follow me." And if they want to know where God is, I tell 'em he's inside and outside of them, and everywhere. That's the idea I had of it when I was here, and I reckon I was about right, too. Well, I went out just so, and when I found myself on the other side I just jumped up and clapped my hands. Said I: "I guess I'm all right."

Now, I'd like to send just a word back that I'm happy; have n't any particular desire to go home, only that they call me there; that is to say, I feel bad to think they are so fooled as to think I'm in hell when I'm in heaven. I'm satisfied with God; haven't seen him—him, or her, or it. I haven't found anybody yet that I could call God. I asked one old chap of sixty or seventy years if he'd ever seen God. He said he had. "Won't you just tell me where you've seen him, and what he looked like?" Said he: "Come with me and I'll show you God." I began to think then perhaps I really was going to see God, and that I'd been in the dark myself. I had not gone far when he stopped where some children were playing. "There's God," "What?" said I, "them youngsters there?" "Yes," said the old chap; "you see there as much of God as you ever will, if you travel through life ten thousand times ten thousand years." Said I: "Granger, I guess you're about right." And he really saw God in those children, who were just as happy playing as they could be. He said: "There's God represented in beauty, innocence, perfectness; and he went on that way for some time. "Now," said he, "don't go round looking for God any longer, for he's always with you."

Now I tell you one thing, mother: don't pray so loud to God, because he ain't deaf; he'll hear you just as well if you pray outside the Orthodox faith as if you pray inside of it. If you just go out into the fields and say: "God, give me light about my son," you'll get it just as well as if you went into the Church. Now here, mother, you prayed God to give you light about me. Now I've just come to bring you that light myself. Well, I have n't got any more religion than I had before I went out; but I'm in heaven, thank God, for all that. Good-bye, stranger. Sept. 4.

Frances Miller.

I am Frances Miller, of Tarrytown, New Jersey. My father was killed on the railroad, and my mother she's there.

I was nine years old; been dead since last March. My mother wishes she could hear from me. I was the only child. My father's name was Frank. He was killed on the railroad. I can but just remember him as he used to be when he was living here on earth.

My father wants me to say to my mother, write to Uncle Solomon. He's living. He's in the western part of Virginia, and he's well to do in the world, and will be happy to help her. What you heard about him is not true.

Uncle Solomon is my father's uncle. He brought my father up. My grandfather died when my father was a little boy, and he went to live with Uncle Solomon. He was like a father to him. And my father went away against my Uncle Solomon's wish. He told him that if he went away against his consent, he should cut him off without anything; shouldn't make him heir to his property. But he has repented, father says, and father's gone, and I'm gone, and mother's left. I want her to write to Uncle Solomon, and send him my letter to her. Tell him that little Frances comes, and says, "Uncle Solomon, please do something for mother, for father and I desire you to."

Father says, "If you should happen, Uncle Solomon, to die and leave all that you've got, all your property, to those not related to you, and then should come to know that those who have the best claim to it were in want, then you'd feel so unhappy that you wouldn't have any heaven here at all. So you had better attend to it before you come to me, because you ain't going to stay a great while here, only a few years."

My mother's name is Elizabeth Miller, sir. She was born in Pennsylvania. Good-bye, Oh, I died of diphtheria. Sept. 4.

Col. William Torrey.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" That is a question the Church have been trying to solve for centuries, but they've not yet solved it. It was a question of serious import to me, although I was a strict religiousist.

I was Col. William Torrey, of the 7th Georgia Cavalry—a rebel, you will see. I have remarked that although I was a professing Christian, I was never able to solve the question of a future state. I used to look upon the dead bodies of my friends, and strive with all the powers of my soul to peep into the future. Oh, I would ask, is this all of my friends? Shall I never hear them speak again? But there was no sign, no signal; nothing came to answer my call. I tried to gain new strength and sustenance in religion; I tried to drown all my doubts in religion. I used to say to myself, "Well, this great mind and that great mind rests secure, and I ought to be satisfied that they are right." But still forever and forever the question of man's future existence would agitate my mind. But now I know, and I know also that the spirit can return to earth and commune.

I have many dear friends on earth—a family to whom I was sincerely attached, who are vainly trying to solve the question of spirit existence. My wife asks, "Oh, is my husband living on the other side?" And my children ask, "Has our father an existence anywhere?"

In view of these earnest inquiries, I have forced my way here to-day. That I have power to return, and through your Yankee mouthpiece send intelligence to those I love on earth, you will perceive. It is true; I have died fighting against my

country and your. It is true, also, that I did that which I believed to be right. I was conscientious in taking the position I did when on the earth. I reasoned, as thousands did, that we were tyrannized over, that all our institutions were in danger. I believed the South was oppressed. I said it is our right; perfectly legitimate; our privilege to take up arms against the North for that they seek to rob us of, namely, our liberty.

I am free to confess were I now living on the earth, possessed of the knowledge I have acquired since death, I certainly would have done different. But I am not disposed to find fault with the course of events that have whirled me into this side of life. No, no, I acted my part; and if I did that which seemed to be wrong in the eyes of my antagonists, I certainly acted conscientiously. I would be very glad to approach my dear friends at our home; but I was actually compelled to reach them in this way.

And now, while I think of it, I know it is necessary we should give such incidents of our earth-life as we are able to, for the sake of identification. I think of one. It stands out beyond all others. It was this: When I parted from my companion, she says to me, "William, I believe you will never return." "Oh," I said, "Rebecca, don't think so; drive that away from your mind. I shall return; I shall come back. I do not think I am going to leave you so soon." But no; and I noticed that all her letters to me were written as if she never expected to see me again.

Her impressions proved correct. I did not return; but I have returned now. And all I hope to do at this, my first coming, is to assure her that I am living, that there is a life beyond the tomb; although we die in the body, yet the spirit lives on forever. I want her to feel that I am her husband still; that I still love her and my children, as of old; that I watch over them.

And to my companions in arms I would send a word to, also. Give me a chance to talk with you. I'll show you some features of the Southern rebellion that you've never seen.

I shall be known, sir. I hope I may be able to approach my friends nearer. I thank you for your kindness in permitting me to come here. Fare you well, sir. Sept. 4.

Dennis Casey.

Dennis Casey, sir, Fall River. [Well, Dennis, what have you got to say?] Oh, sir, I don't know. I've got something, sir, as everybody has. I was a soldier, and I died fighting for the American flag; that was my home ever since I came here, and the American flag has always afforded me better protection than the British flag ever did. And I've got this much to say to the folks: I am happy in the spirit-world; and as to the Catholic religion, I don't know much about it, anyway. When the folks hear I come back, they will ask, "Is he a good Catholic?" [You do not know what you are, do you?] No, sir, I'm Dennis Casey still; but what else I am I can't say at all. I can't say I'm a Catholic, when I don't see anything to make me a Catholic; and, again, I can't say I'm a Protestant, because I don't see anything to make me a Protestant. It's all about the same thing in the spirit-world, sir. It's a kind of a natural way you get along there. Yes, sir; him that does the best is the happiest—that's it.

Oh, sir, I've seen some strange sights since I lived here in the body. I could n't make you understand them, if I were to tell you of them, nor my folks, either. No, sir; they think all the time the things they have on the earth are wonderful; but side of things in spirit-life, the things you have in the body is tame; yes, sir.

I'd like to send specially, like to send my letter to John Casey. He's my cousin. Oh, he's a right kind of a man; he's not bound up in the faith; kind of free and easy. He would sit down and play a game of cards, or take up the bet, or a glass of whiskey after he'd been to church. He's pretty good, for all that. He has a tender heart, never likes to see any one suffer. Now I want him to go to my folks, tell them I've come back and talk this way, and explain the whole thing to them. Oh, I'm satisfied with what he's done about the back pay. He's done all right, all right. I'm much obliged to him. He took not a bit of pay for all his trouble, but gave every cent of the money to my folks. I see the whole thing, and I'm much obliged. I'll pay him myself in coming back and telling him about that country he's coming to one day. Ah, he'll emigrate same as I did; yes, sir.

When I get along better, and know more about this thing, perhaps I'll get a chance from the old gentleman who has control here to come this way again. Yes, sir; good-bye. I'm from Fall River. Oh, I wasn't born there; I was born in the Green Isle, but I'll come from there because I enlisted from there. Sept. 4.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; David Kenney, to friends in Cleveland, O.; Edith Buckner, who died in Baltimore, Md., to her parents; Wm. Wilce, of Wile's Hotel, Elm street, Boston, to Solomon Wilde; Col. John A. New York friends to Tim. Carney.

Thursday, Sept. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Julius Brutus Booth, Sen., in answer to the friends of J. A. W. Booth; Richard Barham, the friend of Booth, Sen.; Allen Brown, of Lexington, Ky., to her father, a Colonel in one of the Virginia regiments; Dennis Carney, to his friends, the friends of Warrington, Ala.; a woman, by the name of Anna Cora Wilson, addressed to her parents; Charles Allen Smith, to his father and friends.

Monday, Sept. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Gould, who died at Andersonville, Ga.; William Lawrence Gordon, to his wife and friends; Oliver, to his father; Julius Graham, to his father, Wm. Graham, of Tennessee; and his friend, Philip Harvey.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Isabella N. Joyce, in answer to the many who have called for her; Harry Bowen, to the murderer of Isabella N. Joyce; Isaac Gough; Elizabeth Collier, to her mother, Mrs. J. Collier, of Savannah, Ga., announcing that her twin sister passed to the spirit-world to-day.

Thursday, Sept. 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sarah Elizabeth Duncan; Annie Casaday, to her mother and uncle, in Boston; Gustavus Eckhart, a victim of the "Andersonville" case; Edward Everett.

Monday, Sept. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Adonia Julia Burroughs, of Washington, D. C.; Albert Brown, of Cambridgeport, Mass., to his friends, John Clark, of the 2d Minnesota Reg., to his friends, in St. Paul, Minn.; Mary Corey, of San Francisco, Cal., to her mother, John Corey, of Portsmouth, Va., his brother, Thomas, in that place.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. Forspugh, to friends in the Quaker Office, Boston; to her mother, in New Orleans, La.; Emeline Argyle Stevens, to her father, John Stevens, living in the outskirts of London, Eng.

Married.

In Woburn, Mass., Sept. 19th, by Rev. Mr. J. Mr. Elias Cutler, of Burlington, to Mrs. Eliza A. Baker, of Boston.

Obituary.

Passed on, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Kent, son, of Quincy, Mr. Sally Kidder, aged 89 years and 10 mos. Retaining her faculties almost to the last hour, her lamp of life went out to be re-lighted on "the other side" by angel hands. A life-long Unitarian, she still had an abiding faith in the quickening presence of the departed, and her last years were without a cloud of doubt. Her memory, active and vigorous to the last, was rich with reminiscences of the past, an apt of our late Vice-President, Hannibal Hamlin, she possessed the stern, inflexible loyalty and patriotism that has always been a heritage of the family, and her brilliant eye would flash with new fire as she read of the movements of our brave boys in the field, while her hands were ever actively doing their comfort. Even gentle, calm in her disposition, she only seemed to increase her goodness, and so she passed down into the stream of death, the dark waves rolled over her, and the affectionate mother, the true counselor, the valued friend, and the aged patriot was hid from sight. But we know she still lives, her youth renewed, to become one of the thriftiest ones, who, though living, are ever guiding us through our earth journey.

On to the beauty of the Summer-land, from the worn canvas did she pass

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CLAIRVOYANCE. — MRS. COLGROVE may

MRS. CHARTER, Clairvoyant and Writer
Medium, No. 3 Lagrange Place, Boston, will give
instructions about business and describe absent friends. Hon-
orarium, \$1.00. For letters, \$2.00. Sept. 7

MRS. E. RICHARDS, Trance, Test, Business and Medical Clairvoyant Medium, 268 Washington Boston. (Room No. 6.) Will visit families, when requested Sept. 16-4w*

J. B. CONCKLIN, MEDIUM, from New York
Rooms No. 6, LaGrange Place, Boston. Hours from 8
1 p. m., and from 2 till 9 p. m. Sept. 16

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM has resumed her Sittings at rear of 1099 Washington street. Hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 8 o'clock p. m. Terms, \$2.00. 3rd—Sept. 1.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 282 Washington street, Boston. Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. July.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM,
13 Dix PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) July

MRS. S. J. YOUNG, MEDIUM, No. 80 WAT-
street, Boston. 3m-Sept

WILLIAM JACKSON

LECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM; also, answers Sealed Letters. Those wishing to ask any question or communicate with their departed friends, can do so by enclosing 33 and four 3-cent postage stamps. He will decline character by your sending him your name, tell their locations, tell past, present and future events, what business they are best to pursue. Also tell any one how they can be

Jackson takes Spirit Photographs for \$4. He also treats men with great success: such as Nervous Debility, St. Abuse, Dyspepsia, Fits, Consumption, Jaundice, Asthma, tarrh, Bronchitis, Gravel, Eruptions on the Face, Irritability of the Kidneys and Bladder, and all diseases, both acute and chronic. Special attention paid to all private diseases in h

Mr. Jackson has also just published a new book, entitled "The People's Comforter in the Hour of Need." It is a treat book ever offered to the American people. It contains truths which all are anxious to understand. It teaches that all diseases can be cured; the symptoms of disease; how we can learn of the future; treats upon religious and vari-

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will, them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in and future life; physical disease, with prescription thereon what business they are best adapted to pursue in order

successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those suffering marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that we can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are able to testify. *Skullies* are particularly invited to invest

Everything of a private character, KEPT STRICTLY AS
For Written Declaration of Character, \$1.00 and red stamp
Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended
either one or the other.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
July 1. of Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin

DR. URANN,

WHO has made so many wonderful and
INSTANTANEOUS CURES
In Boston, New York, Hartford, Springfield, and more rec-
In New Hampshire and Vermont, has taken rooms No.
Court street, Boston, where he may be found from the 1st
the 20th of each month. The remainder of the month he
visit patients at a distance who may desire his services.
August 17.

DR. I. WILBUR

DR. S. WILSON,
OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN
FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASE
WILL close his Rooms at Cleveland, O., Aug. 8th

when time he may be found at his residence, 201 WAUKEE STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS., where he will be the sick until further notice. He cures all curable diseases without medicine. Also, cures at any distance by a lightning hand writing. Send subscribed envelope and red stamps. Persons who cannot afford to pay are cordially invited, without money and without price. Cleanliness and honesty required. Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
(OF CLINTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.)
PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

CHRONIC DISEASES,
HAS opened Rooms at the HEALING INSTITUTION
111 Wisconsin street, (opposite Post-Office), MILWAU-
KEE, WIS., till November 15th, 1865.
Chronic Diseases cured with a few operations! No
pains given! No Surgical Operations performed!

DR. HATHAWAY'S HEALING INSTITUTE
No. 110 Wisconsin St., Milwaukee,
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

HAS been refitted and newly furnished, and is now open for the reception of Patients. All diseases treated by the most improved methods, to meet the various wants, each patient will have the especial treatment required, or it is Eclectic Medicine, Water Cure, Electricity, and Magnesium, good operators being always in attendance. **DR. J. P. BRYANT**, one of the greatest Healers of the

will practice at this Institute for three months from the
of August, 1895. tr—Au

HEALING THE SICK

Without Medicine—and those Unable to
Without Money.

—BROTHLYN, 127 Jefferson Avenue—

PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE
MRS. V. M. BALDWIN will read character personality by letter; describe persons at a distance, whether out of the form; all for spirit-communications, &c., &c.

DR. J. R. NEWTON
Will heal the Sick in **PORTLAND, ME.**, for five
 commencing **TUESDAY, Aug. 22.** Rooms at **Co**
HALL, Clapp's Block.

MRS. A. M. SUMNER, Developing and H. Medium, will hold Developing Circles at 24 Cottage Road, Roxbury, the third and fourth Wednesday of every month. The first December next, when she will endeavor to find convenient rooms for private or public sittings, provided there be enough manifested by those attending to continue through the winter. She is satisfied great good will result from such sittings.

MRS. COTTON, Successful Healing
by the laying on of hands. (No medicines given.)

A. H. RICHARDSON, Mesmeric Physic
Healing Medium, No. 132 Main street, Charleston
July 15-3m.

18

Original Poetry.

COUNSEL.

BY CORA WILCOX.

Wouldst you scale the spirit heights of beauty?
Soul-on-ear the Paradisaic gate?
Learn of loftiest and sublimest duty,
Meditating on the heavenly state?

Kneeling with angels in the Holy Presence,
Filled with the silent wonderment of awe,
From thought-research, and innermost life-
sence, Learn of the great fulfillment of His law?

Wouldst know of God? Look on the human
spirit;
Abroad, on Nature's bountiful domain;
See heart and soul Love's Elgin light inherit;
Behold the spirit in its kingly reign!

Look deep within! 'till darkening imperfection,
See how the fullness of the Love Divine
Floods with supernal glory of reflection
Gods' chosen, holy, and illumined shrine!

And 'till ascension when the spirit reaches
Above the mists of error, fog of sense;
And from the soul-heights of Experience teaches
The Mother-Wisdom of Omnipotence!

The hand of Love unbars the crystal portal,
Leading to Eden, earth-home's peaceful rest;
There, the commissioned angels, crowned immor-
tal,
Bring consolation to the weary breast.

There dwell eternal symbols pure of beauty,
There Meditation, Harmony abides;
There learn we lowliest, sublimest duty,
Embracing treasures on Life's flowing tides.

We kneel with angels there, at morn and evening,
Beside the holiest shrine within the land;
And know that from the great enfolding heaven,
The spirit has to go with us hand in hand.

Our life ideal claims us; angel-guarded,
We seek and find the Beautiful below;
All love and light, and music-joy awarded,
Even as the spirit strives to be, and know.

Dream not too long, be up and upward striving!
By the fulfillment of each duty here;
That only is true, human, righteous living,
That makes of heart and home an Eden sphere.

Tonica, Illinois, Sept. 6th, 1865.

Correspondence in Brief.

A National Organization.

The Male and Female Industrial College at Vineland, N. J., has already set a stake of national organization, chosen officers, and purchased land for buildings, gardens, etc., and is now awaiting further contributions and cooperation of those who sympathize with its objects, which are, mainly, to unite labor and study in education, and grant equal opportunities and compensation to both sexes, and leave theology of all kinds out, by substituting practical power, or labor, for worldly credulity and superstition. There are supported by good judges, to be four or five millions of Spiritualists in the United States, and there are at least as many others who are unfettered by creeds, and in favor of excluding theology from our schools, and of giving equal rights to females. Out of this whole number, are there not two millions who are not one million who will give fifty cents each to put this school in working order, and by so doing have their names registered and preserved as members of and contributors to the first great practical movement of this kind in our country? This last and least arrangement would give us a working capital of five hundred thousand dollars, and enable us to purchase land, erect a suitable institution for practical and self-supporting operation. Or are there not five hundred thousand men and women in this nation who can contribute one dollar each to an enterprise of this magnitude and importance? It seems to me that a People's, a Working Men and Women's College like this, ought not to depend on gifts for subscriptions, donations or bequests from the rich to start, and yet all we yet have are two subscriptions of five thousand dollars each, and both from men recently from Illinois. I have all my life shared the labors, burdens, privations, sympathies and charities of the poor; and as their misdeeds swell enormously the army of suffering, poverty, and wretchedness, etc., I do not see why we cannot have an object of some practical utility at home, and for the benefit of the poor among us, on which we can expend the collections and contributions of the working classes. The design is to have labor suitable to enable any student, male or female, to pay board and tuition, and to receive practical, scientific and scientific education. We should not long put this subject before the people, and appeal to the Spiritualists and reformers generally, and say if they will not make this institution.

Vermont, Sept. 14, 1865. WARREN CHASE.

Clam-Bake among Spiritualists.
Often had I heard of New England Clam-Bakes, in imitation of those Indian tribes that originate from along this coast; but never was an eyewitness till Wednesday last—Lee's river rolled in sight, while a fine sassafras grove contributed its cooling shade. Every motion connected with the "bake" was to me new and novel, I tried more than to waste time into the whimsical experience. Though richly relishing the clams, I derived while swallowing them no inspiration in demonstration of the extreme theory that men "developed" from oysters, clams, animals, or anything below the human. Stern induction will have it that clams propagate clams, humans the human, and every creature may be improved by cultivation, types doubtless remain eternal fixtures.

Several mediums were controlled by Indian spirits, the most prominent spirit being "Santee Oa," long in spirit-life, yet all aglow with that "mirth, grace, perception and integrity" that ever characterized the Indians prior to their wicked attempts to "civilize" and "acculturate" them. Obedience to natural law being the standard, it is questionable whose civilization was highest, the Indians or ours.

There was excellent speaking by Mrs. M. R. H. Stebbins, the well-known test and healing medium; M. B. Rogers, whose voice, as in the work; Mrs. McQuiddy, of Fall River; Mrs. Anthony, and the writer. I was physically too well fed to speak with power—lean hounds run the best races. Then came the dancing and other harmless amusements, manifesting an ease and freedom truly refreshing. Not only the "bake," gotten up by Bro. Rogers, but the "bake" to the spirit, but every thing passed off to use apostolic language, "decently and in good order." Hilarity and harmony were the two controlling spirits of the day. Beautiful are these social gatherings, and profitable unto salvation.

J. M. PREBLE.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 15th, 1865.

Indisposition of Miss Beckwith.

DEAR BANNER—Please once more allow me a little space in the Banner, that I may speak to all my friends, and that concerning my feeble self. I am still an invalid—although my slow improvement has led me to hope that I might ere long resume my labors, (and I have lately made some new engagements.) I now feel, with the coming fall months, my perfect inability, and I withdraw my engagements from among those in the list of lecturers, and retire from the field, assuring myself of one thing only: I can work no more. I am tired, exhausted, and the constant pressure of thought on my mind regarding the work that is to be done by somebody, by all of us, and of which I had hoped to do my share, keeps me constantly trembling between hope and fear, and as perforce I resign my position, for here I am, as a loss, I have no plans for the future in which I cannot share a part, and it may be I am

to again be among you reapers in the glorious harvest field, either in my accustomed way, or in some other, which, if needed, will be to me a precious labor. I will be content to be content or try to, and, dear ones from Maine to Maryland, (inclusive) you all read our Banner, and through it, please receive the blessing which I send you, as I am removed materially from the field of working; remember in spirit I am with you now and ever. You, dear Banner, will still gather your faithful army every heart which having known must prize, and through your agency I shall still feel the quivering of the harp-strings, even though my trembling hand strike them no longer.

To those who may feel to address me, I would say, send all letters for the present to New Haven, Conn.

Thine in earnestness of feeling,

M. L. BECKWITH.

New Haven, Conn.

A Powerful Healing Medium.

Bro. Neal, of whom I wrote you, Mr. Editor, once or twice, Boston, to be more exact to the needs of the afflicted, and permit me to commend him to the friends as a medium of great powers, as exhibited since he has been in Providence. He came to this city in the latter part of May, an entire stranger. He took no special pains to herald his advent, but quietly awaited events, gradually making acquaintances, till length came to him—those who had lost hope, but still clung to life; as a last resort they, in their desperation, sought the powers of the angel-world, and were relieved. Their joy was unbounded, and they proclaimed what great things the Lord had done for them through Bro. Neal. Others came, many from the sects and churches, who went away, made whole, marveling that a despised Spiritualist should, by the laying on of hands, accomplish cures which had defied the best skill of the medical profession. Many of his cases have been desperate ones, chronic and deep-seated. With scarcely an exception they yielded readily to his manipulations. His mediumship has been most thoroughly tested, and he has been exercised on nearly all the ill-flesh is heir to. Under these circumstances I have deemed it expedient to commend him to the friends, through the Banner, in hopes he may find an opening in Boston to heal and bless suffering humanity.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 18, 1865. W. FOSTER, JR.

By a notice in another column it will be seen that Dr. Neal has arrived in town and taken rooms at the Adams House, where he can be consulted by the afflicted.

Vermont—Labors of Mrs. Wolcott.

I have nothing of thrilling interest to communicate, Mr. Editor, yet thought to inform the readers of the Banner that Spiritualism still lives in some parts of Northern Vermont, a bright and shining light to some, a stumbling stone and rock of offense to others. Its adherents have not been able to make it live as they would wish, neither have the opponents been able to make it die. Receiving nothing from credulity but taunts, jeers and bitter invectives, yet from the spiritual portion of community it has received that degree of support that has enabled it to live and make some headway.

The cause in this place received much benefit by the ministrations of the inviolables, through the organism of Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, an inspirational speaker, who labored in public in the part of the time during June and July last. Mrs. W. is young in the field, but her discourses abounded in solid argument and sound sense, which causes them to be permanent in their effect, exerting, apparently, a stronger influence on the minds of her hearers to-day, than at the time of her delivery. We generally call Mrs. W. a medium, and her encouragement to enable her to keep the field, she will be instrumental of great good to humanity.

Yours for Truth, H. C. QUINCY.

Lovell, Vt., Sept. 18th, 1865.

Criticism on A. B. Child.

I was interested in reading the original remarks, by A. B. Child, printed in the Banner, one time since, and also with his answer to Mr. Garrison in explanation of some few sentences, only I think he has used the word justice where he should have used the word revenge or hatred, or some other similar word. For instance, he says, "the rule of charity or love is the people's security; the rule of justice or hate is the people's destruction." Now I think it is the rule of justice which is the people's destruction; while it is the rule of revenge or hate which is the cause.

Again he says justice makes enemies. Now as I understand the word, justice asks for nothing but that which is right. I do not think that right is generally cultivated in the human mind, more than mercy, for that asks for nothing that is wrong.

I like the Doctor's articles first-rate, only I think he has confounded justice with revenge, anger or hatred.

Libson Falls, Sept. 18th, 1865. WM. K. COVING.

Delegates to the Convention.

The following delegates were elected Sunday evening, Sept. 10th, to represent the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cincinnati at the Second National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 17th, and the herewith annexed resolutions were duly passed.

DELEGATES NOMINATED.

Judge Carter, Mrs. Judge Carter, Mr. I. H. Taylor, Mrs. I. H. Taylor, Mr. Wm. Ward, Mrs. Wm. Ward, Mr. Henry Beck, Mrs. Henry Beck.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in case of any vacancy in the delegation, the vacancy be filled by the remaining delegates.

Resolved, That we do not recognize the Spiritualists of the United States for business or financial purposes, but not for the establishment of any creeds, dogmas or doctrines.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 18, 1865. A. W. PUGH, Sec'y.

The Sentence of Colchester.

I have just returned from the U. S. Court Room, and from hearing Judge Hall pronounce sentence on Mr. C. J. Colchester, which was a fine of \$40.00, and costs of Court, \$475.40, making a total of \$515.40. The money was paid promptly by a good friend of the cause, and it is proposed to the Spiritualists of the country to refund him by contributions of which no amount.

The authorities have further insisted that Mr. Colchester, or any other medium, must take out a juggler's license, thus forcing them to tell a deliberate lie, or cease to give the public the benefit of their manifestations. How long is such a state of things to continue? Yours truly, Dugdale, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1865. J. FORSYTH.

Query—To J. M. P.

You have shown, in the Banner of the 23d, that a spirit-body, whose particles have become displaced, cannot be restored. Why does not the door share the same fate, after its particles have become displaced by the passage of a spirit?

F. T. L.

The following anecdote is told of Daniel O'Connell. Meeting a prolific pamphleteer, whose productions generally found their way to the butterman, he said, "I saw something very good in your pamphlet this morning." "Ah," replied the gratified writer, "what was it?" "A pound of butter" was the reply.

"THEY SAY."—"They" will say anything and everything. "They" have said everything mean and despicable. "They" say things that break up families, crush hearts, blight hopes, and smother worthy aspirations. Whenever a man circulates a slander, and gives "They" as his authority, turn your back upon him.

A lawyer in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant, took him up in his arms and held him up to the jury suffused in tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child, "What makes you cry?" "He's pinching me," answered the child. The Court roared with laughter.

"Sallie," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me—you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," said Sallie, "you are too green to burn."

AGGIE, A SPIRIT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

In the Banner of some six months ago might be noticed an obituary. That short paragraph related an event which overwhelmed us, and gave us to drink of the bitterest cup of grief.

Aggie, a sister, adopted into our family circle as our child, and under our care matured into the fulfillment of the brightest destiny, went from us a perfect representation of health. We answered the telegram that said she could not live; but too late. Even the poor consolation of a parting word was denied us. Her beautiful features still showed marks of terrible pain—that was all. She was frozen to marble.

I had thought that the Spiritual Philosophy would sustain one in this trial; that knowing the spirit existed, the keen edge of our grief would be taken off. For the time this was not so. We are accustomed to form our judgment by the senses.

As we stand before the corpse of our departed friend, grief overwhelms our intuitions, and darkens our spiritual perceptions. When we cry in our agony, the waves of feeling deafen our ears to the sound of spirit-voices. Our eyes meet the physical wreck of the beautiful, inanimate, still, cold dead, and with the heartlessness of materiality tell us there is nothing beyond. Soon will the elements claim their own from the sleeping; and a year shall suffice to dissolve the being which for a time cheered us by her winning ways, and scatter her ashes to the winds.

Thus materialism, stifling, dark and dreadful, took the place of Spiritualism, and was sustained by the senses, and unopposed by spiritual perceptions, too lacerated to feel. The days came and went, as slowly our minds assumed their normal condition, and the desire to communicate with the departed might be answered.

It was then began the most complete and satisfactory series of communications I have ever witnessed. They were free from any collusion on the part of any one outside of ourselves, as Mrs. Tuttle and myself were usually the only persons at the table or in the room.

We often endeavored to have the table tilt, but had failed. Now, however, we had a spirit in the shadow, in union with ourselves, and the gateway of communication was opened.

I had previously seen her, clairvoyantly, but so dimly, so shadowy, I doubted whether it was not a conjuration of a disturbed mind. Those doubts have been removed. It was before her funeral, and the attractions to earth remained unimpaired. She was sad, and unable to speak. Her spirit-mother was with her, and, in thought, I asked her if she intended to remain and witness the painful ceremony of the morrow; and she answered, "I would not have my child see it. We go away now, not to return until all is over."

We held a seance nearly every evening, and she was always present, and gave us some word of assurance. Sometimes she failed to answer correctly, the table being uncontrollable. At other times all her answers were perfectly correct for an hour's questioning. We soon learned to discriminate; and so far from supposing that undeveloped spirits came at those disturbed seances, we knew the fault lay in our own organizations. The detail of these seances is very interesting to us, but would not be to the public. I shall relate but one incident, as it illustrates the spirit's power of prophecy.

Shortly after her departure, and at our first seance, she informed us that her father, who was slightly ill, could not recover. This was against our reason, for his sickness was not considered serious. Two weeks afterwards she fixed the day of his death at nearly three months ahead. About two weeks previous to the time she had fixed for that event, she came, and by the tedious process of spelling by the alphabet, gave the following communication to her sister:

"Emma, prepare to go to Brattleville. Father has dictated a letter to-day, wishing you to come. He is not yet ready to die; but if you do not go, you will never have an opportunity to enjoy his society on earth again. The letter will reach you on Thursday, and on Friday you must go."

The letter came, and the spirit voice was obeyed; and if conferring happiness on those who are dear, during the last days of their mortal life, be a lifelong comfort to us, we are thankful for that thoughtful admonition.

Her father lived twelve hours past the time she had appointed; but at the very time he sank away so completely that all thought he had breathed his last, when he recovered, and exclaimed:

"What a beautiful scene! I saw—"
He could not complete the sentence. He struggled through the night, and just as the sun arose in the east, and the birds awoke the earth with song, his spirit arose into heaven and awoke to the song of angels.

I often asked her to go to the Banner Circle Room and communicate, but she said that she could not approach on account of the immense crowd of strange spirits congregated there. She said that she could do so, however, if I went with her.

At length the opportunity offered. I met Mrs. Conant several times, but I did not urge a seance. I too well understood the laws of spirit-command; they must flow voluntarily. I had almost become assured not to expect anything through Mrs. C., when one evening as we were engaged in conversation, she suddenly became entranced. Her hand glided over my shoulder, and she burst into tears. Her manner, her tears, identified the controlling spirit. Aggie, in broken accents, said that this first direct contact with earth completely overpowered her, and she could only say how much she loved us all, how sad our grief made her, and that we must not mourn for her any more.

To a skeptic there was furnished no test; but that is to come. She remarked that she had found a medium through whom she could write all she desired, and said I must meet her at Miss Nellie Starkweather's, at eleven o'clock on the next day.

I met the engagement punctually. I had never seen the medium before, and did not give her my name. I simply told her I had called for a seance. We sat down on opposite sides of a table, and she told me that I could write whatever questions I desired, and after folding the paper tightly, lay it on the table. I wrote: "Will the spirit who made this engagement write her name?"

I rolled the paper closely, and laid it on the table. Immediately the medium wrote—"Maggie." This was written, as is all she writes, reversed, so that it must be held before a mirror to be read. I wrote, "That is wrong." Instantly the medium's hand was again influenced, and the "M" was stricken off, leaving the name correctly spelled, "Aggie." Then I wrote, "I do not want to ask questions; write whatever you please."

To this the following was the reply; and, considering that to the medium I was a total stranger, the accuracy with which the names were given is astonishing. Aggie's guitar had been left at a friend's, and had not been touched by any one, remaining exactly as she left it, leaning against

the wall. She alludes to it, as well as to the favorite horse, "Bill," and both allusions are tests of identity.

"Dear Hudson and Emma—I am with you, as I promised last evening, but I cannot continue this medium as readily as I supposed I should be able to control myself so perfectly that you will be compelled to acknowledge my presence. I have the same affection for you as while on earth. I shall never change. I am with you in spirit, always, and hope to control Emma so perfectly that I can fulfill my imperfectly performed mission on earth. I am very happy; do not grieve for me."

"Dear Emma dear Emma! I am ever near you. How I do want to give you proof of my identity. Bring my guitar home and lay it on the table; perhaps I can play on it."

"Do you remember—I loved to see Emma ride; but I was always afraid! But I can play now, don't you; but I am still with you, and will lead you to truth and right, if you will be patient and unwavering."

I received other answers equally correct, but of too personal a character to insert here. There was no failure. Every question written and rolled into a ball, and placed on the table, was answered in less time than I have occupied in writing this. But here let me insert a word of caution, for I would not convey a wrong impression that such is invariably the result; for the next day I called for a seance, and did not receive a single answer to my written questions.

By our daily converse with this beloved spirit are we strengthened in our knowledge of spiritual life. We know that she exists as a bright immortal in the spirit-land; and with this knowledge the inscription on her monument in the village churchyard has a deep warmth of meaning.

"AGGIE."

Wait, darling wait;
You have reached the heavenly strand,
But those you love are toiling up
To the heights of a better land;
All pause at the shining gates of pearl—
But I will lead you on my way,
And lead us by your angel hand
Unto the perfect day."

Boston, Mass.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chaucery street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. Free.

THE BURLINGTON SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. at 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Hickey, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free.

SEATTLE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. at 121 Blackstone street, corner of Hanover street. Lecture in the afternoon by Dr. U. W. Morrill, Jr. Seats free.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings will recommence in the City Hall Sept. 3, at 7 1/2 and 9 o'clock P. M., under the supervision of A. B. Child, and will be devoted to the Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October and November; Rev. Todd during December.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown have commenced a series of free lectures, to be held at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening. These meetings are to be conducted by Mr. James B. Hatch, (to whom all communications must be addressed), assisted by a committee of well known Spiritualists. All good speakers have been engaged, who will lecture during the series. The public will please take notice that these meetings are free, and all are invited to attend.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown have hired Lyric Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Mr. J. H. Cundin, Charlestown, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie H. Fenton, Dec. 3 and 10.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speakers engaged—Miss Susan M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings during the summer months at 12 and 3 P. M.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall, regular meetings every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Mrs. Susan M. Johnson, Nov. 10 and 17. W. K. Hickey, Dec. 24 and 31; Mrs. M. W. Wood, April 22 and 29.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church, forenoon and afternoon. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock. Eastern or Middle States Spiritualists, Mrs. Nellie Fenwick Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during October; J. M. Peabody during November; J. G. Fish during January.

HAVENHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Havenhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Studio Hall, 200 North Main street, during October; Nellie Fenwick Brigham during November; S. S. Greenleaf during December; J. M. Peabody during January.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Frank J. Cheney, Nov. 10 and 17; Mrs. Mary Wood during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; M. Peabody, Dec. 3 and 10; Miss Susan M. Johnson, Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, West-wood street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday during September and October. Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodges.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings in Congress Hall, Congress street, during September, Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock. Eastern or Middle States Spiritualists, Mrs. Nellie Fenwick Brigham during November; S. S. Greenleaf during December; J. M. Peabody during January.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Sullivan hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. Seats free. Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodges.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. Speakers engaged—W. K. Hickey during September.

NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free. Meetings are held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 104 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Seats free. Speaker engaged—J. M. Peabody during September.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 104 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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

J. S. LOVELESS will answer calls to lecture, and will pay for his expenses. He is a member of the Children's Lyceum. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Miss LIZZIE DOWNE will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make other engagements in lecture until further notice. Her name may be noted in the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, 61 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Liza CHURCH will lecture in Portland, Me., during October. She will answer calls to speak week evenings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Worcester, Mass., during September; in Lowell, Mass., during October; in Elihu, Ind., during November; in Milwaukee, Wis., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in the West Sundays and week evenings through the rest of the winter. Apply immediately. Address as above.

Dr. and Mrs. L. K. COOMBS may be addressed at Havana, Mass. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and sell Spiritual and Reform Books.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. GERRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1 and 8; in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 15 and 22; in Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 29 and 30; in Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 5 and 12; in Cleveland, O., Nov. 19 and 26; in Detroit, Mich., Dec. 3 and 10; in New York, N. Y., Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

W. A. DUNN will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during November. Will make engagements to speak in the fall and winter. Address, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYAN will lecture in Plymouth, Oct. 22, and in Lowell, Nov. 19, 26 and 31. Address, 2 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Peterborough, Mass., during September; in Athol during October. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

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