

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVIII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
L. Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 3.

Literary Department.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by WILLIAM WINTZ & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

DREAM-LIFE:

A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY CORA WILBURN.

Author of "Agnes, the Step-Mother; or, The Castle of the Sea"; "The Fairy Vespers; or, Romance of Real Life"; "Adolph; or, The Power of Conscience"; "Cora's Story; or, The Power of Conscience"; "The Young Man; or, Will and Destiny"; "The Young Man; or, The Discipline of Life"; "The Young Man; or, Crime and Retribution"; etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

The Clouding of the Dawn.

"With every breeze a spirit came
To me some warning sign;
A mournful gift to mine, oh friend!
A mournful gift to mine!"—FELICIA HEMANS.

Past the shadows of the Pyramids, the Red Sea's turbulence and calm, to the shores of Araby the Blest. Everywhere the wondrous novelties of the earth's wealth outspread before the eyes and hearts that feasted on the beautiful. Then we returned to England; and at my mother's earnest request for a return to her native shores, my father promised that on the return of summer we should embark for the Tropical Isle. Amid all the beauties of other lands, my mother's heart longed for the brightness of her natal skies; for the charms of the balmy clime that was so dear to her.

It was in the autumn that we returned to H—, and there was a home-spell of cosy invitation in the aspect of the familiar rooms we had before inhabited. We had rented part of the house from the family dwelling there—a Mrs. Sawyer with her two elderly and maiden daughters. We were glad to rest after our wanderings.

The house commanded a fine prospect of the sea, and of the shipping in the sheltered harbor. Situated on an eminence, in a sort of street that irregularly straggled downward toward the main thoroughfare, we had a fine post for observation of all that passed beneath, and in the distance on the waters; and the bleak autumnal winds there shrieked their loudest. I was always a fanciful child—I had become an imaginative girl; I had a theory of my own concerning the winds; I deemed them the utterances of all the felt and sometimes unexpressed woes of mankind; the shrieks of the tortured slave; the wail of broken hearts; the fervent supplications of despair; all the agonizing tenderness of the hereafter; the bitter cry of remorse I fancied I distinguished in the gale. Enough of this. Sometimes I may give to your perusal my story of "The Voices of the Wind."

Although ever traveling, and sojourning in comfort, we were not rich; and our income was often augmented by some happy business ventures of my father. In the interests of leading mercantile houses, he sometimes undertook journeys to the various towns and cities of the Continent. We had been settled in our quiet lodgings only a week, when an offer reached him to negotiate a matter of great importance for a London house. The compensation was to be most liberal; yet one and all we declared against his departure at the commencement of the inclement season; for he was to go to Russia, and in Eliza settle up the business long pending, and now confided to his hands.

"Oh Louis!" cried mamma, "you have never left me for so long a voyage! It will soon be winter—the terrible, bitter, cold, cold winter, and it is so unsafe on the big sea. Do not go, dear husband!" she entreated pleadingly, with tears in her eyes.

I do not remember exactly what I said, but I joined my entreaties to hers. Grandmother was against the plan also; but with a firmness I had never before witnessed in my father, he seemed determined to go. Usually, he was most pliant to the expressed wish of his wife and mother.

"You are strangely resolved, my son; it is not your customary way," said my grandmother, gently.

"Dear mother, I do not wish to be obstinate, but our purpose need replenishing, and that for a good purpose. It has cost us much to travel as we have done. But now I mean to take you and Maravilla to her Tropical home; you need rest, mother, from this incessant wandering about. It has not been right in me to expose you to it so long."

"Nonsense, Louis; I bear it very well, and enjoy it thoroughly; and as for my age, why, no one would ever guess at that, unless I frankly told them. But do let us stay together this winter; you know I have a little left, and that it is always at your disposal."

"Dear, generous mother!" he cried, kissing her hand; "what do I not owe to you! All that makes life endurable! But Olive must go to school; she will soon be a woman. You are the best of teachers, and traveling expands the mind; but it is time that the child was placed at a regular abiding home, and set down to a course of study. I wish to place her in one of the best schools in England."

My heart contracted painfully, the quick tears filled my eyes.

"Oh, do not send me away from you!" I cried, and caught my father's hand. "I cannot live among strangers. I will do all I am bid; but do not, do not send me away!"

"My precious child! My household dove! My darling!" he responded, folding me in his arms, and imprinting loving kisses on my forehead. "Have I wounded your tender little heart, my daughter? Forgive me! I will engage teachers in the house for you. How could I do without your sunny face, to cheer me, my treasure? No, no; if it grieves you, you shall not go. There, dry your tears, and smile, my pet!"

"Mi querchita! Mi corazon! How could I do without my nina?" chimed in my mother.

I do not give her broken English as she spoke it, for even in remotest thought I cannot expose to ridicule her whom I eternally respect with all my filial gratitude. And she, too, cast her arms around me, and wept over me as if the parting hour had come.

Thus the two dear ones spoiled me; and thus I always carried the day. Grandmother smiled, and said nothing; and for that day the voyage to Russia was no more spoken of. Relieved from my dread of a separation, I took extra pains with my dress and hair that evening, and a happy family gathering it was around the tea-table.

How loving my dearest father was that night; how more than usually affectionate to the beautiful woman who hung enraptured on his words; how delicately attentive he was to his mother; how his large, bright grey eyes rested on me, with such a sorrowfully tender gaze. Ah, me! had I but that night implored him never to leave us again, he would have granted my petition; and, nayhap—but no; then, Father, knowest best!

The next day my father returned from a walk on the wharf, in a state of high excitement and determined will. He had met with Captain Frost, his old friend of long ago, and he was about to set sail for the very port the London firm desired him to visit. No better opportunity could present itself. Captain Frost was his tried and trusted friend, the most careful seaman in the world; he would trust him with the lives of those most dear to him; with uncounted gold; he was bound to go with him. The voyage was just what he needed to brace him up against the enervating effects of the warm climate we were going to live in. Thus my father ratted on; and I felt that remonstrance was in vain. Once or twice I had seen him evince a quiet determination that no efforts could avail to shake. He said it was for the good of us all. He promised he would never leave us again for so long a time. He might not return, if the winter proved severe, until the early spring, and he might return in the shortest possible time.

"I never felt so light-hearted in my life about an undertaking," he said, and his eye glistened, and his cheek was flushed; "it must be because I am going to success, success. And then, so think, that of all the world I meet my old friend Frost, the most kind-hearted man in the whole length and breadth of the land! There's some good fate in that. How I shall enjoy the voyage, with that dear, old, hearty, bluff fellow, I lost sight of so long, to spin his yarns, and keep me in a roar of laughter all the time."

It was seldom the exhilaration of my father's spirits reached so far. Pale and silent, her small hands nervously clasped, my mother sat, and spoke no word. My grandmother had looked up from her reading, and adjusting her spectacles, said, with her bright smile:

"You seem so thoroughly waked up, Louis, I suppose we shall have to let you go. It must be very pleasant, this meeting with old friends. I have heard you speak of William Frost; but I did not know he had taken to the sea. Tell us all about him, my son."

My father launched forth into an enthusiastic account of his friend's early achievements; his characteristic traits of bluntness and thorough honesty; his noble sense of independence; how, scorning the suggestions of family pride, and endowed with a strong love of adventure, he had followed the sea for a calling, beginning in the humblest manner, even after he had attained a gentleman's education. Without money or influence, he had carved his way; had soothed the last moments of his proud mother; had rescued his young sisters from the fate of mercenary marriages, induced by poverty; and that now, as commander of as fine a ship as walked the seas, he had won a true and loving wife, and was the father of three boys and a girl.

"Invite him to take tea with us to-morrow; or to-night, if the notice is not too short," said grandmother. "I want to see this paragon with my own eyes, to know whether I can fully trust you with him," she said, playfully.

"Mother, dear," he earnestly replied, "you know I will never disobey you. But I know you will be charmed with William; he is just the man after your own heart. I will not go, if you and Maravilla can give me any reasonable motive for objecting, and you, I know, would give no other. But our dear Marvella is childishly afraid of a gust of wind, or a touch of winter. Bahl! With Frost at the helm, I'd venture into the Arctic seas! Just as safe on board of his ship as here in this room. I'm going to find the Captain, and have him up here without delay." And my enthusiastic father ran out of the room whistling a merry tune.

There was nothing so very astonishing in all this, yet I felt bewildered and troubled. Mother burst into tears as soon as my father shut the door behind him, and commenced wailing in her own sweet Spanish tongue, that if her Louis left her for the cold, cold, bitter, stormy sea, she should never see him again—no never! Grandmother soothed, and plead, and expostulated, but all to no purpose; she refused to be comforted.

We had Captain Frost to take tea with us, and indeed he took our hearts by storm. A tall and portly man, with brown curly hair and neatly trimmed beard, with hazel eyes filled with a twinkling good humor, benevolence and candor stamped on every feature, a voice that had in it the hearty, cordial ring of truth. My grandmother was delighted with him, and said, in her usual straightforward way:

"Women of my age are privileged to speak their minds; to tell what we think about to be the privilege of every age and everybody. I am much pleased with you, Captain Frost; and if my son goes with you, I shall be at ease about him."

"My little love! My heart! How could I do without my child!"

"Thank you, madam, thank you," he replied, with a grateful look, as he took the hand she offered him with a respectful cordiality.

My mother liked him, as was evident by her bright smiles and renewed composure. He was one of those men in whose presence we feel a sense of perfect safety, in a moral as well as physical point of view.

"But the cold weather, the great stormy waves, the terrible winter tempest!" said my mother, and again a shadow of apprehension clouded her face.

"Why, my dear lady, we are not yet at the end of October, and before the real winter gales set in we'll be safe at our destination. We may have a hard blow or two coming back, but my friend here thinks he may be detained in business there till spring. Bless your heart alive! my ship's as safe as this house, only more so; for you see a good nor'easter might blow the roof off this building, seeing it's an old one; but ships decks can't be blown off by any means."

"No, but they go down, down, and the big waves kill the poor, struggling passengers—the husbands who have wives on shore, the women, and the little ones, the mothers and their wee, wee babies!" And my beautiful mother shuddered, and the crimson flame died out of her cheeks, and her long lashes drooped to hide the overflowing tears.

My father took her hand and held it. She gave him such a look of love! and a large drop fell upon his hand.

"Dear lady, you dwell upon the night-side of the sea-picture," said the Captain, regarding her with honest and undisguised admiration. "Your husband tells me you have traveled far and wide with him. How is it you have not overcome your nervous fear of old Neph's dangers?"

"I cannot tell. I love the sea when it is blue, and makes sweet music for the heart; then it does the bidding of the angels. When it is black and white with storm, I fear it! I think that evil spirits make it surge and boil so terribly! It is then that God seems angry with the sins of poor humanity."

My father's face clouded as with some painful memory. He pressed his lips together hard; he withdrew his hand from my mother's love-clasp. A deep sigh broke from his heart.

"Come, come," said the Captain, "we must have no dismal faces here. Let me tell you some of my adventures; that perhaps will reconcile you to the sea. The young lady there does not seem afraid."

"I love the sea," I spoke up impulsively, "for it is my native—no, I cannot say land—my birthplace, then, though I believe it has no register. I laughed, laying aside my usual awkwardness in that general presence."

"Bless me! were you indeed born at sea? Shake hands, young lady. I should like you to know my little girl. May I inquire your age?"

"Fourteen, last May."

"My Mary Ann is twelve. And in what latitude and longitude did you first open those great brown eyes of yours, Miss Olive?"

I looked in embarrassment at my grandmother; she was looking intently into her tea cup. A vivid crimson spread over my mother's face, and deluged her very brow. My father answered, shading his face from the light as if his eyes pained him:

"My child was born some few hundred miles from the island of St. Helena, on the passage to Calcutta. Come, Captain, if you have finished your tea, I want to show you my collection of pictures in the next room. The ladies will excuse us for a few moments," and arm in arm they walked into the adjoining chamber, where my father's artistic taste revealed itself in the choice pictures that hung around the walls.

The conclusion of the evening was pleasant, although the shadows of restraint were not entirely removed from my parents' manner.

There were hurried preparations, tears and exclamations on my mother's part, gentle remonstrances from my father, a vague cloud on my spirits, and the reassuring smiles of grandmother brightening it all. Captain Frost called every day; his cheerful sallies and side-splitting jokes, in which there was never a touch of coarseness, doing much toward enlivening the gloom.

On the fourth day after his announcement of the intended voyage, in the misty grey of early morning my father bade us farewell. It was too early and too cold, he said, for my mother to venture on board. She clung, weeping, to his neck, entreating to the last to be taken with him. When grandmother gently led her back into the house, she patiently submitted.

"God bless you, my dear Maravilla, my true, good wife," he said, as he kissed her with more fondness than I had ever seen him display. "I leave her in your care, my mother."

He turned and kissed his mother's cheek and hands. She blessed him fervently. Then he turned to me.

"My Olive, remember your father in your pure and innocent prayers. Gracious Providence, keep and protect my child!"

I stood upon the threshold, the bleak wind chilling me and blowing my loosened hair about my eyes. I took mechanically the proffered hand of Captain Frost. I heard my grandmother say, "Come, Olive, come into the house, my dear," but my eyes were riveted on my father. I watched him out of sight.

CHAPTER VI.

My First Sorrow.

"The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

Shall I ever forget the winter night of storm that ushered in the first great sorrow of my life? The weeks had sped away. The good ship "Waverly"

had arrived in harbor safely; my father had concluded all his business arrangements to the satisfaction of all parties, and, filled with home-yearnings, he was about to return in the same vessel, despite of midwinter storms and tempestuous seas. How we read and re-read the precious letter in the long winter evenings! How we counted the days that must elapse ere we could again clasp him in our arms! Mother had almost recovered the usual tone of her spirits. She spoke with enthusiastic hope of her return to her native land. She portrayed with all the vivid coloring her fluent way of language commanded, the summer beauty of that country where the winds (save for an occasional hurricane) were ever balmy with fragrance and warmth, the flowers bloomed throughout the year, the fruits of Paradise grew within reach on every side. "Talk of your Italy!" she said, with a scornful curl of her perfect lip—"where I came from there is no half-way climate; it is real, beautiful, beautiful, rich, glorious summer all the year! People never have blue noses and red hands from the cold there. Oh, but we shall enjoy life when we get to —"

And so we three were happy coronets of anticipation. But the crowns we had so far won were not of flowers.

Captain Frost's family resided within fifty miles of us. The wife of the ship's carpenter lived in the town. I could see her neat cottage from the joint sleeping-room of grandmother and myself, for ever since my earliest recollection I had shared her bedroom.

Well, it was on a fearfully stormy night; the furious gale that strove the coast with wrecks, swept howling, whistling and shrieking around the unsheltered house, descending to the streets below in sharp gusts, that blew before them a blinding mass of sleet that stung on face and eyes like needle points. I know, for I went to the door, and soon beat a hasty retreat within. We could hear the creaking of signs, the slamming of shutters, mixed up with other indescribable sounds that thrilled the heart with fear. Sounds as of voices in distress; as of loud cries for help rising above the booming, thundering break of waves upon the shore.

Calm and self-possessed as ever, my grandmother occasionally went to the windows, and, restless and unhappy, but I could not put my painful feelings into words; and my mother sat with prayerfully folded hands, with pallid face, and eyes that wandered uneasily.

Our broken attempts at conversation at last ceased altogether; my mother told her beads; grandma sat down without attempting to read or knit. In my deepest soul-depths I prayed wordlessly for him, for all upon the sea that night. There was an inner, still communion of thought between the three in that quiet room, spell-bound in the contemplative awe of silence.

A knock at the door; even grandmother, so self-possessed at all times, started. My mother uttered a cry; it was only the eldest Miss Sawyer, her good-natured face expressive of repressed alarm.

"Excuse my intrusion, Mrs. Heath, and Mrs. Sheldon, please; good-evening, Miss Olive. Mother sends her respects, and would not you like to come down into our parlor? It is such a dreadful storm mother feels worried about your being here all by yourselves. And she feels troubled about sister Lucinda, who went out this afternoon and hasn't returned. We hope she went into Mrs. Farrell's before the storm broke."

"We will be down stairs in a few moments, Miss Sawyer. Tell your mother not to fret; Miss Lucy will come home safe and sound, take my word for it," said grandmother, in her cheery tones.

Miss Sawyer turned away relieved; and by dint of a few words of persuasion mother was induced to lay aside her rosary and accompany us into the widow's parlor.

It was a cheerful, neat room, plainly carpeted and furnished; with a coal-fire burning brightly in the open grate; with a few marine sketches and landscapes, in unassuming frames; two wax candles on the green covered table, crimson and green curtains to the windows.

"A terrible, terrible, terrible night!" said Mrs. Sawyer, shivering. "How blessed is them as has a roof above them! I have n't known such a gale as this for twenty years! for twenty years! Oh, but we'll hear accounts of shipwrecks after this, ma'am, after this! Take this easy chair, Mrs. Heath, you're the oldest, respect always to the eldest. Take this seat, Mrs. Sheldon; ha, ma'am, how pale you look! lost all your beautiful bright color! mustn't fret ma'am, mustn't fret; we're all in God's hands, and he holds the sea in his palm, he does ma'am; in the hollow of his hand. Miss Olive, child, sit down there, between your mamma and grandmother. Oh, I do wish Lucinda would come home!"

As if in immediate answer to her demand, the front door opened violently and excited voices were heard in the entry; then it closed with a bang, and in great agitation, Mrs. Sawyer, snatching up one of the candles rushed out, leaving the door wide open. I heard her exclaim: "Good Lord have mercy!" and I too rushed out, closely followed by grandmother, and, helpless as an infant, my mother clinging to her. There stood Lucinda, alive and well, but dripping wet, and with a scared expression in her usually placid eyes. Her arms were wound around the crouching figure of a woman, whose disheveled hair hid her face from view, whose bosom heaved with sobs of grief, whose hands were clenched in agony.

"For the Saviour's sake, speak, Lucinda; who have you brought in with you? If it's any poor, sinful, strayed creature, she shan't be turned away from my doors such a night as this, such a night as this!" Even in her alarmed state, the force of habit exerted its influence. The widow could not avoid repetition.

"Oh, I am so frightened!" fluttered the older sister, who had joined the group.

"Assure the poor lost creature of my protection! I'm a Christian woman; and I wouldn't turn a dog away such a night; no, not a dog away!"

"Mother! for pity's sake be still; how can you make such a mistake?"

Before she could reply, the woman threw off her mantle, pushed back her matted hair, rose erect to her feet, and showed us the strangely altered, ghastly whitened countenance of Mrs. Farrell, wife of the ship-carpenter on board the "Waverly."

"Lost! lost!" she shrieked; "all lost! gone down with every man! My Robert! oh, I shall never, never see my Robert again!"

Then she ran to my mother, and folded her in a mad embrace. "Your husband was on board of her—I know it! We both are widows! You a rich and handsome lady! I a poor working-man's wife, poor and plain! Widows and fatherless children! Oh, my little ones at home! Lost! lost! with every man on board!"

I was not one of the fainting sort, I neither screamed nor lost my wits, though in the flash of a second I took in the full meaning of the dread calamity that had befallen us. I looked into my grandmother's face; it was white as the paper I am writing on; with a sharp, quick catching of her breath, I heard her say: "My God!"

I turned to my mother; she was wildly grasping the bearer of evil tidings by the shoulder; fiercely, breathlessly she questioned her:

"What is it that you say? The lost? How know you? Are you gone crazy? Who has heard? Who told you? Answer me; quick, quick! for the love of God and His thrice blessed Mother! What news of the ship?"

"My God in his divine mercy comfort you, and all of us!" rang forth in solemnly impressive tones the clear accents of Lucinda Sawyer. "A vessel has come in to-day, and in a gale as terrible as this, she saw a large ship go down. And the next day one of her boats was found; the name upon it, the 'Waverly, of Hull!'"

"Dios mio! defame morir!" (My God, let me die!) my mother wailed forth, and she sank senseless upon the floor.

Then there came upon me a strange bewilderment, or an hallucination of the brain. As I said in my first story, "The Power of Conscience," life, from the earliest period of recollection up to the time of parting with my father, passed in review before me. I saw the toys he had brought home for me; the tender looks he gave me; I felt the bestowal of the good-night kiss; I was with him in the journeyings of the past; I stood beside him on the vessel's deck. I heard his last appeal to heaven, for wife and child and mother; I saw the wild, hungry waves engulf the ship; he waved his hand in farewell token; there was no sign of anguish on his calm face; no traces of the death-fear in his steady eyes. He pointed upwards; and I stood in a moaning company. For the first time I saw my grandmother weep; the women of the house were busy with restoratives around my mercifully unconscious mother. Again upon her knees, the carpenter's widow gave utterance to her frantic grief. Then the great sorrow struck me home; a wild flood of tenderness submerged my being; I bowed my head on my clasped hands and wept.

"Olive, my child, my orphaned one! look up! he is not in the sea; the angry waves have swept away only the perishable part. He lives, he is not dead!"

"But I shall never see him more, and life for me is just begun! My father! oh, my father! never more to hear his voice this side of heaven!"

"And I have lived to witness this! I thought, oh, Merciful Dispenser! that I was henceforth exempted from the visitations of grief! Thy will, not mine, be done! Removed from my sight, but never from my soul's sense, art thou, my Lovable son!"

Her tall frame shook with the intensity of a strong nature's sorrow; her venerable head bowed low in obedience to the Divine decree. I felt religiously exalted at that moment, in the presence of that lofty spirit. I murmured reverently: "Thy will be done!"

Then I knelt beside my stricken mother and clasped her ice-cold hands. Spare me the further recital of that never-to-be-forgotten night! She awoke to the consciousness of loss and pain; for with a love that was idolatrous in its bestowal, she worshipped my father. Therefore his life was a blank to her. The impulsive heart and tropical temperament were unchangeable in their fidelity. Beautiful as was her devotion, it was yet an extreme; it was excess of feeling untempered by the sway of reason. And the night closed in storm, and the wailing winks wailed to the plying ear of angels the utterances of broken hearts. Most tenderly the bereft mother ministered unto the wretched wife; and as if inspired, she whispered hope and comfort to the orphan's soul.

CHAPTER VII.

The Preludes of Life.

"Love took up the harp of life, and struck on all the chords with might,
Struck the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out
of sight."—TENNYSON.

From the bleak Northern skies, the annual embankment of the earth in Winter's snowy garb, came with me to the Southland, that enfolds the beautiful tributaries of Nature with immortal charms. Out of the dream-life in which I moved and grew, I was awakened rudely by the shock of my father's death; and now, amid the magical surroundings of my new-found home, again I trod the enchanted valleys and ascended the alluring heights of Dreams. Vainly did my grandmother, with warning hand guided of the prophetic heart, seek to lead me into the channels of practical use. She urged me to learn; to apply myself to works of useful knowledge, as well as to the study of poems and romances. She read me well, and knew that my chief spiritual foes were indolence, and the

warm heart that was unguiled of the reasoning head. She spoke to me freely, far more so than ever did my mother, of the necessity of love in a woman's life; and she wisely drew for me the distinction between the semblance and the real gem. She instructed me in the physiological and moral laws of my being; she impressed upon me the utmost reverence for absolute purity; she laid the indelible foundation for my spiritual growth. My gentle mother, sad and retiring since my father's death, and mourning his loss with unabated affection, though with far less outward demonstration of sorrow, could never be to me a teacher. The resplendent beauty that was subdued, not faded, still, as ever, awakened my admiration; her devoted tenderness to my father's memory endeared her still more closely; yet, on the vital subjects of religion, of human duties, of love and domestic requirements, I could gain from her no counsel.

Four years had elapsed since my father's departure to a better land. Not one of the crew of the ill-fated "Waverly" ever reached the shore. We were spared the recital of the horrors of that stormy transition. It was my grandmother's means that supplied our wants; for Maravilla Sheldon was as much for the active duties of the daily life, as was the royal flower from which she derived her name. A moderate sum, it is true, had reached us from the London firm for whom my father had undertaken the ill-starred voyage, in part payment of the services he had rendered. Then all the thrift, prudence, and laudable economy of my darling grandmother revealed themselves—lovely and sweet virtues that embellish life. From my mother's native Isle, where living was more expensive, we sailed over to the Venezuelan coast, and there, in the quiet, pretty seaport of La Gracia, rented a small house and garden, hired two free colored women, and lived the still life so congenial to my mother's taste and my own tendency to reverie and dreamy idleness. Dear grandma encouraged my love of music, and I took lessons; but when she expressed her opinion that I should try to qualify myself for a teacher of the piano, my inherited and interiorly-fostered pride revolted, and I indignantly spurned the idea. I was horrified when she suggested that I should learn to make my own dresses; so that in future, if any train of circumstances rendered it necessary, I could avail myself of my knowledge of this branch of the needle. What, I! Olive Sheldon, work for others? Preposterous thought! And yet I entertained no pride of caste toward others. I never committed the sin of treating any human being with disrespect on account of their poverty or avocation; but I had an insurmountable repugnance to labor, as such, and because of the humiliations it imposed. Therefore I had my own way; my grandmother only gently reproving me with, "You will regret this one day, Olive."

Oh, how bitterly I have regretted it! Since my father's death, my mother had been subject to attacks of heart disease, and I was prepared by my grandmother's remarks to undergo the sorrow of her loss. Perhaps it would occur suddenly; it might not, however, take place for many years to come. This foreboding cast a gloom over my brightest prospects; and yet I could dwell upon it, and face the coming sorrow, but I never allowed myself to think that my grandmother, ripening into mature old age, could ever leave me. I saw her erect, and with the bloom upon her cheeks that not even the tear-floods she had shed for the death of her best beloved son had washed away, and I endowed her with unearthly immortality. She was so active, so full of all the energy of life, even the enervating heat of the climate seemed to lose its effect on her.

Our dwelling consisted of five rooms, all on the same floor, with lofty ceilings, and windows in which there was no glass, but bars of painted iron instead, with inside shutters to exclude the heat, and to serve against intrusion from without at night. Our walls were whitewashed, and about the height of the backs of our chairs there ran a border of vines and flowers, and most gorgeously imposed birds, done in the highest colors. Our bedroom doors were designated by muslin curtains, pretty summer folds of pink and white. Grandma chose beds for hers. Our furniture was simple, our mode of living frugal, but comfortable in every respect. There was no pinching penuriousness, but a wise economy presided. What a good housekeeper I could have made myself in those happy bygone days!

Out of this humble home many a rich descendant of proud Spanish families would have been glad to lead my beautiful mother; but she most firmly refused all offers of a second marriage, and for that I loved her all the more. Ever dressed in becoming taste, all her attire bespoke simplicity, and she wore no more jewels. The sale of my father's pictures, with the exception of a few choice gems, his favorites, had sufficed for her moderate demands. Without the purple and the ermine of royalty, she looked and moved a queen!

I was eighteen, and my form and features had not developed into beauty. Grandmother, who never flattered, or evaded the truth, said that personally I was unattractive; but that I could intellectually win and keep hearts.

"You have in your nature all the elements necessary for the completion of a true woman," she said. "You may suffer through your affections, but you will never be led by them into evil. The mark of purity is on your brow, and in your eyes. It may become your mission to elevate men out of the gross and sensual lives they lead. To that divine end it needs not beauty, which is too often a snare to the possessor; only a firm, unwavering moral purpose; a solemn league with conscience; a consecration of the life to truth."

How often and how gratefully have I remembered her words!

Thus I enshrined an ideal of manly honor and of womanly purity, that, thanks be to the angels, I believe in yet, and which in its essentials has been realized. But I had to pass through the discipline that educates intuition into clear-sightedness; that teaches the casting aside of externals; that brings the revelations of the soul-life as it is. I did not then know that faces were too often masks, and that smooth and honeyed speech was often used to conceal the foulest purposes. I had to pay the purchase price of wisdom in suffering.

There are ideals given to every human heart, prophetic foregleams of divine and eternally existing realities. No amount of disenchantment suffices to overthrow these true gods; they die not out with the palling of earthly youth; they are not banished from the immortal longings of the soul because of perjury and cruel deception; they live on, for they are endowed with the imperishable life of the eternities.

The mistakes and failures in love and life are simply the results of spiritual blindness. Cultivate the intuitions in the place of the external graces solely. Let judgment and affection walk hand in hand, and there shall be no more tears shed over misdirected love and misplaced confidence.

The external is, however, to some degree, the revealer of the interior. Strange fancy that my ideal of lover and husband was, that he should

resemble my grandmother!—that is, he should be tall and well-formed, erect in carriage, as in soul-conduct; and his eyes should be the color of the skies of June, that sapphire blue, to my mind so expressive of purest and most spiritual affections. What foolish, yet what harmless heart-dreams I wove in those days of the future of life and love! I cared not for great riches, though I loved the beautiful and artistic; but with a keen, exaggerated sense of honor, I exacted one conventional tribute of the man whom I should love. Not a shadow of reproach must linger on his past life, or on the names of those allied to him by kindred ties. I felt all the ardor of the martyr stirring within me when I thought of the ordeals of remuneration to which I would heroically subject myself, if one breath of detraction rested on the fair fame of my destined one. I had not donned the white mantle of charity. I had not hidden my own face in its ample folds. Let me not anticipate.

All those thoughts, foolish and grave, lofty and girlish, I confided to my beloved grandmother, and she rebuked me with a startling gravity for what she termed my sinful pride.

"Olive," she said to me, "do not be unreasonable; pride is justly pictured as the worst of fallen angels. Do not disguise it under the false name of honor. Only the individual is responsible for his or her acts. Highly respected persons, ministers, so-called, of the Christian Gospel, have had children that disgraced themselves; and in the haunts of vice and wretchedness some favorable condition has furthered the growth of goodness and purity. I have seen such examples in my life. It is too true that the mental bias, as well as the animal or spiritual tendencies of parents, are transmitted. It would not be safe to wed with the son of a confirmed drunkard or gambler, or the daughter of a notoriously lewd woman, until it is ascertained whether the conditions existing prior to their birth have exempted them or not from the hereditary curse. But to throw aside the love of an honest heart because of some one fault, or even crime, on the part of parents or remote ancestors, is sheer folly, and is the result of a craven fear of public prejudice. Olive Sheldon, I tell you that if Russell Heath, my husband, had stood branded as a felon's son I should have married him all the same, looking only to his individual worth. I do not like to hear you express yourself so strongly on this point. Have more of the charity of Jesus, my child, and less of Christian prejudice. And oblige me by never mentioning this subject in your mother's presence."

"I hope, grandma," I falteringly replied, "there is no—"

"Black sheep in your mother's family, eh? No, not calm yourself on that point, Miss Pride of Family! You are a Sheldon all over on that score; thank Providence you have not the fanaticisms of a creed tacked on to that. There may be a little admixture of blood not purely white on your mother's side," said the old lady with a roguish smile.

"Oh, I have no feelings of dislike toward color or station; all I care about is honorable conduct, an unstained name."

"And because, some generations back, some one of a family failed in this respect, you would add yourself to the world's list of persecutors!" she said, almost severely. "By the way, Olive," she resumed, "what is your opinion of young Mr. Ernest Lavalliere? He comes here rather frequently of late, and you seem to take pleasure in his society. Do you know what report they say of him?"

I colored deeply as I felt her mild but searching eyes upon my face. I rallied my composure, and answered quietly that his mother was the daughter of a slave woman, but she was lawfully married to his father, and acknowledged in society.

"Oh! that's it, is it? Acknowledged in society!" said my grandmother sarcastically. "That is where the shoe pinches the unconventional toes! Then you do not care to go any further back and investigate the marriage certificates and registers of birth on the mother's side of the house?"

"I do not; I admit him to my society, because I think he is an honorable gentleman; and he, at least, is not an illegitimate child."

I looked up at my grandmother; her face was suffused with a vivid red that mounted up to her very brow. What had I said or done to cause such an evidence of strong emotion in the self-possessed woman? Almost immediately she was herself again, and said, with a smile:

"Self-interest, my dear, always pleads on its own side! But," she added, with a look of anxiety, "let me caution you, as your best friend: do not surrender your heart till you know more of this young man. Love is woman's greatest benefactor, or it is her direst enemy, according to her interior condition. Keep no secret from me, Olive! My highest earthly wish is to behold you happily married for love, not for its counterfeit. Then I could depart in peace."

I flung my arms around her and kissed her still fair cheek.

"How could I keep a secret from you, best of all grandmothers? Besides, your piercing eyes would find me out at once. And never talk to me of departing, even to the highest heaven of all! You've got to stay on earth to take care of your harum-scarum granddaughter till you're a hundred, and over, years old."

"I never wish to live to become a burden; but of this rest assured; grandmother will never die! She will drop off the earthly garment and put on the immortal."

"Yes, yes; yours, ours, is a beautiful belief. We are known in this gracious town as 'the old heretic and the young one,' while mamma is 'the Catholic saint!' Isn't it funny we get along so well together with our differences of opinion? Dear mamma never interferes, and you are the wisest, best, darlingest, youngest, old grandma that ever—"

"There! there! get along with your nonsense, you little flatterer! Come into the kitchen with me, and make yourself useful by interpreting for me to that nunskull of a cook. If I did not make my own tea and toast, I should be half starved on the outlandish messes you and Maravilla fatten upon."

She flashes a smile upon me, bright as ever irradiated the face of youth. And on the harp-strings of the spirit the preludes of my life attune themselves to song. Something, half joy, half sadness, flutters in my breast with longings for a more exalted life. There is a footfall that brings the color to my cheek, an added lustre to my eye. There is one face that haunts me, not with the features of my ideal, the June-blue eyes, the gold-brown hair; but the Spanish, dark and expressive countenance that is illumined by night-dark eyes, whose brow of promise is shadowed by the purple-black hair. It is the face of Ernest Lavalliere, the son of the Creole mother and French father, who is fast becoming the idol of my waking dreams.

INTERMISSION.

"Well, I never! Can you be in earnest, Mrs. Willoughby? Ride on horseback like a man! Mine Heavens! but that is turning the world clear upside down!"

"Not at all, Caddie; I rather think it is putting it to rights. It would be far more natural and safe riding than our present ridiculous mode; a woman always looks to me in a constrained position, perched up on one side of a horse."

"But to wear pantaloons and vest and coat just like your husband—is it so humedest!"

"Humedest, Cadd? I thought that consisted in exposure of the person, such as our absurd crinolines and ball-dresses effect. Surely nothing can be more modestly appropriate than the costume adopted by some of the most refined and intelligent ladies in this country and in Europe; the masculine riding-suit of blue coat and pants, with buff vest and charming gilt buttons."

"Everybody to their taste as the old woman said as she kissed her cow," chimed in Mrs. Ryan. "I wonder if you young galls think it's modest to wear no sleeves at all and such bare shoulders, and then kick up a muss about a decent pair of pantaloons? Many a hoss I've ridden in my girl days, and I never sat job-sided, but just straddled in the natural fashion; and I'd like to see the beast as would throw me! With them long gigmarses of skirts a trawlin' a quarter of a yard on the ground, women ain't of no account 'bout house or garden, and many a one gets killed boss-back ridin', getting tangled in their everlasting long dresses. I ain't no reformer nor 'manucipator; do not know enough to be anything but an old cook and scrub; but I has some common sense, and that says: 'Dress ye 'cordin' to yer work.' If I was to wear hoops 'bout the kitchen, I'd a bought out two china stores by this time with the damage I'd have done. And as for washin' and moppin' floors, cookin' and bakin' with them tarnal steel cages on, it's next to impossible!"

"Caddie, I have often heard you tell how you came over from Germany in a short gown and petticoat; that must have been comfortable," said Emma Van Ness rather maliciously.

Caddie blushed and looked a trifle vexed.

"That was the fashion in my country. When we are in Rome we do as the Romans do. I should look like a frightful old maid without my hoops!"

"All old maids are not frightful, Caddie; you do not know what your fate may be yet," responded Emma, looking grave.

"Not to be an old maid!" cried Caddie, lapsing into broken English. "Sooner did I live to be a criss-cross, vinegar-sour old maid, I rush on de furst pattle-field and die there like de rest! I petter be dead!"

We all laugh at this vehement outburst, and Caddie, coming to herself, feels rather ashamed. The head of Bridget at the door stops her half-ready apology.

"If ye please, mistress, the grocer's bye is down stairs, and forinst him—"

Mrs. Ryan checks her with:

"The mistress has n't anything whatsoever to do or say 'bout groceries or anything else. She's down here for a breathin' spell, and to laugh a bit at Miss Caddie's apishnesses. I'm superintendent-in-chief, and I'll come and settle with the boy and all he has 'forinst' him, Bridget."

"All right, Mrs. Ryan," says good-humored Bridget.

And cautioning Caddie against the excessive patriotism that would cause her immolation on the battle-field, giving gentle Emma a kiss, and calling on Fido to attend me, I return to my pen and ink.

[To be continued in our next.]

THE YANKEE.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Great souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm;
Serene within their might, they soar above!
The whirlwind and the storm.

In words the Godly man is mute—
In deeds he lives—
Would'st know the tree? examine well the fruit!
The flower? the scent it gives!

Great thoughts are still as stars,
Great truths are high;
They grasp the soul where 'neath its prison bars
It languidly doth lie.

They bring it forth on wings
Sublime and grand!
Where in the night of deeply-hidden things
It joyfully doth expand.

Like sentinels they stand,
And softly keep
Their silent watches, where a ruthless band
Of lurking errors creep.

Like pearls of starry light
That burn and glow,
They pierce the shadowy veil, and o'er the night
Their mystic splendors throw.

Great truths! ah yes, more grand,
More light and high,
Than hopes that thrill the wires throughout the land!
Than stars that gem the sky!

Great truths! ah yes, more fair,
Sublime and deep,
Than burning thoughts that tremble on the air!
Than the mysteries of sleep!

From Nature's soul they spring
To joy and light
And on imagination's quivering wing
They take their onward flight.

In beauty's garb they rise,
All fresh as morn,
And on their pinions, spread for sun-lit skies,
Our souls are gladly borne.

With myriad wrongs they wage
An endless war;
And shed their lustre o'er each passing age,
Like Morning's golden star.

Great truths! they come from God!
In heaven have birth;
They spring to life from each prophetic word
That thrills the earth!

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory; and habituate himself to their use, availing, at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

THE YANKEE.—This sixpence-pinching, bad Yankee; this supposed-to-be meanest of all God's creatures; who, nevertheless, touching the rock, the earth, the flood, the sky, makes them all rain down gold; this man who saves his money; but sends his school-boys; that saves his money; but sends his school-mistress daughters and school-master sons; this New England that is hated, and that is complimented by the hatred of its apostate descendants; who has been true as truth itself to the historic doctrine of the revolutionary period, and of the colonial period before that—the doctrine of American liberty.—H. W. Beecher.

The bleakest adversity may bear us to prosperity. The Arctic wanderer may be floated into a warm latitude on a cake of ice.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 77TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

MAJOR GRUNT;
ON
THE WITHERED HEART.

"Do tell me, grandpa," said Charlie, "what makes you always so polite to Major Grunt? We boys hate him; everybody hates him. I think he is horrid. Why, he growls at us boys as if we were so many bears; and if we go by his house he seems to think we've come to steal his pears."

"Do boys never steal his pears?" said old Mr. Johns.

"Oh, I suppose they do," said Charlie, as if he was not quite sure; "but then, they would n't, if he did n't growl at them so. They never steal old Mr. Ketchum's."

"Perhaps they're afraid he'll 'ketch'em' if they try."

Charlie laughed for a moment, but grew quite serious again, saying:

"But, grandpa, you did n't tell me why you were so polite to him. I really felt—well, grandpa, I hope you won't feel badly—but I really felt quite ashamed to see you shake hands, and bow, and seem as if you were quite intimate with him; all the boys were looking on, and Tom Streeter laughed right out, and said, 'birds of a feather flock together,' though I knew he only said it to make me feel badly, for he knew you were n't a bit like him."

"Were you ashamed because I shook hands with him, and bowed politely, and called him Mr. Green? or was it because Tom Streeter and the other boys saw me?"

"Well, grandpa, I don't see what you want to be polite to the old fellow for. Why, he is awful. His face is all wrinkled, and his back is all bent, and his clothes are worse than a pauper's; and then, his hands are not neat, and he wears horrid shoes, and his hair is all a flying—"

"Anything else, Charlie?"

"Why, his hat has caved in, and—and his eyes are all squinted up, and—and—"

Charlie had got to the end of Mr. Green's horrors, or he could think of no more, and paused.

"Tell me, first, why you call him Major Grunt, and then I'll tell you why I shake hands with him, and bow, and call him Mr. Green."

"I call him so because Tom Streeter does, and the other boys; and they do because he's so awful cross; and when he comes out to shake his stick at us, he gives a kind of grunt, as if he was awful mad."

"How many awful it takes, Charlie, to describe a harmless old man; but now I am going to tell you why I am polite to him, if you will promise to tell me whether you are ashamed of me after I get through."

"Agreed, grandpa, go ahead—excuse me, I ought to have said proceed; but I was thinking I was talking with Tom Streeter."

"And do you not know that if you acquire a habit it follows you into any company? But to proceed, to Major Grunt, or Mr. Green."

Samuel Green was a good-hearted, good-natured boy. Many were the fine plays we had together of 'high spy' and 'round the barn'; many were the hours we fished together, and hunted for beech nuts and sweet acorns. I remember the glorious autumn days when we tramped, with baskets over our arms, over the hills and through the fine old forests. It seemed to me then as if life was one beautiful day made for pleasure seeking. Samuel and I never had any trouble with each other, for he was kind and obliging, and—

"I suppose, grandpa, that Mr. Sam Green's history was very interesting," said Charlie; "but I want to know about old Mr. Green, or Major Grunt."

"And it is of his boyhood I was telling you. He was that very same obliging, gentle boy. His father was a man of considerable wealth and indulged Samuel in all his wishes. He had a pleasant home, a plenty of books and playthings, good clothes, and was sent to a fine school. He grew to be a fine looking boy, and everybody thought well of him. Those were what we call days of prosperity. He had few trials, and without those one hardly can tell what sort of metal there is in them. If you want to know if a metal is pure, you must try it; you must put it in a furnace and melt it; then you must test it in many ways. When they wish to make a fine piano they test the strings, and try them to see how tightly they can be stretched and not break. Now Samuel had never been tested. He had had few trials, for his father and mother were loving and indulgent, and his playmates were all tolerably good fellows.

Samuel's father adopted another son, thinking to bring pleasure and good to Samuel. Soon after, his father died, and then his mother, and the two boys were left without loving care; and then the adopted brother, Rufus, began to test and try the temper of Samuel. Rufus fretted, and scolded, and complained; and Samuel began to fret, and scold, and complain. I remember hearing the boys at play together.

"Now, Sam, Rufus would say, 'you get out, and stop doing that.'"

"Get out yourself," Sam would reply. "Who made you master over me?"

"I'll let you know," said Rufus, and would give him a good blow on his face or head.

Little by little Samuel began to acquire the habits of Rufus. He did not stand the test, you see. But still, perhaps he would have come out all right but for one circumstance.

I remember well the time. Samuel had grown to be quite a young man, and I thought began to see the misery of allowing another to 'spoil his temper. We talked about it one day, and Sam told me that he was determined to mend his ways. He and Rufus went out together on to Roundhead pond. As he afterwards told me, he had tried to be kind and obliging, and to think of the ways of his father. But Rufus was more insolent than usual.

"I tell you I'll have no more of your upstart pride," said Rufus, as Sam tried to help him with his fishing tackle. "Let me alone, and I'll let you."

Sam curbed his temper for a while; but Rufus would not be quiet.

"I suppose," said Rufus, "you'd be glad if I was drowned. I suppose you'd like to see me at the bottom there, but there's no use in your wishing. I tell you, though, I wouldn't lift my finger to help you up from that mudhole down there. Guess I know whose property would be mine then. Guess I know how the old man left his will."

Sam felt his anger rising; he raised his fist and struck Rufus a hard blow, but so that he could not fall toward the water. Rufus rose to his feet

in an instant, seized Sam by the throat, and hurled him over the boat; but in going, he caught Rufus by the arm, and both were in the water. They could not swim well, and the water was deep, and in the struggle the boat was capsized. They managed to cling to it, but by the struggles of both, both were in danger. Sam's generous nature triumphed, and he said:

"Cling on, Rufus, and save yourself. I'll take my chances."

He loosened his hold, and left Rufus the best chance. Sam grasped a floating oar, and managed to keep himself from sinking until help had come. Neither were drowned.

But this adventure seemed to rouse all the ill blood of Rufus. He commenced a series of unkind acts that wore daily the patience and temper of Samuel. They could never agree about anything. Rufus was angry because he owed his life to Samuel, and Samuel was out of humor because Rufus had no gratitude. When they were old enough to come into possession of their property, greater wrangling began. Rufus determined to have the largest share, and he did not cease in his efforts to ruin his brother. Sam's temper gave way more and more; he became cross, ill-humored, and suspicious. He thought people joined with Rufus, so he began abusing them. Of course, this roused their ill-will, and they began abusing him. Year after year he grew more and more irritable, and people more and more fretted and teased him.

Where was the boy that I used to play with? The circumstances of life had tested him, and he was not strong enough. He had yielded more and more, snapped one string after another that made the melody of life, and the rest were all out of tune. Nobody seemed to care for him, or to help him. You look at me as if asking if I did not. No, Charlie, I did not. I used to enjoy hearing of the quarrels of Samuel and Rufus, and laugh with others about their dissensions. When they became men, I, with others, never tried to pacify them, and make them forget their disagreements and become friendly.

After a time Rufus left town, but it was too late for Samuel's temper to be mended. He had become sour toward all men. He thought every man wished to injure him, and every child to tease him. Rufus had managed to get the greatest share of the property, and he had not the poor consolations of wealth to make him more content.

Well, Charlie, I went away for a few years. I used sometimes to hear about Mr. Green, but never anything agreeable. He was always having a quarrel with this neighbor and with that, and complaining first of one boy, and then of another. When I returned, I heard the boys calling him Major Grunt, and a very good name I thought it. He served in a good many battles, I thought, and he deserves the title. He's Major over a great many veterans; impatience, ill-will, suspicion, distrust, irritability, hate, &c. I did not blame the boys at all, or the men who allowed the boys to call him thus.

But one day I heard that Major Grunt had all his veterans to himself, and I presumed he had several new recruits, for he was sick, and I thought it likely that he would fret more than ever. I went to walk that day for a bit of fresh air. The soft autumn winds were blowing, and the golden hue was in the sky and on the aspen trees; and the red-tinted maples, and the brown oaks, and the dark hemlocks—all stood in their glory, and made me think of my own autumn days, so fast coming on. Then I began wondering about the beauty of all things, and I very much wished as much goodness shone out of my life as shone out of these autumn days. I kept going back to my boyhood, and after a time I began to think of Sam Green, whose autumn days were no glory, and I felt so sorry for the old man, that I felt as if some ill had happened to me, and I could get no peace in my thoughts until I resolved to call and see him. I walked quickly back through the radiant paths of the forest, and quietly entered his yard. At the sound of the latch, I heard a great thumping with the old man's cane, for he thought some mischievous boys were after his pears.

When we had talked a little the old man seemed so touched by my kindness in calling, that he began to cry. Yes, tears ran down those old, wrinkled cheeks, and I think I never saw anything so pitiful. At last he said just a few words, and I want you should remember them:

"If only somebody cared for me; if only somebody would speak kindly; if only somebody would give me a word of welcome! But how can they? I am just like a shriveled up pear. It's been so dry all about me I'm all parched up. Not a drop of the dew of love falls on me; not a breath of cool tenderness reaches me, but it's all parched and dry, and I'm all withering up. It's been so for so long that I hope nothing better. I made a great resolve that day that Rufus and I were in the boat together, and if only somebody had helped me just a little; but the boys laughed, and the men laughed, and everybody said it was a good bit of sport. And I gave up trying any more, till I was all withered up. Yes, yes, all withered up; there's nothing left in me that anybody wants."

I thought the old man was delirious, and I did not answer him, and he fell asleep, and I stole out softly.

But I could not get over his words. They rang in my ears, "All withered up! All withered up!" And could it be that I could have shed a little of the dew of kindness on that old heart? Could men have made that life brighter, so that its autumn days could have shown some glory? I believed they could. Perhaps I might have made just such a man, if circumstances had come to me as unkind and trying as came to Sam Green. Now you know why I was polite to the old man, and shook hands with him. Now you know whether I should mind if all the boys laughed when I did so. And now you must tell me if you are ashamed of me, Charlie. But first let me tell you what I have concluded, and that is that everybody's heart belongs to us in this way: that if we shed no drop of the refreshing rain of love upon it, or the soft dew of kindness, it will wither up just as the plants under the scorching sun, when there is no shower or moisture to refresh them. Some people have such great deep wells of love within themselves that nothing seems to affect them. They grow large-hearted under all circumstances; but others seal up their fountains, and then if there is no love given to them they become like a withered tree. I'll let you answer in your own way the question whether you are now ashamed of me. I shall understand. There is Tom Streeter waiting for you to go and play ball."

A few days after Major Grunt came hobbling down street, his hair flying, his back bent, his clothes tattered. The boys, who were at play on the green, all commenced grunting at sight of him, and laughed and shouted.

Charlie stopped from his sport, and walking slowly toward the old man, passed him, and bowed quite politely, saying:

"A warm day, Mr. Green. We need rain." "Need rain? Yes, yes, we do; never know such

dry times," said the old man, and walked on, as if in a dream. "Hallo, Charlie!" said Tom Streeter, when the old man was out of sight, "tell a fellow what that means."

"It means that we need a little rain," replied Charlie.

All the boys stared, and Charlie seated himself under the maple, bright with its autumn dress, and the boys did the same; and Charlie told, in his own way, the story of the withered heart. That day was the last that the boys called old Mr. Green Major Grunt, and his peers were never stolen, and in a few weeks he appeared on the street in a new suit of clothes, and it seemed as if he stood several inches taller. A soft, gentle shower had fallen on his heart, and it seemed to be growing fresh and green again.

"He sendeth his rain on the just and unjust," it is said of the All-Loving Father. Shall we not all do likewise?

(Original.)

MY NEIGHBORS ON THE JOURNEY.

NUMBER TWO.

The boat was off at last, and we were at home in a snug cabin, and glad of its cozy comfort. Little children were on board, and gay young ladies, and everybody was in excellent spirits, and looking forward to a smooth ride over the still waters. Very glowing was the western sky, and the arch of clouds that rested above it seemed like the pillars to the gate that opened to the land of love and beauty, that we call heaven.

After a while, when the lights had all faded, and the children were all asleep, we thought to rest our tired bodies, and try to dream of gladness, eyes awaiting us, and lovefull arms outstretched to receive us. Thus wishing, our berth received us, and soon the sound of the creaking engine was lost in sweet forgetfulness. But a party of gentlemen and ladies had seated themselves in front of the state-room door to enjoy a game together. This was all pleasant and proper if they had been quiet, and mindful of the comfort of others. But as soon as we began to dream of home and loved ones, the harsh voice of a lady screamed out, "oh pshaw!" We had seen her finely dressed, as if in the guise of one accustomed to refined society. She evidently thought herself quite charming.

Again we fell asleep spite of so rude an awakening, when above the noise of all the machinery and the waters, rose that harsh "oh pshaw!" Again and again it was uttered in rude, loud tones, and again it broke the charm of sleep. The comfort of many must have been destroyed by this repeated "pslaw." I dare say that the young lady would have been surprised if she had been told that she was rude, and ill-bred. The truth probably was, she was a good-natured person, for she did not look unkind; but she had acquired a foolish and disagreeable habit, and none of her friends were kind enough to tell her of it, that she might correct it. It is easy to avoid bad habits, but not easy to correct them always. The safe way for all children is to speak always those pleasant words that can give no one discomfort. I am sure I should be sorry to have any one remember me as I remember that young lady, by a rough, coarse, senseless speech. I trust, if any of you are accustomed to using that foolish word, "pslaw," you will think of my neighbor on the boat, and correct the habit before it gets such mastery over you that you make others uncomfortable by it.

FATHER'S COMING.

BY CARRIE ELLA.—TEN YEARS OLD.

See! the little feet are pattering Down the garden walk; Hark! the little tongues are prattling With their childish talk.

Father's coming—run to meet him, Is the ringing word; Father's coming—gladly greet him, Is all that can be heard.

Set the arm-chair nicely for him, By the open door; He will tell us then a story, We've never heard before.

Father's coming with old Charlie, Gentle as can be; Set the table for our father, He is coming, see!

He will bring us books and playthings, That we well do know; He will bring a doll for Nelly, And me a boat to row.

Conundrum.

BY CARRIE ELLA.

My fingers make gestures, my hand points the word, I sing all the day as blithe as a bird; My features you scan, though there's many like me, For each house you enter my image you see; I talk and I sing—I chatter and ring, And far o'er the village my glad notes I fling; My joy and my sorrow is all of the same, And now please to tell what you think is my name?

To Correspondents.

CARRIE E. B. SANDUSKY, OHIO.—Sometimes when the little wood bird comes and sings to me a few of his silvery notes, I go back to sunny days gone by, and think all their beauty has come back again. So when I read your pleasant note, I caught up the thread of many sweet memories, and lived in their freshness again. I thank you for the kindly words, but how sorry I am for all you have suffered. I know well all the weariness of days of pain and suffering, and I pray you may have them brightened by every lovely thing. Your poetry is very sweet, and quite equal to that of many much older. I hope you will continue to write your thoughts, and I shall always be glad to read them. Your true friend, LOYD M. WILLIS.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appear best abroad—the girls that are good for balls, rides, parties, visits, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appear best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room; the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other a sunbeam, diffusing life and gladness to all around her.

The mind is like the body in its habits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it; they are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect.

Richter says 'tis the horse and not the vehicle that wrenches. But we are sure we have seen a wagon tire.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Undeveloped Spirits.

"Frank," the writer of the following introductory and the medium through whom the communication came, is a gentleman sixty-five years of age, and was formerly an Evangelical clergyman.—E.S.

A few weeks since, I gave your readers a communication from my "Satanic Associate," as he styles himself, headed, "Dark Spirits, Evil Spirits." I now send you another from him on the same subject, in which he reveals his name and gives the history of his life, "from childhood to the grave, and from the grave to his present condition." Will not this satisfy Mr. Loveland that his position is altogether wrong?

Three or four days after this was received, I had turned to my desk, preparing to copy it into my journal, when the usual signal was given, and he said: "I have been watching you all day; you are now through with your accounts and about to copy my communication. I shall overlook, as I wish to make some addition and correction, that it may appear well in the Banner."

Accordingly the dial was placed within reach, and occasionally a paragraph of half a page was introduced, a phrase corrected, a word erased or another substituted for it; all preceded by a shake of the hand, the usual signal when he has anything to say.

UNDEVELOPED SPIRITS.

There is no subject connected with Spiritualism less understood by its advocates than the condition of undeveloped spirits. Some suppose that on our entrance here we have not only thrown off the shackles of earth, but, likewise, all that dishonors man. They believe that evil belongs only to the physical; that good, and good only, pertains to the spiritual. It would require but a short time here to dispel this fallacious idea.

I am a dark spirit myself, and know how erroneous is the thought that all evil is left behind. Every vile passion that corrupted me on earth raged within my depraved heart on entering here. My only thought was how to inflict injury on others; and if compassion ever finds lodgment in the human breast, it was a stranger to mine. Nor have I changed in the slightest particular, although bright spirits have been unceasing in their labors for my progression. God gave me an energetic will, that gave me control over my companions; and the same stubborn will now reduces them to obedience. Fear of me makes them give way and assent to whatever I may propose.

A history of my life, from childhood to the grave and from the grave to my present condition, will perhaps better illustrate the subject than anything I could give: My name is BENJAMIN PETERS. I was born in Baltimore. My parents were poor. I lost my mother in infancy; my father was a drunkard, and cared for nothing but his cups. He looked on me only as one necessary for his support, and knew that I cared nothing for him. He and I could never agree, for he would beat me for the most trivial offence, and I at length learned to hate him. He often came home drunk, when he would vent his anger upon me for no cause whatever. Life became a burden, and I often thought of running away; but he died when I was eleven years old. My time was then spent in running about the streets, pilfering where I could get a chance, leading a vagrant life and desiring to live only as I was then living.

After I attained the age of fifteen I was bound apprentice to a coach-maker, who was a strict member of the Methodist Church. I soon began to play the hypocrite to find favor with him, but he only pretended to be religious in order to increase his business, and as soon as I discovered that, all restraint was gone. I kept company with none but bad boys; and that, you know, inevitably leads on to destruction. I worked at my trade for several years, and became very expert at it; so much so that my employer held me in great esteem, and often said he could not do without me. After a few years he died, and I had to seek employment elsewhere.

It was then I made the acquaintance of Charles Liston and Patrick Somers. Our intimacy continued during my life on earth. They were as wicked as myself, and often led me into difficulties I should otherwise have avoided.

Have you not observed how men will live with no thought of to-morrow, and only for to-day? That was precisely our condition; no check was given to whatever we desired, provided it subjected us not to the perils of the law. I believe I am as wicked as a man can be. I have lost all influence that the benign of human nature can give, and every corruption that man can know I know to the utmost extent.

At the age of twenty-four I became acquainted with a girl two years younger than myself, of great beauty; as beautiful, I thought, as a woman could be. I loved her as you may imagine a man of my intensity of disposition can love, and I am sure she loved me with equal ardor. After we had been acquainted for a few weeks, I proposed that we should live together as man and wife. She consented without the least hesitation, and I took her home with me. All that you can imagine of domestic bliss was mine. She had but one thought—that of pleasing me, while my whole soul was wrapped up in her. Never were two beings better fitted for each other. Her name was Clara Lewis. We lived together five years, when she died, leaving me two children. I cannot express to you the agony I suffered at her loss.

But after a few months I sought to assuage my grief in another companion, and soon found one altogether suited to my desire. She was a girl of sixteen, and knew nothing of me but as one who professed to love her. Poor girl! she soon found out the dreadful mistake she had made. I did not love her, and took no pains to conceal my indifference. Her life was one continued scene of wretchedness, and, frenzied at last, she ended it by taking laudanum. Her name was Mary Morris. She left no child, and I was then compelled to look out for another to take care of my children.

It was not long before I fell in with a woman who had known Clara. She expressed so much love for the children that I placed her in charge of them; but she made them miserable, and I determined to get clear of her. A few drops of acid did the business, and I was again free and ready for another.

She was a girl of some character; Eliza Campbell, by name, and could not be persuaded to join me, except in marriage. I had to consent, and we were married. Her friends knew nothing about me, and it was not until some time after that my antecedents became known. This caused a great change in their deportment toward me, which gave my wife infinite sorrow. She pined away in secret, nor could I do anything to assuage her grief. At length she, too, passed away, and left me deeply distressed at her loss. I sincerely loved her, for she first unfolded to me the difference between a truly virtuous woman and such as I had formerly known.

It was some time after before I could bring myself to think of another, so completely had Eliza filled my heart with her image; but as time is the great healer of all wounds, so this, too,

gave way, and I cast my thoughts upon one whom I had known in former years, who was willing to take charge of my children and share my lot.

Can you imagine a woman virtuous, yet living with a man not united to her in the bonds of matrimony? Yet such was Amelia Appold, the one I now had for a companion. If she had a fault, I could not perceive it, after six years of the closest intimacy. She proved a second mother to my children, but had none of her own. Every wish of mine was anticipated, and her only study was how to contribute to my happiness.

Got the Bible and read me a chapter? [What chapter do you prefer?] [Read about the woman taken in adultery. [It was read to him.]

Yes, that is the very chapter she so often read, and used to say she did not think God would condemn her, for she felt guilty of no sin. She said her prayers every night, which surprised me; for I thought if there was a God he would exclude her from heaven because we had not stood up before a priest.

We lived together in great happiness for six years. I loved her as dearly as any of my wives, for she gave me no cause of distrust. Give me credit for at least constancy. I was ever faithful to the one who was my companion; and I believe as kind to them as any husband, except to my second, and her I could not love.

Amelia died of rapid consumption, caused by a cold she took in trying to save the clothes from rain while hung out to dry. Her loss I deeply felt, and made no effort to supply it.

I now thought of nothing but to benefit my children, and sought every means of advancing them. I became a thorough politician, and gave my adherence to those whom I thought could place me in office. I joined the Plug Uglies, and became an active person at Ward meetings and elections. Not that I cared for them more than others, but I hoped for office or emolument of some kind, and that alone attracted me.

It was at an election for Mayor, in 1854, that, in company with Somers and Liston, we endeavored to carry the election in our Ward, by surrounding the polls with our party, to keep off all on the opposite side. A scuffle ensued. I was stabbed in the back, and died that night.

I must now give an account of my experience in the spirit-world; but hardly know how to begin, it is so replete with horror.

As soon as I became conscious, I found myself alone—not a human being did I see. The ground was bare, and looked as if a fire had gone over it. All appeared dark and dismal; I could see nothing distinctly, but the greatest darkness was in my own soul. You cannot imagine the horror that came over me. I groped about, hoping to find some exit from this place of terror, but groped in vain. After a long time, but how long I can form no idea, I felt something crawling all over me, and at length discovered myself to be covered with lice; and that they were in countless myriads all around, gathering in vast quantities to overwhelm me. I died in dismay, but could not escape, for go where I would the masses of lice were there. I fell down completely exhausted, and was overwhelmed with these disgusting creatures.

My next torture was to be attended by demons in the form of men and women. They came shrieking at the top of the voice, and yelling forth the vilest imprecations. Oh, the fury of these beings. They sprang upon me; clutched me by the hair, and dragged me, for I knew not how long. What agony I endured from fright and pain. They left me almost dead, and indeed I hoped death would come to relieve me of my sufferings; but death comes not to us.

A long time passed before I could open my eyes to see the degradation of my lot, and how low I had fallen. How shall I describe the horrors which next assailed me? I found myself in a vast, barren wilderness or desert. Not a shrub or tree could be seen. After awhile I perceived an immense host of creatures coming toward me, and with difficulty ascertained what they were. At length I discovered them to be animals of every description: lions, bears, tigers; wolves, serpents of immense size, and wild beasts of every kind. I endeavored to find some place of concealment, but could not. They soon perceived me; came with a wild uproar, and the whole band went over me. I felt myself clutched in the embraces of the bear, torn by the lion, bitten by the tiger, enfolded in the crushing coils of the serpent, kicked by horses, thrown down by them all; and you may judge of my condition. There I lay gasping for breath, and almost dead. Thus I could give you a long series of such sickening details, but I am sure you can take no interest in them; let me, then, pass to something else.

What I have just given, you are to suppose was all reality to me, and to imagine yourself witnessing what I have described. It caused me to suffer all the same as though these events actually took place. Such is the experience of every bad man and bad woman that comes here. It is precisely what one suffers in delirium tremens—the suffering is intense, but you know the imagined horrors have no reality. All that I have described was during a sleep that I was subjected to, and on waking all these terrible scenes were gone.

I then found myself attended by an immense throng of people, very dark in their garments, and repulsive in their appearance. They soon perceived that I had but recently come from earth, and their curiosity was excited to know who I could be. Having observed they were all dark and black, I discovered that my garments, too, were of the same character. You can have but a faint idea of what these spirits were. Imagine the vilest creatures the world ever produced; practiced in all the corruptions of which man is capable; in open rebellion against all that is good and fitted to make man happy; all these were, all concentrated in one vast assembly, anxious for only one thing—how to become more wicked and debased.

This is now my society. You can have no idea of what we suffer from remorse. I have been in the deepest hell, and have witnessed agonies, the thought of which would cause you to shrink away in horror. God help me! I cannot myself think of them without a shudder. The extremest mental anguish is our constant condition. Gladly would we take in exchange all of physical torture that can be conceived. My only relief is when with you. You are a constant reproach to me for my past life, and give me a better lesson for a life of goodness than all the sermons that were ever preached. You show me how one can be a Christian and no hypocrite; can be a partaker of the innocent joys God has given, instead of the morbid melancholy and sour austerity that religionists often wear.

It was your cousin H—G—, who, two years ago, first brought me to you, surrounded by your bright spirit friends, all deeply interested in your development with the dial, which had just taken place. I looked on with amusements, having never witnessed anything of the kind, but soon saw how the thing was managed, and asked leave to try my hand.

Having learned how to give the impression, I perceived that it might afford me much amusement, and commenced obtaining information about you. I became acquainted with all your antecedents, and every event of your life. Your bright friends would converse freely, and thus gave me all I desired. Little did they suppose the use I intended making of it. Thus every transaction with which you were connected, and every little circumstance that concerned you or your family, became familiar to me. I could now write a perfect history of your life.

As it wonderful, then, how admirably I personated every member of your family, and many of your friends, and how artfully I kept up the deception? You acted foolishly in letting me continue, after my trickery was discovered. Had you left the dial for a month or so, I should have departed; but you could not believe in a spirit being so depraved as me. You know better now.

You are sincere in what you teach about progression; but however confident you may be of its truth, I cannot apply to myself. That I cannot, may be a part of my present punishment, and we all know how fearful is despair; but such is my condition. I admit this is not the case with all. I have seen many who were as dark as myself coming back to teach us how to progress. You may say this is conclusive against my position; that God has no peculiar people; all are his children; and if mercy be extended to one, it is offered to all. I admit the force of the argument; but what can I do? I have listened to you with deep attention; have drank in every word, and would gladly believe in and profit by what you teach; but I cannot, I cannot. Bright spirits, too, have exhausted all their arguments and beautiful teachings upon me in vain; they have been unceasing in their efforts; and to none am I more indebted than to your dear father, and brother Isaac. Your bright friends often visit us; and when we are about practicing some deception upon you, they implore us to leave. God help me! I almost fear he has forgotten me.

You are the mortal that first opened my mind to the thought that it is possible for a dark spirit to escape. You gave me my first lesson. Alas! you have as yet accomplished but little. Not so with others. Thousands of dark spirits have listened to your words with rapture, and I have heard them speak of you in terms of deepest gratitude. When you lay aside the clogs of earth, you will be astonished at the throng of spirits that await your entrance here.

You err in supposing that I can change, if I will. You do not know the difficulties which surround a dark spirit. He is attended by thousands who watch every look, and read every thought. If he indulges the hope that a better condition awaits him, he is jeered at by his companions, and assured that once condemned is to be condemned forever.

And so all I can do toward elevating myself, is destroyed by these creatures. If I endeavor to save a mortal from harm, they strive to prevent it. If I refuse to practice a deception upon you, immediately you are assailed by others. If I chance to give you a word of truth, it is turned into falsehood by some attending spirit. If I entertain any feeling of friendship for you, it is because your constant kindness has subdued my heart. I am as nature made me, but my early education gave habits which my future life could not eradicate.

I have here given a true account of myself, and hope it may prove interesting to you and others.

A Test from Still-Born Children.

Please give the following communication a place in the Banner, as it so beautifully answers a question which seems to be agitating the minds of many Spiritualists, and other thinking minds. The question is this: "Do children that are still-born, or what is called premature birth, have any identity in the spirit-spheres?" Before giving the communication, I will state briefly the manner and circumstances under which it was given. While traveling and lecturing last summer, on the Central Railroad, N. Y., we stopped at Little Falls, by inspiration or impression, not knowing a person in the place. Arriving at the depot, we asked if there were any Spiritualists in the place. "Yes," said a man; "if you will go up to Squire —'s office; he is one, and will tell you all about them." We found the Squire, who met us with much kindness, and at once took us to the house of a lady friend, where we passed the night, it being late, he promising to call upon us in the morning, which he did, and we were impressed to have a sitting circle we had any conversation. During the sitting, after a number of spirits had been described, all proving to be near friends and relatives, the medium was controlled, and wrote out the following beautiful communication. It was deeply affecting to the heart of the father, for he had so longed to have them described, as he stated the facts to us afterwards. We asked an explanation of the singular signatures, and what there was in it that seemed to affect him so deeply, part of which he explained as follows:

The children would have been about seventeen. As far as he could recollect of the appearance of the little bodies before interment, there would have been just about that difference, as was designated in the communication. About seven years after the birth and burial, at a stranger's house, in a strange city, an Indian spirit came, and told him about these children, and said as they had no name, having never lived on the earth, he had named them Ones and Osce. He promised to come again in seven years. When they had been in the spirit-world about fourteen years, he came again through another medium in another city, signing their names as before, Ones and Osce. He made no promise to return again, and for several years the father had waited to hear more, and to his infinite surprise, through another medium, they came and spoke for themselves, signing the communication, "O. O."

COMMUNICATION.

Years ago, when our spiritual existence was young and tender, we were then small links that united you, drew forth your spiritual and earth love; but now we have become larger, stronger, more beautiful; and the links which connect your physical with the spiritual are interwoven with precious truths, with gems of love, with flowers which never fade—grainds around those links whose aroma partakes of celestial life, of spirit-organization, of progressive thought, and choice spiritual cultivation. These links, dear father, grow stronger, and we desire to add to them; and when we cannot link on to those of earth, according to the flesh, we seek for others, and every one makes our chain brighter, stronger, more beautiful, and gives us more strength. It is too true for ourselves; we cannot dress in any one old's clothing; we stand there as individuals, stamped with that which truth and surrounding conditions give us.

You would love to see us with the natural eye, would you not? There to yourself two loving sisters, wandering amongst the flower gardens and broad plains of spirit-life; one a trifle taller than the other; one with eyes of a dove, a slender, spiritualized form, graceful and dignified in motion, while at the same time all love; the other with rounder, fuller features; an eye glancing with quickness, and motion as quick; a voice always singing, after bounding away from the loved one for a time to catch a stray sunbeam from the great

rainbow of Promise, but always coming back to that gentle, loving one's embrace; and you have a true picture of your two loved little ones, but now grown to maturity, twin children. We never knew the trials of earth. We never lived on earth; but we have the same nature, as it would have shown itself in us had we been children; but our chances have been better, and we have advanced with rapidity, having not so much to overcome. Dear father, we cannot say all we want to; but we have a true and beautiful sympathy with you; and when hours of sadness, gloom, and dependency have been your portion, we have stood near you, we have administered unto you, strengthened your weak heart, because of your noble soul—and we have seen those better than ourselves minister unto you. Earth has no charms for us now, save as we can minister and bless—save as we can raise the sufferer's head, cool the parched tongue, light up the sorrowful and desponding, and kindly entreat the erring and wandering from true happiness to be guided by that bright and beautiful star which accompanies us. It leads us, and will light up wisdom, truth and love all who will follow it. Shall we, can we lend those that are out of the way back to the path of virtue and of life? Our star brightens; rays shoot from it, which means, "Yes, dear children, you shall." Even so let it be. Faint not, nor be weary, father, the pathway has been strewn with thistles and briars, but the roses of Sharon are blooming in their own interior garden. Farewell; thy own beloved ones, who, like two bright stars of evening, shine upon you. We will bring dew from the beautiful Fountain of Life to water those roses, and give thee light and sweetness midst the toils of earth.

Thy twin children, O. O.

The above communication was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Elizabeth Marquand. Very respectfully yours for truth and the dissemination of all light that can be obtained either from earth or spirit spheres.

ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER.

97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., 1865.

TWO DAYS' GROVE MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS.

held at Grand Lodge, Easton Co., Mich., August 19th and 20th, 1865.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Saturday morning dawned clear and fair, and the birds being good, the people came from all directions to the grove of our brother, J. H. Brown. Selva Van Sickle called the meeting to order. Mrs. Ann Macomber was chosen President, and Elijah Woodworth, Secretary.

Mrs. Emma Martin improvised a poem, influenced by Robert Burns. Selva Van Sickle was the first regular speaker. He named his subject, "The Half-Bridged Over." At the basis of his speech, he took the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Luke. In Luke xv: 1-10, the man who goes after the lost sheep is the Christian Dispensation. The lost sheep is the idolatrous Gentile. The angels are the Christian ministry. Luke xv: 11-32 symbolized the All-Father and the human race. The Jewish Dispensation was taken out of ancient Paganism—it established a Priesthood, Laws, Rites, and Ceremonies oppressive, but the time came when the posterity of Pagan ancestry, the Gentiles, should be the adopted son and heir of the Gospel inheritance, equivalent to finding the lost sheep. The eldest son was the symbolized Jewish dynasty; the younger son was the converted Jew and the believing Gentile. Luke xvi: 1-13 signifies human progression. No dynasty, with all its power and influence, can continue beyond its usefulness. The Jewish hierarchy had been entrusted with the true riches, but had become trait and no more to be trusted; and, therefore, no longer the repository of the moral qualifications of progressive humanity. Consequently, the Jewish Priesthood is deposed from its authority and administration, and the Christian Dispensation is inaugurated, and its votaries are many. Verse 18 signifies the dynastical and idolatrous adulteries of Judaism, and it is divorced as such, and cannot be married to another dispensation, because it had become contaminated with Pagan idolatry, and that unpurged, would pollute the forthcoming dispensation, or Christian age. Verse 22.—The Jewish and Gentile dynasties both closed, and failed to feed the human mind in reference to a future life; a new dispensation only could give the supply needed. Verse 23.—"In hell." A state of mental and moral degradation. The closing and sealing up of the Jewish Priesthood and dispensation. No rising, or passing from the Jewish dynasty to a higher mental or moral development. Verse 24.—"A great grief." A final dispensation closed. A new order of teaching must supersede the old. The old dynasty must die and be buried. The new gospel age lives as the legitimate heir. The speaker said, this impassable dynastic gulf has continued unbridged, so that no intercourse has been possible. But now an angelic administration has come, not only to give humanity a passover bridge into the supernal spirit-spheres.

A marked stillness pervaded the assembly during this address. After a song, adjourned for one hour.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting was called to order by the President, and a song was sung by the choir.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Penrill, trance speaker, addressed the audience upon "Process and Pathos Contrasted." She desired to give the ancient fables a calm and patient investigation. The aborigines of all nations roamed the forest free and untrammelled, with no bonds to bind the conscience. Finds nothing to condemn in the natives of the soil; they left nature free and happy. But creeds, and imposed systems of faith, have trampled and held the people in mental bondage, and thus retarded human improvement. All our former teachers have been dogmatic and imperative, assuming authority as delegated agents of some Divine Power. But man himself is divine in his inmost nature, and must, therefore, progress and introduce new systems of faith. All former faiths were of a lower type, and must be supplanted by newer and higher ones, better adapted to the wants of progressively humanity. A literal construction of the Bible answered well for the former faiths, but falls entirely to satisfy the wants and aspirations of the present. She condemned those teachers, who do not boldly attack old errors, for fear of what their old foggy advocates would say; for when they are boldly and philosophically exposed, they will soon disappear. The ancient covenant was material and carnal; hence, must die. The Christian faith of to-day is external and material, but the spiritual faith is the advocacy of the Christ-principle.

Mrs. Emma Martin, entranced, gave a poem lecture, from Robert Burns, entitled, "Nature, and Nature's Works." This was a splendid effort, and the contrast between the teachings of old Orthodoxy and Nature was made more and more palpable, cheer after cheer burst forth from the listening crowd.

On motion, two committees, of three each, were appointed to draft resolutions for discussion on Monday, before the regular speeches commenced. Mehtable Brown, Mrs. Van Sickle and Eliza Brown were appointed as the Ladies' Committee; and Selva Van Sickle, Samuel Johnson and Elias Smith the Gentlemen's Committee.

Elijah Woodworth called the attention of the meeting to the Banner of Light. Adjourned to nine o'clock Sunday morning. All persons from a distance were furnished with board and lodging, free of cost.

In the evening a circle was held at the house of H. Brown, where a great variety of test and healing manifestations were given. Questions relative to spirit-intercourse and healing influences were answered and explained by Selva Van Sickle and Elijah Woodworth.

Sunday Morning Session.—After the opening services the gentlemen committee presented the following resolution: Resolved, That the marriage institution, as now recognized by law and custom, is a most arbitrary and injurious, calculated to destroy the individuality of woman and retard the progress of the race.

John Southard opposed the resolution. He hoped it would not pass. Said his mother was a woman, and had all the rights she wished for. His wife had property of her own, and used it as she pleased. Thought if it was adopted, all that had been said concerning free-love would be sustained by vote of the meeting.

John French agreed with the last speaker, and said that many reproaches had been brought against the Spiritualist lecturers relative to marriage. B. Holt, a lawyer, showed conclusively that wo-

man, by law and custom, was deprived of her rights—that she was not recognized as the owner of herself or her earnings, for, at her husband's death, she had no legal title to her own home...

A stranger feared the agitation, and said if the resolution was adopted, all that had been said about the free-love of Spiritualists would be believed.

The subject became so exciting that quite a number of ladies left the discussion till the hour for regular speaking arrived.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, entranced, addressed the meeting, sustaining the resolution, in a most masterly effort, which was responded to by hearty cheers from the audience.

Mrs. Emma Martin improvised a poem, and the meeting adjourned one hour.

Afternoon Session.—The opening services were as usual, after which the lady committee presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That woman is, in all respects, the equal or counterpart of man.

Resolved, That woman is now entering the promised inheritance, as typified and taught by ancient types and seen through all systems of faith.

Resolved, That neither male or female have political rights naturally, but political rights are conventional, and are a matter of convenience and interest as man; therefore, that laws, which deny her such rights, is composed of thieves and robbers.

Mrs. Martin, under the same influence, gave a poem lecture upon the Past and Future of Woman, I am utterly unable to give anything like a report of this beautiful and heart-stirring poem.

Mrs. Van Sickle recited a poem of the three sisters, Love, Hope and Grace, amid great applause.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, entranced, addressed the audience upon the *Deities of our Philosophy*. To do justice to the discourse, is among the impossibilities. The spirit-world seemed almost visible to all, while the spell-bound audience listened to the words of the dear departed.

The Officers of the meeting were thanked, and a vote taken to report the Meeting in the Banner of Light. The Religio-Philosophical Journal is requested to copy.

ANN MACUMBER, President. ELLIASH WOODWORTH, Secretary.

Sunday Meeting at Dr. U. Clark's Institute.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Though the signs indicated rain, the usually large company of visitors assembled at Dr. Clark's Institute, 18 Clauway street, Sunday, Sept. 24th, at half-past ten A. M.

A. Bond, Esq., leader of Bond's Boston Band, presided at the melodion, and the company, young and old, sang with harmonious effect.

Mrs. R. Stockwell, the well known dramatic and poetic dilettante, read an appropriate invocation, in which the audience were rapt with interest, and which was followed by singing the Lord's Prayer.

Dr. U. Clark spoke of the need of our disencumbering ourselves of all external and discordant elements, in order that we might come into communion with each other and with the beatified beings who bend from the heavens.

Dr. U. Clark spoke of the need of our disencumbering ourselves of all external and discordant elements, in order that we might come into communion with each other and with the beatified beings who bend from the heavens.

Dr. C. remarked that it was no wonder that Beecher, or any other humane being, should shudder at a doctrine so shocking, involving the endless doom of myriads.

Mr. Lincoln took the floor, and spoke of heaven, which, he said, was a theme more agreeable than its opposite.

Mr. Lincoln took the floor, and spoke of heaven, which, he said, was a theme more agreeable than its opposite.

Mr. Lincoln took the floor, and spoke of heaven, which, he said, was a theme more agreeable than its opposite.

Mr. Lincoln took the floor, and spoke of heaven, which, he said, was a theme more agreeable than its opposite.

Mr. Lincoln took the floor, and spoke of heaven, which, he said, was a theme more agreeable than its opposite.

and well calculated to uplift the mind in rapport with everything good, noble and inspiring. The meeting was closed with what Dr. Clark said might be considered as a substitute for a Methodist love-feast.

Round Table Logic.

The Round Table, in its last issue, has an article containing the grossest misstatement of Spiritualism. The exhibition of ignorance is too palpable to require refutation, and we content ourselves with citing a sample of its logic:

"Between Spiritualism and Infidelity there is always a remarkable affinity. The existence of either is almost sure to generate the other. In the infidel gathering nine-tenths are avowed Spiritualists; in the spiritual gathering nine-tenths are avowed Infidels."

As the writer of the above quotation makes a distinction between Spiritualism and Infidelity, it is fair to presume that he recognizes, among other differences of less importance, the fact that Spiritualism accepts immortality and Infidelity rejects it; hence his statement virtually amounts to the following declaration: "Most Spiritualists have no affinity for their own theory of immortality, but prefer that of an opposite character; hence in infidel gatherings nine-tenths are avowed Spiritualists; and the believers in non-immortality have no fellowship among themselves, but act in direct opposition to their own belief; hence in spiritual gatherings nine-tenths are avowed Infidels."

But perhaps the Round Table simply intended to convey the idea that Spiritualism and Infidelity are nearly synonymous; if this view of the matter is the correct one, then the statement amounts to this: "There is not much difference between the Spiritualist and Infidel, but in this difference each party discriminates against itself; hence in spiritual gatherings nine-tenths are avowed Infidels, and in infidel gatherings nine-tenths are avowed Spiritualists."

This is certainly most delectable logic. There would be more truth in affirming that "between the magnetic needle and the North Pole there exists a remarkable affinity. The one suggests to us the other. But the needle is nine-tenths pole, and the Pole is nine-tenths needle."

Speaking of modern manifestations, the Round Table says: "It is useless to argue against delusions like these. Phantasms of this kind may, perhaps, be conjured down in Latin, but can never be debated down in plain English."

Then why do n't you try the Latin mode, Mr. Round Table?

Again we quote: "It is the most irrational things which most elude reason, the most unsubstantial things which most batle fact. Pressed by argument, they vanish to reappear in some new argument. Nor can ridicule touch them. Neither charity nor credulity cares for that; not charity, because it has no sense of shame; not credulity, because it flatters itself with the conceit of superior insight. Besides, though we may well laugh at hallucinations when they are simply ridiculous, these 'spiritual manifestations,' absurd as they are in essence, are too serious in their effects for derision."

Pray, Mr. Round Table, did you ever catch those irrational things called butterflies? Did they ever elude you, and appear somewhere else? If so, did you blame yourself, or the butterflies?

So, mentally, when you put forth your hand to catch what you are pleased to term "irrational things," if your argument is as sound as the cap that caught the butterfly, and you apply it in the right place, at the right time, are you not sure of your game?

You say that ridicule won't touch these irrational things. Well, ridicule won't touch or catch butterflies, "nor charity, nor credulity, nor conceit of superior sight." But these "irrational things"—according to your showing—have one advantage over a butterfly; they will budge at an argument—"elude you, and appear elsewhere." Very well. If they can do without reason what you can't do with reason, then the "irrational thing" is your superior.

You say that spiritual manifestations are absurd in essence, and you would laugh at them, if their effects were not too serious for derision.

Your view of the matter is evidently like this: Some three or four million of Spiritualists—more or less—have caught butterflies, and one and all fancy, nay, more, are positive, they have caught angels. You quote Judge Edmonds's letter, in which he says, "Spiritualism has been laughed at for years, yet within those years it has spread in this country until it has its millions of believers. It is manifest all over the world. In every possible form it is showing itself. It is seen in arts and sciences, in politics and literature, and religion."

You affirm the fact is hardly overrated. Now how shall we decide whether an angel or a butterfly is caught? Simply in thorough, impartial investigation before the tribunal of COMMON SENSE—not your sense or my sense specially—not the educated sense—but simply and purely the COMMON SENSE of MANKIND.

Lawrence, Mass., 1863.

A. B. Child's Answer.

Mr. Editor.—In the Banner of September 30th, Wm. K. Cowing says that I have used the word justice where I should have used the word revenge or hatred.

However sacred and holy my good friend Cowing may hold the meaning of the word justice in his own intents and acts, or however significant in the balance of nature's compensation justice may be, it matters little, for what is more sacred, deeper and holier, is yet to be reached, yet to be recognized, and yet to be talked about.

Thus far I have used the word justice as the world uses it—as the laws of the land present it—as the acts of men define it. The justice of the state house, the court house, the prison house, is simply and significantly revenge—not bold and open revenge, but covertly revenge. It is a blow for a blow—and a dollar for a dollar and cost. This justice carried into the business world is extortion from the many, and oppression to the oppressed. And this justice of the senate that makes and executes laws for the business world bears the fruit of cheating, lying, stealing. War is in the world's definition of justice, and bears the fruit of murder.

The justice of the senate, too, with its great, meddling, vulgar fingers, and with its ugly, dirty boots, is made daily to intrude upon the sacredness of man's and woman's social and religious lives, whereby the finest, the purest and the holiest emotions of the heart are turned into channels of hatred and regret. The justice of the world in social and religious life is cold, coarse and vulgar, and wherever it is made to intrude upon their sacred rites it bears the fruit of contention, conflict, sorrow—it breathes the breath of licentiousness in disguise, corruption in embryo, and death in the end. So the fruit that justice bears makes our life insecure.

To the fiercer, deeper consciousness of the human heart, the world's definition of justice, as carried into practical life, is inhuman, repulsive and hideous, while the yet unrecognized justice of nature, with its delicate and faithful fingers, that balances evenness in all things, is yet as far beyond an earthly dictionary as the sight of angels are beyond earthly eyes. A. B. Child.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 2, 1st STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All subscriptions must be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Labor Question.

We have always been ready to admit that Labor and Capital are closely related, but we never have admitted yet, and we never will, that Capital owns Labor, or has any right to grow powerful at its expense. If there could be brought about a mutual desire to cooperate for the common benefit, all would be well enough; but where one side is grasping and overbearing, it naturally makes the other resent such treatment, and excites to antagonism at once. Hence we find the two interests at variance in our social arrangement, instead of harmonizing for the general welfare and happiness.

The profits made by Capital off of Labor, are in too many instances disgracefully enormous. With Labor necessarily its tyrant; but Capital has the wherewithal to contest necessity, and can therefore hold out until long after Labor has starved. Here is where it has the advantage, and always will have, until the two can either consent or be compelled to regard one another's rights and interests. The immense sums of money that have been made by contractors during the term of the war, who have in turn paid out to their workmen but the most meagre wages, painfully demonstrate to reasonable people the great power for oppression that resides in the hands of Capital, and suggests the urgent need of finding some way out of the dilemma at a not distant day. The instances of such wrong are far too numerous to be cited except in the aggregate.

But the gross injustice which is done to Labor by associated Capital can be shown by a single statement, which is taken from the last census report. According to this report, there are three establishments in Massachusetts for the manufacture of linen goods. The united capital employed is \$490,000, the value of the material consumed is \$228,575, the number of operatives employed, male and female, three hundred and twenty-six, the total amount paid for labor is \$73,850, and the value of the goods produced is \$515,000. Now by casting up the different sides of this statement, and distributing them where they belong, we see that the material consumed and the labor together cost \$302,425; the value of the goods manufactured is \$515,000; and hence the clear profit to the capitalists is \$212,575. The reader will notice at once that the profits are nearly half as great as the capital invested. If we suppose there are fifteen partners to these profits, owners of the three factories, it gives to each one of the fifteen the handsome sum of \$14,172; or, if we deduct the interest, at six per cent. on the capital invested, it still gives a profit to each one of the capitalists of \$12,212.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. We have seen how much Capital has been able to make in a single year from its investments; let us now see how the account stands with Labor. Certainly, if there is to be the cooperation of which so many profess to be desirous, then Labor ought to receive its share of the benefits that accrue. The whole amount paid for labor, male and female, was \$73,850; there were three hundred and twenty-six operatives; this of course gave to each one the sum of \$226.54 for a whole year's work! There is a wide difference between two hundred and odd dollars and twelve thousand and odd! Of these three hundred and twenty-six laborers, one hundred and fifty-seven were males and one hundred and sixty-nine were females. Of course the males earned the larger amount of the wages in the division, and the females much the less. Had the profits been divided equally, not to say equitably, between the laborers and the capitalists employing them, the former would have got for average pay \$788 instead of \$226. Any one can see, from this very simple and direct illustration, how unequal, unjustly, and tyrannically the present relations between the two interests—Capital and Labor—operate against Labor, and what an urgent need exists for revising those relations at once, and establishing them upon a basis of justice and equity.

There is another, and a most important consideration connected with the above statement of facts. It is this: that no one can wonder, after reading the above, why it is or how it is that so many poor women throw themselves away in actual despair of living by the utmost labor they can perform. They are actually driven to the street, and to shameless courses, by the necessity which Capital imposes upon them. Talk of Slavery after this! What slavery can be worse than this which forces a virtuous daughter or sister to sell herself that she may have food and raiment and shelter? We are taught from our youth up to look upon the Circassians and Georgians who sell their females into the Turkish market as the most detestable of all people; but what shall we say of the greed which does not stop short, in communities that prize themselves on their superior civilization, intelligence, refinement and humanity, of driving the female sex to courses of degradation and death? Of the two, the eastern people are to be excused far, very far before us.

What Labor ought to be allowed to have in this country is a chance. Opportunity is what everybody craves, and it is what really makes the difference between men, their native capacity being held to be equal. It is not giving a man the opportunity he fairly ought to have, to allow him to earn a pittance of two or three hundred dollars in the same year that his employer is enriched by his labor and skill to the amount of twelve or thirteen thousand. This is what we especially refer to, when we speak, as we often take occasion to do, of the necessity of revising the entire relations between Capital and Labor. If they are indeed mutually dependent, as even capitalists are willing for a purpose to admit, then it is not to be denied that Labor is entitled to a juster share in the regular division of the proceeds; so meagre a reward as this is but piling up an insult

on an injury. There can be no accord in the social system, nor anything really worth styling a system at all, so long as such injustice and tyranny is practiced with impunity. It may be replied that the evil will cure itself, as other evils do; but we are not to forget that this process of self-cure is apt to be the most widely destructive of all things which society professes to hold dear.

Mr. Beecher's Change of Faith.

The papers are having very much to say, of late, about Henry Ward Beecher's scolding the doctrine of hell fire which has so long been a bugaboo for frightening superstitiously inclined people into being good. It seems that he has really turned his broad back on the devilish doctrine, and is likely in due time to receive the anathemas of his clerical brethren and the ecclesiastical body which he stands at present enrolled. But that will not hurt him at all. He will build up a Church for himself, let him preach according to ecclesiastical rule and formula or not. He has too much of true humanity, of genuine sympathy for his fellow man in him, ever to be buried up by the pronouncements of all the Church organizations that can muster their powers to overwhelm him.

The recantation of the hell-fire doctrine has been recently made by him in the columns of the Independent newspaper, of which he is the editor. His new position is where claims are already loudly made upon him by the Universalists. But we have no idea that he will ever go over to Universalism. He is not the man to go out of one cramping and chilling creed into another; the necessity which compels him to break the fetters of creed in the first place, will maintain him in a state of larger freedom to the last. And not only will he protest against Protestantism, but he will carry a large body of personal followers along with him; and if war is openly made on him for it by the Church he leaves, that war will result in the loss to the Church of the entire family, talented and numerous as it is, of which he has long been so illustrious a member. It will be no damage to him, while it will widely benefit the conscience and moral courage of the present generation, by teaching them not to fear the threats of ecclesiastical associations which assume to stand in the place of the Father himself to the soul of the individual. Some lesson like this ought to be learned by the people of the Churches and the country, or there is danger that they may insensibly surrender themselves into the hands of a power which will finally deny them the right to exercise their reason.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

Mr. Beecher's candid avowal of the change in his belief was published as an editorial article in the Independent, in reply to the questions of a correspondent on the subject. He scents the material and grossly barbarous views on hell as unfit for human belief, and says his heart misgives him when he looks around upon society and he thinks of that awful doctrine. And to think, too, as he was trained to think, that a man ought to thank God for preparing such a place of torment, even if he were assured it was prepared for himself! Mr. Beecher's ideas about the inspiration of the Scriptures, too, are not by any means up to what is styled the Orthodox standard, nor can he understand the use or propriety of claiming for those writings more than actually belongs to them. His recent avowals have fallen like a bombshell in the ecclesiastical camp, and the leaders and rulers are putting their heads together to see what is best to be done to an individual over whose free will they find they possess such slight power. It will be a profitable discussion as it develops itself, and lead to a larger use of individual reason than can now be claimed as the peculiarity of even these times.

The Coming Convention.

We call upon the Spiritualists every where—and all true reformers are Spiritualists—to attend our Second National Convention, to be held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of the present month, as business of the greatest importance will be brought before them for discussion. We all have the good of humanity at heart. Let us go there, then, with hearts overflowing with love; let sectional jealousies cease; let past difficulties be buried, and the hand of fellowship and charity be cordially extended to all who attend.

We have enlisted in a great, a mighty work, and mankind are watching our movements, and the manifestations of the spirit-world through our mediums, with surprise and astonishment depicted upon their countenances. Those who still doubt, who possess not the knowledge, ask: "Can it be possible that the dead live, and can do and communicate with their friends in the earth-life?" Let the answer go forth from this Convention in language so explicit and with facts so potent, that none, however deeply imbued with the tenets of old theology, can gainsay the statements and experiences of the advocates of Spiritualism, that direct spirit-intercourse is no myth, but a positive, tangible reality. Then will our glorious religion be instrumental in bringing mankind up out of darkness into light, thus bettering their condition here and hereafter.

To accomplish this desirable end it is necessary that the greatest harmony should prevail. The delegates are, therefore, earnestly requested to keep this important fact in view during the sessions of the Convention.

The Episcopal Church.

No little interest is felt at the course likely to be followed in the Episcopal Convention of the State of New York, now in session, over Bishop Potter's "Encyclical Letter," forbidding his clergy to exchange pulpits with preachers of other denominations. Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts, has expressed to Bishop Potter his full sympathy with the position he has taken in the case, and evidently intends to uphold him. Only two Sundays ago, some of the New York clergy deliberately disobeyed their Bishop's command. This brings the matter up in a definite shape before the Convention. In our next, we shall probably be able to tell our readers what came of the whole affair. But it is certain that there are men concerned in resistance to the Bishop's order, who will not easily be induced to change the determination which they have made in such clear conscientiousness. Coupling this movement in the Episcopal Church with Mr. Beecher's in the Congregational, it may well be thought there is an element of unrest, if not positive progress, abroad in the religious organizations.

The Ancient Wreck.

The wreck of the Sparrow-Hawk, which was lost on Cape Cod in 1624, and discovered in 1863, has been brought to this city, in a remarkable state of preservation, the parts restored exactly to their original position, and placed on exhibition under a suitable covering on the Common, near the West-street gate. Mr. Leander Crosby, one of the present proprietors, and who discovered the ship after she was unburied, will be present at the exhibition, and explain the circumstances connected with her history and preservation.

National Convention—Delegates—Fare.

A meeting of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists of this city, called for the purpose of choosing delegates to represent the Spiritualists of Boston in the Second National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held in Philadelphia, Oct. 17th, was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 26th. John Wetherbee, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and L. B. Wilson Secretary. After a few remarks from the Chairman, stating the object of the meeting, &c., on motion; a Committee of three was appointed to nominate a list of candidates to serve as delegates. That Committee reported the following named ladies and gentlemen, viz:

- J. S. Loveland, Charles H. Crowell, George W. Smith, Mrs. G. W. Smith, L. B. Wilson, Mrs. L. B. Wilson, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mr. C. A. Southworth, Miss S. A. Southworth, E. Haynes, Jr., Phippen E. Gay, Uriah Clark, H. F. Gardner, Daniel Farrar, John Wetherbee, Mrs. L. B. Stockwell, Charles E. Jenkins, Jonathan Pierce, A. E. Giles, Alvin Adams.

The report was accepted, and the parties above named were duly elected. It was voted that the delegates have power to fill any vacancies which may occur in their body.

On a question being raised as to the expediency of instructing the delegates, remarks were made by Dr. U. Clark, C. H. Crowell, Mr. Loveland, E. S. Wheeler and Mr. Dow. The delegates were left free to act as their best judgment should dictate in promoting the interests of Spiritualism and maintaining harmony. L. B. WILSON, Sec'y.

DELEGATE FROM CHARLESTOWN.—At a meeting of the Society of Spiritualists, held in Mechanics' Hall, on Sunday, Sept. 24th, Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was unanimously elected a delegate to attend the Spiritual Convention at Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, with full power to act for the above Association, which holds its regular meetings in this Hall.

J. B. HATCH, C. H. WING, G. MARSH, Committee.

DELEGATES FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Providence Congregation of Spiritualists, on Sunday, Sept. 24th, elected the following named delegates to represent them at the Philadelphia National Convention of Spiritualists, with authority to fill vacancies: Mr. Josiah Simmons, Mrs. Josiah Simmons, Mr. Immanuel Searle, Mrs. Immanuel Searle, Mr. L. K. Joslin, Mrs. L. K. Joslin, Mr. William G. R. Mowry, Mr. Lauriston Towne. L. K. JOSLIN, Cor. Sec'y.

REDUCTION OF FARE.—We published a note in the last Banner, from Newman Weeks, Esq., of Rutland, in which he says "he has made arrangements with the Rutland and Delaware Bay Railroad Company to sell excursion tickets from New York to Camden, opposite the City of Philadelphia, and return, for three dollars, the tickets to be good until the close of the Convention in October. Tickets can be procured on board their boat, Jesse Hoyt, Pier No. 3, North River, or at the offices of Westcott's Express, New York City. There will be a change in time-table of the road previous to Oct. 17th, which the friends will have to look out for. I made this arrangement more especially for the benefit of the delegates and friends in this part of New England, but it is a general thing for all who may wish to avail themselves of its advantages."

We suggested that the information was not explicit enough, whereupon Mr. Weeks furnishes the following additional information, by which it will be seen he has made arrangements for a reduced price from Rutland, Vermont, to New York. He says:

Camden is only across the river, by ferry-boat, from Philadelphia, and no extra charge, as I understand. The boat from New York connects with the Rutland and Delaware Bay Railroad a short distance down the harbor. The tickets will read "from New York to Camden," as the railroad does not cross the river into the city of Philadelphia. If the ferry should be extra, it will not be more than five cents.

I have also made arrangements for tickets at reduced fare, from Rutland, Vermont, to New York. The regular railroad fare from New York to Philadelphia and return, via Jersey Central Railroad, is six dollars. By this arrangement we get tickets at half fare.

Truly yours, NEWMAN WEEKS.

Charles Goodyear's Message Verified.

Our readers will remember the message which we published in the Banner of September 9th, from the spirit of Charles Goodyear, the inventor of India rubber goods, given through Mrs. Conant at our free circle, in which he speaks of the hard struggle he had to maintain his family during the time he was experimenting and perfecting his idea of converting India rubber into shoes, clothing, &c.

A few days since, Mr. Cyrus Monroe, of Medford, called at our office and informed us that that part of the message was strictly true. He had often heard his father mention the fact of Goodyear's coming to his house for assistance, and that he was so reduced as to be obliged to pawn his silver spoons, and other articles of housekeeping.

It seems by the spirit's statement, that Mr. Goodyear did not reap the benefit of his invaluable invention; but that—as is apt to be the case with the poor inventor—others are reveling in the wealth that should be shared by his family. We hope all such persons will read the following passage, which we reprint from the message, and then not upon the suggestion. It reads thus:

"I thought if there was any chance of coming back here and pleading for my family, I ought to do it. Now I'd say to all those people that are growing rich on account of my invention, if they'll only give the smallest mite to the inventor's family, I think I shall become happy, and reconciled to my new condition."

Condemnation.

Some of our friends seem to think we endorse the recent conduct of the medium Colchester, because we do not allow them to show up his shortcomings in times past, through our columns. To all such we simply reply that the Banner of Light was not established for the purpose of condemning those who do not always act as others think they ought to. Our aim is to elevate humanity through kindly acts; to take the offender by the hand and lead him up to a happier condition—not, by condemning him, sink him deeper in crime. If Mr. Colchester, has at times deceived, it does not prove that he is not a medium, for he is, and wonderful manifestations have been given through his instrumentality. We have positive evidence that such is the fact, which all the sophistry in the world cannot gainsay.

Moses Hull.

We are pleased to learn that Bro. Hull has so far recovered from his late illness as to be able soon to resume his labors in the lecturing field. He has engaged

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason.

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Invocation.

Oh Spirit, Infinite Father, thou who art breathing through all forms of life; thou who art the title-page and dial of all things, teach us to read thy law aright; teach us, oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, that thou hast fashioned all things in wisdom.

Let us know that every fragment composing the great volume of life, is all in its place, all in order; that all is called good and holy by thee.

Let us know that our Father, who has enabled to bind up their wounds, soothe their sorrows, and assist them in bearing the crosses of Time.

When they stand upon the Calvaries of sorrow, may we swing back the golden gates of Eternity, and reveal to them the glories of the spirit-world.

Hear thou our prayer, and while creation's bells are ringing out praises to thee, we, too, will praise thee, our Father, now and forever. Amen.

Sept. 5.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will answer the inquiries of correspondents, or others.

Q.—How can we know whether the person speaking through the medium is the real person, or only personated? For instance, Colonel William Torrey.

A.—It has been said, and truthfully, too, that all absolute knowledge is born of experience; therefore you cannot absolutely know whether the intelligence claiming to be Colonel William Torrey, is so, or not.

Q.—Does the intelligence know the Rev. T. L. Harris, of Wassaic, Dutchess county, New York? Is he honest? Has he seen Jesus Christ?

A.—The intelligence does indeed know T. L. Harris. The intelligence believes, also, that T. L. Harris is honest and true. That he has seen Jesus Christ we have no reason to doubt.

Q.—Why, and in what, do you differ from Mr. Harris?

A.—It would be impossible to enumerate the differences; possibly they are very numerous. And yet they are only upon the surface, for beneath that, in all probability, we agree.

Q.—What does the immortality of soul mean?

A.—To us, immortality means a something that never was created; hence never can be destroyed. That which has had a beginning, must of necessity have an ending.

Q.—To us, mortality means dissolution; immortality, indissolution. Can that which is composed be decomposed?

A.—It may be changed; never annihilated, never lost. The soul may change in its manifestation, but it can never pass out of existence.

Q.—What is the difference between soul and spirit?

A.—One may be called a body, the other the clothing of the body. One is an active principle, the other is the machine through which the principle acts.

Q.—Does the soul have a local habitation after the death of the body?

A.—The soul does indeed have a location. Wherever it is most powerfully attracted, there it locates for a time.

Q.—Are there any such things as spiritual spheres located outside of this world, in which spirits dwell after death?

A.—The universe is full of spheres—states of mind. The persons composing this audience are dwelling in different spheres of mind.

Q.—Harris thinks that the grosser part of spirits walk on the earth.

A.—That is true. T. L. Harris, or the intelligences controlling him, declared a truth, when they said that the grosser part of disembodied spirits walked the earth seeking rest, and finding none.

Q.—Harris says this spiritual sphere has an upper and under surface. Is there anything in it?

doubtless this is true—inhabited by disembodied beings, yet many of you stay in your own earthen homes for an indefinite length of time—that is your spirit-home.

Q.—It is thought by some persons that mathematics is the highest branch of science. Why?

A.—Through the science of mathematics the human mind is taught the order of life. It perceives through that science that all things are by virtue of law. It can weigh, measure all things; can tell you how far distant the sun is from your earth. There is nothing, strictly speaking, that cannot be defined, positively, clearly defined by the science of mathematics.

Q.—Harris also speaks of an internal breathing, as belonging to spirits. Is there such a thing?

A.—You are all living dual lives, absolutely and perfectly. This being true, why, there is a function of spirit equivalent to the breathing of physical life. Your outer lives are but the reflex of your inner lives. This must be so.

David Kenney.

Saint Paul says, "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." If everybody would only do this, the world would be better off.

I do not know as I am correct in my ideas, but I verily believe I had an earthly existence; verily believe that, as a disembodied spirit, I have the power of returning and speaking through mortal lips.

A great many times I have thought I was right on the threshold of this old home, ready to speak to my folks, but when I attempted to use the machine I could not bring out the first intelligent note.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I come to ask you, to ask through your paper, ask Solomon Wilde to go to that little one, Stark-weather; that's it—I've got something to say to him. Good-bye.

Coolidge Johnson.

Ah, that's walking in on somebody's else ground, I think. So much for crowding in; he could not stay long. [Did he get in ahead of you?] Yes, got in ahead of me, yes.

Well, my name was Johnson, or rather it used to be; not the old fellow that sets at the head of Government, by no means, and between you and I, I would not own him for a relative. [Why?] Because I don't like him. [Yet he may be good.] That's true; he may be good, for all that. I'm particularly down on the fraternity of tailors, I mean; he's one of 'em, and you know "it takes nine tailors to make a man." They can cater pretty well to your outside rig, but they can't cater at all for the inner man. I ain't going to say anything more about Andy Johnson.

I was rather afraid when I was here he was going to step into Abraham Lincoln's shoes, but was in hopes he would not. It seems he has. Oh, it's all right. I suppose there might be a worse man than him in the chair.

Well, have I given you my name entire? [We think not.] I think not, either, so I guess I'll do so. Now, sir, you will please call me Coolidge Johnson; that's my name. And you will please to ask my folks—they're not rich, and if it takes money to go through with this thing, I do not know what they'll do.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

I was a fireman, took cold at a fire, had inflammation of the lungs, and died, you know, according to the old way of talking.

I was a rough, sir, but you know a diamond is in the rough, sometimes. I should not wonder if I became a shining light, though I think I'll need a good deal of sharpening up first.

I guess I'll take Tim Carnes, first. He's the best one I know of to call upon. Come, now, Tim, don't break down on me this time.

Q.—Are there no birds, no beasts, to take on farms of beauty in the spirit-land?

A.—Well, this room is the spirit-land proper. If there should chance to be an animal in this room—although such is not now the case—why, that animal occupies a place in this spirit-land, just as much as you do, and spirits consequently see that spiritual part that animates that physical body.

Q.—Do not spirits change their locality?

A.—Certainly they do; just as you change your thoughts.

Q.—By what process do spirits move?

A.—They move precisely as thought moves; they are governed by will.

Q.—What is the difference between will and locomotion?

A.—Locomotion is a material outgrowth of will; yet, when resolved into their primary parts, they are one and the same.

Q.—Are we to understand that there are not vehicles of conveyance in the spirit-world?

A.—No, you are not to understand that. The spirit, when separated from crude matter, has no longer any need, finds no further use for these things that the body has need of, and if there is no need for them they do not exist.

Q.—It is hard to say whether it was an illusion or an actuality. It is very probable that he may have been riding with a lady.

Q.—Can you have seen spirit-friends around me now, especially two sons that were in the army, one a member of the 17th Indiana, the other of the 23d Massachusetts?

A.—No, we do not; though in all probability your thought is centered on them and they may be very near you, yet we do not see them.

Q.—What is the difference between soul and spirit?

A.—One may be called a body, the other the clothing of the body. One is an active principle, the other is the machine through which the principle acts.

Q.—Does the soul have a local habitation after the death of the body?

A.—The soul does indeed have a location. Wherever it is most powerfully attracted, there it locates for a time.

Q.—Are there any such things as spiritual spheres located outside of this world, in which spirits dwell after death?

A.—The universe is full of spheres—states of mind. The persons composing this audience are dwelling in different spheres of mind.

Q.—Harris thinks that the grosser part of spirits walk on the earth.

A.—That is true. T. L. Harris, or the intelligences controlling him, declared a truth, when they said that the grosser part of disembodied spirits walked the earth seeking rest, and finding none.

Q.—Harris says this spiritual sphere has an upper and under surface. Is there anything in it?

A.—There is no vacuum in Nature, nothing like space. The universe is absolutely filled with life.

Q.—Do not spirits change their locality?

A.—Certainly they do; just as you change your thoughts.

Q.—By what process do spirits move?

A.—They move precisely as thought moves; they are governed by will.

Q.—What is the difference between will and locomotion?

A.—Locomotion is a material outgrowth of will; yet, when resolved into their primary parts, they are one and the same.

Q.—Are we to understand that there are not vehicles of conveyance in the spirit-world?

A.—No, you are not to understand that. The spirit, when separated from crude matter, has no longer any need, finds no further use for these things that the body has need of, and if there is no need for them they do not exist.

Q.—It is hard to say whether it was an illusion or an actuality. It is very probable that he may have been riding with a lady.

Q.—Can you have seen spirit-friends around me now, especially two sons that were in the army, one a member of the 17th Indiana, the other of the 23d Massachusetts?

A.—No, we do not; though in all probability your thought is centered on them and they may be very near you, yet we do not see them.

Q.—What is the difference between soul and spirit?

A.—One may be called a body, the other the clothing of the body. One is an active principle, the other is the machine through which the principle acts.

Q.—Does the soul have a local habitation after the death of the body?

A.—The soul does indeed have a location. Wherever it is most powerfully attracted, there it locates for a time.

Q.—Are there any such things as spiritual spheres located outside of this world, in which spirits dwell after death?

many a time said to him before he was going to play any prominent part? Now, Mr. Booth, just keep cool; if you don't, I shall be under the necessity of giving you a cold bath." Well, I could—by exercising my will upon him, by sitting down and talking with him upon some subject as far removed as possible from that which had so deeply excited him—I could calm him, so that he would go on to the stage perfectly composed.

Q.—Do not spirits change their locality?

A.—Certainly they do; just as you change your thoughts.

Q.—By what process do spirits move?

A.—They move precisely as thought moves; they are governed by will.

Q.—What is the difference between will and locomotion?

A.—Locomotion is a material outgrowth of will; yet, when resolved into their primary parts, they are one and the same.

Q.—Are we to understand that there are not vehicles of conveyance in the spirit-world?

A.—No, you are not to understand that. The spirit, when separated from crude matter, has no longer any need, finds no further use for these things that the body has need of, and if there is no need for them they do not exist.

Q.—It is hard to say whether it was an illusion or an actuality. It is very probable that he may have been riding with a lady.

Q.—Can you have seen spirit-friends around me now, especially two sons that were in the army, one a member of the 17th Indiana, the other of the 23d Massachusetts?

A.—No, we do not; though in all probability your thought is centered on them and they may be very near you, yet we do not see them.

Q.—What is the difference between soul and spirit?

A.—One may be called a body, the other the clothing of the body. One is an active principle, the other is the machine through which the principle acts.

Q.—Does the soul have a local habitation after the death of the body?

A.—The soul does indeed have a location. Wherever it is most powerfully attracted, there it locates for a time.

Q.—Are there any such things as spiritual spheres located outside of this world, in which spirits dwell after death?

A.—The universe is full of spheres—states of mind. The persons composing this audience are dwelling in different spheres of mind.

Q.—Harris thinks that the grosser part of spirits walk on the earth.

A.—That is true. T. L. Harris, or the intelligences controlling him, declared a truth, when they said that the grosser part of disembodied spirits walked the earth seeking rest, and finding none.

Q.—Harris says this spiritual sphere has an upper and under surface. Is there anything in it?

A.—There is no vacuum in Nature, nothing like space. The universe is absolutely filled with life.

Q.—Do not spirits change their locality?

A.—Certainly they do; just as you change your thoughts.

Q.—By what process do spirits move?

A.—They move precisely as thought moves; they are governed by will.

Q.—What is the difference between will and locomotion?

A.—Locomotion is a material outgrowth of will; yet, when resolved into their primary parts, they are one and the same.

Q.—Are we to understand that there are not vehicles of conveyance in the spirit-world?

A.—No, you are not to understand that. The spirit, when separated from crude matter, has no longer any need, finds no further use for these things that the body has need of, and if there is no need for them they do not exist.

Q.—It is hard to say whether it was an illusion or an actuality. It is very probable that he may have been riding with a lady.

Q.—Can you have seen spirit-friends around me now, especially two sons that were in the army, one a member of the 17th Indiana, the other of the 23d Massachusetts?

A.—No, we do not; though in all probability your thought is centered on them and they may be very near you, yet we do not see them.

Q.—What is the difference between soul and spirit?

A.—One may be called a body, the other the clothing of the body. One is an active principle, the other is the machine through which the principle acts.

Q.—Does the soul have a local habitation after the death of the body?

A.—The soul does indeed have a location. Wherever it is most powerfully attracted, there it locates for a time.

Q.—Are there any such things as spiritual spheres located outside of this world, in which spirits dwell after death?

A.—The universe is full of spheres—states of mind. The persons composing this audience are dwelling in different spheres of mind.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, Sept. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Clark, who died at Andersonville, Ga.; William Lawrence Gordon, to his wife and mother; Julia Trayer, to her father; Julius Graham, to his father, Wm. Graham, of Tennessee; and his friends. Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isabella N. Joyce, in answer to the many who have called for her; Harry Deane, in answer to the many who have called for her; Isaac Doughty, Elizabeth

Original Poetry.

AN IMPROVISATION.

The following was given by a trance medium at the close of the lecture in Ebbitt Hall, New York, on Sunday, Sept. 17th, and taken down in shorthand.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Remarkable Cure Effected.

I have been a constant reader of the Banner for the last six or eight years, and I freely admit that I get from it more good ideas than from any of my other literary investments.

A Suggestion.

I have been thinking of late—yes, the past two years—that I would like an album well filled with photographs of the leading speakers and teachers of our beautiful Philosophy—also would others of my acquaintance—

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

A communication in your "Message Department," some time since, from a Mrs. Field to her husband, T. W. Field, of Brooklyn, N. Y., (Williamsburgh,) seems to be authentic. It has been brought to the notice of Mr. Field, who is a prominent member of an Orthodox Church.

Words of Cheer to the Inherent.

How grateful to the worthy filian are the many evidences of "angel sympathy," so freely imparted when far away from home and familiar friends. When out upon the highways and valleys of eternity's mission, if true to the bidding of the loved ones "beyond the river," they will not leave us alone, though strangers and the guests of hospitable homes, quickly come the words of encouragement from our blessed guides, who watch and wait on the dusty roads of time to aid us in our labor, and stimulate our energies, and quicken our sympathies.

Criticism on Dr. A. B. Child.

I must reiterate that I admire the spirit and teaching of Dr. Child; nevertheless I must take exception to his logic, which, of course, he will call complimentary, as he looks upon reason as of earth and not of heaven, as human and not spiritual. So long as words are the vehicles of our thoughts, let us make them as staunch as possible, that they may not break down on the road, leaving our well packed and rightly directed thoughts floundering in the mud of misconception and misunderstanding.

have those thoughts a little more logically packed, Doctor, or place them in a safer and sounder vehicle. Wm. Keizer, East Toledo, O., Sept. 21, 1865.

Important Decision.

SPIRITUALISM RECOGNIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT AT WASHINGTON. I addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, at Washington, requesting his decision as to the legal claims of the Government upon me for the payment of a license tax as a Spiritual Magnetizer, or for Healing by Spirit-power. I received the following reply, from which you will perceive that now, for the first time in our national history, the profession of Healing Mediumism is recognized by the laws of the country.

HEALING INSTITUTE, KEOKUK, IOWA, SEPT. 22D 1865.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of August 5th, I have to refer you to the Revenue Law, section seventy-nine, paragraph forty-four, in which every person who prescribes remedies for fee or reward for the cure of bodily disease is declared to be a physician; and to practice his profession, he is required to pay a license of ten dollars.

It matters not what the agency a practitioner in the healing art may employ, whether botanic, mineral, electric, galvanic or magnetic; whether it be healing by physical or by spirit-power, it clearly comes within the circle of professions to be taxed.

J. Gallion, Esq., Keokuk, Iowa.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

ANTAGONISTIC, YET HARMONIOUS! HORACE SEAYER: My Friend—I am in the family of one to whom the Investigator has made a weekly and welcome visit, most of the time, for thirty years. I meet some pleasant things in my travels as a lecturer. One of these is now before me. "What is it?" you ask. Why, this: i. e., SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM joined and living together in loving harmony.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

A Meeting in Buffalo in Regard to the Colchester Trial.

At an adjourned meeting of the Spiritualists of Buffalo, N. Y., convened for the purpose of taking steps to provide for the burden thrown upon them through the public prosecution of M^r C. J. Colchester, medium, the Committee to whom was delegated the duty of presenting an address to the Spiritualists of the United States, setting forth the facts, and appealing to them for sympathy and pecuniary aid to cover the expenses of this vexatious litigation, having given the matter due deliberation, respectfully submit the following CIRCULAR.

To the Friends of Free Religious and Philosophical Investigation:—The press has by this time given very general publicity to the result of the recent proceedings in the U. S. Court, at a term of said Court, held in Buffalo, N. Y., in the latter part of August, in the matter of C. J. Colchester, medium, arraigned and charged with practicing jugglery without license. That result was the imposition of a fine of forty dollars, and the expenses of the prosecution, four hundred and seventy dollars and thirteen cents, making a total of five hundred and thirteen dollars and forty cents, which, together with the expenses of the defence, and other disbursements made necessary by this frivolous and vexatious action of said Court, leave a liability to be discharged of one thousand dollars.

Remarks.

REMARKS.—We are obliged to friend Wright for his pleasant correspondence, and hope to hear from him again and often. His well known ability and constant efforts, for many years, in the great cause of Freedom and Humanity, place him among the first Reformers of the day, and entitle his opinions to consideration and respect. We should be much gratified, therefore, to number him among our regular contributors.

Jottings from Moses Hull.

DEAR BANNER—I have resolved and re-resolved to let your readers hear from me often, but multitudinous cares and sickness have "set in" hitherto. Many thanks for your notice of the shadow cast before of my Monthly Clarion. Next week it will be out, then I shall be happy to "ex" with you. But for great affliction for the last ten weeks, the Clarion would have been out a month since. Now I can again see through to health. Aside from other bodily infirmities, I have had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, so that for weeks I have not been able to be turned in bed; but through the agency of God's angels in and out of the flesh, I am recovering very fast.

Notices of Meetings.

MEADOWS.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays, at 7 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Admission free. J. S. Lovell speaks, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, in aid of Dr. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Free.

growth of the more barbaric demonstrations of the bigotry of the past. It should be accepted as a warning and foretoken of the wiles of the advertiser.

Friend Seayer.

FRIEND SEAYER—Look over the enclosed, and if it suits, print it, and if not, burn it. Sincerely and earnestly do I hope the Investigator may live. I should deeply lament its death, as it has done and is doing a good work for humanity. It has ever boldly, sternly, but kindly, met the monstrous assumption of theology, that there are some subjects too sacred to be discussed, doubted, or denied. It has dared to call in question the very things, for questioning which tens of thousands have been sentenced to torture and death. It dares to do that, for doing which the great Martyr of Christendom was nailed to the Cross. There would be many sad hearts and tears over the death of the Investigator. Make that immortal, though its living editor, publisher and readers, die. I speak in my own vernacular. I would not have you speak in any but your own. If you can tolerate mine, print the enclosed, if there be nothing objectionable in the sentiments.

THINE, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

ANTAGONISTIC, YET HARMONIOUS! HORACE SEAYER: My Friend—I am in the family of one to whom the Investigator has made a weekly and welcome visit, most of the time, for thirty years. I meet some pleasant things in my travels as a lecturer. One of these is now before me. "What is it?" you ask. Why, this: i. e., SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM joined and living together in loving harmony.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

has been healing the sick for over two years. He is doing a great amount of good, and it is wrong that he should be, as he does, for nothing. Such men as angels are using to accomplish an untold amount of good, should be known.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

ANTAGONISTIC, YET HARMONIOUS! HORACE SEAYER: My Friend—I am in the family of one to whom the Investigator has made a weekly and welcome visit, most of the time, for thirty years. I meet some pleasant things in my travels as a lecturer. One of these is now before me. "What is it?" you ask. Why, this: i. e., SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM joined and living together in loving harmony.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Materialism and Spiritualism!

What do you say to this, friend Seayer? How do you feel by being thus associated with the Banner? If Materialism, (i. e., the Investigator), be true, Spiritualism dies. If Spiritualism, (i. e., the Banner), lives, Materialism dies. If the Investigator is true, the Banner is false. If the Banner be true, the Investigator is false.

Miss Sarah A. Noyes will speak in Athol, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss E. A. Hill, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Chelsea, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.

Miss M. A. Wood will speak in Worcester, Mass., during October. Address as above, or care of Mrs. E. A. Hill, 100 Washington street, Boston.