

# BANNER LIGHT.



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### DRAM-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," "Daisy Ashbrook, or, Romance of Real Life," "Adolph, or, The Power of Conscience," "Carmella Wayne, or, Will and Destiny," "The Mines, or, The Discipline of Life," "Felicity Almay, or, Crime and Retribution," etc., etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### First Love.

"And that Voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,  
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive."

SCHILLER.

Like the silent, unseen growth of the seed that is to ultimate in the beautifully expanded flower and the ripened fruit, does Love, the Divine Beautifier, unfold within the human heart, the virgin breast of woman. But alas! many are the counterfeiters of that serene glory, whose God-delegated mission is ever to upraise, to bless, to sanctify; never to cast down or destroy.

How could I distinguish between the fair seeming semblance and the Divine Reality? When all marriages shall have become holy, then will children be born with clairvoyant insight, and with never-failing intuitions. I was one of the blinded many. And with the inexperienced hopes of youth there mingled the attendant romance, the impulsive faith, the warm affections I had inherited from my parents. My love was untaught of wisdom; it was the first expression of one of life's greatest needs; the grasping of the soul for its inalienable birthright; a premature demand upon the exhausted sources of Infidelity.

Slowly, imperceptibly the magnetic spell was worn around me, and with a delightful sense of serenity yielded to the bright enchantment. The old, old story, ever new unto the ears that hear it throughout life, not upon its threshold only! Sacred tallman! wherewith Creative Power imbues the avoculous life of Nature. In the palace, and in the meaneast hut, in joy or sorrow, in youth and in maturer years, no language of earth or heaven so thrills the heart with the assurance of immortal blessedness as the sweet magic of the words, "I love you!"

They were whispered to me while the sun was setting in its ocean bed, while at my feet, that seemed to tread the cloud-paths of the Elysian lands, the blue waves rippled musically; while the winds came freighted with the spicy odors of the forest, the tributary incense of the flowers. I knew not then of the necessity of guarding the heart, "out of which are the issues of life."

I loved because my affections were called forth by that respectful, tender homage woman holds so dear; because all the surface qualities we admire, that seem indexes to elevation of soul and mind, were manifested in Ernest Lavalliere. A perfect gentleman, scrupulously attentive to the duties of appearance, he was far removed from foppishness. Kind and lovingly deferential to ladies and children, his eye would glow at the recital of heroic and warlike deeds; quick to resent an injury, and as quickly willing to forgive, he was generous and charitable, and professed a most ideal veneration for his sex.

And to think that this nobly handsome man, with the step and bearing of a prince, with the royally dark eyes, and the ancient honorable name and fame of the Lavalliers, should fancy me, plain Olive Sheldon! With all my silently fostered pride, self-distrust and a false humility were my assailing demons. I felt honored, blest, crowned with unspeakable joy in the possession of the treasure of his love. Like one half in a dream, I went and told my grandmother, told her before I opened my trembling lips to speak to my dear mother.

She heard me gravely and in silence, her soft blue eyes moistened, her fine lip quivered, a shadow of pensiveness settled upon her face. She clasped me in her arms without the utterance of a word. I felt touched, vaguely alarmed, then annoyed. I was habitually impulsive. I spoke out:

"One would think I had announced to you the signing of my death-warrant, you look so terribly solemn, grandma! Do say something for heaven's sake! Have I done wrong?"

"No, no, dear my child; I foresaw, I anticipated this, and yet I have been taken unawares. Have you well questioned your own heart, my Olive? You are yet so young, so untried by life!"

"Well, I'm eighteen, and you were married before that age. Of course I have questioned my own heart, and if it had not answered I should not be here to tell you of it. Now, grandma, will you please tell me?"

"Why not tell her yourself, my dear? Surely, you are not afraid to face your ever-indulgent mother, after confiding in me? Go at once, child, and God bless you! His holy angels guard you, darling. Oh, my love, it is a fearful thing to choose for life and so young, so young!"

What did all her that night? She, usually so self-possessed, so undemonstrative of ought save affection, burst into a passionate flood of tears. I knew not why, but I broke down with her, and we wept in company, and sobbed in each other's arms.

It was long before I could sufficiently compose myself to go to my mother. Something undefinable, a presence, as it were, of some haunting fear oppressed me, as I hastened to my mother's chamber. I found her somewhat pale, but beautiful as ever, reclining in her hammock, after the fashion of her land. Her figure, that would yet have served painter or sculptor for an ideal of

the queenly Juno, was robed in white, and a crimson sash with golden fringe was passed around her waist. Her waving hair put back from her face, descended in a wealth of braids to her feet, and enveloped her person as in a night-black veil, from amid which darkness her coral lips and most expressive eyes shone luminous. A few bright crimson flowers glowed like jewels placed amid the circle of jasmine that graced her brow. She was so beautiful! Oh, Memory, pause, and let me contemplate!

"Dearest mother!" My full heart trembled in the utterance. She looked up and smiled—that glorious, most bewildering smile. I bent my knee before her.

She thought that I had come somewhat earlier than usual for the nightly benediction, that in accordance with the mandates of her religion she bestowed upon me, and which I asked for, knowing that it pleased her gentle and devotional spirit:

"*Dios te bendiga, mi alma!*" (God bless you, my soul,) she said, in her sweet native tongue, then added in English, "Why does my good child kneel to me, as to the Holy Virgin Mother? And why retire so soon, my Olive, dear?"

She dwelt upon my name in her own musical fashion, O-liv-e. I took the lamp from the stand, and placed it on the table before her, so that I could still better note the expression of her face.

"I am not going to retire yet, mamma, but I have spoken to grandmother, and now I come to you, Ernest Lavalliere—"

"He loves you, Olive; he has asked my good child to be his wife. Is that it my bird? Why feel reluctant to speak to me, your best friend, your—"

She wiped away a tear. I threw my arms around her, and kissed her. Her words had partly taken the unaccountable load from off my heart.

"Yes, mother, I replied, "he has asked me; and—"

"You did not refuse? You think well of the young man; you love him, my own precious?"

"I do."

The vivid blushes covered my cheeks, but the oppression on my spirits passed away. My dear mother was willing, nay, eager that I should accept his suit.

"I told him that if you and grandmother consented—"

"My good obedient child!" she interrupted me.

"He is sure of that; we love all whom our Olive loves! and he will give my child a better home than this; he is rich; oh don't scold me, Olive! I know you care not for that, and you know, I am not mercenary; and grandma, she is the most disinterested, dear old angel in all the world! but now my heart is at rest. Oh, child, my soul was troubled for you, for my *queridita*, my little pet! I have not long to stay in this world. I shall soon be with your father! Oh, Louis, my only love! God and the holy saints will surely bring you to the world I shall live in, or they will let me go to your heaven! But before I go, I shall see my own dove cared for! Blessed Mother of the Redeemer, I thank thee!"

Well! I did think mother and grandmother were determined to put lugubrious faces on the matter; my petulant temper could not brook the intrusion of doubt and sorrow on my rose-hued joys. I said some hasty words to that effect, oh, how bitterly repented of since! My mother, for all reply, and in place of reprimanding me as I deserved, drew me to her bosom, tenderly stroked my hair, and amid her tears, spoke of the golden future in store for me, even as her loving and poetical fancy presaged it. I left her presence elate with hope, and all the joyous anticipations of first love. But when I reached my own chamber a longing sadness assailed me; and on bended knee, with tear-wet countenance uplifted to the midnight stars, I called on the dear lost one of my love, my father! I invoked his blessing out of heaven; I told him of my hopes and joys; and the night-wind sighing in response, seemed to soothe me into peace, while it uplifted from the earth unto the realms where love is eternal.

And thus I passed the waking hours of my betrothal night in tears; but I was compensated for the sorrow by the ministrations of the dream-angel, who showed to me my mother restored to perfect bloom of health; my grandmother full of the lively sallies of her usually cheerful days; my father smiling at my happiness, and revisiting the earth clad in the vestments of immortality.

The next morning Ernest had a private conference with my two mothers. He looked a shade more thoughtful when he rejoined me; but the love-light was in his eye, the beaming smile of affection on his lips as he greeted me, thence his own forever!

And thus in the sweet forgetfulness of love, with all my heart desired within my reach, three happy months sped on.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### Before the Storm.

"A home of gentle voices and kind eyes!  
And I the loved of all,  
On whom fond blessings fall  
From every lip—oh! will thou then rend such ties?"  
FELICIA HEMANS.

Preparations going forward for my wedding; my beautiful mother all serenity and smiles; my blessed grandmother active with the needle, for my indolent and dreamy self; and vainly striving to impress upon the mind filled with the one thought of life, the necessity of some practical application to every day affairs. I was willful and happy, and as usual had my own way.

"But dear Olive," remonstrated my grandmother, in that calm and musical tone of hers: "though you are going to marry a rich man, and keep as many servants as you desire, is it not well that the mistress of a household should know something of household concerns. My dear, you do not know when water boils, and you cannot tell one vegetable from another, in an uncooked state.

You hate the needle, and you never will touch a broom; you love the beautiful and artistic, but you never think whether the cobwebs are hanging like clouds over your head, or not. Life is not always made up of day-dreams, and your season of youth will pass, and then—but do not think, dear child, your old grandmother would dampen your spirits; not for the world! Your happiness is mine; but I do wish you would become just the least bit practical for Ernest's sake, if not for ours."

"He is very well satisfied with me as I am; if he can overlook my want of grace and beauty, he will not trouble himself about my lack of housewifely accomplishments."

"But, Olive, my dear, think of the changes, the emergencies of life! what if sickness should come into the family?"

"I would send for the Doctor."

"Yes, and poison yourselves with their drugs that were never intended to go into a human stomach. I tell you, child, every woman ought to understand enough of the laws of health and of her own being, to take the place of physician to her family, at least. I do not often speak of the little I do; but I am certain that good care and nursing, and my rigid scrutiny of what the doctors order, has been the means of keeping your dear mother with us so long. And yet she is falling fast."

I should have noticed it more, had I not been absurdly, selfishly engrossed in the love that was all of life to me. I sighed and made no answer; I could not bear the intrusion of sorrow, the anticipations of gloom to break in upon my heart-joys; I am to have you with me, and you have always been the main prop of the house, anyway," I said at length.

"Dear, heedless child!" she said tenderly; "never thinking of the future that must come to all! Can grandmother remain with you always? Even now I am verging fast upon the allotted years of life. You must face the thought, Olive, that you cannot have us with you very long, your mother and—"

"Not another word!" I cried, stopping her mouth with kisses, though my eyes were filled with tears: "You're going to live till you're a hundred, and then I shall be ready to go with you; and mamma will go, better when we remove to Calcutta; and—"

"There is said to be very salutary, and this are mineral springs in the neighborhood that will act on you, too, like the fabled fountain of old that rejuvenated, and gave health and strength."

"You are a sanguine little dreamer! and for yourself you think there is no need of the fabled fountain?"

"I have one within myself," I replied, laughing and blushing.

"The everlasting Spring of Love!" said my grandmother; and her face brightened as with the glowing memories of the past. "Yes, I believe in it; if it were only guarded well, all could be healed in its sacred waters. God himself has caused the immortal stream to rise within the souls of his creatures. But I was talking of common things, and here you carry me off to the heights with you! I don't want to rob you of one atom of the poetry in your nature, Olive, but I want you, for your own future good, to take a part in every day affairs. The trouble with you, my child is, that you make wrong distinctions; you deem that all that belongs to the physical part of us, is, in a measure, low. You love to see a well-ordered table, and to arrange its decorations of fruit and flowers; but you scorn to soil your dainty hands with the washing of a plate, or the cooking of a single article. You lay too much stress upon external beauty; and in some respects you do not value yourself as you should. Plain Olive Sheldon, has been the big bear of your life. I am glad that Mr. Lavalliere has chased that phantom. Now if I could succeed in removing one or two prejudices more, and of rendering you practical, I should be the happiest of grandmothers, and the greatest of my hopes would be fulfilled."

"Well, darling grandma, you know I would do anything to please you; but no one thinks of working in this summer-country, and why should I make the exception?"

"Why make the rule, Olive, by following absurd customs that render women indolent and inefficient? Your great weakness is in indulging in a morbid fear of the world's opinions, and obedience to its say-so; yet in other respects you are free and untamable enough."

"Well, well! I'll go into the kitchen on purpose to please you, grandma dear; and I'll whip up the eggs and do all manner of things."

"Not under compulsion, my child; besides, I cannot trust you just now. With your little noddle so full of all sorts of rose and violet-colored fancies, you would make the funniest mistakes. But you may go and do a little sewing for yourself."

I ran off and settled down to my needle for the space of fifteen minutes, then, tired of the monotonous employment, I cast the long seam from me contemptuously, and ran into my mother's room.

"*Mi queridita!*" she affectionately greeted me. "I have not seen you since breakfast; where is Ernest?"

"Gone down to some of the landing-places, dear mamma; he will return in an hour."

"I thought he would not remain away long!" she said, and flashed one of her brightest smiles upon me. "Do you know, my dove," she continued, "that you are growing absolutely beautiful? Your cheeks look like sweet pink roses, and your eyes are as brilliant as diamonds—but not so hard, my love—and you are altogether more graceful, vivacious, and—"

"Do stop, mamma, for pity's sake!" I exclaimed laughing, yet inwardly delighted at her praises. "You flatter me as much as Ernest does."

"What seems flattery from the lips of love is often but the speech of sincerity. What we love is ALWAYS beautiful. But you have really im-

proved within the last three months," said my kind mother. "I am truly glad we are going to remove from here," she resumed; "I think I shall like a change, and perhaps my health will improve in the far famed climate of Calambria. It is so kind in Ernest to offer his luxurious home to me as well as to your grandmother. I desire to live since your happiness has been assured. I thought I was resigned to go home to my father and mother; to the dear brothers and sisters that the Virgin called to her bosom in early life; to my dearest Louis; but I have changed in my feelings of late; I want to live with you, and I am eager to be gone and see your home."

"And you shall, dear mother, and live many, many happy years in it!"

"How beautiful is your grandmother's religion, Olive! It is so consoling. I am compelled to accept at least some parts of it. In the many years that we have lived together she has never by a word or look ridiculed my faith. Oh, if all were like her, there would never be discord in families. She has been as a true mother to me; she loved me because I loved her son; other mothers-in-law have hated the son's wife for that very reason. She is so good and true, surely the blessed Saviour will receive her into his Paradise at the intercession of his ever pure Mother."

"I feel so light of heart, dear child of my love!" she went on to say; "I have not felt so since your father left me alone, alone in this wide world; for no friends and no joys of this life can ever compensate me for his loss! Olive, my choice blossom! I do not know what makes me talk so much to-day; but I will tell you what I never said to you before, though your thoughts may have touched upon that sore spot in my heart, now that you know what it is to love: *Louis Sheldon never loved me as I loved him!* Do not shake your head and say, 'Impossible!' alas for me! it was too true! My beauty, that would have brought hundreds of worshippers to my feet, had not the power to attract him; I lacked that order of intellect, that style of loveliness, that indefinable charm that could win one like him. My child, it has been the one great sorrow of my life!"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I knelt on the cushion at her feet and tenderly besought her to be calm. She looked down on me with the smile of a forgiving angel, and said:

"Tell me, Olive, have you ever thought of this?"

"One of my redeeming traits was and is, truthfulness. I answered that I had thought his manner indifferent at times, but that I ascribed it to a natural difference of temperament, a lack of demonstrativeness, rather than to the absence of love."

"You saw, my Olive, how warmly affectionate he ever was to his mother, how lovingly attentive to all your little wants. Never has a harsh or reproving word fallen from his lips toward me; he was ever the gentlest, most thoughtful, considerate of husbands; but he never responded to the boundless love I felt for him. It was idolatry, dear one! and from it God turned in anger; and he, the worshiped one, in most supreme indifference!"

I could not argue on the subject, and embarrassed as to what I should say, I held my peace.

"Do you know, Olive mine, what thought and hope has sustained me during the long, long days and nights since I last looked on his dear and beautiful face? That in Heaven he may be all my own; that there I may again be with him, and oh joy! beloved as I desire to be!"

How gloriously beautiful she was with the crimson of exalted hope flooding her cheek, with her eyes of sun-like lustre, the radiant face aglow with all the expectation of immortal love.

"They named me well, Maravilla; not because of the beauty they said I possessed, but because my life has been to me a marvel and a mystery. You, Olive, have been its chief consolation, you and dear mother, grandma Health. If it were not for you two, I should long since have followed Louis."

"Dearest mother, do not dwell upon the past. The future of this life is brightening for you. You will have a son as well as a daughter to love you, and no cares for the material side of life. Ernest only has his father, and we can tolerate the old French gentleman with his oddities and exaggerations, for Ernest's sake. And we shall have no mother-in-law or prying old maid slater to interfere in our arrangements; but dear grandma and yourself will be, as ever, at the head of affairs."

"I fear I have always been a poor help; much rather an incumbrance on those ever busy hands," returned my mother.

"And I am as inefficient as a princess," I gaily and thoughtlessly replied. "Only think, mamma, grandmother has been reading me quite a sermon on the necessity of practical application to the business of life. That's what she grandiloquently calls it."

"She is right, my child; she is always right," my mother said gravely and with a sigh. "I wish you would take her advice in all things."

"Well, I will try, but not just now. Am I not the happiest girl alive, and that, too, without any merit of mine? Here I am, a little, awkward, large-mouthed, half-kempt, long-nosed, colorless, nail-biting holden, with no accomplishments and no talents, with scarcely any education to win the heart of one of the noblest and truest men in God's dear universe! I must believe that some of the wise and beneficent angels and guardian spirits you and grandma believe in—though you do it in a different way—have brought about so much happiness for me!"

"Do not so underrate yourself, my dove. You have talent, my genius, that only lacks cultivation. You write exquisite verses, and you have a fine ear for music, and a painter's eye; the whole soul of the artist and the poet."

"Thanks, mother dear, for the soothing compliments from your most beautiful lips. My poetry I plead guilty to; though I cannot see it in the partial light that you do. My music might do well, if I had only the patience to practice. As for

painting, I have a pretty good eye for colors, but I never could draw a straight line. I admire the beautiful in nature and in art, but I can invent nothing, nor even make a copy. I am a dunce in arithmetic, and write a most miserable scrawl. I am slow with my needle, and hate all manner of housework. In fact, I'm just fit to be petted, and to live with those that love me so well they overlook my faults. I never could get along with strangers. My pride and sensitiveness would kill me. I have just dropped down into the nook fit for me; into the dream-life that is the only life I am capable of enjoying."

"Dreams! dreams! Alas! they pass away, and the awakening is terrible!" murmured my mother.

"Come, best and loveliest of mothers, do not you turn a prophet of evil, I implore you!"

"I, my child? and to you? Oh, no; I spoke only for myself. Your life will be one of undisturbed brightness, for love opens wide the gate to happiness. And you have learned more of that precious grandmother of yours, Olive, than you could of all the schoolmasters and mistresses in England, or elsewhere. You shall not call yourself ignorant, *manita* forbids it. You speak excellent Spanish, and you can compose a beautiful letter. You have learned some French and German. And all the rest you need, household duties included, there is plenty of time yet for you to learn. I regret that I could not teach you more, but my opportunities were limited; some day I will tell you all about it; and how your father and I became acquainted."

"Oh, do; I shall be so glad to hear."

"I am pleased that Ernest speaks English so well; that he has had the benefit of travel as well as yourself. You will never weary of each other's company. And, my dear, you can study French with old Monsieur Lavalliere."

"I don't like him overmuch, mamma; but then—"

"Well, he is an oddity; and is not very obedient to the telling of strict truth, always; but then, for Ernest's sake, we can have charity for his failings."

The smiling and shining black face of Antonia, the cook, presented herself at the doorway formed of the pink and white curtains, and said:

"The Señor Lavalliere sends his compliments, and is in the saloon, and wishes to inquire whether he may have the pleasure of presenting himself to the Señora, or whether the Señora will condescend to see him where he is?" and the good-natured woman smiled from ear to ear, in rapturous admiration of her own elegance of speech.

"I will see the Señor Lavalliere in the saloon," said mamma, rising and adjusting her scarf around her, and proceeding to the modest sitting-room dignified by the name of saloon.

A tall and well preserved man, for his sixty-five years, was Monsieur Lavalliere, full of the ceremonial politeness of the old school; and andly voluble over his own martial and affectional achievements of the past. I often noticed that Ernest grew restive under his fabulous recitals. The old gentleman was an aristocrat of the first water, yet he could make himself agreeable to all classes. With the natural repugnance of a pure nature, my grandmother turned a deaf ear to the stories of his manifold conquests among *gracettes*, duchesses, maids, wives and widows. Intuitively, I disliked him, for the love I bore Ernest, I strove to tolerate him.

A keen, black eye, scanty white hair, a florid countenance, with features that resembled Ernest's, but more boldly prominent; with an air of one accustomed to command, a large fund of mirthfulness, and a total lack of veneration, an excess of self-esteem, and the large remains of an inordinate vanity; such was Monsieur Narcisse Alphonse Lavalliere, retired merchant, native of the city of Lyons, in *la belle France*.

Ever since my engagement to his son, he had paid his almost daily respects to us; not, however, without adroitly mingling with his compliments and high-flown phrases, his sense of the honor he was conferring as well as receiving. Almost every day he sent bouquets of flowers for us three; sometimes he sent singing birds; and once he sent a companion poodle for my mother's pet dog, Chico. Yet for all this kindness, we did not love him any the better.

"*Don four, bon jour, Madame.*" He bowed in the most approved style to my mother, and gallantly kissed her hand. "Charming as the Graces, and beautiful as Venus risen from the sea!" he added.

"Mademoiselle—to me—" you look like a fairy, this morning; that rose-colored robe becomes your style admirably. You look like an English rose. Ah, my dear, one year's training in Paris would make of you a French woman, delightful to behold! A little training of art, added to the natural graces, and you would be incomparable. Your *tourure* is good, only *Dame Nature* must be asked somewhat. Do not frown, *ma rose chérie*, clouds must not obscure the sun, and you must not dart angry lightning from those precious eyes. And by the way, Ernest will be here directly."

"Oh, Madame"—turning to grandmother—"if I could speak your language, I would give one—no, ten millions dollars, so I could better entertain myself with you. Madame, you are *belle comme les anges*. Do not look severe, I implore you. I tell the only truth."

This attack upon grandma was made in English which the old gentleman spoke far more brokenly than did my mother. Usually he spoke in a mixture of French and Spanish.

"When I kept *Magazin des modes*," he addressed himself to mother again, in French, which grandma understood, "I had dealings with some of the richest and noblest ladies in the kingdom. Madame la Marquise De Tremaville was my intimate friend; indeed, I have reason to believe she loved me far better than the husband chosen by her parents—a marriage of convenience. The Marquise was taken sick, and in her wild ravings of fever, she called incessantly for me. She died, and when she was placed in the coffin, her beautiful white arms fold-

ed on her breast, she held in one hand a withered white rose. It was a flower I had given her, on the happy occasion of her birthday. The doctors said she died of disease of the brain. I know it was of the heart, Madame; and the old Adonis settled his ruffles with a self-complacent smile.

"I have seen military service in my youth, fair ladies," he babbled on. "I have been in thirty-nine battles! Yes, Madames, you may gaze in astonishment, but it is the sober truth. I was wounded once in thirteen different places, each ball remaining in the flesh, and every snare cut inflicting a mortal wound! I was brought back to life by the lily hands of compassionate women. How often has the fair sex saved my life! How many of them have loved me, even to the verge of despair! I tell you, Madames, I am one of the most wonderful of living men; my biography would make the fortune of some poor devil of a publisher. I have been imprisoned, shipwrecked, left for dead on countless battle-fields, escaped from burning houses, and from the ruins of the earthquake here, in the year—well, never mind the date. Such youthful spirits as you and I, Madame Heide—" he never could pronounce the name—"never grow old. But here comes Ernest. Ah, I grieve! where have you been so long, away from your belle fiancée."

And thus he rattled on, while Ernest led me to the flower-encircled verandah, on the other side of the house, away from the senseless talk of old or heads, to the sweet communion of love.

[To be continued in our next.]

### The Spirit-World.

The following communication is from the spirit of a young lady, who passed to Summer-Land a few years since. She was sixteen years of age when she departed, and was remarkable for her intellectual attainments, and amiability of character.

The communication came through Miss Lizzie Keyser, of this city, a very excellent medium, of whom you may have heard the Rev. Mr. Fish speak.

Judging from the progress this young lady has made, since her death as a medium, about seven months since, we may confidently bespeak for her a career of great usefulness in the cause of Spiritualism.

The characteristics of Miss Keyser's communications, are their directness and truthfulness. Her mediumistic powers are rapidly unfolding under spiritual guidance; and the time is not distant when we shall have, in her, an able exponent of the sublime truths of spiritual intercourse.

Very truly yours,  
W. TAYLOR.  
Cincinnati, O., Sept. 1st, 1865.

### My Spirit-Home.

MY DARLING MA—I promised to describe my spirit-home to you. When first I awoke to consciousness, I found myself in the arms of a man whom I did not recognize. But he said, "Be not afraid, my darling ALICE, for know that I am thy father." Oh, what happiness was there for me! When I looked around, and saw you weeping, and beheld my cold form, oh, how sad I felt to think that I was there, and could not speak one word of comfort to my heart-broken Ma. I remained with you till you took my body to the grave. Then my father said to me, "My darling, I will now show you the beauties of your spirit-home."

bidding me look upward, he said, "What beholdest thou?" I looked above, and with wonder beheld an orb, brighter by far than the sun of Earth in its meridian glory; and pure light radiated therefrom.

"There," said my father, "dwell many whom you shall see; who, clothed in raiment soft and pure, move in harmony. These night-shades never fall; and death and gloom have no element. Those who enjoy such blessed abodes do not suffer; no pain ever disturbs their calm repose."

The strange sensations manifested by human spirits, as they mingled with the disembodied multitude, observing what was transpiring around me, elicited my wonder; and whilst watching their movements, I began to ask myself if what I saw was reality, or mere imagination. But my father soon discovered my thoughts, and took me by the hand, saying, "These beings who move about thee, once inhabited the Earth; but having left their mortal dwellings, are now commencing a new state of existence. Their surprise is the effect of sudden change from the external effects and sense, to the spiritual. But more of this state and condition shall be revealed, when such instruction will better thy mind." Thus saying, he led me toward a cloud of light. "Behold," said he, "the countless planetary hosts! Mark the rolling orbs, suns, and systems of suns, moving in perfect harmony. This vast expanse is occupied and peopled with universes, inhabited with holy beings, happy and immortal, though in a degree of development, and refined spirituality."

As we moved on, we soon entered a plain, where were many trees bearing fruit. Their interwoven branches formed a canopy of evergreen above us. Passing through these shadowy groves, I was delighted with the melody of birds, whose warbling notes arose in sweet songs. There we paused. Supposing that I was on some terrestrial orb, I inquired its name. My father answered: "These trees, and flowers, and birds, occupy the outer expanse of the spiritual home. So pure are they, and so refined, that mortals with beclouded vision, may not behold them; and so soft their notes, that they are not audible to the dull ears of man.

Thou canst comprehend through spiritual senses the existence and reality of spiritual habitation; but what thou dost now behold, is but the outline and mere exterior of the home of spirits. These floral plains and warbling melodies are but the lower order of the external habitation. Dost thou discover that these groves appear as if moved with alarion? and that these melodies, which charm and invigorate thee with new life, are but notes offered to higher degrees of love?

Here the disembodied spirits are conducted by their guardian protectors, as they leave the Valley and Shadow of Death; and here they are taught the rudiments of immortal life. Here they receive instructive lessons relative to their heavenly abode, and learn the nature of pure love, unmarred by sin. Here are first tuned the lyres of ceaseless praise, as they learn to utter immortal accents to the Infinite, and receive new-born thoughts, which bring to them an increasing sense of the reality of their change. Here friends who have advanced in spiritual attainments, return from higher employments, to welcome the spirit on its entrance upon this plane of the spirit-world. Here kindred are permitted to meet and hold converse; and it is in these immortal groves, where spirits first attempt, in unity, the song of praise and grace, and repose in soft and heavenly sweetness, breathe the pure air of paradise."

The music of this soft and melodious utterance, moved like the voice of many waters, filling the entire dome; and as the anthem closed, the echo departed in the distance, as though borne from wave to wave along the atmosphere. The spirit

of praise inspired each chorist with the fullness of divine melody, that moved by it, they touched the silver chords of their golden harps, causing each note to reverberate as if gliding along the sensitive nerves of the spirit-hearts, components of one immortal lyre. Each measure, like noiseless waves, awelled over that sea of mind, and with their gentle undulations, it seemed to be moving, when a spirit from the innumerable company approached, and addressing me in a familiar manner, called my name. The spell of music being broken, I was much affected to find myself in the embrace of one who, on earth, I had loved with the affection of a sister. With willingness I sank into her arms, and she, with a sister's tenderness, pressed me to her immortal form, saying, "My darling cousin, welcome to our spirit-home!" "Thrice welcome," uttered the music of a thousand voices, and around me gathered those I loved, all eager to greet me, and receive me to their kind embrace.

Around us, and in this spacious room, appeared spirits, lovely and glorious beyond description. Here we rested. Mingling with them were many old and familiar spirit friends. Although I knew them, yet their appearance was unlike that on earth, each being an embodiment of intellect, unassociated with the physical form, in which I had known them before. Not having the power, or any means adapted to convey a just idea, I can only give feeble utterance to my conception of their nature, by saying, they appeared all mind, all light, all glory, all adoration, all love, supremely pure, all peace, all calm repose and serenity, all united in sublime employ, and all expressive of heavenly, unfolding joy.

Freely did they converse, but they did not use the language of human beings. They spoke, but no audible utterance attended. Yet thought moved with thought, and spirit was familiar with the mind of spirit. Ideas associated with their heavenly life, flowed from being to being; harmony of thought and soul; harmony of desire; harmony of speech, and harmony in the swelling anthem; harmony was their life, their love, their manifestation, and supreme delight.

Then I heard my father say, "Come up hither." At that moment I beheld a circular expanse, like the interior of a tower, whose spiral walls formed ascending galleries, winding up into the superior glory. This lovely pathway seemed formed of rainbows, wreathed in spirals of prismatic hues, and reflecting varying, but ever beautiful dints of matchless lustre, borne on a cloud of essential light, that, like a chariot, ascended the spiral, and advanced along the rising galleries of this tower of rainbow forms and glories.

Standing by the side of my father, a sense of calm composure, full of delight, far superior to my previous condition, pervaded my being. The spiral galleries, which seemed to undulate, as if moved by breathing elements of life, became more beautiful as we advanced, and appeared to be composed of minute gems of floating light; reflecting and picturing, in their tremulous surfaces, each floral beauty which had gladdened my spirit, as I passed through the beauties from which I had just arisen.

Soon we entered the sublime temple of instruction, built of the most precious material, and in style of architecture I am unable to describe, which arose from the centre of a circular lawn of great extent, whose green surface appeared covered with the softest and richest verdure. Majestic trees, in groups, and at regular intervals, arose, bearing a profusion of fragrant and shining clusters of flowers. Beneath their shade, and on the more open spaces, appeared minute flower beds, filled with every variety of flowering and blossoming shrubs and vines. Fountains of living waters were also visible, some just rising from the green grass, and flowing through their marble channels, or beds of golden sand, with a low and pleasant murmur, while others gushed forth in full volume to a lofty height, and descending in glowing streams of every variety of form, were received in basins, some of which were like diamonds, and others like burnished silver, or the whitest pearl. This lawn was encircled by a lofty, but open trellis-work, and at one side appeared a gateway, without doors, from the centre of which flowed forth a stream of living water, supplied from the fountains within the enclosure.

As we moved on in the pathway of the flowing river, and the stately avenues, my mind became absorbed in the entrancing sight. From the outer limits to the centre, was one gentle ascending, and encircling pathway of ever increasing loveliness. Each degree was marked by new and more beautiful forms of tree, flower, fountain, statue, palace and temple of adoration.

Thus the entire spirit-home appeared one garden of flowers; one grove of umbrage; one gallery of sculptured imagery; one undulating sea and fountain; one unbroken extent of sumptuous architecture, all set in surrounding landscapes of corresponding beauty, and overarched by a sky adorned with hues of immortal light, that bathed and encircled each and every object with an ever-varying and increasing charm.

I now beheld the movement of the spirits, but faint is the idea that can be given to you, dear Ma, of what was before my sight. I can only describe it by saying that the entire movement was melody. All the angelic multitude appeared animated from an inspiring love, moving in the wisdom of one orderly plan, and having in view the unfolding of me, their new charge, into a condition of being which would correspond with all the visible perfection.

This, my darling Ma, is a view of my spirit-home; and from this realm I shall be conducted to other and higher schools of instruction.

And, dear Ma, I am so happy here, I do not wish to go back to the earth, only to comfort you. At some future time I will give you another communication, as I unfold more and more in the spirit-world.

From your darling,  
ALICE.

### Original Essay.

#### ABOUT EVIL AND JESUS.

BY D. M. LAPHAM.

Your contributor, Mr. A. B. Child, in the Banner of September 2d, says: "In the whole record of the New Testament Christ nowhere says: 'Resist evil.'" If Jesus does not use the words, "Resist evil," in the whole record of the New Testament, he does say: "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Repent of what? Sin, of course, and evil. Repent of your sins and evils committed in the past. If a man's repentance is deep and thorough, who will question or doubt that he will promptly resist his former evils and sins as circumstances may present them for his resisting? Also that he will by precept, if not by physical force, resist the evils and sins of others, whether directed toward him or his fellow being. When Jesus says, "Repent, &c.," it appears the same, in substance, as "Resist the evil and sin of your worldly desires, or ye shall all likewise perish." A man never repents properly till he stops doing wrong; and this will be a successful resistance.

It was said that Saul of Tarsus was a chosen vessel unto Jesus, and, therefore, inspired by Jesus, directly or indirectly; hence it may be correct that Jesus says, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," although said through Paul. Jesus was forty days in the wilderness, tempted of the devil. Was he really tempted by the devil? Did the devil succeed in tempting Jesus, or only in trying to tempt him? It says plainly, "And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan." So the devil did succeed in really tempting Jesus. Now, without believing in a personal devil, it is understood that Jesus knew and felt the evil and sinful desires of his physical being, and retired to the solitude of the wilderness where he could commune with his own God, within his own soul. There he prayed and fasted, there he struggled with his physical and earthly desires, and there he successfully resisted the sin and evil of his nature, gaining the great victory—victory over self. With his clairvoyant and great magnetic powers it is not to be wondered at that a thought should enter his mind that he might gain the whole world by going in on the popular side, without regard to truth or right. But his forty days' struggle had been successful; he was ready to dismiss the thought, to cast it out of his mind; in fact, to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Jesus resists the devil when manifested through Peter, telling him, "Get thee behind me, Satan! thou art an offence to me!" Does Dr. Child think Jesus gave this striking rebuke only for the purpose of locating the devil? Is it not a greater course or evil to one to be possessed by a devil. Jesus cast out the devil, or devils, from the man who was naked and dwelt in the tombs. Jesus commanded them to come out of him, and the devils, whose name was Legion, besought Jesus to let them enter into the herd of swine. Now did not Jesus oppose or resist the evil to this unfortunate man? Yes, most potently did he do it. This time he located the devil—that one or lot of them—and it is a wonder that Bible believers are such lovers of swine flesh.

This is only one case of his resistance to the devil or evil, of this kind. There are many more recorded; one that was "too many" for his apostles; they could not resist him successfully; Jesus had to take his own hand. The apostles wondered why they could not expel (resist) him, and Jesus told them, "This kind cometh not out but by fasting and prayer." We have no authority showing that Jesus carried a sword for self-defence, but there is proof that one of his disciples did. Jesus said, "Watch ye and pray lest ye enter into temptation." Here is a precept equal to that of "Resist evil," for a temptation to wrong is the first start to evil, or sin.

It will be admitted that there are other ways of resisting evil than by physical force, with weapons of death. It is better to try argument to resist an evil about to be wrought upon you, sometimes; to try to persuade your haters or enemies that they are wrong. Both of these did Jesus do when his enemies were about to stone him; and they are often very expedient. But they failed on that occasion, and by another power of resistance he was enabled to go through their midst and away from them without being harmed.

He said to the woman caught in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." He gave her to understand that she must resist that act, and this, too, whether done by free will or by force of circumstances. Did not Jesus bid his disciples go forth and proclaim the truth in spite of their enemies and those who would hate them; to be bold in the right, and "Fear not those who have power to destroy the body; but rather, fear Him who hath power to destroy both body and soul."

We need have no fear of Him while on the side of truth and good. It is only the false and evil that we have need to fear. Is not truth opposed to falsehood? Is not good opposed to evil? Surely, they resist each other as naturally as two opposing currents of the ocean or the air. Does not inharmonious war with harmony? Inharmonious is generally thought to be bad, and is conceded to be an undeveloped state. If inharmonious is had then harmony is good, and good wars with bad, or evil.

So far for Jesus' precepts and mild action against evil. Now for something stronger: He said, "Think not that I come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." This he said and this he did. He came with truth and light which set father against son, brother against brother, &c. This was good for that age, and is good for this age, and will be good for all ages, until an age shall dawn where all is good and there is no darkness. Until that time comes good will continue to resist evil, and all evil will be overcome by good. It is true that Jesus' precepts and practices were for the forgiveness of sin, but not for the non-resistance of evil. It was considered by him an evil that his Father's house was made a house of merchandise; so he made a scourge of small cords and drove them all out of the temple, pouring out the changers' money and overthrowing the tables. This appears very much like resistance to sin on the material and physical plane; if not with a weapon of death, certainly with one that could sting sharply when in active and powerful hands. It is reasonable to suppose that Jesus carried a look of determination corresponding to the act. Will Mr. Child say that this act was to locate the evil only, and not to resist it?

Saul warred against the good and true, and got wounded. There was some resistance stronger than mild persuasion used with him. He was thrown to the earth and blinded as effectually as any man deserves to be, who seeks to take the life of the true and good friends. It does not say that Saul was bruised, but the weapon used knocked him down and rendered him submissive to good.

Mr. Child says, "In no way did Christ resist evil for the safety of himself or for the safety of others." How strange! That was his great mission, his real work, to stand out boldly with the

truth against falsehood, with light against darkness, that error might be saved. What did he rebuke and cast out devils for, if it was not to save those obsessed by the powers of darkness? The difference between Jesus and the Devil about warring with and resisting the Devil and evil, is this: The Devil resists evil with evil, while Jesus resists evil with good. Overcome evil with good is the law of Jesus; and when he struck down Saul he overcame evil with good. It was good for Saul and the world; while Saul's course was evil to himself and the world. Every Devil he cast out he overcame with good.

The law of Jesus, again, is one of forgiveness; but only in case of real repentance can it come. If a good man hinders an evil one from taking his life, or his friend's life, by knocking him down, he does the evil man a kindness which he will some time be thankful for. If the evil had been successfully resisted, our President could not have been assassinated. An evil deed cannot be resisted after it is accomplished—it is then too late. What is then done is only to satisfy the evil of revenge. Neither Jesus nor all the angel-hosts will ever cease to rebel or overcome sin with good, until there be no sin. The pure emanations from Jesus resist and expels evil as readily as light does darkness.

### "THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND."

"T is a lovely, fairy Land,  
Beyond the River;  
Peopled by the angel band,  
Beyond the River;  
Friends in happy union there,  
Each are gathering flowers rare,  
While sweetest music fills the air,  
Beyond the River.

Sorrow's tears are wiped away,  
Beyond the River;  
No more we see our hopes decay,  
Beyond the River;  
No withering grief shall haunt us more,  
Heart-aches leave us at death's door,  
And we wake to life on the "shining shore,"  
Beyond the River.

But we must live and labor too,  
This side the River;  
There's much for willing hands to do,  
This side the River;  
Then let each hand its portion seek,  
The strong arm help to guide the weak,  
For what we sow, we'll surely reap,  
Beyond the River.

### Correspondence.

#### Impressions of a "Buckeye" of the "East."

It is a common saying, that "all the wise men from the East"—it may be so, but if the wise men do come from the East, they never go back to stay again. This is the reason of the truth of the saying, that "Westward the star of Empire takes its way." But I only write thus by way of introduction to giving you the impressions of a Western tourist to the East, of some things and some persons. These are not altogether spiritual impressions; but they are impressions direct from association with some of the Spiritualists of the East, about whom I wish to say a few words, "settling down naught in malice," and having no occasion to find fault, but having much reason to praise and applaud.

Some weeks ago, my wife and myself, in company with Bro. J. G. Fish, left Cincinnati for the East. Our design was to go to Hammonon, in the old State of New Jersey, rest there awhile, and thence proceed, as occasion might serve, whithersoever we listed, for the purpose of doing good to ourselves and to others. After a most agreeable journey over the railroads, and over the Alleghany Mountains by moonlight, we safely arrived in Philadelphia. While going over the Alleghany Mountains, reaching the summit and descending again, the grandest and most magnificent scenes were presented to our view. Descending on the other side of the Alleghany, along those great and wonderful railroad curves, just before we reach the beautiful town of Altoona, the moon shining brightly, Bro. Fish called our particular attention to the grand works of God, which were spread out in leagues before us in the shape of huge mountains and deep valleys, and said, in reverence and adoration of the great maker of these things, "How great, how wonderful, how extensive, how magnificent, how mighty are thy works, O Father!" And then, on reflection, he added, "How small and insignificant are we, Bro. C., in comparison with the scene before us!"

I replied, "How great and mighty are the souls of those who can take in and comprehend all this! We are not small and insignificant in comparison; we are greater, mightier than all this; for we see, and our souls take in and comprehend all this, and of all on earth human beings alone are great and mighty enough to do this. How small and insignificant, then, all this scene of sky-touching mountains and deep-gulf valleys in comparison with a living soul! How infinitely superior the spirit of one human being to all the materiality of the world! What are mountains, valleys, the moon, to MAN?"

Notwithstanding these sayings and reflections, however, the reaching moon kept shining, steadily shining on, disclosing to us all the grand scene, and the mountains and the valleys kept their fixed and overlasting places; and the steam of the locomotive drove us rapidly down the great curving descent, until we reached the level plains, not minding at all the host of souls aboard the cars, and not giving us a thought, or thinking us worthy of a reflection. We paid attention to them—they knew not how to pay attention to us, or to themselves. They existed, and they thought not; they lived, and they knew not. How base and inferior all material things to the spiritual!

But "something too much of this." Remaining a few hours only in Philadelphia, we took the ferry to cross the beautiful Delaware River, and, landing in New Jersey, we took the cars on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad for the town of Hammonon, where, after going a distance of thirty miles, we were safely deposited. And now about the town of Hammonon, and Spiritualism, and the Spiritualists there.

The town is situated midway in Jersey, between Philadelphia, or Camden and Atlantic City. It is in space of extensive domain. The houses—almost all of frame cottage style—are plentiful but far between. They are scattered over a very great extent of territory, each house having from five to twenty acres of land attached, on which are cultivated in luxuriance all kinds of fruit and vegetables, and these are the staples of the place. I saw, while there, in great abundance, peaches, pears, apples, plums, watermelons, muskmelons, nutmegs and cantaloupes; blackberries, huckleberries, cranberries; (the season of strawberries was over—they are large and abundant there in season); tomatoes, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes—these especially—grapes of every species and variety; quinces, and indeed almost all the kinds

of fruit and vegetable I could name. The markets for this fruit and these vegetables are the cities of Philadelphia and New York; and from the sales in these markets the people of Hammonon chiefly derive their living and support.

The town seems new. It is a new settlement in every sense of the term, although it takes the name of a very old settlement once made there, but the vestiges of which now only remain. To its present extent and importance it has sprung up, I was told, in the last five years. It is curious to observe that the old State of New Jersey is absolutely becoming new again, so that it well deserves anew the name of New Jersey. Yes, it is a positive fact, that the tide of immigration is now, and has been for some time, pouring into that old State, and all things in it are becoming new. People from the North, the East, the West, and since the war the South, immigrate now to New Jersey, and the old State is fast becoming re-peopled. The town of Hammonon has within its precincts residents from New England, from Minnesota, Michigan, and other States of the West; and from New York, from Pennsylvania, and almost every State of the North, West and East; and among these there are quite a number of those persons who have had the light of the spiritual world to shine upon them.

I was surprised at the multitude of professed Spiritualists there. They outnumber those of any one other religious persuasion, and the consequence is that the spiritual sphere of the place is quite as free and untrammelled as the atmosphere they breathe. They have a well organized society, which meets together every Sunday morning and evening; to hear lectures; when lecturers visit them; and besides, they have a well organized Lyceum for the children, who assemble together every Saturday afternoon, and learn, by free and genial intercourse with their instructors; lessons of wisdom, and go through the appropriate exercises with their badges and banners, and thus mingle entertainment and pleasure with their tasks, so that they love to learn, and therefore do learn truly.

"Dear Joy! the sweetest and the best,  
When youths and virgins meet."

And these dear joys belong to the youths and virgins of that Progressive Lyceum. The Lyceum is exceedingly well managed by the Director, Dr. Howard, assisted by some very intelligent ladies and gentlemen.

During my sojourn in Hammonon, I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with most of the Spiritualists there, and I must say that I found them a very good and intelligent set of people. They seemed to me to rally around the standard of Spiritualism with as much courage and energy as any body of Spiritualists I have yet met with; and they were quite disposed not only to have clarity for all that differ with them, but to respect those who differ with them. Mr. Fish was the regular lecturer while I was there; but the Committee of the Society also invited me to deliver a lecture, which I did on the evening of the first Sunday we were there. I also spoke to the children in the Lyceum, and I trust that I accomplished some good, for I found very attentive and appreciative audiences indeed.

The ladies "got up" a Festival, for the purpose of raising funds toward building a hall for the Society. They called it a "Peach Festival"—for it was the season for peaches—and there were plenty of them about, and all other kinds of fruit. The festivities were kept up for several days and nights, during which there were all kinds of innocent and virtuous pleasures and amusements. There was eating and drinking, (nothing strong or ardent); music, vocal and instrumental; dancing and waltzing; dramatic performances, and speech-making, and recitation. All seemed to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, and out of the fun and frolic quite a handsome sum of money was realized for the hall.

I could say a great deal more about the Spiritualists of Hammonon, but as I have many other impressions to record, I will have to leave them, wishing them every good, and thanking them for the kind and hospitable treatment I received while among them.

From Hammonon I was invited by the Committee of the Society of Spiritualists of Philadelphia to deliver a lecture before them. My wife and I accordingly went to the Quaker City, and by special invitation, we were most hospitably entertained at the mansion of Dr. Henry T. Child, than whom I doubt there is a better or more consistent, wise and intelligent Spiritualist. My lecture was to be delivered in Sanson-Street Hall, on Sunday evening. On Sunday morning, in company with Dr. Child, we attended the Conference meeting of the Spiritualists of that city, and then I had an opportunity of seeing and hearing, and measuring the calibre of some of the prominent Spiritualists. The subject for discussion was, "Life, and the best means of living"—not in these words exactly, but fully in this meaning. The two branches of the subject were very handsomely handled, and intellectually in the discussion was "express and admirable." I saw that there was a great deal of intellect among the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and each person who took part in the discussion seemed to be armed especially with his own individual intellect. Each seemed to think and speak for himself, and the result was, of course, that there was a great variety and difference of thought, and little or no agreement or consonance of ideas.

This I observed particularly on another occasion some time after, when the subject for discussion, or rather debate—for debate it appeared to me—was "What is God, and the best means of worship?" If you had been there, you would certainly have concluded that every Spiritualist in Philadelphia, had his own God, and his own way of worship. All sorts of Gods and manner of worship, were undoubtedly brought forth by the individuals who took part in the debate. There were most assuredly no two Gods alike, and no two ways of worship, as a matter of course, alike. Perhaps it is better that every one should have his own God! The spiritual denizens of the Quaker city, certainly have, and I shall not doubt their right to; and I sincerely suspect if the truth about it were known, that every man, woman and child, outside of heaven, has each his own God, and his own manner of worship. "Let be."

I concluded, then, from what I saw of the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, that there was a great deal of intellect among them; but I was also led to observe that their intellect was what Lord Bacon calls "siccum lumen," dry light. It did not seem to have much warmth or heat about it, or belonging to it. It, sometimes indeed seemed to be, (to improve on Bacon,) dry bones, no flesh, no marrow in those bones; no warm blood, no heart, no affection, no soul; or, if there was, I was too obtuse to see it.

Now I am of opinion that that is the best wisdom which comes from love; that is the best intelligence which springs from the affections; that is the best light which springs or emanates from the heat of the sun! Spiritualists, of all others, should be principled in love, they should of all other people, "love one another," and thus in love, they would be good and wise. I do not say that the Spiritualists of Philadelphia do not love

### THE DEPARTED.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

In the gloaming I'm sitting, with the shadows thick around,  
And the spirits of my kindred tread on old, familiar ground;  
Up and down the vales of memory I hear their footsteps as of yore,  
As of erst, ere they had left me for the untried, unknown shore.

In from out the darkness I feel their presence near,  
And I hold out my hands in welcome, for their coming gives no fear.

Old friends, young and aged, hover around my chair,  
And I bid them all a welcome, yet one is standing there

Whom my heart goes out in greeting, like the waves upon the shore,  
And I would that she'd not leave me in the endless Evermore.

But, alas! I am awakening! lights are flashing in,  
And I'm alone to wander on in the lone path I've been.

one another. I do not know whether they do or not. I only say, that from what I saw, I was impressed, that they had a poor way of showing it. But I saw some excellent men in the society of Philadelphia. Such men as Dr. Henry T. Child, M. B. Dyott, Mr. Osborn, Mr. Renn, Mr. Pierce, the President of the Society, and others I could name.

I delivered my lecture on Sunday evening before the assembled Spiritualists intellectually, of Philadelphia, an audience of some three or four hundred, and I am much obliged to them for the reception I met with. I shall be happy to make better acquaintance with the Philadelphians, and I know I shall think better of them.

From Philadelphia, I was off with brother Fish for New England. We arrived safely in Providence, where by invitation, I was to lecture the following Sunday. We arrived Saturday morning in that beautiful city of hills, after a most delightful steamboat ride through the Sound and up Narragansett Bay, and was welcomed to his hospitable mansion, by brother L. K. Joslin, who was, as he said, anxiously awaiting our arrival. The next day in the afternoon I lectured in Pratt's Hall, before a very large, and apparently highly cultivated audience, with whom, I believe, I became in good rapport; at all events I felt so.

I found the Spiritualists of Providence to be an exceedingly clever (in the Eastern and Western sense of the term) people. They were men and women who in social life stood high; many among them of position and wealth, and all of them, the best class of society. They had both light and heat among them. They were not worshippers of the "pale-faced moon," but adorers of "the blessed sun." It seemed to me, as I saw them, that they did love one another, that in this regard they were much like the primitive Christians. Brother Fish had before told me that the Spiritualists of Providence were a superior body of persons, and I found it so; I confirm his opinion.

Their Society was well organized and well managed, and they told me that their Children's Progressive Lyceum was in a flourishing and prosperous condition. I did not have an opportunity of seeing the workings of their Lyceum. Pratt's Hall, where the Society hold their meetings, is one of the most convenient and commodious halls that I have met with. There was one thing that I must remark upon, in reference to the Society of Spiritualists in Providence: they have good music, good singing, and good performance on the melodeon, in their meetings. I cannot say as much as this for all societies. I must not forget to say, however, that they had capital music, a first-rate choir and organ, in Hammoncton, New Jersey. I think music is a necessary element to true Spiritual worship; it is indeed almost a sine qua non.

Good music should exist in all Spiritual Societies, for the sake of the audience, for the sake of the lecturer or speaker, for the sake of all harmony, for the sake of the people and their God. I shall never forget the Spiritualists of Providence. I shall grapple them with hooks of steel "to my heart of hearts." Such men as Joslin, Mowry, Foster, Towne and others, have an abiding place with me.

From Providence we made a flying visit to Boston; we were much pressed for time, but I had never been within the limits of New England before—through my father, at an early day, came from Boston—and I thought it scandalous that I should go away without seeing Boston, and making personal acquaintance with some of the Spiritual brothers there. Arriving at Boston, from the cars, we at once made our way to the Banner of Light office, and there, sure enough was I, for the first time, in the public circle-room, from which, through the instrumentality of that great and most useful medium, Mrs. Conant, so many spirit communications, which have given me my best insight into the spiritual world, have come. Brother Luther Colby, Mr. Fish and I, held a conversational circle in the aforesaid room, and a right nice good time we had of it, too. Face to face with Bro. Colby, I learned more of the "innings and outings" of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, from him, than I ever knew before. I was much taken with Bro. Colby—he appeared to think well, too, of Bro. Fish and me. He spent some time with us, and he invited us to his hotel, (for Bro. Colby, be it known, is a bachelor) to dine with him. We accepted his invitation; and then, heaven be praised! Mr. Colby took us jaunting around to see the great things, and great localities of Boston, in the little time we had to stay there. I had never before been in Boston, and therefore I must see what "hons" I could. Accordingly under the guidance of our Editor, we visited the great Market House, and place, the Custom House, the Post-office, the great and extensive Harbor, the old State House, the new State House, Faneuil Hall, Boston Common, the chief business houses of the city, and many other places, "too numerous to mention." Boston is certainly an extraordinary city. As I told Mr. Colby, it looked more like a city to me than any place I had ever been in before. I am much obliged to friend Colby for the kind and gracious attention he bestowed upon me while in Boston.

The other gentlemen of the "Banner," Mr. Crowell and Mr. Wilson, we had the happiness and pleasure of seeing. We also had one or two exceedingly pleasant interviews with Dr. A. B. Child, in his office. I had long thought that in true spiritual idealism and sentiment, and in true good spiritual common sense, too, the Doctor was without a peer. "Having seen him personally, and talked" with him, I have that opinion confirmed. We also had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Dr. Uriah Clark, and by his invitation, visited him at his mansion and Healing Institute, on Chauncy street. We were well pleased with our visit—saw quite a number of patients in waiting upon the Doctor, and several instances of cures performed by him, in the way of cures and crutches. The Doctor is an energetic and vigorous worker for the cause of Spiritualism. His book, entitled a "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," is one of the most practical and useful works published on the subject of Spiritualism. We made a "pasteboard" call upon the indefatigable Doctor Gardner. Not finding him at home, we were obliged to leave our card. We regretted much, not seeing the Doctor. We had no time to call upon him more than once, for we only sojourned in Boston a single day; time enough however to get some impressions, and those, too, of the most favorable sort. From what I saw, I adopted the conclusion, that there was a great deal of genuine brotherhood among Spiritualists in Boston, and a vast deal of intelligence. A great centre of wisdom and intellect is Boston; but it should be remembered, that it is not the only centre.

But I am going beyond limits. My impressions derived from my Eastern trip afford, and will continue to afford, me much food for reflection. I certainly have added to my store of knowledge. I am now home, reëntailed in the business of my profession, which accumulated much during my absence, and I do not know when I shall go to lecturing again.

And then to breakfast, with what appetite you have. Cincinnati, September 1, 1865. A. G. W. O.

Letter from a Clergyman. EDITOR BANNER—Will you permit a friend and brother, though a stranger, to have a little talk with you and your readers, through the medium of the columns of the Banner?

I will introduce myself, by saying I am a clergyman in a humble life, of a liberal faith, and have a strong sympathy with a broad creed, and large-hearted men.

I will further state that I am, and have been, for several years, a believer in the doctrine of this new Spiritual Era, viz: that spirits can and do communicate with man.

For various reasons, satisfactory to myself, I have not, until this writing, ever made a public statement of my faith in this particular. To some—a very few of the readers of the Banner, a reason may be required of me for this proceeding; they may ask why it is, that being a believer, and more than this, knowing by long-trying experience, this fact of spirit control. I have not prior to this hour taken my place in the ranks with those who are laboring and suffering in the toiling pioneer work of this great era.

It is not easy for me, perhaps, to give an answer to such a question that would be fully satisfactory. I can only say, in this brief epistle, that with me the reasons are what I will term a justifiable necessity, though it is not easy, in few words, to understand, without a knowledge of my special experience, how this can be.

I will now simply state that had I been but a believer and not a medium, in some degree—subject to the strangest, most violent, and most strange control—I should have, doubtless, from the first, been a humble advocate of the doctrine so precious and so full of interest to the Spiritual believer.

I am aware that this is a period of strange developments and of great trials. I am also aware of the fact, that many termed mediums, have suffered much and suffered strangely, and after a short period have been prepared for the field of labor as working instruments. I can only say that, so far as I know, none have been forced to walk in the path where so long my footsteps have lingered, and where, in great measure, I find myself to-day.

I can truly and honestly affirm before God and angels, that no love of ease or popular favor has caused me to pursue the course I have so long pursued. I have ever felt willing to work as an instrument, in so far as that work is in harmony with reason, and my firm, abiding convictions of duty and of right.

And until this hour I have not seen my way opened before me. And even now, dear readers, the path by no means is plain.

I will not tire the reader by details of personal history. I am aware that many mediums having powerful control, have many details of personal experience, which to them, at least, are interesting, if not strange. I will only say that, as a few of the readers of the Banner are aware, my experiences in the pulpit have been, not only very strange, but very trying and severe. More than once has my speech been controlled in the presence of my audience, while engaged in the sacred service of public prayer; and by the strangest demonstration, I have been prevented from repeating the service, until at last I was compelled to use the Liturgy; much painful, tried experience, rendering extempore prayer literally impossible.

More than once, also, have I been driven from the workshop, after being forced, for a time, by positive control, to leave the pulpit. This to me is not easy of solution. It seems like violence which no spirit is justified in inflicting on a mortal. And were it not for my own personal tried experience, I should not believe it even possible.

And now readers of the Banner I wish I could end the matter of hard detail in my experience. But it is not for me. I must now say a word, though as briefly as possible, of present trials. It is not, however, trial in the pulpit; but it is trial which prevents me from even going into my church. On three Sabbaths, two of them in succession, I have, although in a usual state of health, been prevented by that kind of control which some, termed "mediums," if not others, will understand. I have been prevented from speaking a word for hours, and been otherwise thus influenced as to make the usual performance of my Sabbath duties literally, and to me, after much effort and trial, clearly impossible.

Again, then, I am in fact, literally driven from the pulpit, though happily saved from a public exhibition before my audience, few of whom, if indeed any, are conversant with the manifestations, termed spirit influence, on the human system.

And now, brothers and sisters of the fraternity of believers in strange things of a spiritual origin in the present age, allow me, in this manner to say, that although my pathway is yet so dark, I wish to announce myself as one of your number, and also as one of those who know, by personal experience the FACT of spirit control. And more than this: if it be possible for me to be made a working instrument of use to my fellow-men—of more use than I have been in a very limited, humble sphere in years past, I will try, as far as possible, to yield myself to the direction of the powers that be, and at the earliest possible moment enter the field of professedly spirit labor.

But as yet there has been little in my mediumship that could give satisfaction to the unbeliever, if indeed to the believer. I am not thus far, in any sense, a test medium.

When I have been forced to speak under influence, it has been very painful, and, by me, far more to be dreaded than desired. As a writer and speaker, by manuscript, I fear I could do little by the side of many if not most of the lecturers now in the field. And the fact that I am so poorly qualified for any other than the sphere of humble life—to me somewhat familiar by years of experience—has, more than once, almost determined me not to volunteer in the service where so much is expected and so much required. But I now see no way of escape. Should I again try to labor with my hands, for the support of myself and companion, I fear my path would be so hard as to force me to leave it.

I shall not now attempt it. I have, I think, had experience sufficient in that direction, in the few years past, as well as in the other, of ministerial labor. I see, in fact, no other resource but to try, hard as the trial may be; I say, to try in some humble way to labor in the spiritual vineyard.

I confess I have a love for the ministry. And could I have, in some humble place, a congregation of spiritual believers—of those believers who would not ask nor expect novelties, nor demand of the speaker, more than common abilities, I would be glad to live and labor for them. I am fully conscious that my wishes may not be the reality, in practical life; and I will still trust in God, and hope that in some way, the path of duty may be made plain.

If I know my own heart, I love humanity. If I know the earnest wish of my own spirit, it is to live and labor for my fellow men. And whether any that enter the ministry, and take upon themselves the responsibilities of that sacred office, do

It from pecuniary considerations, or from sinister motives, I know not. If from the former, most of them are fools. At least, they are far from being wise. If from the latter, God pity them, for their punishment must be in proportion to the offence. As for myself I cannot speak. My life in the past must be the only testimony I can offer.

It may be that some who enter the field of spirit labor as instruments, or otherwise, do it from wrong motives—the love of gain, or the applause of men. But if so, I am persuaded they will have at last their just reward.

As for myself, let me say in advance, that all I ask for the little I can do, will be in the future as in the past, only sufficient for the common necessities of life. And more than this, I am willing, if it is possible for me, to labor with my hands to make the help of others as little as they may desire.

I am fully conscious that the age we call the present, is one of no common character. This avalanche of spirit-power, in the nineteenth century, MUST MEAN SOMETHING—something more than has been revealed in the centuries of the past. It is possible this work may be of greater meaning, of vaster significance than any have supposed. It is indeed a wonder that skeptics and unbelievers are yet so numerous. And yet, it must be confessed, the manifestations of this hour are not what many or most can desire. It is indeed singular that the work is so strange.

We have the FACT of spirit-communication, but the philosophy—who will tell us that this is also carried forth? the true, the ultimate. Are we not yet in the vestibule of the great temple, rather than the temple itself? Is not this the hour of the dark scenes of the initiation, rather than the ultimate scenes of harmony and light.

I have hopes of this in my own dark and tried experience. I trust that in some way, at some time, I may see more perfectly, and have clearer perceptions of the beauty and truth of spirit-teaching, and the wisdom that, for a season, has made my path so hard and difficult. We are now in the period of revolution! And it is possible that what we have seen is but a beginning of the greater to come, and that, before the present century is closed. The period, surely, is with us now, when, as never before, we should be thoughtful and earnest. Now, as at no prior period, man is called upon to reason, and then believe. We have the old in theology, and the new interesting revelations of the present. The old is passing, the new is presaging—who shall tell us how much, for the future? This, as never before, seems to be the day of trial for men and nations, and the future may tell us more than we are now willing to believe.

If I were permitted me to still enjoy my own faith in private, and be a spectator of the scenes in the passing spiritual drama rather than an actor, I would be content. Not, reader, for fear of men or for love of ease, but rather because I feel almost wholly incompetent for the great work. I can but shrink from this whirl of revolution. I can but wish that it might fall to the lot of others more competent, and especially those who are at home in the whirlwind and the storm. This, as I see it, is nearly all that can be done in the present. We must demolish the old structure before the new and the better can be the home of the people and give repose and harmony to the world.

And this work is going on. The mighty throes of revolution are causing the earth to tremble. The storm must pass over before we rejoice in the vision of sunshine that shall gladden all nations. Hence the vision immediately before us is anarchy—the anarchy that cometh of wide-spread, overwhelming revolution. We are seeing this, as yet, only in part. In my opinion, what we see to-day is only presaging much more on the morrow. And we cannot be too careful in this work of demolition, that we make the proper discernment between the good and the bad, the true and the false. Surely something must be saved from the wreck, something that will be needed in coming time, something that will endure when the rubbish of centuries shall be consumed.

Is there not, at present too little discrimination between the false and the true in the Church? Are not many who declaim against priestcraft and religious superstition also declaiming against much that is not priestcraft, and much, also, that is not useless and false? Is man yet sufficiently strong to go alone? Has the time arrived when religious culture, religious teaching, religious worship are no longer helps, if not absolute necessities, for a dark and sinful race? Has the Sabbath, as an institution, now finished its work, and no longer of benefit to mankind? Brothers, behold the rampant wickedness, debauchery and crime of the present dark hour, and answer these questions in the light of reason, consistency and truth! As I perceive it, the great want of the Church to-day—a want essential to its very life in the future—is a more rational, a more comforting faith. But it also needs, in far greater measure than to-day, a more deep, a more thoroughly religious spirituality. And this, I am persuaded, will, in due time, be the vision that all nations shall behold. And if it is not for us to see it now, we may with reason and faith, hope for and believe in a better future.

The changes and revolutions already seen in the State, should teach all peoples that great wrong is not a basis that can endure. This mighty revolution in America has, with its terrific thunders, dashed to atoms the bulwarks of a despotism that caused millions to mourn and millions to toil in grievous and hopeless bondage. We may reconstruct anew, but if principle, justice, social right are not the foundation-stones in the great building, it must fall—it will not, cannot endure.

PEACE, true, lasting peace, is the vision that all eyes desire to witness. But peace that remains can only come by removing the sources or elements of discord that lead to war—bloody, fratricidal, desolating war. First pure and then peaceable, is not only a declaration of Scripture teaching, but it is a declaration of philosophy, of true philosophy, of stubborn fact. And this lesson must be learned—learned not as a mere theory, but as a practical, unbending fact, by all people; and then we may hope that the grand advent of everlasting Love is near at hand.

But I must not, readers of the Banner, ask more of you now by extending remarks of this nature. I had only designed a brief talk as an introduction, and most of this, from the necessities of the case, I was obliged to have concerning my humble self. I will try and leave personal matters hereafter out of my communications, should I in future give you more.

I am conscious that my home, henceforth, ought to be with those who can better understand me, and give me needed light and help. Hence, as soon as possible, I shall leave this place of trial for some other, under different circumstances from those now surrounding me. I think I feel willing to bear the burthen, and suffer the reproaches incident to the work of the innovator—and the pioneer in the work of reform in this startling age. If I have not help, it will be too much for me. If heaven grant its aid, I may yet, possibly, be of some little use to my fellow-men.

B. S. HOPKINS. Sherburne, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1865.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

After many windings and various peregrinations, I find myself at home at last, in our goodly "City of Churches." My "Notes from Chicago," and other places during the past few months, have given your many readers some few thoughts suggested by the intercourse I have had with the friends of Spiritualism in various places, and I now give you a few items concerning the good cause here.

We have abundance of material, many earnest, zealous believers, and a few workers. But what we lack most, and now propose to remedy is, organization. We have started with the determination to effect a permanent organization for weekly lectures, and to start a Children's Lyceum, and we feel that all that is necessary to do this, is to go to work in earnest.

The "Electric Therapeutic and Medical Institute," 244 Fulton street, is now under the control and management of Dr. L. B. Larkin, one of the oldest physicians in our good cause, and there are few, if any, who have sacrificed, or done more for the cause of Spiritualism than has this same unobtrusive, quiet, conscientious, earnest soul, Dr. L. B. Larkin. A brother who has known the Doctor for many years, most truly said, "He is one of Nature's noblemen."

There are many details in regard to this Institute, which I think will be interesting to your readers, but I must defer them to another time. We believe that this Institution, under its present management, will not only be of great help to us locally, but will also have a much greater and more extended influence abroad. But more under this head at some future time.

The spirit-artist, W. P. Anderson, and wife reside with Dr. Larkin, when in the city. Dr. L. has been their constant and faithful friend from the time some years before they were the mediums for spirit-work. We hope they will be with us again some time in October.

Bro. H. B. Storor makes Brooklyn his home for the present; but has not, since his advent among us, done anything in the way of public speaking. We hope he will, however, during the coming winter. At all events, we are sure of his kind, gentle influence among us, for his store of these and like qualities is too great to allow of his being much of a storer of them, even if he were inclined that way, which fortunately is not the case.

The Hope Chapel, Society in New York have had no speaking during the past month, but are ready to commence operations as soon as a speaker can be engaged.

At Ebbitt Hall, Bro. Todd has been speaking for a month, and continues for two Sabbaths more. He certainly deals the hardest blows of any lecturer I have ever heard. Last Sabbath morning he so worked upon the feelings of one venerable gentleman, that he could not contain himself, and was so forgetful of propriety, as to interrupt Bro. T. several times. But the amusing part of the performance was, when, at the close of Bro. T.'s address, the gentleman replied (or attempted to), saying he claimed to be liberal, and did not believe all in the Bible to be inspiration; but for one to talk so about Moses and David, as the speaker had, it was outrageous. Yet he did not attempt to refute one single charge Bro. T. brought against these men, which had been fully sustained by quotations from their own writings.

Well, for one, I long for other kind of spiritual food. This unassuming hypocrisy and sin, and letting every man stand where the truth will place him, though the disguise be covered with mould of a thousand centuries, is right, and must be done; the "sharp probe of the reformer" will and must do its allotted work; but there are thousands of hungry souls who crave spiritual food—something that shall satisfy, for they are famishing and fainting by the way.

Your correspondent, "G. A. B.," has well stated and explained this whole matter in the Banner of this week, and I commend the article to the careful attention of your readers.

I wish to make a note here of an item omitted in my "Notes from Chicago." It is in reference to a most estimable and worthy woman, Mrs. C. M. Jordan, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. This lady has mediumistic gifts of a rare and sterling character. With more confidence in herself and perseverance, she could become one of the very best mediums in our country. Mrs. Jordan was the first medium to locate the "Artesian Well," of which your readers know something about; and, if I rightly understand the matter, the original proprietors of that enterprise have not dealt fairly by her; but I hope they will now do so. Mrs. Jordan has lately lost her husband, who died just as he was leaving the army, after three years of service, to return home. As a medium, she is writing, clairvoyant and prophetic. This simple statement is enough of itself. I hope our friends in the West will remember her, not in the way of charity, but if any one wants the use of a good, reliable medium, try Mrs. Jordan. W. B. B. Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1865.

A TWO DAYS' GROVE MEETING. Held at Flushing, Genesee County, Michigan, August 30th and 31st, 1865.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Spiritualists and their friends began to assemble on Friday, the day preceding the meeting, and held circles in several places to their great satisfaction and profit. Saturday morning they repaired to the appointed place, and were called to order by Arthur Andrews, who made a few appropriate remarks.

Mrs. Emma Martin, entranced, gave us a poem and lecture upon the "Past and Present of Humanity." She said, the past of the race, in its barbarian unfolding, was but a type of the future. To remain in that condition was impossible; for, by virtue of his inherent powers, was a progressive being, and, therefore, must grow out of it. Human nature embraces, in its essential self, a germ of immortality, whose destiny is progress and development. Although primitive humanity had been idolatrous, the time had now come when idols and superstitious rites and ceremonies should be laid aside as useless, and man should manifest his divine or spiritual nature. As an illustration of the influence of the old superstitions in creating hatred and strife, she cited the wars of the past, and especially our recent civil strife, which, with all its bitter and murderous doings, was the natural effect of the materialism of our present religious teachings. She appealed for moral action. As all have received a standard for moral action, as all have received a standard for Divine Fountain of Goodness, as we of the present have the experience of the past before us, we are specially called upon to cultivate the Godlike faculties within us by following the ennobling aspirations of our inmost life, as they are moved by the angels who inspire us. She closed with a poem upon "Friendship," the subject being given by one of the audience.

O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio, a normal speaker, followed with a speech upon "The Dignity of Man." He spoke of the harmony and noble structure of the universe, as a figure of man in his natural nobility and greatness; but old Theology has so warped and befuddled the mind of man, that creeds and dogmas are received as superior to common sense. Then, for some twenty minutes, he opposed the absurd notions concerning a personal devil and a local hell of fire and brimstone; and if words can make folly ridiculous, it was most thoroughly done. Cheer upon cheer was heard from all parts of the gathered crowd. Bro.

Kellogg is but little known, yet we hope his eccentric talent will soon be recognized and appreciated.

After a song by the Choir, the meeting adjourned for one hour.

The Flushing Committee and friends gave a hearty invitation to all who needed to partake of abundant refreshments, which they had most generously provided.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting was called to order by the Chairman, and at the suggestion of Elijah Woodworth, the attention of the audience was directed to the claims of the Banner of Light.

After a song, O. P. Kellogg again addressed the meeting. He said, he intended to speak of facts, said man is wiser than he knows; that God helps the man who helps himself, and injures the man who injures himself. He then referred to the old superstitions as the principal cause which retarded the progress of the race. The speaker discussed the natural right to try and examine into all things; spoke of clairvoyant power, its scientific perceptibility; of the inner life; of matter, and its relation to organized humanity; of spirit as a substance, eternal, tangible and active, and mentally imperishable by mind, far wiser than it knows. Man is the microcosm of the universe. All wisdom is in the universe; man is the universe, and, therefore, he is naturally wise. As man, by virtue of his organism, possesses psychometric powers, much of his past history can be made known, and when freed from the mortal, he can comprehend vastly more than now of the infinite possibilities of life and progress passed by humanity. Spiritual aspirations and impressions have been common in all ages, and if taken from man, he would be a mere mental skeleton. Orthodox teachings are artificial, and do not satisfy; but the spiritual teachings are natural, satisfying the aspirations of the human heart. He did not condemn the customs of the past. They answered for the time; but man had now an intense desire for change, and a change of teaching and custom had come. The speaker was loudly cheered by the audience.

Mrs. Martin improvised a song. The music and words were plaintive, producing a marked effect. Being influenced by Robert Burns, she gave a discourse upon the words, "Come for all things are now ready," which were suggested by James Ingan. She said, the time of the old teachings had expired, and a new light was unfolding itself in the place thereof. A new revelation in form, but as old as man in nature and principle, was being made. It had been predicted by ancient seers and poets, many of whom had waited to see, and died without the sight. Yet if it had come it would not have been received, for men were not prepared to understand the strange phenomena of to-day. But now all things were ready for the new revelation of spirit-intercourse. Its law is more or less understood by many. The spirit here related some of his experience in the spirit-world.

After a song, the meeting adjourned to Sunday morning.

In the evening a circle was held at the house of friend Bradburton, where a variety of manifestations, both amusing and instructive, were given and many questions answered.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The meeting was called to order by the Chairman, and opened by a song from the congregated choir.

Mrs. Emma Martin was controlled to improvise a poem-lecture upon "Charity." Woman, the neglected woman, was the burden of her pathetic theme. Her down-trodden and abandoned condition—the denial of human sympathy on the part of her brother-man and sister-woman called aloud for redress and mercy. A great sensation was produced by this address, and an intense eagerness was manifested to catch every word. The medium was heartily cheered.

O. P. Kellogg read one of the psalms of David, commencing, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" He said, Man is the epitome of the great universe. All nature is but a lower representative of man. But man of the past had degraded his nature, and entailed upon man of the present a host of useless and oppressive professions; such as doctors, priests, lawyers and merchandizers of unrighteous gain, with a crowd of lazy loafers in the bargain. These are the natural attendants of a vicious system of teaching. Only industrious and active workers in the field of human improvement are fit subjects of a higher life, either here or in the spheres of spirit-life.

Adjourned one hour.

During the intermission the interests of the Banner of Light were attended to.

Afternoon Session.—O. P. Kellogg was the first speaker. He first referred to some objections urged against Spiritualism by Orthodoxy, and then discussed the practical labors of the new way of salvation; and also, its all-comprehensive morality, embracing, as it does, our entire nature. He was entirely willing to submit all the seeming absurdities of Spiritualism to a just comparison with the popular doctrines and doings of the Church administration. He said, a salvation by proxy was a sneaking experiment, below the dignity of any reasonable person. The speaker then compared the epistles of John with Jesus would be received and treated by Orthodox and Spiritualist assemblies should he now appear in their midst. He thought the Spiritualists would accept him and be accepted by him, while the reverse would be true of the Churches. Loud cheers, and cries of "Good good!" greeted the speaker, and attested the satisfaction of the people.

Mrs. Emma Martin improvized a poem.

Elijah Woodworth presented the following Preamble and Resolutions:

Whereas, Human beings are naturally and individually susceptible to impressions; therefore, Resolved, That every reasonable effort should be made to induce the mind to the practice of morality and virtue; and, Whereas, The so-called orthodox administration is united in bitter and un-Christianous invective, denouncing the present spiritual phenomena as spurious in its origin and effects; Resolved, That all laudable efforts be made to set before the people such instruction as may have a tendency to remove the cause of such false and ungrounded accusations as are continually set forth by the so-called Christian administration.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Committee of Arrangements for their kind attention to the wants of those from a distance.

Meeting adjourned sine die.

ARTHUR ANDREWS, President. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Secretary.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write— Three words, as with a burning pen, In tracings of eternal light, Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow— No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven— The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth— Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven, The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one; But man, as man, thy brother call; And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul— Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find Strength when life's surge ruidest roll, Light when thou else wert blind.

The last wonderful discovery made is that by a Frenchman, that electricity applied to a certain small apparatus repels rain, and he places that electrical apparatus in his cane, which he holds above his head, when the rain pours off in all directions. The people of the town in which he lives gaze at him, it is said, with a sort of awe as he walks in the midst of rain without getting wet.

Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis one coffin.

What is the difference between a road and a tandy? Ans.—One loves little bugs and the other big bugs.

Women are wise on a sudden, fools on a pre-meditation.





Message Department.

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

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.

Infinite Jehovah, Holy Spirit whom we worship without understanding, thou who art the life of the sunbeam, of the falling shower and the human soul, we come to thee on this occasion with praises.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries we will hear them.

Q.—Do spirits have a greater number of senses than mortals?

ANS.—It is said that there are but five senses belonging to the human. There are but five, it is true, that the human is conscious of, and yet even in human life there are senses without number.

Q.—What special means have you for investigating inanimate matter?

A.—We have the life of inanimate matter. You may suppose inanimate matter devoid of life, but life is everywhere. This table is just as much alive as you are.

Q.—Can you discover things in the earth beyond human vision?

A.—Certainly, we can.

Q.—J. Wilkes Booth shoots at and kills Abraham Lincoln, for the purpose of avenging his country. Sergeant Boston Corbett shoots at and kills J. Wilkes Booth, for the purpose of obtaining the large reward that is offered.

A.—It is our opinion that the moral law would recognize both as murderers. The difference is only in the outward form, in outward motive. There is always an inward motive accompanying the outward motive.

CHAIRMAN.—B. N. K., of Des Moines, Iowa, sends the following inquiries:

1st Q.—Is not all motion the effect of the want of equilibrium?

A.—Motion is as constant as rest. Even in rest there is motion. We do not believe that is absolutely want of equilibrium. If that were attained, we are not sure that motion would cease.

2d Q.—Does not the motion of the planets in the solar system prove that they are out of equilibrium?

A.—No, by no means.

3d Q.—Is all perpetual motion the result of perpetual non-equilibrium?

A.—No.

4TH Q.—Can a perpetual non-equilibrium be invented or constructed by man, applicable as a motive power mechanically?

A.—If this special state of harmony or equilibrium could be attained, matter would cease to grow, worlds would cease to perfect themselves. We do not believe it is within the power of the human mind to efface motion.

Q.—By H. Albricks of California: At what period of the world's history were the pyramids in Egypt built, and by what race of people, and what nation or race are their representatives at the present day?

A.—We do not know. Q.—Explain the words of Jesus, as given in St. John's Gospel: "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

A.—We do not believe the passage has reference to the body, but it has special reference to spirit or soul. The time shall come when all shall hear and recognize the voice of truth, when all shall be brought to an understanding of themselves, consequently to an understanding of truth; when all shall be resurrected from the graves of error in which they have lain.

Q.—The passage says, Some go unto the resurrection of damnation.

A.—When truthfully rendered, it does not read thus.

Q.—It does in the English version.

A.—Yes; but you have an exceedingly imperfect version of that so-called Sacred Record.

Q.—Jesus feeding the multitude with loaves and fishes. Has that portion of Scripture reference to their temporal or spiritual condition?

A.—Their spiritual; by no manner of means their temporal.

Q.—Jesus says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." What does he mean?

A.—Except through the spirit of eternal truth, Jesus was the representative of that spirit, therefore in that sense no one could come to the Father but by him.

Q.—It was said Jesus cursed the fig-tree so that it bore no more fruit. How was that?

A.—The fig-tree was but a symbol of the Jewish Church. He had reference to that Church. The fig-tree meant the Church. He found in the Jewish Church no good fruit, and he prophesied simply that henceforth it should bear no fruit.

Q.—You have touched upon the doctrine of correspondences which Swedenborg believed in.

A.—Swedenborg told many truths, for he received the doctrine of correspondences, which holds a glorious germ within its heart. The world has little recognition of it, because the world has not grown large enough to comprehend it.

Q.—Swedenborg prophesied a great religious change?

A.—Has it not come?

Q.—It refers to the change going on to-day, does it not?

A.—We believe it does. Can you not see that your Spiritualism is destined to absorb all other forms of religion? Can you not see that its mantle is large enough to unfold all ceremonialisms?

Q.—I have thought it was not so much the object of Spiritualism to form a sect apart from all others, as it was to modify other sects.

A.—Spiritualism will bring forth a state or condition of nature in all religions; therefore will draw all to itself. Spiritualism is large enough to answer the needs of the entire human family.

Q.—Is there any atonement in the spirit-land for deeds done in the body?

A.—There certainly is. There is just as much space for repentance in the spirit-land, or after death, as there is before the change. You atone for all evil deeds by performing good ones, and repenting of that which is less good.

Q.—When a spirit leaves the body what form does it take?

A.—Until it has outlived all earthly tendencies, it takes a form that corresponds to the form it has left. But when it has outlived all those tendencies, then the form changes. The external always corresponds to the condition of the internal, it is molded by the internal. So as you change in your soul-lives, the external will change also.

Sept. 11.

John Gould.

I am still possessed of the same feelings, so far as mind goes, that I owned when I lived in one of those bodies. I don't know that I've made any very great advancement, perhaps I have, nevertheless.

I've been pretty strongly attracted here, not to this place, but to my home; and also to the place where that old rascal Wirtz is on trial for murder.

I should like to be permitted to give in my testimony against him; but, still better, I should like to be permitted to talk with him about ten minutes.

About an hour before I died I begged him to send me a drink of cold water, and also to take off the chains from my hands, for they were chained together. I said you can see I must die, why not give me room to die in? "Well," said he, "if you must die, you might as well die in chains as any other way. It makes no difference." "Well," said I, "will you give me a drink of cold water?" "I'll give you some cold steel if you don't shut up your Yankee gab. Die with your mouth shut, not with it open!" Said I, "Wirtz, the time's coming when you and I shall meet, but not as we are now. It may be that I shall be master then."

Well, if the boys on the other side are allowed to have their way, he'll swing for it, and then we'll have him in our power. And if he don't get put through as hot a hell as he ever dreamed of, then it will be because revenge does not have an existence on our side. It's all very well to talk of Christian patience and forgiveness, but sometimes these virtues are killed or stifled, when a man knows that he is held in hell by one who by a single word could liberate him; let me tell you that man is not disposed to readily say "I forgive you." A Jesus of Nazareth might have done it, but I confess I doubt whether he would or not. I know the Record says he was persecuted, but I do not think he ever died in an Andersonville pen. I'd rather have died on Calvary than where I did, if I could have had my choice.

I said to old Wirtz: "My name is John Gould; I want you to remember that. I'm dying, I'm going hence; but we shall meet again." I hope that some kind friend will do me the favor to put the words I give here into his hands. And when he comes on the other side I shall be the first to meet him. It may be I shall shake hands with him. The boys are all anxious to get Wirtz on the other side, for they are his avengers. Now I tell you what it is: God has agents to do his work in this world. It's very possible Booth may have been God's agent for killing Lincoln; doubtless he was. It's possible old Wirtz was his agent in putting us through a hell on earth; but

it's our opinion that we are his agents, or shall be when we get him on the other side of life. I shall be very glad to communicate with my family, who are living in the West, by-and-by; I'm not fit to now.

Sept. 11.

Lawrence Gordon.

I would suggest that the Court give old Wirtz over to the widows and orphans of those who died at Andersonville. I don't think they could do a better thing. [They would forgive him.] You are mistaken, sir, I think not.

I'm Lawrence Gordon, sir, I don't know so much about the old case as some of the other boys do, but I know as much as I want to. I really think the very best thing the Court could do would be to pass him over to the keeping of the widows and orphans that have been made so by him.

Perhaps you don't know how they would like to—the most of 'em—put him over the same road. I rather think the majority would rule and he'd go there and try it himself. He certainly deserves it. I'm not in favor of retaliation, however had one conducts, but, really, I think such miserable specimens of humanity ought to be made an example of, so that the world won't bring forth such hideous monsters. Why, sir, you've no idea what a man he was. There was n't the smallest shade of mercy about him. It makes the boys on our side feel a little wrathful when they see how well he's treated. They would like to bring all their forces to bear upon him, and I'm not sure that I shouldn't join in with them. I really hope that you'll find some means of sending Gould's message to him. I rather think it will have the effect of making him a little weak in the knees, for he's the most infernal coward that ever ran. The only way to punish such a fellow is to put him through the same course that he put us through.

Be kind enough to say to my wife and mother that I am with them almost every day, and shall do all I can to help them, even though I have gone over the river.

Sept. 11.

Louisa Trayer.

My name was Louisa Trayer. I was born in the city of New York. I died in Chicago. I was fourteen years old. I was an only daughter. My mother died four years ago. Shortly after my father married again, and when the war broke out, he left his business and went into the army, and I was left to the care of my step-mother. I am sorry to be obliged to say she proved harsh and inhuman. I was sick—sick of typhoid fever; I lingered many weeks. I suffered for the necessities of life. I was not well cared for, though I knew my step-mother would write to my father that I was kindly watched over and tenderly cared for.

But I come here to-day to tell my father it was false. I pity my step-mother. I shall do all I can to assist her through life. I forgive her, and when she is prostrated upon a bed of sickness I will come and be a ministering angel to her. It is my duty to come back and tell this to my father, for he has many times asked in his own mind: "Oh, I wish I knew whether my little girl was well cared for; I wish I could feel sure she had good care." My mother and myself would like to speak with him. Good-by, sir. Sept. 11.

Sept. 11.

Julius Graham.

I suppose now that victory has crowned your arms, you can well afford to be magnanimous toward your fallen foe. I have a family whose peace has been taken away because of my death. I do not know what to do, now that peace has been restored to the country, to bring about a peace within their households. I looked around through the Southern portion of the country to find one through whom I could speak, but I did not find such a one, so I came here to trust to your charity.

My name was Julius Graham, son of William Graham, of Tennessee. My father was a Union man; I presume he is now. But I very naturally espoused the cause of the South, being largely interested in what you Northerners are pleased to term our "domestic institution." Yes, I was a dealer in slaves; but allow me to ask who of you are not? The difference is only in the way and manner in which you conduct yourselves toward those who are dependent upon you. But I'm not here to talk about slavery. I'm here to find a way, if I can, to meet my friends privately. I would like to point out a way for them to make themselves more comfortable. My wife is now wondering what she'll do—whether she'll outlive what land remains to them, or whether she'll sell; what shall she do.

Now I have a very good plan laid out for my family. I only want the way to spread it out for them. In order to do that I must talk to them. If my good father feels the same now as he did before my death, I presume he will say: "I want nothing to do with you." He's not changed his sentiments, so I presume he feels toward me now as before my death. But if he would like to hear from me, correspond or commune with me, he's only to say so; I would be glad to.

I would like that my old friend, Mr. Herney, Philip, give me a hearing. If he will, I shall be very glad to talk with him. I know very well he's no knowledge of this talking with the dead, but it's a lesson very easily learned; something that won't do him any harm, if not any good; at any rate, he can try the experiment, for my good. I hope he will not fail to answer my call, for I am very anxious to do something for my family.

I was captain in the 7th Virginia Infantry, Company K; died while fighting for what I supposed to be Southern rights. Thank you for your kindness.

Sept. 11.

Invocation.

Oh God, thy life is our life, therefore we should not fear, but reverence and adore thee. As we hear the whisperings of the nineteenth century, we can the better love thee and comprehend the wisdom of thy ways. We feel thy presence in everything, thy influence everywhere. In peace, in war, in prosperity or adversity, thy hand is ever visible, guarding thy children with a Father's love. We recognize thee as something we do not fear, but love; therefore we will praise thee now and through all eternity. Amen.

Sept. 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now hear questions from correspondents, or the audience.

Q.—If a person lies flat and straight on his back upon the floor, and two other persons standing at each side, place the ends of their forefingers under him, and at a signal all hold their breath, the four can raise the fishbones, with ease, on the ends of their fingers as high as they can reach. If one of them breathes, he will fall. Will man, while in the form, ever be able to move from place to place through the air, by some force or power, at present unknown?

ANS.—Man, as yet, understands but little of the law of gravitation. The present age will not attain to a full knowledge of it. The future may reach that point.

1st Q.—By B. E. R. A friend speaks of seeing persons, corpses, different varieties of landscapes, etc., after he has retired to bed and shut his eyes. Can he?

A.—We have always endeavored to teach that the spirit is free, and can visit scenes and places at will. There are those who enjoy these privileges. No doubt your correspondent is one.

2d Q.—He dreamed that he saw his wife's corpse, and on awaking, was strongly impressed that she would leave him soon—and she did pass to the spirit-world within six months. He wishes to know the source of these impressions and dreams?

A.—We cannot speak from absolute knowledge, but it is our opinion that the information came from the other side.

Q.—"Mary T." asks for a communication from her spirit-friends?

A.—There are many Mary T.'s in the world. It will be necessary to give the full name in order to know which one's meant.

Q.—Is it positively known to spirits, the precise time we shall put off the mortal for the immortal?

A.—It is quite possible, in some individual cases, that spirits know when that time will come, but not in all cases.

Q.—Can the names be given, and the persons described who are to communicate this afternoon, at the time, or before they speak?

A.—Sometimes it happens that the spirits communicating feel a wish to describe themselves, and give their names, which they have a perfect right to do; but no one else can do so without their permission, or at their request. This is a rule kept in good faith by us.

Q.—Shall we retain our five senses, in spirit-life, and enjoy their gratification, as here?

A.—Yes; and you will be conscious of possessing more. The five will be retained, and others will be unfolded; and their gratification will be realized far more than while in the mortal form.

Q.—Is it true that we possess imagination?

A.—We have never been able to find out the definition of imagination. There is no true definition to the word, as now used. We should say there was no imagination, unless this table is imagination, or the sunshine is imagination. Truly defined, it means creating something out of nothing.

Sept. 12.

Isabella S. Joice.

[It was some time before this spirit could obtain quiet control of the medium, and appeared much distressed. She spoke slow, in rather a low tone, as follows:]

My father thought I had better come here, for so many persons have called for me; everybody is asking to know who murdered brother Johnny and me. I would like to tell all I know about it, if I was permitted to, but I am not. But I will tell those who have asked me to come here and give them light on the subject, that my friends here tell me that the officers are on the right track, and will soon ferret the murderer out.

A few days ago I talked with an officer who is at the head of the police; and I told him about the affair, as far as I knew.

I think the detective will learn more by questioning the Irish population in the neighborhood, than by any other else. [Question by the Chairman.—Were there two who participated in your murder?] I saw only one. I was killed first. I thought Johnny had run away, but he soon returned; he was trying to raise an alarm. When he came back he protested so strong, telling the man he knew him, he sealed his fate. The man killed him because he told him he knew who he was. Johnny done all he could to save me.

My father says he has been so near the murderer as to hear him say, "What was I about? I must have been crazy!" He is all the time thinking about it. He has repeated murdering us. I had rather be in my place than his.

My grandmother need not blame herself for letting us go; it was no fault of hers. Johnny had been there before, and had seen the man before, and so I did not feel afraid when the man spoke to me. I say Johnny knew him, that is, he had seen him before out there, and so I did not feel afraid of him. I did not think he was going to touch me. My name was Isabella S. Joice. Good-bye.

Sept. 12.

Harry Bowen.

I am Harry Bowen. I knew the fellow well that murdered that party. I am here to inform him if he don't own up, I will expose him. It will be better for him, and ease his troubled conscience. The gentleman is possessing himself of all the news in the papers in regard to the murder, and so he will be sure to look at your paper among the rest, to see what we "dead folks" have to say on the subject.

I had a brush with him once, and it is a pity I had not finished him. I want to tell him that his occupation and whereabouts are as well known to me as to himself; and he might as well own up now as six months hence. He can't escape, for I'll find a way to bring him to justice.

Tell my family I would like to commune with them, but I am not in a fit condition now.

Sept. 12.

[This spirit came quick, spoke fast, and left suddenly. And the spirit who followed him, (Isaac Gouch) stated that he left so quick that he had n't time to say that he was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek.]

Isaac Gouch.

I am not very much used to this way of coming back and talking, but I am very glad to be able to come in any way. I don't know whether I ought to hail from Leavenworth, Kansas, or the State of New York. I was born in the State of New York, but hung out a little short of two years in Kansas. My folks are there.

My name is Isaac Gouch. I am trying to study out a way to get one of these mediums out our way, or rather, to get our folks to go to one of them, so I can talk to them. I don't know how I shall succeed, for there are no public mediums there; they are all private.

I do not want to say anything hard against the Indians, but I don't like 'em. [Have't they been ill-treated?] Yes; but they need n't treat people bad who never done them any harm. I never cheated them.

My folks want to know how long I lived after I was hurt. I don't know, for I was hurt in the head, and did n't know anything till I found myself on this side. I did n't suffer any.

As for the old things I left on the place, do the best you can with them, never mind me, I do n't care for them now; I ain't well enough off. Good-bye, sir.

Sept. 12.

Elizabeth Colyer.

I have an uncle whose residence is in Savannah, Ga. His name is Andrew J. Colyer. Myself and sister Annie were mediums. We were trance mediums. My uncle was no believer in Spiritualism. He always used to say that I never said anything that I did n't know before; that I had no positive proof that it came from spirits.

Three years ago I passed to the spirit-world. To-day, between the hours of one and two o'clock, Annie passed on. She had bilious fever, which terminated in inflammation of the bowels. My uncle is now in Liverpool, where he went as soon as the ports were open, and he knows nothing about Annie's death. She is now resting in our mother's arms.

I want my uncle to know that I am a Spiritualist all over, as much now as I ever was, and that I am a medium as much now as I ever was, and that I came to tell my uncle of Annie's departure, for he knows nothing about it, and it will be a good test to him that Spiritualism is true. I want him to believe in it, for he will then be a great deal happier.

My name is Elizabeth Colyer—always called Lizzie. I forgot to say that Annie and I were twin sisters. Good-bye.

Sept. 12.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Monday, Sept. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Adonis Jackson Burroughs, of Washington, D. C.; Albert Adams, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; to his friends: John Child, of the 2d Minnesota Reg., to his friends, in St. Paul, Minn.; Edith Corey, of San Francisco, Cal., to her mother Giles Greenewich, of Portsmouth, Va., to his brother Thomas, in that place.

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

Thursday, Sept. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Corporal Harrison Curtis, of the 17th New York, to his friend, Wm. Prince, of New Jersey; Alexander Stephens, to his father, in Washington, D. C.; Elizabeth Wallingford, to James T. Wallingford, of Manchester, Eng.

Monday, Sept. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Corey, of the 2d Virginia, to Zilph Spenser, of an Illinois regiment; Edward Thorne, to his father, Col. Thorne, of the 3d Illinois; Nancy Horton, to friends, in Newburyport, Mass.; James Grose, of the ship "Albatross," to friends; Thomas Connelly, to his wife, and friends in this city.

Tuesday, Sept. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Alfred Skelton, to his uncle, in Richmond, Va.; to his father, to her mother; Beatie Browne, to her father, Dr. Browne, of Raney, N. C.; Nameless spirit.

A Summer in Vermont—Our Cause—Mediums, etc.

On one of the last days of May I crossed the outlet of Champlain, and saw the farmers still planting and sowing for the short crops and short summers that annually pay their visits. The forests were already robbed for hot days, and the brooks were hurrying with usual rapidity to a deeper retreat or winter quarters. I have witnessed and enjoyed the scenery and changes of one of the most fruitful and pleasant seasons of the last half century; and when the early frosts had tinged the foliage of hill and vale, when the first red leaves began to fall, and the September sun had equalized the nights and days, I closed one of the pleasantest summers and happiest visits of my life, cast my last, lingering look on her mountains, bade adieu to the kind friends and happy homes that had so often and so long made me more than welcome, and crossed the northern line into Washington Co., N. Y., to the home of Bro. Volney Slocum, in Middle Granville, where I am now recalling and writing the short summer's visit and labor. I did not visit Vermont to lecture, and have sought neither place, opportunity nor pay for such service; but my presence is always a notice to the friends and foes of Spiritualism that I am ready to speak in its defence everywhere, and I have lectured during my stay thirty-seven times, and in twelve towns and six churches, and have been amply and satisfactorily compensated. But lest some of our friends should think the speakers and mediums are getting too much pay, I will state the sum received for the thirty-seven lectures, and the highest and lowest prices, while for myself I "thank ye the same as ye give me nothing or much." Received for lectures, seventy-seven dollars; highest price, six dollars; lowest, six; average, two dollars; traveling expenses, about one-half. I am amply paid beside this in the kind words and open homes, joyful hearts and many blessings bestowed on a lonely and wandering spirit, chained by a body to the earth and anchored by its sympathies in the hearts of suffering mortals everywhere.

The Annual State Convention of Vermont was a real treat, in the gathering of old and new pioneers in our philosophy, where I met many faces I had met years ago at our gatherings, when we and our cause were younger and weaker, and it was good to see the firm, true, devoted spirits of such laborers as Bros. Simmons, Randall, Weeks, Walker, Middleton, Wilder, and scores more, of both sexes, whose happy faces to me are evidences of the truth and goodness of our philosophy. I have also met warm friends and good audiences at Rutland, Gaysville, Bethel, Williston, Brookfield, Derby, Hardwick, Milton, Glover and St. Albans, and shall long remember the pleasant scenes and scenery of these and other places, and longer still the many friends I have spent pleasant hours with among their native hills, and send back my grateful thanks to the homes in the valleys, by the brooks, whose doors open into the gardens of flowers, to me so sacred, as the stars that have fallen from heaven to light our way to their native home.

The labor I had allotted for my visit to Vermont has not been completed, but is well progressed. It was to put into a book some ideas, evidences and arguments I have long entertained of eternal life, essence and substance, the finite and infinite, in which I hope to present a reasonable and philosophical theory of eternal, individual existence, which of course includes the past as well as the future, for that life is not mere eternal which has one end than that which has two, and one ever implies two ends. I hope to be able to complete and present this work as soon as the "Gist of Spiritualism" has sold sufficiently to compensate the publishers of the Banner for issuing it. I owe many thanks to the friends for the extended and continued sale of my other books, and trust the next will not be less acceptable to the public.

During my stay in Vermont, I have visited and had sances with the Allen Boy, the Payne Children, and the Eddy Family—all of whom are among the best test mediums I have met in my extensive travels—I mean tests of spirit presence and power, not of individual identity of friends so much as of the great fact of intercourse between the worlds. I am sure, with a fair trial through either of these, any candid person can be satisfied that it is not jugglery, deception, or collusion, but is of spiritual origin, yet some may still call it the devil, even when it does good, and not evil. My last evening in the State was spent with the Eddys, at their home near Rutland, in company with a test medium, who enjoyed the visit from the spirits through the Eddys, as well as any of us. The exhibition of hands, faces, and moving of articles was such, I think, as to satisfy all present, and was among the best I ever witnessed. At the close our test medium friend gave a sitting, and added complete testimony of the identity of many spirit friends of those present.

Sept. 23, 1866.

WALTER CHASE.



