

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIX.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR. }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 18.

Literary Department.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF LESSONS.

BY CHARLES H. BRADLEY.

When walking by the seaside,
Or on a lofty hill;
Heard you nothing in the ebb-tide,
Or in the noisy rill?

When standing in the forest,
Or on a sandy plain;
Saw you nothing in the mosses,
Or in a drop of rain?

While sitting by the hearthstone,
Or roaming far away;
Felt you nothing that was glad some,
Or made your spirits gay?

Yes, you've heard the music,
And seen a pleasing sight;
And your heart is full of courage,
Your soul is full of light;

You've felt the quiet home life,
And tried to be content;
But in action, earnest action,
Should our lives be spent.

The earth is full of lessons,
The sky is full of light;
And if we wish for blessings,
We gain them doing right.

SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE,
BY CORA WILBURN, EXPRESSLY FOR
THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[Continued.]

The Second Visit of the Spectre Bridgroom.

Waldrich thus began:
"The Becker estate of to-day, you will remember, once belonged to a baronial family named Von Roren, but who for a century past have not inhabited it, but have leased it, until within the past twenty years. During the war disturbances, the estate was purchased by the departed Herr Counsellor Becker. The last Baron, who also owned a large portion of the forest adjoining, was extravagant in the extreme. He only came here when he had almost exhausted his resources in Paris or Venice. But even his economical recreations at home, were but a continuance, on a smaller scale, of the customary gayeties and love of pleasure to which he devoted his life. Even yet, we behold witnesses of the former splendour and pomp of the old place, in the remaining ruins and outbuildings of the palace that seventy years ago fell a prey to the flames, and in whose place now stands the simply attractive country-seat of the Counsellor Becker. All around, where now the plow makes use of the fertile soil, was then a garden vast and beautiful.

The last time that the Baron returned to his castle, it was at an unusual time, and followed by a large company. It was late in the Autumn, and he was accompanied by fifteen or more young noblemen, with their retinues. The Baron's daughter was the affianced bride of the Viscount de Vivienne, a young and attractive spendthrift, who had visited the German Courts on commissions from the Cardinal Dubois, who was the all-powerful Minister of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and Vivienne was his especial favorite.

It may well be supposed that the Baron Von Roren left no means untaken to render the stay of his noble guests agreeable, even in the country palace. The pleasures of the table, of the chase, of play, alternated with excursions, with the presentation of French dramas, and all other amusements that ingenuity and extravagance could devise. Amid the careless, laughing, joyous throng, Count Altenross, son of one of the most distinguished families of the Lower Rhine, held a prominent position as master of the ceremonies and conductor of the varying gayeties; and this, despite of his deathly pale face, and tall, frail figure, that seemed to denote a speedy departure from a life so frivolously spent. The Count was a perfect gambler; was thoroughly acquainted with the manners of all the Courts, and had acquired the art of killing time by a round of ceaseless festivities. Nothing could equal his inventive genius, his ever ready wit. The Baron had formed his acquaintance a short time only before he returned to Herbesheim, and had looked upon him as a treasure, and prevailed on him to accompany the jovial company about to proceed to the baronial seat. The Count played high, and not always luckily; perhaps for this reason, also, the gambling Baron sought his company.

It was the young, pale profligate, who prevailed upon the Baron, as the Advent season approached, to give a grand masked ball, making it a privilege for every nobleman to choose a lady partner for the evening, without regard to birth or condition; and to seek for such in city or country, as their caprice dictated. There was indeed a lack of ladies' society, there being only in the castle the Baroness and a few of her titled friends.

"Of what use is it to ask for birth and descent, when we are simply in pursuit of enjoyment?" said the Count Altenross. "Beauty is, equal with royalty, and the graces can boast of a grace and loveliness not disdained by the highest in the land."

All present clapped their hands in approval, although the noble ladies did somewhat disdainfully curl their lips. But soon dressmakers and tailors were ordered from the city, and even from distant parts, to prepare costumes of all kinds for the occasion. The Viscount determined to outvie

all others in elegance and taste, and Altenross, as ever, resolved to outshine the Frenchman. He searched in Herbesheim for the most skillful tailor and the prettiest girl, and found both beneath one roof. Mr. Vogel was the best tailor in the town, and his daughter Henrietta was the loveliest maiden, in the first bloom of womanhood, and she soon fascinated the Count by her irresistible charms.

The Count came often to the master tailor's house, to see that all was prepared right, so that nothing should be spoilt or wanting for the eventful night. In especial he had much to say to the industrious Henrietta, on account of the work. He also ordered two costly outfits for a lady, and these the young girl had to sew upon, and her father measured the splendid silks and satins on her person; for the Count had told them that the noble young lady he had invited to the ball was of precisely the same stature and of the same slender form as the young tailoress. He was very generous, and the presents he gave soon amounted to more than the promised pay. Henrietta, of course, received the choicest presents, and when he was alone with her, the Count paid her many flattering compliments on her beauty, and even spoke to her of love. Henrietta at first would not listen to these declarations, for she was betrothed to one of her father's apprentices. But she heard with interior satisfaction, the honeyed words of so noble and well-informed a gentleman; for a young girl is seldom made indignant by being adored.

A few days before the appointed time for the ball, the Count entered tailor Vogel's house with a gloomy and disappointed mien. He asked to speak alone with the master, and when all the rest had withdrawn he said:

"I am in great embarrassment, Mr. Vogel, and you can help me if you will; and I will reward you better than if you made ball attire for me a year."

"I am your grace's ever most obedient servant," replied the tailor with a deep bow and a smile.

"Only think, master," said the Count, "the lady I have invited has fallen sick, and of course has sent me word she cannot attend the ball. All the other gentlemen have their partners, as you know, most of them citizens' daughters from the city. I stand here now, without my other half. I might find her among the Counsellor's or merchant's daughters, but would the dresses fit them? You see, master, I am compelled to ask you for your daughter. You have measured the dresses and fitted them on her. You must entreat her to become my partner in the dance."

The tailor paused in amazement; he had never expected such an honor. He bowed down to the ground several times, and was incapable of uttering a word.

"Henrietta shall not regret it," continued Count Altenross; "the dresses she shall dance in will remain her property, and I will present her with all that is necessary for a perfect appearance before a select and brilliant company."

"Your grace is all too good!" exclaimed the tailor, "and I can tell your honor, without any self-praise, the girl dances beautifully! You should have seen her at the wedding of my neighbor, the tinner; I was struck dumb with astonishment to see her dance so. Will your excellency remain here? I will see to it. I will send the child here. Your grace can talk to her; I will not fail to do my best."

"But, master," said the Count, "perhaps Henrietta's intended is jealous, which would be very foolish in him. You must speak a good word to him."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Vogel, "the clown dare not open his mouth. I will settle with him."

He went out hurriedly, and soon after Henrietta entered, blushing. The Count covered her hand with kisses, and renewed his request, promising to purchase everything of the costliest description that would be needed for the completion of her costume, so that she should appear an equal with the greatest there. She colored still more deeply as he whispered that she would be the Queen of Beauty in the ball-room; and he presented her with a pair of splendid earrings.

All this was too much for a weak, vain maiden. Henrietta thought of the courtly grandeur of the feast; she saw herself admired by the noblest of the city, and strove like the proudest lady in the land. She murmured confusedly something about obtaining her father's permission.

Count Altenross tranquillized her on this point; and as she accepted the invitation, he pressed her to his heart and said in a tender tone:

"Henrietta, why shall I longer deny it? You were my chosen partner from the first; I chose you as my companion for that evening only; oh, Henrietta, I would now have you mine for life, for I love and adore you. You have not been created so wondrously beautiful to become the wife of a rough apprentice boy. You are reserved for a higher destiny. Do you understand me? Will you accept my love?"

She made no answer, but freed herself from his arms, and promised only to be his partner for the ball, if her father fully consented. Then both returned to the workroom. The Count whispered in the tailor's ear: "She has consented; see to it that all is prepared, and take this sum to defray expenses." He gave a purse of gold pieces into the man's hand and departed.

There were stormy scenes in the master tailor's home after that day; for Christian, the apprentice, Henrietta's betrothed, acted like a madman when he heard of the promise she had given. Neither the loving caresses of the maiden, nor the anger and curses of his employer, sufficed to restore him to his senses. It continued so during the entire day, and Henrietta spent a sleepless night. She truly loved Christian, but could not think of denying herself the opportunity of once in a lifetime appearing in costliest apparel as a guest and equal of the rich and noble. That was dominating too much, and she reproached him with a lack of

affection, telling him he begrudged her an innocent pleasure.

The next day Christian was more tranquil; that is, he did not storm and rave as before; but he repeated threateningly, though quietly, his warning: "You do not go to the ball!" to which Henrietta responded with a like determination: "I shall go!" And her father added: "And she shall go, in spite of you! I command it!" Shoes, fine pocket-handkerchiefs, laces, all of the best, were bought and held in readiness.

When the day arrived and the matter was settled, Christian took up his bundle, and putting on his traveling clothes appeared before father and daughter, and said: "If you go, I go, too; and we are parted forever!" Henrietta turned pale; the old man, who had already quarreled violently with his apprentice, retorted: "Take yourself off when you please! We will see who of us is master here! Henrietta can get a husband every day, ten times better than you are!"

But the girl wept; at that moment a servant of the Count's entered bearing a box sent by that gentleman, which the man said contained some trifles for the costume of Miss Vogel. The box contained a veil of gossamer texture, broad rolls of silk ribbon, a fine necklace of coral, and two diamond rings. Henrietta cast a sidelong glance at the pretty things as her father drew them forth, and through her tears the diamonds sparkled brighter in the sunlight. She wavered between assailing vanity and love.

"You do not go!" cried Christian.

"And I shall go!" she replied, with haughty determination. "You are not worth so many tears as I have shed. You are not worthy of my love. For I now see clearly you begrudge me so much joy and honor, and you have never cared for me at all!"

"Be it so, then!" said her lover. "Go! but you break a faithful heart!" He threw the ring she had given him at his feet, went out at the door, and never returned.

Henrietta wept and sobbed and would have recalled him, but her father forbade, and consoled her. The evening came; she attired herself for the ball. The excitement of the toilet served to dissipate her sorrow for the lost one. A carriage stopped at the door; the Count entered, and in a few moments both drove off.

"Dearest Henrietta!" he said to her on the way, "you are resplendently beautiful! You are a goddess! You are born to wear always such robes; you are not fitted for your humble station."

The *filles* was most brilliant. The Count and Henrietta appeared in the ancient Teutonic costume. They attracted every eye by the lavish splendor of their dress; for they outvied the display of the Viscount Vivienne and the Baroness Von Roren, who were magnificently attired as Persians of high rank.

"That one in black is no other than the Count," said Vivienne to his betrothed. "Of what use is a mask to the fool? He cannot shorten his beak of a form, that is a head higher than that of all the rest. To make himself conspicuous, he need not adopt his favorite color, in which this knight of the doleful countenance decks himself every day, like a Parisian Abbe; black upon black, indeed! But I am curious to know who the lady is. She has a fine, graceful bearing, and dances charmingly."

"I am certain it is some vulgar girl from the city," replied the Baroness; "one can discover that by her constrained and awkward manner." The ball continued until late in the night; then all went to the supper table, where, of course, the masks were laid aside. At the sight of so many strange, fair faces, there was many an agreeable surprise. The Viscount could not gaze too often upon the lovely Teuton. He sat beside her, and Count Altenross next to the pretty Baroness. The gentlemen appeared to have changed identities; for the Viscount gave all the flatteries and delicate attentions that should have been reserved for his affianced, to the blushing Henrietta; and the Count used all his powers of fascination on the haughty and vain young Baroness. And this exchange of lover-like solicitude was continued after the parties left the supper table.

"As true as I live," said the Viscount to his friend, "I will steal your partner from you, if you become my bitterest enemy in consequence!"

"I have my revenge in my own hands, dear Viscount," replied the other. "I shall entice from you your lovely Baroness!"

The Viscount, unduly inspired by the new love and the old wine he had freely partaken of, was undutiful enough to reply, not heeding that the lady was standing close by and could hear his words:

"A dozen of my Baronesses for the one Venus in the ancient Teutonic dress!"

"My friend," said the Count, gravely, "reflect on what you say. Though the lady who is my partner is charming, the first and highest award of beauty belongs to the queen of the evening—to your lady-bride."

"She is only a nominal queen! I bow to the real!" cried the Viscount.

In vain Altenross, by signs and glances, endeavored to convey to him the fact of the nearness of the bride he was disparaging. At length he requested him, in a commanding tone, to retract his insulting language toward the lady, who retired in a high state of indignation. Angry words were exchanged; the wine was controlled by his hot passion—by wine and rage; the guests drew together around the disputants. The Count sought to avoid further publicity by taking refuge in silence. But the Viscount cried out:

"I should not have thought that so ennobled a libertine as you are could have strength enough left for jealousy; for it is only silly jealousy that makes you speak!"

Count Altenross could no longer contain himself. "I a libertine?" he exclaimed. "Who dares to say it?"

"Your own leaden-colored countenance!" laughed ironically his opponent.

"If you are no coward, Viscount, you will give me satisfaction for your folly. One of us must leave this house! You are a cockcomb!"

Baron Von Roren had found his daughter weeping in an adjoining apartment, and had heard from her of the misconduct of her betrothed. He sought the Viscount, and entered the saloon as Count Altenross uttered his challenge. All the guests were indignant at the young man's behavior. The Baron took him threateningly by the hand, and drew him forcibly aside:

"Miserable creature!" he cried, "you have dared to openly insult my daughter! Have we deserved this of you? You will give me satisfaction *this moment—not to-morrow!*"

Both left the ball-room, and again the dance was renewed. The Baron and the Viscount entered an adjoining illuminated room. Close upon their heels followed the Count, bearing two swords, one of which he offered to Vivienne, and, turning to the Baron, he said:

"Permit me to avenge the insult offered to the lovely Baroness, and to satisfy my own honor by punishing this worthless and ungrateful being!"

The Viscount cried furiously:

"Well, then, draw, you ashen-faced boaster!"

and he seized the sword, drew it from its scabbard, and attacked the other.

The Count defended himself with much coolness. The strife did not continue for three minutes ere the heated opponent's weapon was struck from his hand, so that the blade flew against a large mirror, shattering it to pieces.

"Miserable wretch!" said the Count, "your life is in my hold; but I will not soil my hands with your despicable blood! Away with you! out of this atmosphere! and let me never look upon your face again!"

With that he gave him a flat stroke over the back, and, with a giant's strength, threw him out of the door.

That same night the Viscount de Vivienne with his servants left the castle forever.

Although the Baroness had felt deeply wounded by the insults of her affianced lover, yet in the thought that swords had been drawn on her account she derived complete satisfaction. She had never loved the Viscount with reality of love and fervor; but now she hated him most heartily; and the Count Altenross, who had seemed so repulsive to her before, assumed a most agreeable aspect in her eyes. There is nothing very astonishing in this sudden change; it is well known that love is blind; and the self-love of vanity is one kind of love.

When she heard of what had occurred, from her father, she sought the protector of her honor with an expression of anxiety on her face, that was well assumed. She knew that, on both sides, the combat had ended without loss of limb or blood.

"Oh, what have you done, my dear Count?" she exclaimed. "You are not wounded, I trust? Oh, how you have alarmed me!"

"My gracious lady! if I had been wounded for your sake, how proud I would be of it! Do not harbor any fears for me. A concealed foil, like the Viscount, cannot reach me. But have a little compassion for me, for I am wounded in the most susceptible spot, in this heart of mine! and this alone by you. But you have no pity for me."

"You jest; until now the world has found you uninjured, and never deemed you suffering from wounds of the heart."

"I suffered and was silent, content to be one of the many victims to your charms. I was glad to risk my life to avenge you on that frivolous simpleton. I can be silent still, and will some time do so for you with joy!"

"Silence!" said the Baroness with a winning smile and a slight pressure of the hand. "Let us return to the dance."

They danced together, and became more intimately acquainted, during the evening; he had timidly avowed his love, which she had not disdained. She named him, in sport, her true knight and champion, and he pleaded for the granting of the lady's favor, in the permission to imprint a kiss upon her rosy cheek.

Full of delight and animation was Henrietta; she beheld herself an object of universal admiration; so much had never been said to her before upon the power of her loveliness. Toward morning the Count returned with her in the carriage to her father's house, and invited her to the next ball, to her great joy.

"Oh, Henrietta!" she sighed, "will you not love me a little?" "You have passed a pleasant evening. Will you not share these pleasures forever? It depends upon yourself. As Countess of Altenross, all your life would be one joyous festival!"

She was silent, and allowed him to steal a kiss as he pressed her to his heart.

On the following day the Count appeared promptly at the dwelling of both ladies, and continued his lover-like attentions toward each. He gave rich presents, and so flattered the vanity of both maidens, they persuaded themselves that they really loved him. Both fathers, the Baron and the tailor, were dazzled in like manner. To the nobleman he lent large sums of money; and the father of Henrietta deemed himself so enriched by the costly gifts received, as soon to be enabled to retire from labor.

It was, therefore, an easy matter to obtain the consent of the parents, when the Count asked of each for the daughter's hand. With each one was held the betrothal; and what was still more wicked in the insatiable suitor, a third engagement was entered upon with the daughter of an official in the city; the young maiden had been separated from her intended husband by the arts of the Count.

The Baron celebrated the betrothal of his daughter with a grand dinner, with play and a ball. Henrietta was again invited, though only for the evening, when the Count obtained the gracious permission of his affianced to bring the

tailor's daughter. It was a fearful day with Nature; rain, hail and snow alternated with violent gusts of wind, even with thunder peals and lightning flashes. Chimneys were blown down and many trees felled to the earth. But for all this no one cared in the castle. At night the lights made a warm and streaming daylight; and love, wine and pleasure ruled, undisturbed by the pelting tempest without.

The young Baroness and the humbler Henrietta were enraptured in bliss. The Count divided his attentions between them, though he seldom danced with Henrietta. The Baroness, gorgeously attired in the regal gifts of her betrothed, was the envy of all the ladies present. She danced with exultant delight, and in the vain pride of her heart, as the bride of the richest Count in Germany, she gave her former associates to understand that henceforth she did not view them as her equals. She left the ball-room, wearied, long before the dancing ceased. The Count led her to the door of her chamber. He returned to the ball-room awhile, and when all were ready to return home, he accompanied Henrietta to her father's house. All there were sleeping soundly. The Count spent some time in conversation with the young girl.

On the following morning a dreadful rumor flew through the city, to the effect that the daughter of a certain official had been found dead in her bed, her neck broken, the face turned back! A crowd assembled before the house; physicians and police officers hastened thither. The great cries of the bereaved parents made the listening multitude shudder. All remembered the old tradition, and the record of what had occurred a hundred years before, during the Advent season. They whispered to each other of the "Spectre Guest," and a horrible fear took possession of every heart.

The tailor-master Vogel heard it too, and thought with a secret dread of his child. Still he did not deem it strange that she slept so long, as she had returned late from the ball. But when he heard the tradition revived, heard of the "Spectre Bridgroom," with his tall, lean figure and waxen-pale face, the black clothing, the fascinating power, he thought of Count Altenross, and his hair stood up with fright, and a cold tremor shook his frame.

But he had never believed the old story. He reproved himself for his superstitious folly, and resolved to strengthen himself by taking a glass of the good Madeira wine presented to him by his wealthy and noble son-in-law to be. To his great astonishment, the bottle was missing; and when he opened closets and coffers to take a look at the rich gifts of the Count, he found them all gone. He shook his head in thoughtful silence.

He began to feel uncomfortable, to have presentiments of ill. Alone and softly he stole up stairs to Henrietta's chamber, and tremblingly he opened the door. He went toward the bed, but had not the courage to look at it. When at last he looked, all grew dark before him, for she lay there dead, her beautiful face distorted, her neck broken!

Stricken as by lightning, the unhappy father long stood there; then he took the head of the departed in his hands, and restored it to its natural position. He then ran for a physician, and told him of the sudden death of his daughter. The doctor shook his head as he examined the lovely corpse. The father, who would not have the truth known, declared her death must have been caused by exposure to the night air after the excitement of the dance. He gave vent to his grief so frantically, that all the neighbors assembled around him in alarm.

All were still discussing the mysterious occurrence of the sudden deaths of the two maidens, when there came tidings of the departure from this life of the only daughter of the Baron Von Roren. The physicians all declared the Baroness had died from a sudden attack consequent upon taking cold; but none believed them. It was certain that she, too, had shared the fatal destiny of the others, and the physicians had been brought to silence by her proud and exclusive father.

The baronial castle was indeed transformed from a house of feasting and royal merriment to a house of mourning and despair. To add to the father's inconceivable grief, it was found that all the sums of gold, the magnificent chains and bracelets, the rings, plate, and all other presents bestowed upon father and daughter, were all missing. Even the Count himself, for whom messengers were sent in all directions, had mysteriously vanished. His rooms were empty, as if they had never been occupied by him, and his many coffers, followers, horses and equipages had disappeared without leaving a sign.

The bodies of the three unfortunate brides were committed to the earth in one day. The three coffins met in the burial ground. The minister said over them the same prayer. One of the mourners, wrapped in a black cloak, stepped aside ere the prayer was ended; and he had not gone many steps when he was seen in changed apparel—in an ancient, odd costume, snowy white, with a white feather on his hat, and on his back and breast were seen three dark red spots, from which the blood dripped down. He wandered off toward a solitary grave, and was seen no more. While the people shuddered with terror, the coffin-bearers trembled with a sudden fear, for the coffin felt light, as if emptied of their sleeping burdens. They threw them into the awaiting graves, and fled as if pursued by fiends. Then tempest gusts of rain and showers of hail and snow whirled over the place, and a cold and monning wind howled over the terrified crowd.

A few days afterwards, the Baron Von Roren left his estate, and no one of the family ever returned thither. The garden fell into decay and neglect; the castle remained uninhabited and forsaken, until, heaven only knows how, it became a prey to the devouring flames.

[To be continued in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

THE STORY OF THE MOSS ROSE.

After Tiny had been sent by the Queen of the Flowers to the care of Grandfather Greylock and Aunt Prim, the excitement of the assembly was great. Some remarked:

"What a pity that such a nice child should do such a shameful thing as to try to palm herself off for something better than she is!"

"It was not that," said others; "it was sheer envy. She thought she would like to be something besides a Clover, and she forgot that the only way to change herself was to commence from within."

"Now I've heard it said," spoke up one of the older members of the company, "that they have a new-fashioned way of changing flowers. It is by putting something in the earth, or about the roots. Now I think it is a real tempting of Providence to try any such new-fangled notions."

"Why not?" said a smart new Lily. "You see my elegant velvet stripes down my dress? Well, that was all brought about by a little skill of the gardener. Depend upon it, we are in duty bound to improve on old fashions as much as possible."

The Queen hushed all their controversies by a neat little speech:

"My dear children," said she, "the sweet life of Nature that flows through all plants and flowers, is a gift from the All-Loving, and we should all cherish it. Each plant and flower, in its place, can reveal this life, and show its own beauty and loveliness. We ought all of us, also, to try to increase our virtues. I would advise every Rosebud to become more sweet, and every Lily to seek to become more fair. But we have no cause for envy one of another. Each one is near to the great heart of Nature, and he who clothes the lily of the field, is just as tender of the clover or the sprig of grass. If we do our best, each in his place, we shall find ourselves sufficiently blessed. Does not the soft rain fall on you all, my children? Are not the gentle dewdrops the heritage of the field Daisy and the garden Phlox? Receive a lesson from Tiny Clover, and remember that envy is the root of great follies, and never produces peace; while jealousy brings forth the seed of discontent, and destroys all concord. But let us be forgiving, and not censure poor Tiny Clover too severely, but endeavor to avoid her and mistake."

Saying this, the Queen waved her hand, and the assembly all remained silent while she passed on to bestow her favors on her loving subjects. As she spoke her last words of tender charity, dear little Rosey felt a glow of love in her heart that made her perfume flow forth like the aroma from the rose-garden of Araby. The Queen paused as the delicious fragrance greeted her.

"Bring me the flower that has such a sweet, benevolent nature," said she.

Moss Rose gave a wink and a motion to the Queen's attendants, to signify that it was Rosey whose fragrance was so sweet, although she looked little enough like a Rose, so much as she was of her most beautiful petals.

In a moment she was placed before the Queen, who was assured that it was she whose heart was so rich in love. As she saw Rosey's condition, she smiled at once the state of things.

"Be not so timid, dear child," she said to Rosey. "You need not be ashamed of your attire. Nothing can really change you while this sweetness dwells in your heart. I am sure, it was not by your own carelessness that you appear in this plight. I am delighted to find that as much as you have suffered from the ill-feeling of others, you are not embittered yourself. You were so fortunate as to be born a Rose, and to have inherited a noble place in the kingdom of Nature; but it is your interior worth that makes you so beloved, and if you retain that you can never lose your charm."

Rosey was so delighted at the kind words of the Queen, that her heart glowed still more warmly, and the fragrance filled the whole air. Every flower in the assembly recognized her loveliness, and spontaneously they all bowed their heads. At a sign from the Queen, beautiful garments were placed on Rosey, and she was named La Belle—The Beautiful.

When the festivities were over, Rosey begged Moss Rose to tell her the history of her lovely attire, which is the admiration of all the world. They were both so fortunate as to be placed in a rich vase of silver side by side, where they had a fine opportunity for a long friendly talk.

"My dear La Belle," began Moss Rose, "I am glad to relate to you the story which has been told in my family for many, many generations by father to son, and mother to daughter. Once upon a time there dwelt many Roses in a beautiful garden together. Very lovingly they talked to each other when the morning light touched their fair petals, and many sweet breaths of incense went up from their hearts in token of their thankful joy. After a time there bloomed on one of the most ancient and respected of the Rose trees a fair sweet rose. So very perfect was it, that many ladies and gentlemen walking by and remarking its beauty, said it must be the Queen of the Roses. Whereupon all the buds on the bush determined to equal or excel their lovely sister, and all the green leaves signified their willingness to assist them, and all the roots promised to do their best to produce still more beautiful flowers. But it soon became apparent that only those flowers bloomed in beauty that kept themselves free from all but pure and holy desires.

As bud after bud opened on this wonderful bush, they showed so much loveliness, that they became the favorites of all who were in the habit of gathering flowers there. If a little child wanted the freshest buds to offer a love gift, he was sure to come to that tree to gather them. If a bride was to be adorned, some offerings were always found among the delicate buds that opened their fair outer petals and hid their blushing centers. If festivals were to be celebrated, this bush sent more roses than all the others of the garden. Perhaps it was not strange that the other roses grew envious of this fair bush, for they did not seem to understand that they had power to consecrate their lives to beauty and loveliness in the same manner that their lovely neighbor had done. Instead of trying to emulate them, they all began to indulge in disagreeable invective, and to do all sorts of rude things, to endeavor to bring disgrace on their favored neighbors, who bore with patience and gentleness all these acts of ill-will.

Matters grew hourly worse, until it was clear that some open rupture would occur in this heretofore quiet community. Some of the more peaceful and orderly of the fraternity said it would be a disgrace if any trouble occurred, since they

were all entitled to the same rights and privileges; all were fed by the rich, fertile soil; all were moistened by the dew and washed by the rain; and if there were differences in the color of their garments, or the perfume of their hearts, yet if each did their best they might be equally happy.

But there was no use in talking. Envy and ill-will were at work, and they poisoned all the community. It was remembered for a long time how some roses tossed their heads in the summer wind, and tried to look in every direction except at the favored bush; and how others whispered together to invent some way to disgrace the roses on the beautiful tree.

One night when the roses of beauty were quietly enjoying a little sleep, that they might refresh themselves for the morning's light, the other roses held council together, and sought to devise some means of making their neighbors seem as unlovely as themselves.

"I propose that we hire all the bugs to go and devour their young buds," said one.

"A miserable plan," said another, "for there would soon appear a new crop, perhaps more beautiful than those. I rather wish to strike at the root of the trouble."

"Let us all frown at them and never appear to notice them," said another.

"They will only cling the closer together," suggested a third. "Let us try to bend ourselves over so that we can shut all the sunbeams from them."

"That is folly, for we shall only scorch ourselves to death if we do," replied a fourth.

Thus they talked and counseled, but never could come to any conclusion, only that they wished to humble their neighbors.

At length an old tree, that had grown for many, many years near by, woke up and heard the great clatter of voices where all was usually quiet.

"Highty tighty," said he, "this looks well, truly. Here are a set of individuals, each beautiful in their place, getting up a great spirit of bitterness, because some of their number seem to outshine them. Have they not all equal blessings from their loving Mother Nature? But let me speak a word to them. My friends, I have lived on the North side of you for many a year, and have been delighted with your harmony. Your sweet perfume has often seemed to me like the prayer of the earth—like the spirit of purity arising in grateful thanksgiving. But I see you are in great trouble; do tell me what it is."

All the roses began at once to tell their story, and there was such a hum of discontent, that the birds in the branches of the tree thought there was a hurricane arising, and folded their wings closer for security. When the old tree had heard enough to convince him of the state of things, he laughed inwardly, for the folly of the roses seemed very great, and he determined to pay them for their weakness by a little sport.

"Leave the punishment to me," said he. "I will answer for it that you will be quite content with it."

To this they all agreed, but they could not rest for anxiety to see what the tree designed to do. A strong northerly wind was blowing, which increased in force every moment. The tree was covered with mosses, which from its old age it had allowed to accumulate, saying, "If I die it is quite as well to have something green and fresh left in my place." The old tree had determined to scatter these mosses over the rosebushes equally, for the sake of a little frolic, and the high wind enabled him to do it quite well.

When the roses perceived that the tree had been having a little sport with them, they were more angry than ever, and they determined to vent their anger on the unfortunate roses that had excited their ill will. So they shook off the mosses, and they all lodged on the sleeping roses. So peaceful were their dreams they did not even waken at the disturbance, and the mosses, quite content with their new place of abode, clung every moment closer and closer to the sweet tender buds. It seemed as if they had at last reached their long wished for resting place, and they clung closely to the green stems as if sure of shelter and protection. At length the roses of beauty awakened and found themselves covered with moss.

"Do not discard us," said the mosses; "we love you; we have clung to you for protection. What was sport for the tree is death to us. Let us live and die with you; at least do not brush us off in contempt at present."

The roses sent out a gush of loving perfume, and bade the mosses rest in perfect security, for they had love enough and strength enough to keep them and guard them. When the morning came, there was a great twittering among the roses. They all peeped out to see their neighbors, and laughed heartily at what they supposed was to be a great mortification to them.

"I guess they've got it at last," said one ignorant rose, half covered with sand and dirt.

"I reckon they'll not flaunt any more," said another.

But the roses of beauty looked out gently and smiled, and the mosses clung closer to their green calyxes and twined about their stems, and grew so fresh and beautiful, that the old tree was perfectly delighted, feeling quite proud of its work, although it was intended only as sport.

To the surprise and chagrin of the roses, the Moss Rose was more beautiful than ever. From out its covered calyx each little bud glanced with a look so sweet and tender, that every one immediately loved it. Soon it had more admirers than could be counted. Of course the other roses were quite neglected, for the novelty of a Rose with so quaint a garment was sufficient to excite all beholders. People from all countries came to visit the bush, and to beg that they might be allowed to propagate from it. In vain the other roses besought the tree to shed mosses on them, that they might at least rival in some respect their neighbors. But the tree quietly laughed, and kept every sprig of moss close upon his branches, while he whispered in his leaves: "Envy not your neighbor. Is not the sun for you all, and the rain and the dew? Does not the dear mother earth give you nourishment? Are you not all kissed by the south wind, and refreshed by the west wind? Envy not your neighbors."

And that is the way," continued Moss Rose, "that we became so celebrated and admired. I can never be thankful enough for the love and gentleness of those dear buds that grew so long ago, and I will not forget to be thankful for my inheritance."

"What a delightful history!" said Rosey. "I feel thankful to have heard it, for now I am quite sure I shall never grow envious or wish ill to those I think more fortunate than myself."

"You are a dear, sweet Rosey," said Moss Rose, "and I should not wonder if in some way you yet had a rich reward."

"I feel it already, in my glad, happy heart," said Rosey.

"Then let us offer our prayers in sweet incense," said Moss Rose, "and take a little nap. I feel quite weary."

"And they prayed together:

"Give us contented hearts, oh beautiful life."

Original Essays.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.

BY J. REHN.

That we have hitherto had a Religion destitute of Science is a fact so palpable, that none are to be found who would question it. Not only has it been destitute of science itself, but it has even been the chief obstacle in the way of scientific advancement and improvement, continually throwing itself across the pathway of progress in this direction, as though, conscious of its weak and indefensible assumptions, it feared the advancing light, lest it wither and perish beneath its dissolving rays. In making this statement, it is not designed to make any distinction between Religion and Theology, but merely to take the common theological systems as they have appeared and do still appear in the world, as the representatives of the religious thought; and at the same time to admit that beneath all this rubbish is a true religious and devotional sentiment seeking to express itself as best it may.

It is a notorious truth that as science advances these religious systems recede, and if their places cannot be supplied with that which is both truer and better, then Religion is gone past all redemption.

Now, it is the present purpose to inquire whether a Scientific Religion is possible; and if so, what is to be the character of it.

Religion, in the largest interpretation which the term is susceptible of, is comprehended in those boundless relationships, at which, so to speak, God is at one extreme and Man at the other; and though God and Man stand at these extremes, yet they are thus apart only by the infinite degrees of goodness and perfection which distinguish the Creator from the creature, and not by the absence of the loving care of our good "Father in heaven," who, through the instrumentality of His providences is leading us into His kingdom. Religion consists simply in the observance of those duties, and the practice of those principles which grow out of this relationship.

Presuming that there can be no reasonable exception taken to this definition, it will be for us to ascertain if there is any scientific mode in which these duties and privileges may find expression?

It may be well to remember that science makes no new truth. The most that can be said of it, is that it is the demonstration of the true order in which things and principles, names and phenomena stand co-related to each other. When it errs in its announcements, and affirms that to be the true order which is not, then it is no science. How far this latter statement may go toward the "cleaning out" of many pretensions in this line, will be left for each one to figure out at convenience. That some of them may be damaged, there is no doubt.

Inasmuch, then, as all Religion must grow out of this relationship of man to God, the next point of inquiry to which we are directed is, how many of the duties and privileges thus arising are to be denominated religious, and how many something else. If there is a distinction to be made, it must arise from a difference in the quality of the duties and privileges thus arising. Since all the duties and all the privileges arise from the same Divine source, and are intended to effect us to and God; and since from this fact there seems to be no line of demarcation, one side of which, all arising from it is profane, and on the other, all sacred, we shall be obliged to call all profane or all sacred; or, in other words, religious. Now, which shall we do? To do the former is to vote God out of his kingdom, as, if there is no relationship to God, there is no God in the universe, or may as well be none; and for all practical purposes there would be none. A God who is not a cause, and has nothing to do with the things of existence, cannot have even the merit of being ornamental, to say nothing about usefulness. If we do the latter, then all our actions must be denominated religious; and that is, for all I can see, the true reduction of the case.

Here we shall be met with many objections from the mere theologian; men who have always been engaged in making distinctions where there are no differences, and who tell us that acts of devotion alone are religious, whilst the rest are merely secular. Well, and what are "acts of devotion?" Does devotion consist in praying? In telling God how he ought to manage things, in eating, warring, counting beads, taking sacraments, sprinkling water, reciting the litany, going to Church, reading the Bible, or in a life of rectitude and justice in all our intercourse with our fellow-men? With such a religion as the former, we must admit that no science is possible, and if that be religion, we must give up the case; and to such, therefore, we have, at present, nothing to say; but to the latter class some further reflections will be submitted in this essay.

Having reduced the question as to what constitutes religious acts, and finding that all human acts are properly comprised within this definition, how can all, thus incumbent upon us, be scientifically performed?

Of course, a perfect religious life would be a perfect scientific one, and this would require a perfect knowledge of all the relations of things in detail; and, inasmuch as such knowledge, at present, impossible, we cannot hope to secure too lofty an end. But this need not deter us from the attempt to live a life conformable to the principles of Nature, as far as we may be able to discover them, and the true relation of things, and our relation, also, to those things and to each other; and thus not only conform to the Divine laws, as far as we may be enabled to trace them, but to welcome all additional rays in revelation of that which, to-day, is hidden from us.

Scientists properly define that to be science which enables us to operate from a knowledge of the principles or laws of Nature, in contradistinction to empiricism, or the promiscuous tossing together of ingredients without any knowledge of the laws of procedure, and trusting to Providence for the result. That there are Divine ethical laws operating with the same certitude as those of gross matter, is a truth which few, if any, philosophers will deny. Now a knowledge of these laws and the practical observance of them is the basis of a scientific religion or a true spiritual science. And if we can be enabled to discover these clearly, so as to trace them and act upon them, then who shall say that, at least, we shall not be enabled to live a scientific life, if not a scientific religion?

Having ascertained what constitutes religion, and, also, what must constitute a scientific religion, if we can obtain one, it will be in order to inquire, What are the principles to be ascertained and applied that this true religious life may ensue? But, first, it is to be observed that no possible amount of knowledge can ever be of the smallest use to us, unless it shall bring with it that liberty which we shall be enabled to courageously take hold of the eternal truth of God, as the same may be revealed to us in the

lapse of time. However bright and glorious may be the treasures of the Kingdom, they but dazzle the eyes of cowards, whilst braver souls catch their radiant splendor and, with it, the blessings they bring; and thus

Angels walk in where fools do fear to tread.

It may, also, in passing, be well to remark to those who always ask, "Will it pay?" that there is but little money in this new and true scientific religion, for, if you attempt to live it out, you will find yourself a candidate for the poor-house, with all the industry you may employ. In the competitive system of trade and production, where, in every man is an Ishmaelite, and where antagonism is the law, and frankness the exception, there is but little promise of the world's goods to those who would tread the paths of justice, and in whom there is no reservation, mental or commercial. The system of commerce, like that of religion out of which it grew, is not only not scientific, but incapable of reduction to any scientific method. To render them just, is to destroy them as they now are. So then, good friends, be assured there is no money in it; and, if we have not the heroism to make the attempt without the golden promise, we shall not be likely to enter the new Church of the future, on whose altars are neither the defilements of blood nor of gold all encrusted with tears and the base alloy of injustice.

Before entering upon a statement of what seems to be the principles above referred to, it may not be out of place to define the spheres and functions of philosophy and science respectively, which are simply as follows: Philosophy is the well-directed effort to explore the order of the universe, as this appears subjectively to the methodical thinker, and submit the gathered probabilities for examination, as the test of their truth, whilst it is the sphere and function of science to become the demonstrator of whatever may be true in philosophy, by dealing with the facts involved. The former perceives laws and the relations of laws; the latter facts and the relations of facts. Philosophy deals with the ethics of the universe; science with the details of the same. Science, therefore, can never prove the existence of a God, until it has dealt with all the facts of the Universal. It is to the realm of philosophy only that we are to look for the unveiling of the mysteries of the inner life, and the tracing of the lines of being until they end in God. In this view, although philosophy and science differ in their functions, yet they stand so correlated that either must be incomplete without the other. Unscientific philosophy and unphilosophical science have almost brought both to contempt. The reflection on these mistakes and abuses—which reflection is so apparent in this century—promises to cancel the errors of the past and bring the twain into one—to a divine, conjugal union, never to be again divorced. And thus a truly scientific religion must be, also, a philosophic religion; and in this sense it is proposed that we consider the matter now in hand.

The effort thus far, has been in this essay, to define the limits, if any exist, of religious duties; whence their origin and how they shall be performed. We have endeavored to show that the duties and privileges of religion, grow out of the relationship of man to God, and man to man; that there are no dividing lines, classifying duties in such a way that one class is to be considered religious and the other profane; and it is for us now to inquire how these duties and privileges should be performed. In this matter we shall discover—if we have not yet done so—that religion is no mysterious, incomprehensible formula of absurdities and impossibilities, but an ever increasing scale in the degrees of an orderly life, rich and glorious in both the promise and the fulfillment thereof.

Well, how do we stand related to God? Obviously, our relation to Him is that of children—creatures. Now what duties and privileges grow out of this relation? We must admit, a priori, that our Father in heaven is infinite in all his attributes—that neither can his Wisdom, Love or Power be increased, at least by any act that we, his children can perform. We can therefore, have no duties to God, whilst we have a boundless multitude of privileges—which privileges increase in number with every additional ray of light, and every quickened emotion. What shall we compare to those inestimable joys, which thrill the soul—as from some lofty survey of our God's never failing providence, through his economy, we spontaneously thank him as we can only feel thankfulness, but never express it—to those sublime hopes which wait us beyond the confines of earth and the things thereof, when we shall again mingle with those who left us for a season—which offer us the inexhaustible treasures of the universe, as the reward of our usefulness, and our deeds of love and wisdom? These are privileges indeed, before whose transcendent value all other fade away. In these and such as these, will be and are comprised all we shall ever know, it would seem, touching a religion, so far as its offices may be directed toward God. It is not God who needs our aid, duties and ceremonies, pompous displays and fastings. Infinite perfection cannot be more perfected by what we can do. But whilst we are related to God as children, and he to us as Father, we must remember that this relationship involves another; namely, that man is our brother; and here it is where our religion of duties commences; here it is where our practical prayers are needed—our sacraments of bread and wine—our immersions and washings and anointing. Having looked so long up into heaven to see holy angels, we seem to have quite forgotten that there were men on earth, or if we discovered them, that they were of any other use than to be robbed in this world and damned in the next.

It is not intended here to affirm that our religion of duties to man is not also a religion of privileges. Many on the contrary, of the choicest blessings of our lives, grow out of our privileges respecting each other, for the reason that duties appertain to the relations of man and man, and not those of God and man.

No theistic philosopher will deny the soundness of the formula which places God as the *causative* in the universe, and man as the creature. With this admitted, it is absurd to suppose that God did not cause things to be as he wished them, if he had the power; whilst to deny the power, is to reduce the argument to destruction; as in that case, he is not the *causative*, power. Now, both the premises and the conclusions here, briefly stated are philosophic, and can never be proven by science; or, in other words, demonstrated. For if it deals alone with facts, God must be the last fact. And so all facts are reached, measured and determined—what, to say the least, is not probable. Any number of demonstrative facts less than the absolute totality, must be inadequate, and when science commences inferences then it becomes, to that extent, philosophic.

The effort has also, been made to show that there can be no line of distinction between our duties and privileges. That if they are duties at all they must be all religious at all profane; and that if we have privileges they cannot be denied us, for such denial extinguishes the privilege. Now how shall we perform our duties and privileges scientifically and philosophically? The answer to this

question furnishes us the Scientific and Philosophic Religion.

Let us suggest a few points as attempts in this direction.

First, then, Man is sympathetic in his nature. In this is exhibited a law of his being, not to be disregarded, and which proves the bond fraternal. It irresistibly compels him to feel for another's woes, even where the love of self so dominates, that his sympathies find no practical expression. But to live a true, Scientific Religion, we must act upon this law, and where the sympathy is aroused, act upon its suggestions. Thus if a man is hungered, feed him; if in distress, relieve him; if in sorrow, console him. If on the contrary, a brother is joyful and happy, in a natural and truthful life, we shall rejoice with him, and we shall be partakers of his joy, whilst he shall rejoice all the more for our participation.

Again, another law of our nature is, that the elements of our humanity are everywhere the same in kind, however much they may differ in the degree of their development. A Scientific Religion will, therefore, instead of dealing in censure, exert all possible power to educate the weak and ignorant; that the pure gold may shine with its wonted lustre, and the rough jewels be made to reveal all their intrinsic brightness. This law also affords an additional illustration of the fraternity of the race, with all the manifold duties and privileges which grow out of it. Furthermore, before the righteous verdict under this law, all aristocratic distinctions are dissolved into impalpable mist, and the democracy of mankind becomes the asserted truth. Before the scientific assertion of this law of republicanism, thrones topple over, and royal blood becomes human; castes and artificial distinctions cease to curse the nations, and the corruptions arising from them no longer appear.

Without entering upon the many illustrations which suggest themselves to establish the point aimed at in this essay, the drift of the thought will be apparent. One thing seems quite certain, and that is, that a Religion, to be acceptable to the thinkers of the coming age, must have a thinkable, scientific and solid basis; one which will do no violence to the reason or the affections, but be justified by both; which shall be rich in its gospel of brotherhood; full of every good word and work.

BIBLE TRUTHS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

Heaven and Hell.

It is scarcely worth while to occupy your columns with repetitions of the absurdities and preposterous nonsense contained in various parts of the accepted theology of the Christian world, and I only do it in the hope that some wandering mind, may be convinced of the broad farce which is being every day enacted under the name of religion, and the authority of the church, and thus be brought to a knowledge of the lights and truths of the spiritual philosophy, and to an understanding and comprehension of a reasonable and sensible religion.

We are taught in and by the church and its revelation, that more than nine-tenths of the entire human family go to hell—the small minority finding their way to the mansions of the blest. "Many are called but few are chosen," and this has been the order of events ever since creation began. The idea would be terrible, were it not supremely absurd. One thousand millions of people inhabit the globe—two hundred and fifty millions of these are professed Christians, the balance are Jews, heathen, pagans and heretics. They all go to the regions of the damned in any event, for "there is no salvation except through Christ;" and as these poor pagans have never happened to hear of this way of life, they must take the consequences and go to hell. Now, of those who are at least nominally Christians, how many are fitted to enter the kingdom of heaven, according to their own ideas of this fitness? Perhaps one tenth, and that is a very liberal allowance. Now suppose we carry out the figures to legitimate results, and we shall have the startling fact staring us in the face, that heaven is comparatively a desert, wherein one who chances to enter, will not meet a friend nor see a familiar face once in ten thousand years.

This conclusion is fortified by the picture presented to us in the Bible, and by the church, of the two ways of life. The path to heaven is narrow, over rough roads and great mountains; and is obstructed by mantraps and pitfalls. A Wolf here and a Lion there; and a giant standing by the door with a great club in his hand, to beat and belabor the weary traveler. How is any one to reach this heaven? On the other hand, the way to destruction is a broad, smooth, easy, sloping highway. There is plenty of room for the crowds of travelers, and no obstructions. And thousands of millions of God's children have, through this way which he has made easy, found their resting place in a bottomless pit of fire and sulphur.

It does seem impossible that in this day and country, sensible, intelligent persons can be found who believe such stuff as this. Spiritualism knows that God can and does take care of, and provide for all his children.

LITTLE THINGS.

The flower is small that decks the field,
The bee is small that hums the field,
But the flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine;
And all they are, and all they teach,
Springs from the Mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous Autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such an one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where well nigh every good is won
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings—
What lifted her so lightly there?
Small feathers in her wings.

What form, too, then, the beautiful dyes
With which all nature of is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills and skies?
Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sore and sad
From summer's over fervid reign,
How is she in fresh beauty clad?
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves
Whence does it every robe surpass?
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

An Irishman asked a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls, and was told, "A dollar." "A dollar is it, my darlint?" why, in my country you might buy them for sixpence apiece." "And why did n't you stay in the blessed country?" "Oh, faith, and there was no sixpence there, to be sure!"

"When is a ship like a nobleman's wife?" "When she is fastened to a pier."

Spiritual Phenomena.

Physical Manifestations—A Unitarian Minister in the Cabinet—Back-Down, etc.

Unusually interesting were the séances of Laura V. Ellis, the thirteen-year-old medium, at Milford, Mass., on the 12th, 13th and 14th of June. Several persons of that place entertained the idea that the manifestations through her mediumship were not genuine, and that they could successfully "expose her." Mr. Joseph Buxton stated that the Rev. Daniel Bowen, a Unitarian minister, thought he could do the same things, tied in the same manner, as were done in the cabinet with Miss Ellis, and asked if he could have the privilege of trying. Consent was given by Mr. Ellis (Laura's father), who then tied the rev. gent. the same as he had tied his daughter. [By the way, the Unitarian clergymen appear to be very much exercised of late, on account of Spiritualism; probably because so many are leaving their ranks and accepting the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.] The tying was done under the supervision of Mr. Buxton, who is a skeptical gentleman, and was on the committee the previous evening.

It being decided that Mr. Bowen was tied the same as the medium had been, the rev. gentleman entered the cabinet, and, after trying for considerable time to release himself, he gave it up, saying he should have to practice awhile longer before he could succeed!

Chagrined at this failure, the Rev. Mr. Bowen and his confederates—who thought they could so easily "expose the humbug"—suddenly betwined themselves that they could not remember that the girl's head was tied and fastened to the back of the cabinet the same as Mr. B.'s was, although the fact was apparent to all others. Such a test is given at all or nearly all of her séances, and the manifestations take place, as on the above occasion, in the space of a few seconds.

This quibble was raised merely to justify Mr. Bowen in asking to have his head unfastened while within the cabinet. This privilege was granted, and, after a good deal of straining and twisting, he untied the bandage around his neck. This time he was not secured the same as the medium, but yet he did not wish to try it over again. This feat, being only a clumsy and loose imitation of the genuine manifestation, was not satisfactory to any one possessing a fair share of common sense; for, with his head free and, also, the upper part of his body, it took him two hundred and forty seconds to untie the bandage around his neck, while the same feat was done, with the medium alone in the cabinet, while her head, hands and feet were securely tied, in five seconds; while not the slightest movement on her part could be perceived.

Mr. Bowen then asked to have the tambourine placed in his lap, which was done, and with his head and feet both at liberty, he rattled it considerably. This was thought by a few to be a "clinch-er!" Simple souls they were determined on humbugging themselves. Had the medium done so simple a thing—which any one could easily do under the same circumstances—the cry of "humbug" would quickly have been raised. Note the difference: When the medium's hands, feet, neck and head are securely tied, the tambourine is jingled and beat upon, striking, also, against the sides, top and bottom of the cabinet, while, at the same time, other instruments are played upon, and, almost as quick as thought, the medium is examined and found to be securely fastened and the knots the same as before. And yet there were a few present who could not see any difference between such a manifestation and the mere jingling of the tambourine on the rev. gentleman's knees, when his legs and head were free!

The next feat, "exposure," exhibited by the rev. gent., was about as brilliant as the other. He managed with his head and feet to get a stick, two feet long, up to the window of the cabinet, and push it out far enough to fall to the floor.

"That's well done," exclaimed some. Was it? Let the skeptic who is satisfied with such an "exposure," just reflect for a moment, and observe how entirely different is such a lame affair to what is witnessed when the medium is in the cabinet with hands, head and feet secured to the satisfaction of the committee. The same stick is swung round in the cabinet, sometimes striking hard, in rapid succession, on all sides; then it is put through the window—over which a curtain is drawn so as to prevent one on the inside from seeing any one on the outside—and a voice from the inside cries out, "Take hold of it!" when the committee-man attempts to do so, quick and slyly, but the stick is as quickly withdrawn. This is repeated a number of times. Finally, the voice says, "You may take hold of it." The man takes hold of it, and makes a very strong effort to pull it from the cabinet, but never succeeding. After all efforts to pull away the stick are given up, it is thrown out to a distance of ten feet from the cabinet. Can't you see a difference, Mr. Skeptic? If you do not, it merely proves the old adage true: "None so blind as those who will not see."

Another ardent skeptic, Mr. Ezra Hunt, thought he had "discovered the secret," and offered to give Mr. Ellis ten dollars if he would extend the medium's arms horizontally, fastening them thus extended, and also have the band around her neck secured to the back of the cabinet, if then the manifestations were produced. The request was complied with, and the manifestations took place just the same—but Mr. Hunt could not make it convenient to pay over the ten dollars. He is not the only one who has "backed out" after a test-experiment has been permitted and promptly executed.

Another skeptical gentleman, Mr. Baker Marshall, offered to be one of ten, adding that he knew of nine more who would join him, in making up a purse of one hundred dollars for the medium, if she would consent to be tied by Mr. Charles Williams and Joseph Buxton as they wished, and the manifestations still went on. Consent was given, and, by request, Mr. Ellis tied the girl the same as usual; after which, Mr. Buxton displayed to the utmost of his ability his ingenuity in tying knots. He placed the palms of the medium's hands together, winding around them strips of cotton cloth, first having tied each thumb and finger. He then tied her feet together, and fastened them down; placed strips around her head and neck, and fastened them to the wall. In his zeal to entangle the medium, he used nearly fifty feet of the strips of cotton cloth. He then sewed the cloth through and through, using up a dozen yards of thread. This was not enough—he wound his handkerchief around her hands, and sewed it to the other bandages, and to the back of her dress and sleeves; and, "to make assurance doubly sure," he sewed up the skirts of her dress on both sides, bringing the ends of the threads out through the crevice in the door of the cabinet, and held on to them. Forty minutes had thus been consumed by the Committee in securing the medium as they wished, nearly exhausting the patience of the audience as well as the medium.

After the door of the cabinet had been closed, Mr. Ellis requested the invisible "Blake"—whose

voice is so often heard from within—to untie the knot around Laura's neck. He promptly replied that he "wouldn't" do it. On being asked why, he said, "It wouldn't be any use; the man would say that Laura did it." Nearly half an hour was taken up talking with "Blake," during which time Mr. Ellis opened the cabinet many times, and kept asking "Blake" to untie the knots. Finally Mr. Ellis said, "You can't untie it." This challenge did not seem to suit the invisible Blake, so the door was again closed, and in four minutes or less he cried out, "Come in." Instantly the cabinet was opened, and, to the astonishment of the audience, the band around her neck was taken off and laid in her lap, while the medium was found to be secured the same as before.

But the gentlemen who so freely offered to give the hundred dollars if this feat was accomplished, failed to keep their promise—as is usually the case with such self-confident skeptics. The excuse was that it took too much time; although less than four minutes had really been consumed.

The latest excuse given was that by one of the Committee, who said he believed the girl drew her hands from the knots around her wrists, notwithstanding the intricate knotting and sewing. Of course she must have replaced them again, for she was found, on examination, to be as securely fastened as before.

While in this city the same medium was similarly secured, stitching and all, and the band was removed in about one minute. The Committee were as competent and searching as any need be. The Milford party then blusteringly offered to give Mr. Ellis \$1,000, if, after the medium was tied in the same manner, the knots could be untied in five seconds. As their former pledge proved to be worthless, Mr. Ellis asked that the latter offer be put in writing, which was agreed to, but when the pen was taken in hand, the party deemed it safest to back down! Thus the matter terminated.

Miss Ellis continues to hold séances, as usual, with success. We consider her to be as good a medium for physical manifestations as ever came before the public. At present she is at St. Johnsbury, Vt., where she will remain for several weeks.

AN EYE WITNESS.

Expression of Appreciation.

At a meeting of a few of the friends of Bro. Pardee, convened at the residence of Mr. T. Rathbun, for the purpose of taking leave of that good brother, on the evening of the 20th inst., Dr. W. G. Oliver was appointed Chairman, and J. Forsyth, Secretary.

The following letter was then read as expressive of the sentiments entertained toward Bro. P., and a respectful request directed to be forwarded to the Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT to have the same published in that excellent paper.

DR. W. G. OLIVER, Chairman.

J. FORSYTH, Secretary.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 27, 1866.

MR. L. J. PARDEE—Dear Sir and Brother: In view of the contemplated separation of the most pleasant relations that have existed for the past eight months between the undersigned—a few of your many warm Buffalo friends—and yourself, by the imperative necessity of your discharging public labor for the present, and seeking for recuperative rest in another country, the undersigned, in a scholarly and graceful manner, presenting you a hearty tribute and a kind farewell, has been deemed most convenient and opportune.

Before speaking that regretful word, it may not be considered in bad taste to briefly advert to your past services as an apostle of the New Dispensation, and to testify our grateful remembrance of the joyous and profitable seasons of personal interchange of sentiment that you will have left behind you, as regards your genial and generous nature as a brother, and of the elevating and purifying influences that have ever characterized your public efforts as the ripened fruits of a scholarly mind, a bold and independent thinker, and a fervent and eloquent enunciator of the truth.

And how can we adequately express our admiration of, and sincere gratitude for those heavenly ministrations? How tell of our realizing sense of growth in our divinest Philosophy; of the benefit and uplifting and soul-satisfying vindication of God's ways to man; of the facile and irresistible logic that sweeps away life-long errors in the popular habit of thought connected with the domain of a superior and immortal phase of existence; of the glorious gleams of a positive consciousness of our possibilities and destinies; of the cheering, uplifting and soul-satisfying messages from the beneficent and advanced minds of angel spheres vouchsafed us through your instrumentality?

And how poorly does it convey our deep sense of indebtedness to say, for all this you have won our sincerest regard, our warmest love, and that not some very distant and remote, but those pleasant associations, and once again listen to those words of love and wisdom.

We cannot help alluding in truly sympathetic terms to the immediate cause that has led to your decision—we of course mean your alarmingly enfeebled state of bodily health. This adds a faint tinge of sadness to the happy and cheering messages from the beneficent and advanced minds of angel spheres vouchsafed us through your instrumentality.

And now, dear brother, as you go hence, let the knowledge that you take with you your undivided sympathies, our unfeigned attachment, our entire approval, our best wishes, benedictions and prayers, all unite to some extent the troubled, suffering present, and contribute somewhat to carry you through this ordeal, and after convalescence strengthen and inspire you with renewed vigor for the work allotted you to do. Thus shall we ever pray, and in this spirit do we now pronounce our farewell.

Mrs. T. Rathbun, Mrs. E. Burrows, Mrs. E. A. Lichtenstein, Mrs. H. Cheney, Mrs. J. Crane, Mrs. J. S. Allen, Miss Lillian Burrows, Miss Ella Emerson, Miss M. A. Ayers, W. G. Oliver, J. Forsyth, Thos. Rathbun, E. B. Cheney, Geo. Morris, E. Lichtenstein, James Crane, H. Haggood, J. Swain.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 22, 1866.

BAPTIZING A SINNER—Poor people have a hard time in this world of ours. Even in matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote, copied from an exchange, will illustrate:

Old Billy G. had attended a great revival, and, in common with many others, he was converted and baptized. Not many weeks afterward, one of his friends met him reeling home from the court grounds with a considerable brick in his hat.

"Hello, Uncle Billy," said the friend, "I thought you had joined the church!"

"So I did," answered Uncle Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still, "so I did, Jeemee, and would a bin a good Baptist, if they hadn't treated me so everlastin' mean at the water. Did n't you hear about it, Jeemee?"

"No, I never did."

"Then I'll tell you 'bout it. You see, when we come to the baptizing place, there was a rich old Squire, was to be baptized at the same time. Well, the minister took the Squire in first; but I did n't mind that much, as I thought 't would be just as good when my turn came; so he led him in, and after dipping him under, raised him up in the water, and wiped his face, and let him come out. Then he turned round and said 'I'll baptize you now, Squire, if you will.' He gave me one look, and out he crawls 'round on the bottom like a mud-turtle."

THE ISLAND OF BY-AND-BY.

TO HIM WHO SANG "THE ISLAND OF LONG AGO."

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

A poet sang to a thrilling harp,
Of the Island of Long Ago,
While angels harkened and mortals wept
O'er the music's rapturous flow.
Both spirits and mortals held their breath,
The song was so sweet and low.

Oh poet, singing your soul away,
Your song is a sweet-breathed sigh
But turn about, while the finale flows
From your fingers, and cast your eye
Adown Time's stream. There's an island there,
The Island of By-And-BY.

When the clouds lift up on the foggy stream,
And the atmosphere grows clear,
When we swiftly drift from the Long Ago—
The emerald isle so dear,
It is sweet to know that, as one land fades,
The other is growing near.

The Long Ago is the realm of forms,
Bitterly, bitterly dead!
The hand is ice, with the broken ring;
Marble the sacred head;
The harp is mist, with the broken strings;
Gone is the voice which led!

The Long Ago is a burial place,
Marked by its marble cold;
Where the bells which rock in steeples gray,
Are ever solemnly tolled.
There joy hangs off like a distant star,
But ruin and change are bold.

But By-And-BY is the realm of souls,
The region of fadeless blooms;
Upon the rim of its vernal shores
Never a breaker booms;
And never a storm-cloud in the sky,
Pitted with darkness, looms.

When the clouds lift up and the wind is fair,
Look out with your soul and see
The silvery foliage wave and flash
High up in the sapphire sea,
Each leaflet speaking, as 'twere a tongue,
"Here is immortality!"

You will see, maybe, in the melting air,
The flutter of drapery;
And orange blossoms flashing in hair,
Rippling all goldenly;
And yet two lips, which have kept their vows,
Waiting, ah! rosily!

Oh poet! you with a ring of flame
Burning about your brow,
Throw all the fire of your passionate heart
Into a new song now!
Sing of the Island of By-And By,
While angels and mortals bow!

HEART LEAVES:

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

My Father.

Gone from the earth-life to the spirit-land—gone to join her who has been waiting for thee for almost a quarter of a century—the companion of thy youth, the mother of thy children. Oh, what a change! what a change from the toilsome unrest of the suffering life from which father, mother, sister, brother and wife dropped away, one by one, leaving thee to "put tired to tired and at it again," in thy struggle with disappointment, poverty and disease. My father, I am and when I remember that I shall see thy bowed form no more in the life that now is, and that the sunlight of eternity has risen upon thine enfranchised soul—has risen not to call thee thy couch to wearisome toil, but from toil and suffering to soul-invigorating rest.

Father, mother, and the little sister who has now grown to womanhood, in the spirit-land, beautiful womanhood, under the immediate eye of our mother! Father, Mother, Sister, a trine band to watch over the six that remain!

My mother, my father, I know that the Infinite Principle that governs all things is wise and good. I cannot, I dare not believe otherwise; if I did, I should go mad with despair! and yet, yet there comes a pang of agony when I remember the poverty of your earthly lives—poverty in all that which develops the soul, as well as makes the body comfortable. My mother, oh, my mother! my soul quivers with anguish when I think of the accused gripe of the "Belldame Sprite," holding thy fate, spiritual nature in abeyance, violating thy tastes, sending thy proud soul back into itself, unappreciated and misunderstood, counted as of but little worth by those whose valuation of woman consisted in the amount of physical labor she could perform, and the readiness with which she could enter into the gossip and scandal of the neighborhood; suffering thus while the wealth that was daily wasted upon the proud fools of society would have developed into sparkling lustre the bright jewels of thine inner life. And, father, when I remember in those years that she was with us, and after she had flitted to brighter climes, when I remember the continuous toil, the coarse fare and poor attire that was thine, in order that thy children might have bread, and that while others grew richer for thy toil—when I think of all this, my soul cries out, "Where is justice, and where the habitation of thy throne?"

Hush! hush! turn thine eyes away from beholding the past, lest the sympathetic chain, that binds in one, should lead them back to the valley of shadows. They have traveled it once, and is not that enough without having its image constantly reflected to their view from the heart of their child. Away, away, corroding thoughts! If I can look upon the darkest shades in the past of my own life and thank heaven for each trial, believing that

"A more than human wisdom
Guides us all our journey through,"

shall I think of us as looking from the eternal shores with regretful longing that they suffered here? Nay, nay, it cannot be! and thus the sweet dove of peace comes brooding o'er the troubled waters with her whispered "All is well!" Peace, did I say? Shall I be at peace because my father and mother have passed safely over? Are not others suffering still from the wrong of injustice, from the selfish cupidity of their fellows? Nay, give me no selfish rest, but give me aid for the conflict, ye angel hosts, and

"Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
Unto my raptured vision,"

not
"All the celestial joys that spring
Around the bright ethereal."

but the principles that lead to those joys, that I may teach others the way of eternal life.

Washing the head with cold black tea once or twice a week, will keep the hair from falling off, prevent its growing gray, and give it a fine, lively tinge.

Correspondence.

The Great West-Need of Children's Lyceums—Unitarian Illiberality.

Everything appertaining to the Great West, which is so long associated with its parent, the East, in the life-giving principles of our glorious Gospel, Spiritualism, must be ever fresh and attractive. The investigators find no termination to their research, and the earnest reader no limit to his curiosity and wonder. It is for this reason that I turn to notes of a lecturing tour through the West. From Rockford, Ill., I had a pleasant journey, meeting with many warm-hearted friends of our cause in Evansville and Beloit; both of these places enjoy a thriving spiritual society, which has come forth from the convulsed elements of theology. In Rockford the reformer can breathe the free and easy, the stifling atmosphere of theological doctrine is borne away to the dark ages, where it was first conceived. The smiling faces of the children tell how good it is to be blest with a Lyceum. I never spent a month more pleasantly. My audience increased each meeting, until the hall was filled to overflowing. The society is strong, bold and in earnest, because its regular Sunday meetings and a Children's Progressive Lyceum.

I would like to linger here with my pen, and tell you of the necessity and the importance of establishing a Lyceum for the physical and intellectual training of our children. They are our fellow-travelers, and companions in this great world of life, and were called into it by our selves, bearing our impress for good or ill, weaker as yet, but in the great future to be as strong and stronger, lending to us what we have lent to them. Children, in this age of the world, are more impressive, thoughtful and lively than they used to be. They understand looks and acts long before they understand words. Where there are pleasant looks and kindly acts they are drawn; they love to hear of our God, who is too good to be unkind, and too wise to err. They love to hear of heaven, that place of rest where all the departed go, and return again with messages, telling of the life and progress there. They like to hear of the truthful and attractive scenes in the spirit-land, as presented by our departed friends, far better than they do the dark and terrible pictures of woe and images of wrath, whose blazing billows roll through the bosom of God. No wonder that children and professors of religion think that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God! But this dispensation of theological wrath is past or passing, and we are heartily glad of it. Let us hasten it by forming Lyceums for our children wherever spiritual lectures are given.

My next point of note was Whitewater. Here I found a few brave spirits in all things struggling along up the hill of Progress. I engaged with them in the work for two full weeks, giving six public lectures, and holding as many circles, which, according to Moses Hull's report, resulted in everlasting good for the cause of reform. Our lecturers should remember Whitewater in their hearts; they will be pleasantly entertained, and greeted by large audiences. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Severance reside here, and are faithful workers in their high calling.

My next engagement was in Janesville, Wis., a beautiful city of ten thousand embodied souls. The Spiritualists of this proud city have had a very hard, trying experience. Anxious to do good, and advance the truth as best they could, they were induced to unite with the Universalists and Unitarians, for the purpose of sustaining liberal progressive preaching by the Rev. Mr. Farrington, who held out, by word of mouth, great liberal principles, and made good promises that if the two churches, Universalists and Spiritualists, would unite with them (Unitarians), and build a church, it should be a free union church, free to all parties to use in turn for holding meetings. Money was freely given by all, and the building soon began to rise heavenward, and was soon finished and dedicated by Rev. Mr. Farrington to the All-Souls Church. Month meeting was not on Sunday, but on the first of the month. Mr. Farrington invited Mr. Charles A. Hayden, a well known and much appreciated lecturer on Spiritualism to speak for them. He came for the purpose of giving a course of week-evening lectures. The church was asked for and granted by the trustees. But the trustees, who were Unitarians, and who had been given to give a lecture in the church, bestirred himself and became exceedingly wroth, like Herod of old, and would perhaps have done as much mischief if he could; but as it was, he only succeeded in giving the lie to his professions, and more in the eyes of the Spiritualists. Mr. Hayden, saying he had "ten dollars more in one lecture, than he (Farrington) could build up in a year!"

So much for the Rev. Mr. Farrington's liberality! It is just like the most of the theological priests, who cheat, deceive, and cripple reformers as best they can. However, the Spiritualists of Janesville, who were Unitarians and I hope true reformers in all other places who read this uncolored statement, will take warning and keep clear from priestly mixture. Like many other things, this intended death-blow by the Unitarians upon the young head of Mr. Hayden, and Spiritualism, has been overruled for good, and the cause will be before long prosperous and growing healthily in Janesville as now. I have spoken here every Sunday during June, in Lavinia Hall, which has been well filled with intelligent people, anxious to know and feel the truths of Nature, angels and God, which make men free, wise, useful and happy in this world and in the next. I have been glad to come. Lecturers please remember Janesville, Wis., in your labor for humanity. Mr. Jesse Miles and J. Baker will receive your appointment for this place. Janesville, Wis. DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

Where Help is needed.

Steadily and surely the great truth of Spiritualism marches on, and the clouds of darkness vanish. In the presence of the light of truth, the blind are seeing, the lame are walking, the deaf are hearing, the dumb are speaking, the blind are seeing, the lame are walking, the deaf are hearing, the dumb are speaking, the blind are seeing, the lame are walking, the deaf are hearing, the dumb are speaking.

Our city has been so fortunate as to receive visits from two lecturers. The first, Mrs. S. M. Thompson, whose inspirational speaking was received with satisfaction, by very encouraging and generous friends, and the second, Mr. E. P. Kingsbury, of Cincinnati, next favored us with several lectures, which were delivered in beautiful and impressive language, upon the subject of "Spiritualism as a belief and philosophy," very ably answering the general inquiry, "What do you believe?"

Each of the above named lecturers have paid us a second visit. Accompanying the latter was Mrs. E. Corwin, of St. Louis, an excellent test medium, who gave satisfaction to many who realized the beautiful truth of spirit communication. Gallipolis is one of those bigoted, theological strongholds, that will require both time and labor to awaken. Many who privately enjoy the blessings of Spiritualism, are reluctant to acknowledge their views for fear of "public opinion." But from the past, we may hope the day not far distant, when all Spiritualists may experience the very peculiar pleasure of holding to and advocating their "hope doctrine."

Gallipolis, Ohio. J. HENRY VENER.

Note from a Lecturer.

In reply to the numerous letters of invitation to lecture, from my Eastern friends, permit me to say, through you, to them all, that I returned to New England to rest during the summer, and hope, and that I will be in my circuit again, to my health, so that by autumn I may again be the humble instrument through which truth may be imparted to the world.

"Let there be light," is still the cry from those who are earnest seekers after the good, the beautiful and true. How many have said to me, "What would you do if you were in my circumstances?" I would do what is right, but I really do not clearly see the path of duty." Others say, "No two advise me alike." Let me say to you, friends, one and all: do what your best judgment tells you is right, and abide the consequences. Strive to be pure in body and mind. Make the four words, "I am a spirit," your motto. If your sincere prayer for day to day is to do right, the truth will be made manifest to you.

The world is bright and beautiful. Dird and

brooklet are redolent of joy and praise. How near the soul feels to God, when out in his temple, surrounded by His works. "They praise him." Let us learn to harmonize ourselves; look from Nature up to Nature's God; and it will not be long ere the living inspiration will descend upon our souls and make us feel that our pathway grows brighter and brighter, and the path of duty will be made clear to us.

If I again go into the lecturing field I shall give utterance to my honest opinions—formed after due deliberation. I seek for truth, not sectarianism, and shall proclaim what to me seems true and good. I tender my heart-felt thanks to Eastern friends, for their many testimonials of continued regard.

Wilmington, Mass.

ALMIRA F. PATTERSON.

Pleio Grove Meeting.

We in the far West, where the red man and white man mingle together in harmony and peace, are beginning to find the pearl of great price. The first Sunday in May we held a pleio grove meeting on the shady banks of the Elkhorn river. The day was mild and lovely; all Nature seemed arrayed in her best attire to greet the many happy faces, both young and old, that there early assembled.

Mr. Clark Potter took the stand, and in no ordinary manner harmonized the teachings of Christ with the teachings of the Harmonical Philosophy. I then spoke at some length, by spirit dictation, in evidence of love and good will, upon the theory that modern Orthodoxy could never answer for the nineteenth century; and that the evil which floods the land, is traceable to a false theology; that we needed something more purifying.

The day passed off very pleasantly, and we felt we had struck at least one stake for the advancement of truth, in this wilderness of spirit-land.

D. W. CLINTON.

Omaha, N. T., June 28, 1866.

Letters from "The Aton Plow-Boy."

NUMBER ONE.

DEAR BANNER—Although believing in eternal companionship, I doubt whether the principle applies to newspapers, and therefore, since my "medium," the Herald of Progress, is still unspeakably silent—dead—I must needs form other attachments.

I wish to tell you, now and then, what is transpiring under my eye, but had a little rather not be "set up" in the "Light" at full length.

I have just come from that greasy region, supposed to be an outpost of the dominions of Pluto—Northwestern Pennsylvania—a very "strike" place. From my earliest recollection, my "shaw" has been robbed of interest if it has brought me at the same time where I could hear "old men talking upon theology;" you will excuse me, therefore, if I lost sight of many things that would interest you, in consequence of attempted religious revels in the allorido. The people, however, could not forget all being in the "shaw," although some did get religious, to forget the dreadful bore of hard times, caused by cheap oil and the dreadful "transportation pipes," which, if capitalists keep laying down, may yet run out at New York, considering that that city is fourteen hundred feet "down hill."

Corry, the principal railway centre, is growing rapidly, in spite of the present dullness, and money finds good security at treble the ordinary interest. The youth of New England and of the great West have met here, just within the margin of the "Oil Basin," and seem determined to build a large portion of Chautauque County, N. Y., the town was started by Downer & Co., of Boston, in a patch of woods. Trees, however, have not prevented it from becoming a place of eight thousand inhabitants in five years, with a regular city government, daily paper, &c.

The place is well supplied with churches, but as they do not seem to lessen the number of liquor saloons, the people, in true Yankee and Western style, have started a society of Spiritualists, the members of which are emphatically friends of progress—the very things, the Orthodox say, to cause immorality!

But doctors of divinity, as well as doctors of physic, have generally proved untruthful in saying that "if you adopt new methods of treatment you are sure to die;" at least the Corry people thought so, and, as "something must be did," did it in this way. They met, and were treated by spiritualist doctors as P. L. Wadsworth, &c. The effect was, and the effect is, that they are such the kindness of E. Wright, Esq., to meet the first Sunday in each month in the Academy of Music, the largest "meeting house" in the city. They had Laura D. F. Gordon in April, Mary J. Wilcoxson in May, and just now Cora L. V. Daniels. There are many chronic hand-shell cases that are difficult to affect, but the meetings are very, and I hope in future to report many souls saved, especially among the children, who were previously being enticed into dangerous and gloomy places on Sunday.

A Mass Convention of all who are anywhere sick of the "hell fire and damnation doctrine" is to be held the 17th, 18th and 19th of August, to be attended by S. J. Finney and others. The handful of Spiritualists there have, by the results of their unity and energy, set a fine example for far larger bodies. The names of their officers are Wm. H. Johnston, President; L. J. Tibbals, Vice President; Rachel A. Northrup, Treasurer; and Oliver H. Pruzer, Secretary.

I accepted an invitation from the latter lady to rusticate for a few days at her delightful summer retreat at Big Stream, on Seneca Lake. At Elmira I found, to my surprise, my friend Prof., healing the sick in his college rooms on Lake street, by the laying on of hands. A few days were treated the day of my stay, free of charge, and with a good degree of success. Dr. E., a medium from Providence, is also there, and also young Mrs. L., a splendid improvisatore.

Reaching "Rocky Step," the first thing was to visit the groves, cascades and precipices of the various glens, one of which was visited by two or three thousand people last year; next, the sylvan retreats, the vineyards, the rare fruit gardens, and above all to see the pure, ever changing, yet ever open lake. All these combine to form not only wild, romantic scenes, but the sweetest possible landscapes. No wonder so earnest a disciple of Euclid as my friend, should consider so attractive a place fit to realize the dreams and prayers of that most noble man, God speed the day.

Stepping into the old Quaker church at Waterloo, I found the Yearly Meeting talking of those things of immediate moment in the welfare of the government. The action taken was determined and true. It is a proud thing, that this Yearly meeting has exerted in the cause of physical liberty. We feel that it will achieve a greater distinction in the cause of mental liberty which is now to follow; for the desire which I detected in the atmosphere of the audience for the presentation and agitation of the fresh, living questions of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the great foundation of reform, brought out addresses which were confessedly the most able of the meeting. At first the people seemed to me too thick to cheer this gospel as well as they did the separate—yet included and self-evident—doctrine of political justice; but I think now that it sank "too deep" in their hearts to find such outward and superficial expression.

Whether, upon this question, masses await brave, clear, ringing words from the leaders of this meeting, it matters not; let us thank them sincerely for the good they are doing, and be sure, all of us, to do at least equally as well ourselves.

At the close of the last session, Frederick Douglass has been called for, rose, and, among other things, remarked that he thought Spiritualism "very democratic, in that its gifts of mediumship were withheld from himself."

In passing from the church, Mr. D. met Mrs. Post, of Rochester. Said he:

"Good-by, Mrs. Post. Will I reconcile you to the hard things I have said about Spiritualism?"

Mrs. Post—"I am perfectly reconciled to all you have said, but not to you."

Mr. Douglass—"Why, how

Letter from New York.

DEAR BANNER—Is it true that the Spiritualists of America number by millions—some say four or five—and yet are so lukewarm in their most holy faith, as to render it a constant effort to sustain two weekly papers devoted to its exposition and defence? How deep a love of our beautiful religion can there be in the heart of a professed Spiritualist who has not so far outgrown the selfishness of an undeveloped age as to esteem it not only a duty, but a pleasure, to contribute three dollars a year for the maintenance of a vigorous, faithful press?

How much effort would it require if only one in twenty-five of spiritual believers would procure a single subscriber to the BANNER and JOURNAL? And what would be the result? Instead of a bare existence, or a moderate success, each would send out weekly upon the wings of the wind fifty thousand copies, carrying light and blessing to tens of thousands more who sit in darkness. How would Old Theology quake with fear, with Spiritualists as zealous in disseminating a knowledge of the TRUTH as the devotees of a sectarian theology are to maintain error.

"The gods help those who help themselves." Unless we of the New Dispensation go hand in hand with the angel-world in the work of redemption, the cause of Truth will languish. Yet how few realize the power of a FREE PRESS, FREE THOUGHT, and FREE SPEECH. Let the old Israelitish battle-cries, with a new significance, resound through the ranks of Spiritualists. "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" And in no better or more effectual way can this be done than to extend the circulation of our able and faithful papers. We can easily double their subscription this year, and quadruple it next. "Awake, oh thou that sleepest!"

From California I hear that Bro. Todd has entered upon his labors. A "dividing spirit" entered into the fold of the believers who, under the ministrations of Mrs. Cuppy, had filled Congress Hall to repletion, and a "split" has been the consequence. Some wanted a change, and suggested to Mrs. C. to leave the hall for a few months, and give her place and the advantages of six months' devoted labor to Bro. Todd, and others wished her to travel. So there was a division; and on Sunday, June 9th, Mrs. Cuppy commenced lecturing in the old Fourth-Street Hall, which had been re-taken for her, to good audiences, who testified their appreciation of her services by a collection of nearly thirty dollars for her support, the rent having been paid by subscription. Her discourses were equal to any she had ever before delivered.

So there are now two Spiritualist Societies in San Francisco; and in the renewed zeal that flows from division, the cause of truth will "run and be glorified." Mrs. Cuppy wishes to have free meetings, without a name or organized society, on the plan of Theodore Parker; and from the well-known liberality of California, I have no doubt the effort will be successful.

We are apparently resting from active labor in New York; yet the elements of progress are working with silent potency. The press and the public are discussing Spiritualism; and the courts are called upon to decide upon the verity or falsity of real or pretended manifestations. Let the agitation go on. The chaff will be winnowed from the wheat, and from every contest we shall see our beautiful Philosophy arise with new power, like a giant refreshed with wine.

The "heated term" through which we passed last week, utterly forbade any effort to pick up "items," and literally there is nothing to give your readers in the way of news.

Rabbit Hall is to be closed till September. All who can will be away to the green fields, and drink in fresh inspiration from the woods and waters, and the bosom of Mother Earth. Those who cannot go to "the country," will throng the shady walks and cool retreats of our CENTRAL PARK, one of the grandest blessings ever given by a munificent city to its laboring population. And thus, when the summer shall have left us, we hope to reënter upon the activities of life with renewed energies, and a determination to roll onward the Car of Progress, till the "Knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

New York, July 11, 1866.

From St. Louis.

BANNER OF LIGHT—Enclosed you will find a copy of Resolutions passed at the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, July 1, respecting the conduct of our late President.

St. Louis, July 3, 1866. H. STAGO, Cor. Sec'y.

THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS AND CO-OP. FRIENDS.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Society of Spiritualists, July 1, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the recent developments respecting the conduct of James H. Blood, President of the Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, of St. Louis, renders it necessary that his official relations with this body be dissolved; therefore be it

Resolved, That his resignation be accepted, and the office of President be and is hereby declared vacant.

Resolved, That the divine teachings of Spiritualism discountenance every mode of immorality, vice and evil practices, and inculcate in its stead only that which is pure, truthful and good, in morals, religion and philosophy.

Resolved, That the character of each individual stands or falls by his or her own intrinsic merit of goodness and purity; and that without these the qualities of an immortal being, the form of belief, be nothing. He finds his moral level in this world, and will not escape it in the other, where the law of compensation is inexorable, and the measure of rewards and penalties is commensurate with deeds committed or performed, and the motives that prompt them.

Resolved, That the press that uses its columns and influence to misrepresent the teachings of Spiritualism, or seeks to make Spiritualism responsible for the immoral acts of any of its professors, is unjust, as it is ungenerous, and merits the disapprobation of all upright citizens. As well might the various denominations of Christians, or pure Christianity itself, be held responsible for the immoral and criminal conduct of its professors (and there are many such), as to hold Spiritualism responsible for like conduct of professors.

The Spiritualists of Hanson, feeling the need of a stronger and more united cooperation than has hitherto been manifested, have formed themselves into an association, to be known as the First Spiritualist Society of Hanson. They have adopted a Declaration of Principles, as a basis of purpose and effort; also, by-laws by which each officer and member is held to degrees of responsibility. They acknowledge that the only true method of testing any system of principles is by practical use and effort exerted upon those holding to such principles.

The following named persons were elected officers of the Society: John Puffer, President; Oren Josselyn, Vice President; Jerome Perry, Secretary; Mrs. Joseph T. Hathaway, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph T. Hathaway, Treasurer; Julius Josselyn, James Harris, Olin Perry, Executive Committee; Mrs. Julius Josselyn, Mrs. John Puffer, Mrs. Barnabas Everson, Mrs. Leander Lewis, Mrs. John Willet, Moral Police.

It is the duty of the Moral Police to look after and inquire into all cases of physical and spiritual disease that shall come within the sphere of their observation, and report the same to the Association, for their consideration, with such suggestions as they may deem proper.

J. PUFFER.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WM. WHITE, C. H. CROWELL, J. B. RICH.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

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

The New York Times on Spiritualism.

Some one of the writers for the *New York Times* seems to be very much exercised just now on the subject of Spiritualism. Notwithstanding the hot weather and the rumors of cholera at the Five Points, he insists on working himself into a very excited and unhappy frame of mind, because people will insist on investigating certain phenomena which the *Times* ignore as delusive or impossible. If some unfortunate showman comes to grief in his attempt to exhibit to an audience of fifteen or twenty the rope-tying marvel, or if some supposed medium turns out to be, either partially or wholly, a trickster, the *Times* man almost goes out of his wits with exultation over the event, and cries out lustily, even at the height of the summer solstice, "Behold! the bubble has at last collapsed! Spiritualism is no more!"

And when he finds that sensible people will not take him at his word, but insist on investigation, and on assuming that as one swallow does not make a summer, so one counterfeit does not annihilate a reality, the poor man loses his temper and proclaims that there is a class of folks "so determined to be cheated and swindled that neither human nor superhuman laws, apparently, can balk them of their intent." "They desire first," he says, "the sensation of being surprised and a little shaken in the nerves. They desire next to run the venture of finding out the supernatural in advance of their more sober-minded and matter-of-fact neighbors, who think that a rational acquaintance with what is natural is enough for the ordinary class of poor, dying mortals to aim at."

Now a philosopher like the *Times* writer should have considered that there is a great variety of opinion as to what is natural and what is supernatural. Some thinkers tell us that whatever is allowed by Providence to happen within the domain of the natural, must be natural; that the state in which a mortal medium sees spirits, or reads our thoughts, or is lifted to the ceiling, is no more unnatural or supernatural than an epileptic fit or an earthquake.

The *Times* man is fond of quoting historical precedents. Is he not aware that Jenner, when he proclaimed vaccination, was denounced by the wisecracks of his day precisely as the investigators of spiritual phenomena are now? He was "venturing" on the unnatural and the supernatural forsooth! And the conservative editors and clergymen denounced him quite as ferociously as their successors in our day do the independent men and women who, when they find a guitar floating about the room and making music, are curious enough and "venturesome" enough to inquire into the motive power of the act.

We hear of some excellent persons, both in our own country and in Europe, who regard the use of anæsthetic agents in childbirth or in surgical operations as "unnatural" and impious, and who find fault with those who employ chloroform or ether—and this in much the same language in which the *Times* finds fault with Spiritualists, as a class desiring "to run the venture of finding out the supernatural in advance of their more sober-minded and matter-of-fact neighbors." Columbus and Galileo and Hunter and Newton and Galvani were precisely such visionaries to the "sober-minded" of their time.

As the persecutors of the great discoverers of former ages called upon the Pope to interpose to check innovation, so the sage of the *New York Times*, in this year of our Lord, 1866, commends the example of the Roman Pontiff in prohibiting spiritual investigations. "The Pope of Rome," says our sage, "is the only potentate who has had the moral courage (!) to rebuke the Spiritualists and their fanatics from the other world, and to order both outside of his dominions." No doubt the man of the *Times* would cheerfully volunteer his services in a raid on our American investigators, and preside over a star chamber where such culprits as Judge Edmunds, Dr. Gray, Mr. Livermore and Mr. Brittan might be subjected to the thumb-screw and the heated pliers, for "venturing" to penetrate into regions of thought and inquiry where the Pope and the *Times* have put up the sign: *No trespassers allowed here!*

Seriously, this is a sad baldpatch for one of the leading newspapers of the country to be guilty of in this age of the world. While he commends the example of the Pope, is not the writer aware that the Pope is as much a believer in the genuineness of the spiritual phenomena as Andrew Jackson Davis himself? The only difference between them is, that the former rejects as diabolical all the phenomena that are not practiced or exhibited in the interests of the Church. There was a poor girl in the Tyrol, not many years since, who exhibited, on her flesh, precisely such *stigmata* as Foster and other mediums are in the habit of showing. Pictures of the Saviour on the cross and heads or names of saints would appear in a marvelous manner on the girl's breast. The late Earl of Shrewsbury, a Catholic nobleman, wrote a full account of the phenomena. The Catholic Church accepted them as genuine. What would the oracular gentleman of the *Times* have had the Pope do in a case like this? And yet it differs in nothing from some of the thaumaturgical exhibitions of mediums in New York—to put a stop to which the assistance of the police is invoked by our very liberal and enlightened contemporary!

Young man—for your style of thought and expression suggests for you, at once, the excuse of verbiage—this Spiritualism which you are fuming at, is as old as the oldest tradition of humanity; and you might as well launch your poor little attempts at ridicule against the great fact of gravitation as against the great fundamental fact, underlying all forms of religion and imbedded in the very organization of man, the fact, namely, that there always has been, and that there is, in the phenomena of life, open to the investigation of all loyal and liberal seekers, a complete and irresistible assurance of spiritual existences and spiritual powers, not to be accounted for by any of the known laws of matter, and therefore a stumbling-block and an exasperation to half-way

men of science, to bigoted religionists, to small-beer editors, and to conceited, arrogant, lazy people of all denominations.

"The idea of the existence of spirits," says one of our French collaborators (Edward de Las Graves), "and of their intervention in human affairs, may be traced back to the most remote epochs of antiquity. We find it in all the philosophies; it forms the basis of all the religious systems of the ancients, and the Biblical narratives are full of it. The Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Druids, the Indians, and the Chinese had their oracles which they consulted. The Middle Ages could not bury the idea in the funeral piles which devoured their sorcerers and their witches. It has come down even to our own times, braving all persecutions, surviving all the revolutions, physical and moral, of humanity."

"Beyond a doubt this idea, imperishable because it is true, has often been associated with a thousand absurdities. Cupidity and the lust of domination have often made of it a powerful weapon, and have not feared even to disguise, and pervert, and play false with it in order to subject it to their caprices, their ambitions, or their needs. But the time has come at length when the truth is destined to rise and glitter in all its splendor, chasing pitilessly the errors which ignorance and superstition have heaped up during the centuries."

And so it matters not whether the big Pope of Rome or the little Pope of the printing-office shall continue to fulminate his denunciations. The wonderful phenomena which in the darker ages were used by the credulous or the designing to forward the interests of priestcraft, or to bind men in bonds of terror and superstition, shall now be made to conduce to the elevation and enlightenment of humanity. We may have much evil and much error to pass through yet. Partial or one-sided views of a great truth may lead warring men into deplorable mistakes. While advanced minds may find in the great facts of Spiritualism new confirmations of their belief in God and Christian morality, others may stop at a half-way house where the mist has not yet so lifted that they can clear themselves of certain spectral impressions that take the shapes of atheism, free love, the inefficacy of prayer. But we have no fear that the humble, the earnest, and the pure in heart will not come out right at last—in their *theory as well as in their morality*; for right acting is no inconsiderable step toward right thinking.

Suffering and Sympathy.

The nearly total destruction of the neighboring city of Portland by fire has brought to view, not only in this city of Boston but in numerous other towns and cities and neighborhoods of the country, a state of feeling which goes a great ways to redeem human nature from the unhappy reputation under which it labors. We have had no such opportunity, in a long course of years, to witness the pathetic power of appeals made by a community of men and women in distress. There is something so profoundly touching in the great and fearful fact itself, in the details which it continually presents, in the way it was met by the active sympathy of those around us, and in the universal expressions of fellow-feeling by force and ready gifts of money, of provisions, of clothing, and of whatever else was urgently called for, that the heart must be much more or less than human which fails to be moved deeply by an event deplored by all. More and better than that—such exhibitions satisfy us that the heart of man is not wholly depraved, and that the hardest is capable of manifesting a great deal of genuine goodness.

We never subscribed to the theory that this calamity or that, one occurrence or another, was designed specially as a "judgment" on certain individuals or communities; but we have no hesitation in believing that such a catastrophe as the Portland fire was sent to open the avenues to the sympathy of us all, and that our highest duty, as it should likewise be our highest gratification, is in offering of what we have to those who have suddenly been made destitute. The richest compensation made for such an appalling event is to be looked for in the kindness and brotherly charities it calls forth. In that regard, no catastrophe is able to outweigh the wealth which is so generously provoked from the measureless resources of human sympathy. We are rich in love already; if we would but stop to consider it; and because we do not so stop and consider, occasions like this are thrust upon our attention, challenging our most active benevolence, appealing to our profoundest charity, and summoning into exercise the noblest and purest traits of the human character.

How quickly trouble teaches us that we are all of kin! What a sudden falling down of the walls of social caste and social conceits is caused by the dire misfortune of a whole community! Love, after all, is larger and more than everything else. Nothing can withstand it when fairly awakened in the breast, and without it we could have neither life nor progress. It will not do for any of us to fence himself off in his exclusive corner, and say that he will live in and for himself alone. We were not born to an existence of that nature. We were born to help one another. We were born for sympathy, for charity, for kindness, for self-forgetting, for noble deeds and brotherly works, and every event, however much to be regretted otherwise, is an angel of goodness to us that appeals successfully to these very traits and practices.

Blessings rest upon all those whose hearts expanded sufficiently to cause their purse-strings to be unloosed. Good deeds live, while those who can evil do, after for a time making their possessors miserable. Every good act the angel world takes cognizance of, and joy vibrates throughout all the spheres in the Realm of Thought whenever mortals aid their distressed fellows, in a spirit of loving kindness. All true Spiritualists understand this fully, hence their liberality. We could give the names of many Spiritualists in this city who have aided the Portland sufferers (one contributing \$500; others \$100 each; others \$20; others \$10; others \$5)—but it would be superfluous for us to do so.

Banner of Light Supplement.

With this number of the Banner goes out a Supplement to Spiritualists, and all others interested, presenting full facts in regard to the CINCAGO ARTESIAN WELL COMPANY. The parties connected with this Company are conscientious, reliable men, and we have no doubt of the success of the enterprise. Our friend, Mr. James, informs us that he feels confident the stock will pay handsome annual dividends.

Spiritualists, above all others, should interest themselves in this Company, because the angel-world endorses it, and it *MUST SUCCEED!*

Read the document carefully, friends, and then pass it to your neighbors for perusal.

We have received an obituary notice, from Garland, Mo., with no name attached to it. We do not publish anonymous communications.

The Cause in California.

We find in the Golden Era, of San Francisco, the report of a sermon delivered in that city by Rev. Dr. Cheney, on the subject of the modern answer to prayer. The Doctor admits in his own pulpits that the spiritual manifestations which have been given so freely to the people of that city, and in a large degree of that State, are nothing but the answer to prayers which have been so persistently offered for the outpouring of the Spirit upon man. And he confesses that it is of the same character, the manifestation of the Spirit through mediums and otherwise, with the outpouring which has made Pentecost forever memorable, and with those other occasions which have been celebrated very properly in the Scriptures.

He says, in his discourse, that to awaken popular attention was the most difficult thing to do, since the great mass of men were dead and unimpressionable; and hence these powerful and mysterious manifestations were just what was needed. He admitted that they would be to the Christian Church like life to the dead. He expressed the hope that they would continue, for he was positive that they would result in good. Now when it is considered that Dr. Cheney is a distinguished Trinitarian clergyman, we must allow that this style of confession from him is remarkable; and, more than this, that it is highly significant. He admits that the modern manifestations of Spiritualism are an answer to prayer, accepts them gladly as such, and hopes they may not be put aside as worthless by those who, with himself, have prayed for just such proofs of the Divine presence and care.

We are able to congratulate our brethren and friends in the noble State of California on the rapid and wide progress which Spiritualism is making among them. It is all virgin soil, and just such as the pure principles of spiritual faith should take root in, where they are certain to flourish. Emma Hardinge wrought a great work among that generous and appreciative people, and Mrs. Cuppy is walking worthily in her footsteps. The Spiritualists of San Francisco have erected a spacious and elegant hall for regular worship and conference, capable of seating fourteen hundred persons; and under Mrs. Cuppy's inspired ministrations all the seats are filled each week. There is a growing interest in the subject, both as a religion and a philosophy, which has been fast spreading all over the State.

Our friends have just held a numerously attended State Convention at San José, a full report of which was furnished in last week's Banner. Orthodoxy out there, while compelled to admit the reality and truthfulness of the manifestations, hates to give an inch to the Spiritualistic principles and philosophy. But that matters nothing; if we can get in the simple facts of the case before the jury, the deductions will naturally follow. It is certain that Dr. Cheney's sermon is creating a wonderful stir in San Francisco, and it is equally certain that out of that stir will come positive and permanent good to the souls of the people. Spiritualism is doing its legitimate work there, and nothing can keep it down. Again we extend our congratulations to our brethren on the Pacific.

Carlyle on Chaos.

In the very frank and remarkable speech recently made by Thomas Carlyle to the young students of Edinburgh University, of which he had been chosen Rector, occurs, among other attractive and impressive passages, one on the tendency of the current age to Revolution—in habits, forms, beliefs, and ideas. He expresses it thus:

"I need not hide from you, young gentlemen, that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world; and I don't think you will find it improve the footing you have, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations, and so on, which is a thing much to be approved of, and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognize as advantages. But you will find the ways of the world more anarchical than ever, I think. As far as I have noticed, *revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions.* All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were; hotter and hotter the wind rises around everything. Curious to say, now, in Oxford and other places that used to seem to be at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humor of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are getting afloat. It is evident that whatever is not made of asbestos will have to be burned in this world. It will not stand the heat it is getting exposed to. And in saying that, it is but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy—anarchy plus the constable. There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up. But in every other thing, he is the son, not of Cæsar, but of Chaos."

These are pulsating, burning, fierce words, such as an intensely earnest man alone is inspired and impelled to utter. But what insight they betray! What penetration into things, and especially into the tendencies of things, they manifest! Carlyle declares, however, nothing more than the truth as it is to-day. Escape from the bold spirit of inquiry that challenges all things in modern times, is an utter impossibility. Only what is real is to stand. Only the good and true can last. And in order to find out what is that good and true, the present Revolution is going on.

It need not be in blood, and yet such is the blindness and prejudice of men, they will many of them shed blood before they will abandon their ground or relinquish their creeds. It is not the larger freedom and the higher truth that causes outbreak, but the stubborn and passionate opposition which men make to their progress. They are determined to resist the advance of the new ideas at any cost; and their force excites to force again, and out of the collision comes the voice of war—war between individuals, communities, peoples. We do not see but these convulsions, in fact, are the single conditions under which better things are reached. At any rate, the advancing world is not going to stop short because they demand it. Truth will rule even in the tumult of Chaos.

Personal.

OLIVER C. COOPER, Esq., has become associated in the editorial department, with the Water-loo, N. Y. Observer. He is a practical printer, formerly a resident of this city, and is a gentleman of ability and irreproachable character.

Our friend A. James, of Chicago, the celebrated medium under whose direction the renowned Artisan Well in that city was discovered, is on his way East, and will be in this city the first week in August. He comes by the way of Michigan, Ohio, and the Pennsylvania Oil Regions. He will stop a short time at Meadville and Corry, Pa. He can be addressed at the former place, care of Dr. George Newcomb; or care of this office after the first of August.

We are requested to give notice that Mrs. R. Collins of this city, healing medium, will be absent in the country until August 1.

Notice.—Can any one tell us the whereabouts of A. Crosby & Co., formerly at 103 Hanover-street, Boston?

Spiritualism in Colorado.

The glorious light of Spiritualism has burst forth in the Western regions far beyond the plains and rolling prairies, permeating the homes and souls of the gold-hunters of Colorado—that driving and enterprising Territory which has received the consent of Congress, but not of the President, to take her place among the States of the Union. The good people of those high mountainous regions almost become Spiritualists from necessity; so pure and ethereal is the atmosphere in which they live, the inhabitants of the spirit-world can draw near enough to envelop them with inspiration direct from the higher life.

Our readers will remember that we stated the latter part of April that Capt. Charles H. Gordon, with his wife, Laura De Force Gordon, the well known and popular lecturer, in company with Willard B. Felton and his wife, Fannie B. Felton, also a lecturer, would start for Colorado early in May. We are now happy to announce that they arrived safely at Denver City on the 13th of June. As Mrs. Gordon's coming was known some time previous to her arrival, there was great anxiety to hear her lecture, and she was at once invited to give a public address, which she accepted. We have accounts of her reception from several correspondents, from which we condense the following facts. The Spiritualists of Denver engaged the theatre for Mrs. G. to speak in, being the only available place of sufficient capacity to hold the multitude who were anxious to listen to so popular an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy. Our correspondent mentions as a singular coincidence, that two noted Bishops had just arrived at Denver, and were holding forth in their churches at the same time Mrs. G. was talking to the people in the theatre. (One of the Bishops was probably the Rev. Dr. Randall, D.D. of this city, the newly elected Bishop of the Diocese of Colorado.) Our friend John B. Wolff, in some very appropriate remarks, introduced Mrs. Gordon to the audience. She then spoke for an hour and a half, on the subject of "What is Truth?" holding the audience spell-bound by the eloquence and forcefulness of her arguments, for that length of time. It was indeed a time of refreshing, the words of inspiration coming as it seemed, from the presence of the Lord. The people went away, not loathly, but hungering for more; and in the evening they returned again, and long before the time appointed for the meeting the house was crowded full, and still they came by hundreds—those who had never heard of Spiritualism before, except through the abuse it had received from the Church pulpits by the self-styled "ministers of God," who denounced it as an "emanation from hell."

This spontaneous demonstration of souls who are hungering for the true bread of life, was a little more than old theology could quietly submit to; so they secured the columns of the *Nes*, in which they abused Mrs. Gordon and the Spiritualists. But the editor of the *Gazette*, J. Stanton, Esq., opened his columns in reply, and handsomely vindicated the assailed parties. The result is: great excitement in regard to Spiritualism. And in compliance with the demand, Mrs. Gordon gave five lectures in eight days, all of which were largely attended. It was not Mrs. G.'s intention to lecture more than half the time she intended to remain in the Territory, but so urgent were the calls, and sufficient means being promptly raised, she has consented to speak in Denver and Golden City for a year.

Mrs. Gordon's reception at Golden City was equally as enthusiastic as at Denver. She was the guest of Judge Johnson and his excellent lady. Until the advent of Mrs. Gordon they had had no professional lecturers on Spiritualism in the Territory. Mrs. Briggs, a good healing and test medium, has resided there for several years, but not being a lecturer, her efforts are confined to a narrow limit; although she has spoken in public several times. Through her instrumentality the spark of Spiritualism has been growing brighter and brighter until the present time. The flame has now burst forth which will light the whole Territory ere long.

It is fortunate that so estimable and true a woman as Mrs. Gordon—who is also one of the finest lecturers in the field—visited that portion of our country just at this time, when the theological world is making such an effort there to crush out all spiritual freedom of thought and to bind souls still more firmly in the shackles of creeds and dogmas; for she will be a potent instrument in the hands of the invisibles in sowing the seed of spiritual truth, that will yield a bountiful harvest. Thousands will be blessed and made happy by her efforts.

A Simple Remedy for the Cure of Cholera.

The following statement, made by Capt. G. S. Peabody, of the packet-ship "Isaac Wright," in regard to the treatment of cholera cases which occurred on his vessel in January last, during a trip from Liverpool to New York, is worthy the serious attention of our people, who are liable to an attack of this disease at any moment. He says that within forty-eight hours after leaving port, cholera appeared on board his ship, and in ten days twenty-seven passengers had died of it, though they were treated "by the book." The captain then applied a method of treatment that had been recommended by his predecessor in command, and did not lose another patient on that voyage; neither has he lost any since. The remedy is this: A tablespoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of red pepper mixed in half a pint of hot water. The captain says he was himself attacked by violent cholera, with cramps, &c., but the medicine "carried him through." He adds: "The medicine acts quickly as an emetic, say in one or two minutes, and brings up a very offensive matter, which sticks like glue. It was given, among others, to a woman eighty-four years of age, who went on deck, though weak of course; the very next day. I have known it to be successfully used on board ship by at least a dozen shipmasters besides myself. Its use is quite general in Liverpool, where even some of the regular doctors find it to their advantage to resort to it. Provided with this simple recipe, I no longer consider the cholera an unmanageable disease."

Philadelphia Aid for the Portland Sufferers.

At a meeting of the First Association of Spiritualists, held at Sanson-street Hall, Philadelphia, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to receive contributions for the sufferers by the late fire in Portland, Me.; said fund to be forwarded to the spiritual association for distribution.

H. T. Child, M. D., John Langham, Dr. W. L. Robinson, Mary A. Stretch, Alice Tyson, Isaac Rehn, Thomas Marsden, Mr. Hobbs, F. M. Read, Mrs. Smithway, Mr. Simpson, M. D. Dyott, Miss O. A. Grimes, Dr. J. L. Pierce, Mrs. Orwell, Mrs. Olin Wilson, and Mr. Mench were appointed. Any person having contributions to make in this way, will please forward them to any of the above named.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Thursday, April 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Johnson, of Hallowell, Me., to her mother; Harry Smith, of Hallowell, Me., to his wife and mother; Thomas Lane, of Hallowell, Me., to his wife and mother; Sunday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Invocation: Questions and Answers: Caleb Currier, to his wife and child; in Fortunate, N. H.; Wm. Wilson, of Hallowell, Me.; Clara Jordan, of Chicago, Ill., to her parents.

Invocation.

Mighty Allah, let thy children know that thou art God here and God everywhere. Let them know that forms are but thin veils, whereunto thou callest thy subjects to worship thee; that Nature is thy Koran, who perpetually expounds thy will and thy way. And when they die to earth, cleanse them in the waters of their own pure lives, and lead them to the Paradise of their own good deeds. April 9.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We propose now to consider whatever questions you may have to propound.

QUES.—By T. G. W., of North Canton, Conn: What effect has ether on the human system when taken to produce insensibility to pain?

ANS.—It drives the spirit from the sensorium, thereby suspending external consciousness.

Q.—Has it a bad effect?

A.—When judiciously administered and under proper circumstances, it has no bad effect. It is like the entering in of the foreign spirit to the mediunistic body. The indwelling spirit retires from the sensorium, yields it up for the time being to the one in control. When this is done properly, under harmonious conditions, no harm results. When otherwise, evil may result. We cannot tell.

Q.—By J. W., of North Canton: We are having a revival meeting at our village, and have had in adjoining towns, by a new man to us. Where he goes, the influence seems to go. Will our friends in spirit-life explain the spiritual side of such revivals, for it seems a spirit or spirits' influence is abroad? Who or what is it?

A.—These religious commotions may often be attributed to the psychological influence of your speakers. If they are able to fully psychologize their audience, then many conversions are made; if not, there is silence and death in the religious waters. Sometimes these religious disturbances may be attributed to the influence of disembodied intelligences, such intelligences being anxious to produce some effect upon the minds of friends dwelling in the form. When they cannot produce just the effect they desire upon their friends, they are content to produce the religious disturbance, for even that brings them into nearer rapport, closer communion with spirits dwelling in the body.

Q.—By C. A. G. Rayhouser, of Brookstown, Ind.: Why are some persons mediunistic who profess to disbelieve in, and even denounce Spiritualism, (as in the case of H. Melville Fay), and yet spirits often refuse to manifest on account, it is said, of the presence of disbelievers?

A.—The mediunistic instrument is not required to believe in music. A skillful performer can give forth just as harmonious sounds through an inanimate instrument, as through one possessed of consciousness and animate life. It is by no means necessary that a medium should believe in the return of departed spirits. They are machines, and it is not their consciousness that is used, but simply the machine upon which their consciousness plays.

Q.—By the same: Some persons become mediums who do not wish to be such. They endeavor to throw off the influence, and yet, with all their opposition, they are made to yield. Others have an ardent desire to become mediums, but strive in vain for the spiritual gift. Will the controlling spirit inform us why this is so?

A.—All persons who are mediums in the absolute, are such from conception, therefore can have nothing to do with the making of their mediunship. Certain conditions unfold the flower. These conditions, also, they have no control over, however much they may resist. They have no belief in the return of departed spirits, and when forced, they turn against it. Their educational prejudices arise in array against it. They have no wish to become mediums, and yet the spirit plays upon the newly tuned instrument at will.

Q.—Please explain the passage, "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and it said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?" Was it a spirit that spoke through the animal? If so, has anything been done of the kind of late years, or could it be done?

A.—The angel, not the ass, spoke to Balaam, as angels speak to mortals to-day, not these tables or your mediums.

Q.—Do departed spirits have any influence on persons in this world, either for good or evil?

A.—That is a self-evident truth that needs no answer. April 9.

Mary Lowell.

There are many reasons why it would be well for me to commune with my friends that I've left on the earth; and well for them, also.

I was educated not in the belief of this spiritual philosophy, for then it was an unborn child. But I cannot say that I should have embraced these great truths that are going out over the land, if I had lived on the earth under their sunshine. But notwithstanding all the bigotry, all the superstition, all the religious darkness by which I found myself surrounded on leaving the earth, I feel it my duty to return, teaching those little children in the things that belong to the kingdom of heaven.

I have left many dear friends; and if ever I felt

anxious for their future welfare in all my life, it is to-day. Some of them are soon to come to me, and that is why I am so anxious to open wide the door and let them see the place they are soon coming to. With all their religion, with all their belief in a glorious hereafter, through the death of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord, they stand trembling upon the brink of death, and ask, "Oh, what is there beyond? Why is it that God wills these things from our sight?" Oh it is not God, it is only that darkness that exists on the earth that obscures your spiritual vision. It's not God. God is the light; God is truth; God is freedom; God is love; and never condemns any soul to eternal punishment.

Oh I wish I could speak to that dear one—to that dear one who soon must come to me—as I do to you; but I cannot. I can only hope to send a word to cheer, to bless, to open the way to the spirit-world.

Nineteen years ago I died; died, yes to live again; and to-day I return, not to say there is no truth in none of the religions that prevail upon the earth now, but to say that the new dispensation holds all the truth that was contained in all the past, and a greater one of its own. Oh receive it. Know that the spirit-world is but a step beyond this world. Know that it is so near your mortal sphere, that persons in entering it hardly know when they have passed through death.

I am Mary Lowell, of Boston. My friends have a vague expectation that somebody may come. I have come. Oh let me come more freely, more fully, nearer to you, dear ones, ere you pass on. April 9.

Joseph Nelson.

Joseph Nelson, 7th Maine. I am in a sort of a queer place; that is to say, I want to get near enough to my folks to talk to 'em, but they've got to help build the bridge, and I can't seem to get word to them to commence operations. I was told I'd better come here and first let 'em know that I was so much alive that I could talk, if I only had a suitable instrument to talk through; that I could write; that I could manifest in other ways to let them know—well, that I was not annihilated, not in the grave, not so far off but I can use the things of this world. You see their idea was like mine: that heaven was afar off, and that whoever was fortunate enough to get there could not come back. What I want them to know is, that there are as many hells with you on the earth as with us, and plenty of heavens, too. And it don't take more than a day's journey to get from the heaven I live in now, back to where my friends reside. I take it it's heaven, for I'm pretty well contented. Sometimes I have to go to hell to find folks that are living there; sometimes I'm in hell myself; that is, when I'm not comfortably situated in my mind. That's hell. If you don't believe it, just do something you're ashamed of, and you'll be pretty sure to get a taste of "brimstone."

Now, if there's any of the folks in Lewiston that are not afraid to hear from me, I'd like them to open a sort of—well, I don't know what to call it; it's not an underground telegraph, but it's a spiritual telegraph with me, I take it. If they're not afraid, I'd like them to help build the bridge. It's got to be built, and they've got to do their part of the work. I've got the plank laid. I have got bridges on the brain. I was a bridge-builder before I went to war. I suppose I live in that element sometimes; at any rate, bridges are of use. There are spiritual bridges and there are material ones. You need the material, and I need the spiritual. I'm going to transfer the knowledge I had in building material bridges to spiritual ones. All I ask is a little help; for if we don't have it we can't work to very good advantage, you know.

(To the Chairman.)—A comfortable time to you when you come across, and a good bridge that will carry you over safe. April 9.

Gertrude Winn.

I am Gertrude Winn, from New York City. I am thirteen years old; died on the 18th day of last January. My father is with me, having died of wounds received in the war. My mother, one brother and sister are left. I should like that my mother should know that we have the power to return. And I would like that she furnish some medium that I can come to her with. I've much to tell her, and my father has much, also. We are happy, only when she is unhappy.

I told my mother, when dying, I saw my father. They thought I was not in my right mind. I was, for my father was there. He had come to meet me, knowing I was about to come. If I do not succeed in going to my mother, I would like to come again; and perhaps my father, by-and-bye, would like to come. April 9.

James Riley.

I have a sort of a liking to go into the Church and make some sort of a communication there. But I have more of a liking to first let my friends know that I can come this way, and how I died, &c. I suppose you remember when I died, I was, though, as you would if you were not there—when Fredericksburg was taken. When the bridges—pontoon bridges—were thrown over the river, men were wanted to throw them over. Understand, I was one of them. It was kind of a risky job. I liked the excitement, but I'd hardly commenced my work before I received a shot in my shoulder. I suppose from loss of blood I was not able to stay longer on the earth; so I died. The story was, I was taken prisoner, was locked up and treated in a very poor way; but the truth of the story is, I was shot through the shoulder while helping to throw the pontoons across the river.

Since I found myself in the way to come back and make communication to folks on the earth, I have tried all sorts of ways. I thought first to go into the Church and make some sort of a communication to the people there; but then, you know, there's no satisfaction giving to somebody that don't know you can come back, and would not believe it was you if you did. I want to come, right up and down; be myself. I am no starved-up individual; just the same person I was here; yes, sir, James Riley, and nobody else.

Now just look here: I suppose I have a wife working in the mills in Manchester, New Hampshire. How the devil will I get there, anyway? That's what I want to know. [You'll have to ask her to find you a medium.] That is, ask her to go to some of those folks what let us come? [That's the way.] Yes; well, then, out of curiosity, if nothing more, I would like my wife Mary, and all what care to, to go to some one and see what'll come. If I don't do myself justice, then it is my own fault, you know. I've got enough to say, but I want my folks right here to say it to them. [Say something that will excite them sufficiently to give you a hearing.] I'll put 'em on the track to get the back pay. That's it; faith! I don't know of anything that's more exciting than that, particularly when your pocket is dry and your throat besides. [We infer yours is somewhat dry.] Yes, sir; many a time it was dry when I was in the service of Government; dry for

the want of water, and dry for whiskey, too. Well, it's all the same now. I'm just as well off as the best of them. I'm satisfied, and that's enough; the best can't be any more.

If there's any way I can come—any better way I can take any one of these to her and talk straight to her, I'd like to. But I suppose I'll have to wait till she goes to one of these. The devil of it is taking them to her; unless I go at just such a time, my wife is in the mill. Oh, that's a pretty place to go. I'll do the best I can to send out my word to her that I want to come. And, if they want the money, let them come; that's it; let 'em give me a chance to come. It's just the easiest thing in the world. Good-by to you, sir. April 9.

Circle closed by William E. Channing.

Invocation.

Spirit of Eternal Truth, our Father and our Mother, too, grant that thy children may feel thy presence as the earth feels the sunshine. Let the consciousness that they are protected by an all-pervading Divine Intelligence, be the sun that shall dispel the fogs, the mists and doubts by which they are surrounded, giving them, instead, bright flowers of living faith and holy trust in thee. Grant, oh Spirit of Infinite Justice, that those who are in high places may feel thy presence. May they know thine eye is upon them; that thine arm of infinite mercy is outstretched over all the land; that all souls are to be folded to the bosom of Infinite Love. Grant, oh Life of our souls, that all our steps may be taken with a view to benefit the great mass of mind that surges on continually toward thee; and when we are dead to earth, when our mission to souls encased in mortal bodies has ended, grant that our reward may be in listening to the songs of the redeemed, those who have escaped from bondage, those from whom the chains of superstition, bigotry and religious fear, and doubt, and oppression of all kinds on the earth have been removed. Grant that our garments may be pure and spotless. Grant that all who have listened to our teachings may stand nearer to thy Divine Life. May they understand thee better, and read thy law and thy life more perfectly. And unto thee this day, as upon all others, we sing glad songs of praise. We lift up our souls in gladness and thanksgiving, for thou art our God, our Father, our Mother, our all, forever and forever. Amen. April 10.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Are not the particles of atmosphere being acted upon by the light of various colors? and the color of substance, the attracting or reflecting of particles of that particular color?

ANS.—The atmosphere holds within itself all kinds of colors, and gives to each particle that which is best adapted to it. Grass is green, lilies are white; and so on through all the catalogue. Every atom in life attracts from the atmosphere that color that is most adapted to it; most in harmony with the sphere of its own inner and outer existence. All atoms, so far as color is concerned, are continually acting and re-acting upon each other. The atmosphere acts upon the pebble, and the pebble in turn acts upon the atmosphere. It is give and take throughout all the vast universe of being.

Q.—By A. Kent, of East Stockholm, N. Y.: The spirits, in the Banner of March 31, in answering a question of mine, tell us "that life progresses in a circle and repeats itself." I am sure that men and Spiritualists have used the word progression to mean upward progress—change for the better—an increase in wisdom and goodness—a moral rising. But I now understand these spirits to mean simply and only going forward—or moving—moving in a circle. I respectfully ask the spirits if this is their meaning. Do I now understand them? Do I now understand that they have never meant to say that the African race were wiser and better one hundred thousand years ago than now?

A.—Life does indeed progress, or unfold itself, so far as the external is concerned, in cycles, therefore must repeat itself. The seasons will teach you that lesson. The spring has come again, and it has many thousand times before. Flowers will bloom, vegetation will spring forth. When the rough winds of autumn sweep over the earth, they will die, so far as their external life is concerned. But they are only marching on in cycles, only repeating themselves. At an appointed period the flowers will bloom, vegetation will come forth, and all the various natural scenes that present themselves to the eye of mankind in the summer, will again show themselves. You are so nearly, in your outside senses, connected with the things of the external world, that you must move on in cycles. It cannot be otherwise. But we do not mean by this you are going forward and backward perpetually. We mean at every revolution you gain something and lose nothing. Now, mark this: in gaining you lose nothing. You attain grander ideas. You live in the midst of holier, wiser and diviner thoughts. Your inner-lives are made up of thoughts. Thoughts are the flowers of your inner-lives. Thoughts are the language of flowers, the all of those lives. You cannot understand it, because you are rapidly moving on through forms, through the crudities of human life. You are so allied to these forms that exist in the natural world, that you cannot come into close consciousness with the inner and divine. But, by-and-bye, when you have done with these external forms, have passed beyond them, you will perceive the things of the inner-life. Your correspondent perceives in one direction, while we perceive in another. He understands us—by expressions used at that time—to have meant the spirit goes forward and backward, alternating between evil and good. This we do not mean. In the first place, we deny the existence of absolute evil. There is no such thing. We believe in the existence of one Supreme Everlasting Good, that fills all life. There is no room for any other power. That you call evil is but lesser good—but stepping-stones to higher good, more perfect developments of life, is all perfect in itself. It is only that you misunderstand it, that you speak of it as unholy and imperfect.

Q.—By the same: Again, we have understood the spirits to teach that man, as man, sprang from the earth, and has come up through all lower forms to his present state; that he is improving, progressing, as the earth improves and progresses, if more or faster. Have I understood them correctly? If so, do they mean by progressing in a circle and repeating itself, that it is to go back or round to earth, and again come up through the same process, and that in infinite succession? Am I again to return to earth and be made into a man, and such a man as now? I supposed neither matter nor mind was created, but my body and mind were formed as individualities. As mind, am I to grow larger and better forever? Or am I to move round and round on the same plane forever? I confess I cannot understand the spirits in their late reply to my simple question. If my mind is not to them hopelessly dark, I ask them to try again?

A.—We have waited, waited till to-day. Elizabeth Harper, born in New York City, educated under the Episcopal faith, and born again, I should say, from New York City.

I have dear friends who know not that I can return, who, with all their religion, tremble at the thought of death; sisters who fear to die, as I did. Oh, let me tell them there is no death, when once you cease to fear it.

I would come near to my younger sister, Josephine, for, oh, she fears to die, and I know the same sorrow is upon her that was upon me; and I am very anxious to take away that fear; it will be taking away death.

Let her seek some person through whom I can speak. I'll come then so near to her that she shall doubt no more. And if the great God and Father of all things will permit it, I will take away her fear, and make death the angel of life to her. I will answer the question that no one could answer me.

My brother-in-law will receive my message in skepticism, I know; but even that shall blossom into faith ere many months shall roll on. I feel it to be true. Farewell. April 10.

William Hudson.

Historians have designated past ages as the Dark Ages. I do not wonder at it; for in glancing over certain periods of time, we can but feel that there are seasons when the veil seems dropped between the two worlds, and thickened, too; when communion is cut off between the Seen and the Unseen, the real and unreal existences; then those who dwell in the unreal—that is to say, on the earth—are in darkness, indeed. Why, there is no darkness so terrible as that that shuts you out from a knowledge of the place to which, as spirits, you are tending.

The present age seems illuminated, when compared with other ages, and yet there never was a time when communion was entirely cut off. There have been times when the veil has been so thickened, that it was very rare that one gained sight through it.

Fortunately I was a believer in this glorious light before I passed through the change. I knew where I was going. I understood by intuition,

A.—The soul, as a soul, is by no means dependent upon matter for its unfoldment. It possesses a distinct positive individuality of its own. These physical forms, these forms of Nature, are the products of Nature. They have been builded up from all the lower orders of material being. To-day they are more beautiful than they were a hundred years ago. As your earth, which is the parent of these external forms, grows, progresses, unfolds, so, then, forms grow, progress and unfold; and so, then, through them the spirit can speak itself clearer than when it inhabited the crude form centuries ago. And yet so far as its own divine life is concerned, it is not dependent upon the earth for its unfoldment. It always has existed, and we believe, ever will; if not, there might come a time when it would pass out of existence. It always has been, and always will be. The latter part of your correspondent's inquiry we have answered.

Q.—By M. W. Cardell, of Pleasant Plains, O.: I have been a Spiritualist for many years, and have done more to establish this new Philosophy than any person I know of in this locality. I take the Boston BANNER OF LIGHT—a most excellent paper; I have about all the leading spiritual works to enlighten my mind in the great truths of Spiritualism—and yet, after all, strange to say, I am a very unhappy man. I have it constantly before my mind to take my own life, and sometimes that of others. Will the spirits explain the cause of this? I have no secrets. I wish all to know the truth.

A.—We are informed by those who have a better understanding of this case than we have, that this unhappy state may be attributed to pre-natal causes. These feelings that sometimes so absorb the senses and render the possessor so miserable, were engraved upon the tablet of that external being, ere that being had form. This is a strange, wild assertion, perhaps, to some, yet, nevertheless, it is true. Now all the dear friend has to do is to fight continually against the flesh. Seek earnestly for the assistance of those loving ones that are ever ready to assist the weak ones of earth. April 10.

Elizabeth Harper.

When I was told that I must die, that there was no hope of my being restored to health, these words kept constantly floating through my mind: "What is death?" It seemed that it was the last thing I heard when dying, "What is death?" And I told my friends how terribly it troubled me. I could not seem to rid myself of that terrible phantom, "What is death?" The question was always being asked, and no one answered it. And even after I was free, after I had died, then it seemed as if the echo had reached the other land, "What is death?" While I was wondering what it could mean, why I was so tormented, I met an old schoolmate—one I had known from infancy—and she said to me:—"Lizzie, death lives in the fear to pass through the change. There is no other death." And as soon as I had gained strength—for I felt weak—she said to me, "I'll take you where you can see one who is passing through the change that knows no death." I did not understand her, but was glad to go with her.

So she took me to a far-off island, where the inhabitants understood death, or this change that you call death, to be but the releasing of the soul from the body wherein it had been so long confined, and it was always a season of joy to them. When told they were about to die, they were always joyful. It always produced happiness with them.

While we were seeking to come into close sympathy with them, we were met by one who had once been an inhabitant of that island; and he said, "Come with me, and I'll show you one who is now passing through the change." Presently we were at the side of one who was dying, undergoing a change. The mat was spread upon the ground. It was a young girl—perhaps she had seen sixteen or eighteen seasons. They had just told her, in their own language, that she was about to die—it meant that—and oh! how joyous she was! It seemed as though all the sorrow she had ever known was fast leaving her, and she seemed to ask, "Oh, how long, how long before I'm free?" She did not understand it to be death. She only knew that, having passed through suffering on earth, she was, in the hereafter, to enjoy heaven, peace, and that she had been denied here. She looked perfectly happy; and she was happy.

Our attendant says, "Do you see any death there?" I replied that I did not. He said, "By this you know that death lives only in the fear of death. That's all the death that mortals will ever know."

Oh, how I felt at that moment! I thought I would willingly resign my claim to heaven to return to earth, to be able to tell my friends what I knew.

But I've waited; waited till to-day. Elizabeth Harper, born in New York City, educated under the Episcopal faith, and born again, I should say, from New York City.

I have dear friends who know not that I can return, who, with all their religion, tremble at the thought of death; sisters who fear to die, as I did. Oh, let me tell them there is no death, when once you cease to fear it.

I would come near to my younger sister, Josephine, for, oh, she fears to die, and I know the same sorrow is upon her that was upon me; and I am very anxious to take away that fear; it will be taking away death.

Let her seek some person through whom I can speak. I'll come then so near to her that she shall doubt no more. And if the great God and Father of all things will permit it, I will take away her fear, and make death the angel of life to her. I will answer the question that no one could answer me.

My brother-in-law will receive my message in skepticism, I know; but even that shall blossom into faith ere many months shall roll on. I feel it to be true. Farewell. April 10.

and by what I had been told by those who had dwelt beyond, something of the land I was going to. And I from time to time told my friends here that they did not know what they were losing; that their lives here were but as a summer day; that they must soon resign their earthly bodies. Nature demanded that—and then they would give the wealth of worlds for a knowledge of the home they were going to.

A few of those skeptical friends said to me, "If it should so happen that you go first, if you will return where you're not known, if you hold the same ideas that you hold to-day, we will believe that communion is possible between the two worlds; we'll investigate, and we'll set about the work in good earnest."

I am here. My ideas are in no way changed, only my thoughts are enlarged. I was not disappointed, and I say to you to-day, as I said then, you don't know what you're losing.

To those who scoffed at me for my belief, and who did not condescend to listen to anything I had to say upon the subject of Spiritualism, I have only this much to say: When your feet shall tread the dark, uncertain way to you, in pay for your scorn and your scoffings I'll meet you, grasp your hand, and see you safe on the other side. You do not know that I can do this, but I do.

To all those who doubt, but would believe this a truth, I would say: Seek to know whether it is true or false. If there is another life, know it. You have the power I had, and you have the means of satisfying yourselves. Don't take my say-so for a platform to stand upon. Know yourselves whether or not we can come back and talk with you. The only way to know this is to investigate for yourselves. Turn to Science, and there unfold, leaf by leaf, the problem of life; and the further you go in even the science of human life, the more satisfied you will be that communion is not only possible, but it is a fact so firmly established in natural and divine life, that there is nothing that can overthrow it.

I am William Hudson; born in Scarborough, in the good old State of Maine; died fighting for what I believed to be right. April 10.

Hiram Smith.

Stranger, I've no sort of ill-will against anybody, but I would like to have a good solemn talk with those chaps that got me into the scrape that ended my days on the earth. I'm from Booneville, Missouri. I'm ashamed of myself. I went to war again one of the best Governments that ever was, I suppose; that is to say, I think so, for it's the best that ever was; but it's bad enough, anyway. But I was got into it by those that I speak of, in a mean way. I sometimes would drink a little; and when a man's drunk, he's apt to do things he wouldn't do if he was sober; don't you know it?

Well, I can't rest, no way you can fix it, stranger. I had'n't been in the ranks—well, I had'n't been there more than three weeks before I was shot through the head. It was right—it was right I should be shot in the way I was. I deserved it. I've no fault to find with that part of it; but it wasn't right for them to get me drunk, and then get me to enlist. All I want to do, stranger, is to get them to bear part of the disgrace. I'll bear my part. I only want them to bear their part of the load. It's too heavy, stranger; it's too much truck for one to carry.

Now I want Joe Jenkins—he's somewhere on the earth—to just come right up to the scratch, where I can get hold of him and talk to him; I want him to let me ask him if he don't feel mean. He's the worst one. There were others concerned in the matter, I know, but he started it. I want to get hold of him; do n't want to take no harm to him, but I want Joe to take the load. It don't fit me, the coat don't, and I want him to have it. It may do him some good.

Stranger, is there any better way than to let him know it's me, Hiram Smith? I've come myself to see if I couldn't get rid of the load upon me, that's the meanness. Any better way? [We don't know of any better way. You must ask him to get you a medium.] One of these? Yes; that's just what I want—one of these folks to speak through.

You tell him I'm ashamed, in the first place, that I should have got drunk as I did; in the next place, that I would ever shoulder a musket against the old stars and stripes. If Joe Jenkins don't feel ashamed, I don't know who should. Why, you know, stranger, some folks haven't got soul enough to feel anything. He's the worst of all, and I want to have him bear the disgrace, for he ought to. [When you leave here you can go directly to him.] Good! Is that so? Good! That's glorious news. How come you to know it? Well, I'll chuck that truck on to his back pretty quick, I can tell you. I'll do it, stranger. I've dragged it long enough; been ashamed of myself, and ashamed of him, too. [You must be charitable toward him.] Oh, I'm charitable; I'm full of charity. That's what ails me. If I could come out and give him an infernal thrashing, I should feel a good deal better; but 'taint my nature to do so. I wouldn't hurt him. I've got no ill feeling agin him, anyway, but I want to know if he don't feel that he played a mean part—being paid for getting me drunk, and then getting me to enlist. I want to know if he thinks it's honorable. He took pay for it; got to be quite well off, I understand, by it.

Well, I'll make a little addition to what truck he's got. Maybe it'll suit him. It'll be a sort of a top-knot to some of his rigging I've heard he's bought. I don't want it. I want him to understand that I've carried his truck long enough. It belongs to him; I hope he'll take it.

Now, stranger, I'll go. You say I can go to him; I'll believe you. If I don't—[Come back.] Well, I will. I should be happy, stranger, if it wasn't for this one thing. They all tell me—all my folks round where I live—all that fool I am to let it worry me so. I want justice to go where it belongs. Good-day, stranger. April 10.

Circle closed by Theodore Parker.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLE.

Monday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Robt. Palmer, to his wife Eliza; John S. Floyd, to his mother and sisters; Charlotte Blackman, to Elizabeth Bell, James Wells, and Betsey Wells; Jerry Colgan to Michael.

Tuesday, July 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edwin Cole, to Mary Cole, in Princeton, Ind.; Arabella Burnett, to her father, Geo. Burnett, in New Orleans, La.; E. P. Harris, to his brother, Wm. Harris, in this city.

DONATIONS

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.
RECEIVED FROM
W. W. Root, Ipswich, Mass. \$1.00
Dr. J. H. Rattley, Richmond, Ind. 1.00
Mrs. M. J. Willey, Lynn, Mass. 1.00
G. C. Hays, Nicholson, Pa. 1.00
G. S. Lehigh, Portland, Me. 1.00
F. Fairbanks, Ferrisville, Mich. 2.00
Bond. 1.00
M. H. Hays, Huntington, N. Y. 1.00
L. E. Conley, Vinton, Mo. 1.00
Mrs. R. A. Condit, Shelburne Falls, Mass. 1.00
G. A. Belcher, Goldenrod City, O. 1.00
E. P. Harris, Centre Belton, O. 1.00

CHARITY FUND.

</

and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the Banner one year. It will be forwarded to their address on