

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

PRAYER OF A SPIRIT MAIDEN.

BY S. B. KEACH.

Oh thou great ruler of the starry heaven,
Father and friend of all upon the earth,
To thee my heart's poor offering is given,
My humble worship, little though its worth,
Shall ever unto thee in prayer and praise go forth.

Look thou in mercy on thy simple maiden,
And answer in thine all-abounding grace,
The prayer with which my loving soul is laden;
On thee I lean, in thee my faith I place,
To thee my spirit flies o'er all the boundless space.

May he I love on earth, oh dearest Father,
Be freed from ills that crush his spirit now,
Not bowed by sorrow, but enfranchised rather—
Thou in thine holy wisdom knowest how—
And wear the smile of heaven upon his brow.

Let me, who ever loved his kindred spirit,
Be freed from ills that crush his spirit now,
For that rich portion which he shall inherit,
Saved from the evil of his earthly state,
When I shall welcome him up through the mystic gate.

My Father, bless him! as a child I loved him;
Vouchsafe me strength proportioned to my love,
That I, his guardian spirit, may remove him
From evil and earth sorrow, far above,
Where he may fly to me as would a dove.

This would I seek, Father of earth and heaven,
That I may make him happy and my own;
And as his spirit knows at morn and even,
My presence near him and my loving tone,
May hopeful words of mine, and I, be heard and known.

So may I lead him as he would have guided
My foot upon the earth had life been spared,
Ever with watchful, tender care provided
To make me happy and himself endeared,
So may my life with his be mingled, joined and shared.

SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

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

(Continued.)

At the Party.

Herr Bantes went to the party, but was unusually quiet and thoughtful that evening. The whole conversation was of the "Spectre Bridegroom." It was said that he carried a heavy coat filled with gold; that he knew all the brides in Herbesheim so soon; that he was very agreeable, yet was there an odor of decay about him; all that was related coincided perfectly with the appearance of the stranger who personated the banker's son.

When the family returned home, Herr Bantes told them of the stranger, and how he hoped he had rid himself of his visits forever. Both ladies were much surprised at first; then both smiled at each other, as they heard the name of the bridegroom; then both laughed aloud when they learned that Frederika had, by her father, been declared as the intended bride of the Captain.

"Oh, dear, kind, good papa!" cried Frederika, as she felt around his neck, "only keep your word, I implore you!"

"The mischief and the cuckoo!" he responded. "I shall be compelled to keep my word."

"Even if the spectre should prove to be Herr Von Hahn, papa?"

"Do you think I have no eyes? It is not my friend's son. How should young Hahn fall upon the devil's idea to mummify himself in the figure of the 'Spectre Guest?' of whose history I'll not hear him in his life!"

To mother and daughter the occurrence was somewhat incomprehensible; but they thought that papa's lively fancy had exaggerated facts, or that chance had played a droll trick; but they could not doubt the identity of the Herr Von Hahn. The seeming obstinacy of both on this point augmented the terror of husband and father.

"It must come so!" he cried, angrily. "He has got both of you in his claws, has bewitched you already! I am by no means superstitious, and am no old, wonder-seeking woman, this time; but what I have seen I have seen. It is an infernal bother, that could almost drive me mad! Common sense cannot grasp it. But there may be much that our reason cannot comprehend. And if I have to look you two up in the cellar, I will do it, before I will have you acquainted with that devilish spectre, and the like!"

"Dearest father!" cried Frederika, "I will make the whole matter easier for you. Whether the stranger be the Herr Von Hahn, or some other one, I promise you most solemnly I will not love him! I will never forget Waldrich. But do you give me your word, best of fathers, that you will not separate us, whether the Herr Von Hahn or the Spectre sues for my hand."

"Indeed, I would rather give you to the poorest beggar in the street—that is, at least, a living being—than to the Spectre, the Satan!"

Good and Bad Results.

Frederika dreamed happy dreams that night; her father was restless in the extreme. Before his closed eyes, appeared the tall, frail figure, with his face of moonlight wanness, rendered still more ghastly by the masses of raven hair surrounding it. Frederika, however, cherished the most friendly feelings of gratitude toward the unknown, thanking him for her father's speedy conversion

through fear, that had inclined his heart toward her beloved Waldrich.

The next morning, after breakfast, Herr Bantes hastened to the house of the Burgomaster, and as the result of his nightly reflections, besought him to give orders to the police for the prompt removal of the suspicious stranger from the city. He frankly stated his fears, and related the visit that had alarmed him previous to his departure from home for the evening party; said that wife and daughter were already half-fascinated by the arts of the Spectre, pretending to be the son of the banker Von Hahn; that it was impossible the intended bridegroom should have chosen such attire as was characteristic of the chief personage of the legend.

The Burgomaster shook his head with a smile. He knew not what to respond to the sudden ghost-belief of the formerly skeptical Herr Bantes; but he promised to investigate the matter, as the city was in a state of complete excitement since the arrival of the mysterious stranger.

As Herr Bantes returned to his home, after an absence of several hours (he had taken counsel with the Lieutenant of the Police, and other friends), he looked by chance into one of the windows on the first floor. The window was one in the apartment appropriated to the use of Commandant Waldrich. Herr Bantes could hardly trust the evidence of his own eyes. He beheld the fearful, trouble-bringing spectre sitting by his daughter's side, engrossed in animated conversation. The young girl smiled pleasantly upon him, and seemed neither displeased nor reluctant when he seized her hand, and carried it to his lips!

Everything seemed to waver before the father's sight, and he staggered as he walked on. At first he felt inclined to rush into the room, and without further ceremony chase the disturber of domestic happiness from thence; then he reflected that such a rash course might be productive of evil consequences to himself, or to Frederika. He remembered the duel between the Count Von Altenross and the Viscount, a hundred years ago. Pale as death, he entered his wife's chamber; she started at his altered looks.

When she heard of the cause of his condition, she sought to soothe him; assured him the supposed spectre was in reality the expected bridegroom; a modest, worthy, and most estimable young man, with whom Frederika and herself had enjoyed some lengthened conversation. "I believe it, mamma, with all your years and experience, you call that one modest, and so on! But go and see how he is getting along with Frederika in a short time. They are kissing each other!"

"That is not possible, papa!"

"There, there; do not accuse these eyes of lying! He has got her in his power—she is lost! Why are they left alone, and the like? Your reason has left you, too, or you would not have left them together!"

"Dear husband, he begged permission to make an explanation to Frederika privately. Do let your foolish imaginings go. How is it that you, so enlightened, so skeptical a man, can lay aside your common sense all at once, and become a prey to such a superstition?"

"What? I superstitious—overcome by others' folly? No such thing! I am only careful, cautious, and the like, against such devilish imposture. Let it be what it will, one should not be taken at a disadvantage. The girl is too dear to me. I command you, now and for all time, to break off all intercourse with your so-called Herr Von Hahn!"

"But what will his father say?"

"Oh, the old man! He will not say anything. And how should he? He has neither death nor devil for a son! And, in heaven's name, let him say what he will. Go, I implore you, wife, and send the disturber hence!"

Frau Bantes was embarrassed. She approached her husband, placed her hand softly on his shoulder, and said, in a low and pleading voice:

"Reflect, my dear husband, on what you are about to do, purely from fear. Because of a pale face and black apparel, a stranger need not be a ghost. But if you are determined, and it is conducive to your peace, I will obey you. But think again; Frederika and I have invited him to dinner."

"It is enough to give one a paralytic stroke!" cried Herr Bantes. "Invited him to dinner! That one must have some enchanted vapor, or the like, in his breath, that bewitches you, as the African serpent does the little birds, that, willing or not, fall into its open jaws. Away! away! away! I will have nothing to do with him!"

At that moment Frederika entered cheerfully.

"Where is Herr Von Hahn?" inquired her mother, with a troubled countenance.

"Gone to his lodgings for only a few moments. He will return immediately. He is indeed a good, a noble being!"

"There we have it!" cried Herr Bantes. "In a conversation of a quarter of an hour she finds out that he is a good and noble being! What! You love Waldrich? Oh that he were here! If he were, send ending to this. I will know nothing about it, I say. Send some excuse; tell an honest lie—a lie of necessity; say I have been taken sick; we are all very sorry; cannot to-day have the honor of seeing him at our table, and so on."

Frederika was extremely surprised at her father's vehemence.

"Do listen to me, papa," she entreated. "You shall know all that he has told me. He is indeed an excellent gentleman, and you will—"

"Hold!" cried her father, interrupting her. "I will not listen to anything; have heard too much already that is excellent. See here, child; let me have my own way. Call it eccentricity, call it what you please, but listen to me. If the Spectre Bridegroom resembles the Herr Von Hahn, or does he look like the Spectre, so is it all a devil's piece! I want to have nothing to do with him. If you can prevail upon your noble, excellent and good individual, and so forth, to leave Herbesheim

this very day—forever, mind you—I give you my word of honor that you shall keep Waldrich, even if the veritable son of my friend were to arrive. I promise you that, on the spot, I will write to his father, and honorably settle the matter with him, as soon as I am assured that the black one is gone. There, take my hand upon it. Now tell me, can you persuade him to pack up, and to take himself off?"

"It is well," said Frederika, her fresh cheeks glowing with joy; "you shall see; he will go. Only permit me to see him for a few moments alone."

"There we have it again! Not! Not! Away with him! Write him a few lines. Don't have him here to dinner. Away with him!"

It was of no avail to contradict or oppose him. The prize offered to Frederika was too costly to permit her to lose the opportunity of attaining it. She wrote to the esteemed banker, on whom she looked as on a trustworthy friend, regretting, on account of the sudden illness of her father, to have to withdraw the invitation to dinner. She entreated him, for the sake of the friendship he bore her, to leave the city as soon as possible; that on his departure depended her happiness, and the peace of the household. She promised him that by the next mail she would fully explain the cause of her strange, impolite, but most urgent entreaty.

Conversations with the Spectre Guest.

One of the men servants carried Frederika's letter to the hotel, and asked for the Banker Von Hahn. The man had hastened his errand, hoping to see with his own eyes, and at some distance, the much talked of Spectre in a modern guise. But as he opened the door of the room shown to him, he started back in terror as he beheld the tall, thin, pale gentleman coming toward him, and heard him say, in a hollow tone, "What do you want?" The figure before him appeared tall, blacker, and more ghastly than he had even imagined it.

"Beg your honor's pardon," faltered the frightened man, with a face impressed with extreme fear; "I did not ask to see you. I wanted the Herr Banker Von Hahn."

"I am the Herr Von Hahn."

"Yourself?" said the poor fellow, trembling, for he felt as if the soles of his feet were fastened to the floor. "For God's sake, sir, let me go!"

"I do not keep you. Who sent you here?"

"Fraulein Bantes."

"Wherefore?"

"This letter, sir—"

and without concluding the sentence, because the gentleman approached another step, he threw the letter down, and ran off at full speed.

The banker said to himself, "Are the people crazy in this country?" Then he read the lines penned by Frederika's hand, frowned, nodded his head, and walked, whistling, up and down the room.

There was another soft knock at the door. Mine host entered timidly, respectfully carrying his cap in his hand, and bowing several times.

"You come at the right time; in dinner ready, sir host?" inquired the gentleman in black.

"Our fare cannot be good enough for your honor."

"Nothing of the kind. You have good cooks. I never eat much, but that is not meant for a reproach."

"They have better accommodations at the 'Golden Angel.'"

"I want nothing of the 'Angel.' I remain in the 'Cross'; you are the most modest host I have ever met with. Have dinner ready soon, please."

Mine host of the "Black Cross" twirled his cap in both hands, and seemed embarrassed what to say next; something seemed to burden his heart. The guest did not at first observe it, but walked to and fro, immersed in deep thought. As often as he came near the hotel keeper, the poor man carefully stepped back some paces.

"Do you want anything more, sir host?" at length inquired the banker.

"Alas, yes! but your honor will not be offended?"

"Not in the least. Out with your say!" cried the Spectre, stretching forth an arm, intending to tap mine host's shoulder, in a friendly way. But the good man misunderstood the friendly demonstration, and imagined the very worst; thought that the ghost was about to make a trial upon his head and neck, such as he had ventured upon, a century or two before, on the necks of so many maidens. Therefore the threatened individual bent down his body quickly, turned about, took one spring, and with another bound cleared the room.

Herr Von Hahn, although vexed at the unaccountable manner of mine host, could not restrain his laughter. He had observed a strange kind of shyness in the attendants, also, particularly noticeable since that morning. "Do they take me for the second Doctor Faust, I wonder?" he asked himself.

There was another knock at the door, and a fine, martial head appeared, a Roman nose, and a powerful moustache, and the words were slowly uttered, and with a certain pomposity: "Am I in the right place? Is this the Herr Von Hahn?"

"It is, sir."

A strong, burly policeman, following the head, entered the room: "The Herr Burgomaster desires your honor to appear before him for a few moments."

"Appear before him? That sounds like a command. Where does he live?"

"At the end of this street, gracious sir; in the corner house with the balcony. I shall have the honor to conduct you there."

"That is not at all necessary, my good friend; I do not like either military or police escorts."

"In what engagement did you receive that handsome scar upon your forehead?"

"Hem! gracious sir, in an engagement with some comrades for a pretty girl."

"Then your wife will not be pleased with the scar, unless she happens to be the pretty girl herself."

"I have no wife."

"Then you have a sweetheart. For to have such a scar for the defence of the fair sex, is to be susceptible to their charms. But your chosen one when she knows all will be a little obstinate; is it not so?"

The policeman frowned. The questioner took a malicious delight in increasing his confusion, and he continued, reading in the countenance before him the corroboration of his words: "You must not lose courage. That mark on your brow is proof to your beloved what you would dare for one glance from her large, black eyes; for one look of her brown hair."

The officer of the law changed color, and his eyes flew open to their utmost extent with astonishment.

"Your honor," he stammered forth, "do you already know the girl?"

"Why not? she is the prettiest maiden in the city," said Herr Von Hahn, inwardly chuckling over his success in guessing at the love affairs of the police. But the police-servitor did not feel like chuckling at all; the smile on the pale face seemed to him to cover some fendish and deadly design.

"You know her, gracious sir? and you have only been in the city since yesterday? how is that possible? I have not lost sight of the front door of the milliner shop, and when I was not there, some one else was keeping watch. You have not been to the house, visibly."

"Good friend, a pretty girl is soon found; and the houses have back doors, too."

The moustache stood there, silent with dread and amazement; perhaps he remembered what the back door implied. Herr Von Hahn was highly amused at the man's confusion, and he resolved to arouse his jealousy a little; so he resumed:

"She is still reserved toward you; I thought so; the scar!"

"No, your honor; not the scar—hope you will not be offended—it is myself, sir."

"What, if do not dream of such a thing. Pah! you are not jealous, I hope? Let us enter into a compact together, understand me—"

"I understand only too well! Nothing of the kind! The Lord deliver me!"

"You introduce me to the young milliner, and I will reconcile her to the scar."

The policeman made a movement as if he shivered from head to foot. Then with an official mien and a signal of the hand, he called on Herr Von Hahn to follow him.

"I will come, but I mean to dispense with your company."

"I have my orders."

"And I give you mine to the contrary! Go and say so to the Herr Burgomaster. If you cause me the slightest annoyance, do not rely upon your maiden's love for one moment!"

"Sir, for God's sake, I implore you!" cried the trembling moustache in great agitation. "I will obey you. But, sir, for the sake of all that is holy, do spare the life of the innocent girl!"

"I hope you do not think me capable of eating the girl up out of pure love to her?"

"Give me your word of honor, gracious sir, that you will spare the poor child, and I will do whatever you command me, even if you demand my death!"

"Be tranquil. I cheerfully give you my word of honor that I will let the pretty maiden live. But tell me why do your fears point at once to the worst? Who in all the world would think of endangering the life of a handsome girl?"

"You have given your word of honor, sir, and I am satisfied. Of what use would it be to you to twist the neck of my poor Katie? I go, and leave you to follow alone. Even the demons must keep their word."

With these words the policeman went his way. He heard the spectre laughing loud behind him. That laughter pierced his heart; it seemed like the sardonic mockery of Satan. He ran to the Burgomaster's, and to that worthy's astonishment, related all that had been said and done by the stranger guest in black.

The Examination.

Herr Von Hahn took hat and cane and went out, still smiling at the recollection of the ludicrous terror and jealousy of the policeman. He soon observed that he was walking the streets of a little city in which the inhabitants had the custom of staring at a stranger as if he were some wonder; and where with salutations of all kinds a dozen hats at least must be spotted during the year. Every one that met him seemed to avoid him, but did so with a deep bow and much obsequious politeness. Even in the distance, the men of all classes took off their hats and caps to him. No king could be saluted with more timid reverence. To the right and to the left in the houses he passed by he saw the inmates clustered around the windows, and looking curiously after him.

The worst of it came to pass as he approached the corner house with the balcony. Near the house was a pump, and around it were assembled a number of servant girls, with buckets and pans, talking eagerly. Some of them were cleaning fish and washing salads; others were filling their empty buckets, or carrying the filled ones on their heads. Herr Von Hahn desiring to be assured of the dwelling place of the Burgomaster, questioned one of the girls, who, still earnestly engaged in conversation had not noticed his approach. When he opened his mouth to speak, and the attention of the rest was directed to the stranger, gracious heaven! what a screaming and scampering ensued. All fled in consternation; one let her fish fall into the basin of the

pump; another threw her salad to the ground the third one stumbled and let go her water bucket from her head. Breathless and pale they broke up in dismay. One old woman, whose feet were not as fleet as those of the younger ones, failed in making good her escape. She leaped against the pillar near the pump, and gazed upon the stranger with an expression of profound despair, with wide-opened mouth, and every other sign of the greatest terror, as she crossed herself repeatedly. The poor creature reminded one forcibly of a frightened cat, with crooked back, hair rising, open mouth, and quick, fearful glances, following the movements of some belligerent dog.

Annoyed by the folly of the people, Herr Von Hahn turned away, and entered the house, with the balcony. The Burgomaster, a small and gentlemanly personage, of exceedingly pleasant manners, met him at the head of the stairs, and led him into a fine apartment.

"You have sent for me, sir," said the Herr Von Hahn, "and I come with pleasure; for I hope you will solve the enigma for me. I have only been in your city since yesterday, and must confess I have had more adventures in that short time, than in all the rest of my travels."

"I believe it," replied the Burgomaster, smiling. "I have heard much, and some things that seem impossible. You are the Herr Von Hahn, son of the banker of that name in the capital. You are acquainted with the house of Bantes; you came here because Fraulein Bantes—"

"All that is correct. Shall I give you proofs of my identity, Herr Burgomaster?" and he drew some papers from his pocket book.

The magistrate did not refuse to peruse the documents, but he glanced over them quickly, and returned them with many polite assurances of satisfaction.

"I have now told you all, and given you all the information in my power regarding myself," said Herr Von Hahn, "and now I beg for some enlightenment concerning the oddities of your city. Herbesheim is not so far from the rest of the world; strangers doubtless pass through here sometimes. What is the reason that I—"

"I know what you would remark, sir. I will tell you all, if you will have the goodness to answer a few questions."

"I am at your service."

"Please to count my questions as belonging to the oddities of Herbesheim. You will afterwards see the grounds for them without any difficulty. Do you usually wear black?"

"I am in mourning for one of my aunts."

"Were you ever in Herbesheim before?"

"Never, sir."

"Have you ever been acquainted with any one from this city? or have you ever heard the ancient legends, traditions, and olden stories of the place, or read any of them?"

"I know no one personally from here, and knew nothing of the city, only that the house of Bantes was established here, and that Fraulein Bantes was a most estimable young lady, which I can testify to with pleasure."

"Have you never heard of a tale about the 'Spectre Bridegroom' of Herbesheim, or read about it?"

"I repeat, that I have not. The history of Herbesheim, especially the ancient, I must confess to my shame, Herr Burgomaster, is totally unknown to me; is as strange to me as the history of Siam or Regu."

"Well, Herr Von Hahn, your adventures with us rise out of the ancient history."

"But what have I to do with the city's ancient history? I never met with such unaccountable occurrences in all my life! Do please explain."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Interesting to Candy Eaters.

M. H. Smith, in one of his interesting letters from New York, speaks of the adulterations of candies as follows:

Our new health espionage is bringing to light some queer things. The common candies and confectioneries of commerce are not altogether wholesome nor wholesome, if recent investigations are to be believed.

The adulteration of sugars, candies and spices is a trade largely and regularly carried on in this city. Instead of plaster, which till lately entered so largely into the manufacture of confectionery, in place of sugars, a new article has been discovered, called Terra alba, or white earth. It comes from Ireland, and costs by the barrel about two and a half cents a pound, while loaf sugar costs seventeen cents. The body of candies, the coating of almonds and lozenges are made from this earthy material. It is whiter than plaster, and is much used in the adulteration of flour sold in the market. A glue, paint and oil manufacturer of New York has sent round his annual circular, calling attention to a fresh arrival of this white earth. I have seen an ounce of lozenges dissolved in water, in which two-thirds of an ounce was of white earth, and not a particle of sugar in the lot.

The common method of flavoring candies, almonds, sugar plums, &c., is with deleterious substances. The pineapple flavor, the banana, and the peach are made from fish oils, which are very poisonous. Bitter almond flavor is made from prussic acid unadulterated. Pineapple flavor is also obtained from rotten cheese, very rotten, and nitric acid. Gum arabic for pure gum drops is costly. An article has been invented of the most beautiful appearance, that is used instead of the gum. It is very cheap and very poisonous. In pure candy cochineal is used to color red and saffron for yellow. But in the common candies poisonous coloring is put, the same that is used to color wines and liquors. One of the most common is called "carrot," into which arsenic largely enters. A few grains of the substance will color a cask of wine. Liqueur drops for the "trade" are made of poor brown sugar, glue and lamp black, flavored with liquorice. And for the Western trade much of this vile stuff is packed in barrels, and sent West to be put up in boxes to suit the market, of which from seventy-five to ninety per cent. is Terra alba. This material also enters largely into the common chocolates and spices. Much of the cream of Tartar used for bread is made of Terra alba and Tartaric acid. To aid in this work of adulteration, the Government tax on the impure is two cents a pound, and on the pure candies four cents a pound. Our Board of Health need to look into the candy business. To such concludants does New York call her guests.

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 cry to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LALOR HUNT.)

SELFISHNESS: AND THE TROUBLE IT BRINGS.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Jane Clipp was very quietly shelling peas in the shade of her kitchen doorway, and Lucy was making the kitchen tidy with her busy brushing and dusting, when there came a knock at the side door, and Lucy, glad of a little change to the monotonous labor, ran eagerly to open it. The familiar, pleasant face of the country peddler showed itself.

"Now, Miss Lucy, if I hint glad to get here! I've just been wishing for a cup of your cold water, and I've got the nicest piece of French muslin to show you—just your figure and style; a lovely blue figure on a white ground!"

"Thank you, Mr. Oberfelder. We are glad to see you, for mother wants some thread and needles; but I don't think we can take the dress."

"Oh, never you mind about refusing until you see it. Oh, here's Aunt Jane, busy as ever! I wonder if you ever give yourself a moment to rest? I've just thought of an excellent plan. I will refuse to sell you thread and needles, and then you'll have to sit still."

"I shall only have to take a journey to town this warm weather," replied Mrs. Clipp; "for you see there is no time to be lost with three children waiting for bread."

"Now you don't say, Mrs. Clipp, that you're got another? The one I saw with Arthur—that's the little fatherless and motherless one, is it? Well, you're a Christian, Aunt Jane, and that's more than I can say to most of my customers; but look here, I've got just the nicest dress for Lucy, and I'm set on her having it. I'll sell it cheap—not a cent's profit—to you. It's a rare chance, and muslin is awful dear. They say they are coming up with a rush all the time. This is only fifty cents a yard, and eight yards in the piece. Four dollars—that's all; was there ever anything so cheap? But you shall see."

The pretty blue pannes on a white ground did indeed justify Mr. Oberfelder's praises, and Mrs. Clipp really longed to see her darling Lucy with so lovely a dress on. But the year that had passed since Gerlie became a member of her family had been a year of hard toil and constant effort to make "the two ends meet," as honest people say when they intend to pay every debt; and she felt that it would not be quite right to indulge in any extravagances, such as a French muslin dress for Lucy.

But her hesitation, as she looked upon the neat, pretty pattern, made Lucy wonder if, after all, her mother's stock of money was not greater than she had feared. Lucy had worn her old clothes that Gerlie might not be refused what she wished, and many a sacrifice had been made in that little cottage that was worth as much as the great deeds that the world hears of and calls heroic. The result of receiving all this good was a greater selfishness in Gerlie, and the result of giving up pleasure and comfort for another, was a more loving spirit in Lucy.

But Lucy and her mother had not long to look at the pretty dress uninterrupted, for Gerlie and Arthur came in and exclaimed at the beauty of the goods which Mr. Oberfelder knew how to display over the white cloth that covered the table.

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" said Gerlie, "that is just what I wanted for a dress; do get it for me. My old pink looks like a rag, and this just suits me. Papa was going to buy me one; but he didn't."

"I was thinking that Lucy should have it, but I could not afford it," said Mrs. Clipp.

"Oh, Lucy don't mind, do you, Little?" said Gerlie, looking as if she thought Lucy expected to give up everything to her; "and then she has a white dress, and she can have some new ribbons; that's a dear Auntie, say I may have it."

"Well, child," said Aunt Jane, with a smile at the thought of being generous, "I say yes; for, as you say, Lucy is a darling and do n't mind, and I will work the harder for the next two weeks, and make all up."

And Lucy went about her brushing and dusting, as if nothing had happened, and Mrs. Clipp put up her empty purse, and Mr. Oberfelder slumped the door, muttering:

"That woman is a fool, I do believe! Call that Christian conduct, will you, to let little upstarts push you down and trample on you! Bah!"

And the peddler did not allow his horse to leave the swift trot for a half hour, and forgot to call on several old customers, so full of righteous indignation was he.

And Gerlie folded and unfolded her new dress, held it up to her shoulders before the glass, and wondered if she should get it made the next Sunday, that she might show herself to the Prang girls, who had just come from the city; and she wondered if Christo Dunbar would sit in the gallery and look toward their pav. Sunday came, and the dress was completed through the constant labor of good Aunt Jane, and Lucy had given a ready hand to the housework, so that her mother might not be interrupted in her sewing. And Sunday brought its sweet rest to Mrs. Clipp, and she looked out of her good-natured eyes to the world full of loveliness, and it seemed to her that she was one of the most fortunate of women. The sweet air seemed full of voices of peace, and she sang the old hymn:

"This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own,"

with a low, sweet cadence, and Lucy joined, yet with a little question, why the Lord loved one day better than another? She concluded that it was because people tried to be more gentle and loving on that day, and she immediately resolved to make a very delightful day for the Lord and her mother, and—after a little pause—for Gerlie, too. So Gerlie was dressed early, and Lucy quite forgot herself in admiration of the beauty of her cousin. She felt quite proud to show Gerlie off as her cousin, and wondered if the Prang girls would look any better than she. She hoped not, and thought of all the treasures that she possessed, if there might be one that could add to Gerlie's charms.

She put on her old white muslin, and tied her freshly-ironed ribbons around her waist, and her mother thought, "What a sweet child Lucy is; after all, she did not need the new muslin; it was all best that Gerlie had it."

And so the choir sang, and the minister preached, and good Mrs. Clipp thanked the Lord for all her blessings, and never thought of praying that her work be lessened, or her care decreased. And the Prang girls looked no more stylish than Gerlie, so Lucy thought as she looked up before service, and Arthur was very sure that Christo Dunbar could not keep his eyes off his cousin.

Gerlie, so he whispered to her during the singing of the first hymn.

But Lucy quite forgot dresses and ribbons, and everything but the pleasant voice of the preacher—a stranger to them all—who seemed to be talking directly to each one, and with words of gentle power called them to a better and truer life. "For heaven is not afar off," said he, "and to gain its sweet peace we need only to become like loving children. Love is the power of God. Love makes angels of men. Love binds its golden cords about the hearts of men, and draws them gently into paths of peace. A home where love reigns has a beautiful canopy about it that shuts out all danger. Love makes all misfortunes seem like touches from the finger of God and proofs of divine care, which seem to it that we all gain the rich treasures of heavenly grace. Little children, love one another, then you will know where God dwells, and how near he is to you. For he hath his habitation in the heart of a loving child."

Lucy felt as if she was listening to sweet music as she heard these words, and she wondered if the minister did not mean Gerlie, when he said, "If ye care for the fatherless and motherless, ye are doing the work of God."

Gerlie all this time was looking at the Prang girls, and wondering if she could put her hat on with just the same inclination, and flirt her fan with as much grace. She was very anxious to have the last hymn sang, that she might turn around with the congregation, and see if Christo seemed to be admiring her new dress. But Christo was looking at the preacher, as if his words had bound him with a power he could not resist; so Gerlie felt obliged to look over her hymn-book and not turn to the gallery again.

Christo was a handsome boy, and all the girls thought him a very desirable companion. His good opinion was desired, and his taste was consulted on all occasions. His father lived in fine style, and gave Christo every advantage which boys covet. He had horses to ride, and a boat to row, and a music teacher, and he was sent to the best schools. But he was still the same loving, noble-spirited fellow, despising no one, and showing his good heart by frequent acts of kindness.

The young people, after church, walked near each other, and Christo spoke kindly to Gerlie, and bowed to the Prang girls; but he turned from his way to walk beside Lucy.

"That was my uncle that preached to-day," said Christo; "and I want you and Gerlie to come over this evening and see him. Did n't you like to hear him to-day?"

"I thought," said Lucy, "that he was standing close by heaven, and was telling us all about it, and what was queer, I did n't see anything but his face; all the rest was light about him, and I looked and I could n't see the people in the church, and Gerlie's dress looked like a white cloud. Did n't you think Gerlie looked like an angel to-day?"

"I didn't mind," said Christo, "only to wish she'd stop fanning. I could n't see anything in your pew but that swing, swing of the fan. Why I could n't have fanned as Kitty Prang did, while the minister was praying, any more than I could have done before the Emperor. Will you come, Lucy, this evening?"

"If mother says so, we will."

And Christo turned down a street by himself, leaving all the girls to walk by themselves.

"What was it Christo was saying?" said Arthur. "Did n't he think Gerlie's dress prettier than Kitty Prang's?"

"Oh, fudge," said Gerlie, "Christo is nobody; let us go home the shortest way."

And so to the little cottage came Lucy, bearing a little golden treasure in her heart, and Gerlie, with the new dress over a very dissatisfied spirit, and Arthur very much puzzled, wondering what people went to church at all for, and good Mrs. Clipp thankful that she had heard words so much after her own thoughts.

There was to be a little party in the woods—a picnic, which Christo had arranged, and had asked all the young people about. Gerlie would wear her new dress, though her aunt advised otherwise, and Lucy put on her blue and white gingham.

"I must have a new ribbon for my neck," said Gerlie. "Kitty Prang had a lovely one on last Sunday. Do, Auntie, send Arthur and get me one. Leave just such an one as I want at Crawford's."

Mrs. Clipp thought of the sermon, and wished she could make everybody happy by giving them all they desired, but looked at her empty purse.

"Auntie, dear, I'm sure you do n't love me, or you would say yes."

And Mrs. Clipp got trusted for fifty cents at Crawford's store, thinking she would pay in a week, and Gerlie got her new ribbon, which, with her dress, was spoiled by a shower of rain, the beautiful blue pannes all fading into the dingy ground. Mrs. Clipp was so thankful that no one was hurt, and so sorry that Mr. Oberfelder had cheated her, that she had no reproach for Gerlie.

"Now Arthur," said Gerlie, a few days after, "you see I look like a fright, for I have nothing to wear. We must contrive to get a new dress; if we do n't, I can't go anywhere, and there's no use of asking your mother."

"What shall we do?" asked Arthur, as if willing to serve his mistress to any extent.

"Well, I've been thinking, and I have concluded to go and get that one at Crawford's, and have it changed; and then cut off the breadths, and then Aunt Jane can't help herself. It will be all right, you see, because when I get rich I shall give her two."

"Oh yes," said Arthur.

So the plan was laid and executed, and the bill of six dollars was charged to Mrs. Jane Clipp. And Aunt Jane could not scold the poor child, but only looked at her tired hands, and wondered how much more work she could get out of them to pay up the small debt.

But ill luck came to Aunt Jane. The cow gave only milk enough for their daily use, and her butter, that always brought the greatest price in the market, no longer filled her crocks. Her work, that usually was sufficient to keep all her time occupied, came in such small quantities that she could hardly supply herself with the necessities of life. Besides this, Gerlie complained so much at their food, that she was all the time uneasy because she could not provide the table with the luxuries that Gerlie desired. Lucy took her bowl of bread and milk, and went cheerfully to her labors, but Gerlie looked cross, and would not eat unless she was supplied with pies and cake in abundance. Thus the summer months wore on, and the bills at the store became so large that Aunt Jane became a little anxious; but her courage had never failed her, and she still looked to the winter to bring her more work.

Lucy had found a good friend in Christo's uncle, who was staying in town for several months. He often came to the little cottage of an afternoon to be cheered, he said, by Aunt Jane's pleasant words and kindly smile, and Lucy listened to him as she listened to the wind in the trees, feeling all the sweetness of the sound; if she did not understand the import of the words, Christo sometimes came, but Gerlie managed to take him into

the garden or down into the meadow for a walk, so that Lucy was left to keep company with her mother and Mr. Vane.

Mr. Crawford was a hard man, and never thought how hard it was for a poor woman to earn the ten dollars that he so easily dealt out in stores. When Mr. Clipp's bill amounted to fifty dollars, he demanded his pay, and would not wait. So the cow was sold and the bill paid, and Mrs. Clipp resolved in her mind various schemes for increasing the money necessary for the support of the family. But nothing presented itself to her; and Lucy, who saw her mother's trouble, determined to ask Mr. Vane if there was nothing that she could do.

"If you are really in earnest," said he, "I want a little girl to help take care of my little baby girl, and you can come every morning and return at night; but it will not be like home, and you must not expect all sunshine."

Mrs. Clipp readily assented to this proposal, and Lucy was immediately installed as assistant in the care of little Bessie Vane, a wee little baby, that cried and fretted as if the world were a very pitiful place.

Mr. Vane boarded at the same place with Kitty and Bertie Prang, and Lucy saw them many times a day, but they did not wish to seem familiar with any one that could go out and tend babies, and so they never spoke to her. She looked at their pretty dresses, and wished that Gerlie had as many, and wondered if she could save up money enough from the extra that she earned for running of errands, to buy Gerlie a pair of slippers with rosettes on the top.

Mrs. Vane was a hard mistress, and fretted and complained from morning until night, and Lucy had to run here and there, and amuse the baby, without a moment's time for play or reading. Sometimes in the afternoon when Mrs. Vane was taking a little sleep, Mr. Vane would hold the baby, and send Lucy out for a little fresh air. She usually went into the garden, and as Christo lived close by, he often came out to have a little talk with Lucy. He never minded her common gingham frock, or thought of her as a servant, but always called her Miss Lucy.

Now it chanced that Kitty Prang saw one of these meetings of Christo and Lucy, and she was quite determined that the like should not happen again. She therefore came into Mrs. Vane's room, and managed to keep the baby awake and fretful, or else to absorb all the time of Mr. Vane so that he could not relieve Lucy. Christo was quite troubled that he no longer had a pleasant chat with Lucy, so he began to write her short notes, which he always gave into the hands of his uncle, open. Lucy answered them, always asking Mr. Vane to read her answer. Thus commenced a means of great improvement for Lucy, for Mr. Vane kindly corrected her bad spelling or ungrammatical phrases, and suggested improvements in the style of her composition.

Perhaps Lucy would have become impatient sometimes at the hardships which she had to bear, but for the gentle patience of Mr. Vane, who never fretted at his wife's ill-humor, or complained of her exactions.

Lucy, in thinking of his sermon on Love, decided that he knew all about it, for he lived it every day, and so she became more gentle and forbearing every day. Bessie was a great trial, for she seemed to put away all sweet, baby ways, and to irritate herself constantly with baby trials. So Lucy tended and soothed the poor little thing, and grew herself in the grace of patience every hour.

And Aunt Jane worked busily every hour, for if she could not find work that would pay she could not be idle, for Gerlie demanded much of her time in fixing her dresses, and in washing and ironing.

Sometimes in the autumn, Mr. Oberfelder again made his appearance at the little cottage, and was somewhat astonished to meet with a cold reception. Mrs. Clipp would not find fault, but she would not pretend to a good feeling which she did not feel.

"Now Aunt Jane," said he, "it is a little too bad that you have no kindly greeting for me. I came here on purpose to have a word about that French muslin, which never say the outside of Manchester. The truth is, I meant to give that to Lucy, and tell her to be careful and not get it wet, for I knew the ladies' delights would run into smoke at the sight of water; but you see, you would have it for Gerlie, and I made you pay for it; but the money has been in my pocket ever since, so here it is, the very same bill, only I'm asking you never to get a fellow so mad again as I was when I left your door."

Aunt Jane forgave the peddler, and trusted his word of honor again.

For the Banner of Light.

LESSONS.

(Communicated to Prof. W. F. Roberts, by his daughter Mary, in the angel world.)

You read them, papa, in the gray rocks hoary,
That lift their mossy locks up toward the sun;
You hear them in the thunder, muttering lowly—
"Thy will be done."

You see them in the lightning, flashing brightly,
And every shining star renews the story;
All Nature whispers, "These are for the Father's
Eternal glory."

And from the world of spirit comes an echo
For each material, inharmonious chord,
Translated dimly. Mortals faintly read it:
"I am the Word."

O'er-reaching mountain's peak and rocky strata,
And under-reaching all the grassy sod,
Lieeth one truth long since revealed in matter,
"The word was God."

And now each day behold the application:
The word took flesh, and dwelt on earth 'mong
men.

Ye who have seen the glorious transformation,
Tell us what then?

What was the word that thus became incarnate?
Ah! if the word was God, sure God is Love!
Life has no lessons for the longing spirit,
This word above.

See to it, mortals, that ye lose not wholly
The pure divinity this word conveys;
Keep it enshrined in thy heart's holiest holy,
For all thy days.

CATS EATING POULTRY.—When a cat is seen to catch chickens, the one around her neck, and make her wear it for two or three days. Fasten it securely, for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Do firm for that time, and the cat is cured—she will never again desire to touch a bird. This is what weds to our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experiment, they and their pets are secure from approach and danger henceforth. Try it—Bemont.

There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.

Original Essays.

GLIMPSSES OF OLD THEOLOGY.

NUMBER ONE.

BY C. D. P.

In Colenso, Strauss, Hitchcock, Lecky, Renan and "Ecce Homo," it would seem that one might find no lack in fresh fields and pastures new; but there remaineth very much hard to be possessed, and we are not disposed to turn back at the sight of the Anakims or Giants walled up to heaven, though we are but grasshoppers in their sight. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible does a good deal in recasting the word of God, and when it is considered that the writers are mostly clergymen of the church of England, bound in the many fetters of the old conservatism, and interested to maintain the darkness of the Old Theologies, it is certainly very encouraging that they allow so much free handling of the Scriptures. They bring to light many things hitherto in the darkness of Dr. Hodge, who, in his late book, would not have his readers to "penetrate into dark corners and dismember sacred mysteries," lest the Bible should go under and the "mathematics" should come uppermost. What a confession of weak knees in the Old Theologies—yet almost upon the same page, Dr. Hodge can jeer modern Spiritualism as the "angle gossamer of spirit wrappers." These at least do not fear the "mathematics," and will as readily receive whatever there be of truth in the Bible, without making an idol of the same and becoming its blind worshiper.

Granting the much excellence in the Bible, it may yet be proved to be not so transcendently infallible above modern Spiritualism as to afford its defenders, in gross, the right to be exclusively jolly. Its seers and writers had a very curious way of setting forth the Word, written with the finger of God in many parallels of the wisdom of the wise and their dark sayings. Says Mr. Grove in Smith: "It is worthy of remark, not only because they exemplify the same habit of playing on words and seeking for derivations which is found in the above and many other pages of the Bible, both early and late, but also because as often as the puns do not now exist in the Rabbinical Hebrew in which these paraphrases are written, although they appear if the Rabbinical Hebrew is translated back into the Biblical Hebrew . . . so that the allusion exists as it stands neither for the eye nor the ear." In this aspect of the Word, the book of Jehovah becomes one of infinite jest, just the little joker is so laid out in translations as not to be discovered by eye or ear—having eyes they see not, and ears they hear not—as if one did seek a flea or hunt a partridge in the mountains. The double sense of the heathen oracles has been the standing jest for centuries—but how about the ambiguous givings out of the Bible, of which Smith's dictionary gives so many examples of that play upon words where the flesh does not profit much to catch the puss, puss, in the corner—now you see it and now you don't.

No wonder that Sarah laughed in God's face and that Abimelech was astonished when he looked out of a window and saw Isaac sporting with Rebekah. Isaac being "laughter," we cannot doubt that Job took that degree of the initiation when his Redeemer stood at the latter day upon earth. Was he not ready to laugh when his seven sons and three daughters, flanked by Satan and destroyed in the beginning of the drama, all appear as good as new in the end thereof? How could he help laughing over the resurrection of *Jemima*, lovely and glorious and "handsome as the day?" We must confess that not having "the fear of Isaac," of Dr. Hodge and the "mathematics," as we "penetrate into dark corners and dismember sacred mysteries," we have to laugh "from morn till noon—from noon till dewy eve, a summer's day," as we loose the seven seals and behold the Root of David and the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

The learned Philo of the Levitical priesthood, writing a little before and at the beginning of our era, informs us that the Word is to be understood by "a sort of anatomical dissection," having a double sense containing the strong meat for men as well as the milk for babes, according to the "two natures skillfully framed by God"—the one somewhat under the weather and open to reproach, yet the genuine, original Jacob, the old wine upon the lees, and no more difficult to turn into milk and honey than the water into wine at the beginning of miracles in Cana of Galilee, if the initiates are sufficiently strong of head to bear. "No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better;" but sometimes a "spurious stamp" was found upon the wines. The Word, however, underwent a strict test by "a beautiful and suitable prayer, which Moses also addressed to God, praying that God may open his treasure house, and lay before us his sublime Word, pregnant with divine lights, which Moses calls the heaven, and may bind fast the storehouses of evil;" for it is well to beware of the wines of spurious stamp, lest we take in Satan by the *morris diaboli*.

To readily understand Philo, one must be well up in the landmarks of Freemasonry and mysteries, with all their various adornings of landscape gardening in reference to all the modes of the ancient nature worship; for the esoteric life of the Bible and its Lord is in character with this; hence Christianity is as old as creation with its kingdom on earth as it is in heaven. Nor must the unfused spirits be left out in the cold, but must be counted into the sum of the matters, even though the Moslem wizard was rather hard upon the witches and wizards, and did not allow the future life.

There is much spiritual beauty in Philo, but we are not to lose sight of his "sort of anatomical dissection," which as a man of God he knew how to set up in the house of the Lord, and this, in correspondence with the Moslem heaven, "the paved work of a sapphire stone, as it were," will present us with the two tables of the law and the testimony, the precious things by the sun, and the putting forth by the moon. The mystical passover at puberty with the basket of unleavened bread, as borne by the Virgin of Israel, having the loins girded and the tent well trussed, is a curious migration from the passions and sacrificial of the passover in the way of life toward perfection, making all secure with the symbolical "peg," whereby to be able to eat the bread which is raised down from heaven, as in the case of the manna, or "what is it?" which in its natural state was like the hoar frost upon the earth, and by transmutation might become the incorporeal model for the kingdom of heaven. The grain of mustard seed which a husbandman sowed in a field, and which, by "corruptible ferment," leavened three measures of meal.

In mystical and parabolic language, to be born at Bethlehem or "house of bread," was to be born at the same place where the leaven was hid. To become free was to be initiated into these hidden of the Word, so as to understand a parable and its multifold interpretations in accordance with the square, rule, plumb and level of the landmarks; and however varied the drapery of these, the symmetry must be preserved in the words of the wise and their dark sayings.

THE BLOODY SACRIFICES OF THE AGES.

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

Mount our streets run with human gore,
Our slaughter be the richest reward,
As it has been in days of yore,
Or be the just law and judges' word?

Our disputes must be lawed out, or fought out. The law of war, under which all crimes and every means calculated to overcome and subdue an enemy, are justifiable, or the law of reason, which will not justify any act unless it is sanctioned by justice, mercy and truth—must be the guide in the affairs of men. If we would reason with others, we must begin by giving them the same rights we claim for ourselves. As sure as there is an unswerving God who rules by unchangeable laws, so sure it is that all adult persons must have the same right to obey those laws. We may compromise these just principles until the babes now in their mothers' arms are grown to manhood, then they must be marshaled to bloody fields, sacked and burnt cities and villages, to desolated homes, and violated households—all because we are too cowardly or wicked to fight our own battles, or establish the laws of justice, and abide by the decisions of the best judges we can elect.

Religious people, in all ages, have believed, or pretended to believe that God has taught them all the mysteries of human nature, and the people generally had only to adopt their little narrow creeds, or systems of faith, or their few moral principles, and it would bring peace on earth and good will among men. But when any people have been so blind as to adopt such principles as their rule and guide, the times have been characterized as the most dark and bloody on the pages of history—proving the religious priests to be the most dangerous, visionary fanatics that ever ruled a country. And their systems have been such decided failures, that under their religion is justly chargeable with shedding more innocent blood than any other government, making the people practice the most terrible tortures on their enemies, and causing the most revengeful wars and desolations. All this happens because they refuse to take the reasons and experience of mankind as their guide, and establish the special laws which have been found necessary to keep peace in society, and to guide people in their required duties.

I receive letters occasionally from some of my best Spiritualist friends, containing sentiments which mean, practically, that domestic love is only useful in raising a family of children.

If there is but one use for love,
With all its sweet and sad reward,
Man is deceived by God above,
Or victim of his blunder.

Is it for this that love laughs at locks and bars, dares danger and darkness, spurns heat and cold, pines in prison, and in youth becomes old in the knowledge and wisdom of life? If Spiritualists and reformers adopt such little narrow views of love, or hate, or any other of the great moving principles in the human soul, they are preparing to adopt the same little impractical creeds or general principles that other religious people have, which must result in the same kind of bloody sacrifices, wars, and desolations. But if they first adopt the laws of the country which long ages of experience and practice have so far perfected that every dispute arising between individuals, societies, or nations, can be settled by laws already established, the principles are laid down by which new laws can be made to meet the necessities of every case, and award justice to all parties concerned.

To make these ideas clear, and enable individuals and societies to go to work under them, instead of the little despot creeds or impractical general principles so generally adopted, I will propose the following articles of association as a working foundation, only remarking that I believe the common-law principle proposed in the first article, is more pure, practical and useful than any laid down by Jesus of Nazareth, or any other reformer.

Article 1. The members of this society associate together to discuss principles, not to condemn individuals; and every person is to be considered pure and innocent until proved and judged guilty by the proper legal tribunal.

Article 2. For the purpose of considering and discussing fairly all questions and subjects that come before our meetings, every person and spirit has a right to appear and speak their mind, when done decently and in order.

Article 3. Under this rule, in conferences, all speakers will have FIVE MINUTES to free their minds, and FIFTEEN MINUTES, if no objection is made. Other meetings to be governed by such order as is thought best by a majority of the members of the society present.

I believe this government is what its friends claim for it, the best the world ever saw. Its laws the most moral and just, and its judges and courts the most pure and truthful. Under its power and laws we can proceed to establish that just government wished for by all good persons, and prophesied of by all true prophets. Its foundation is laid lowly and deeply upon the unvarying laws of eternal justice, and its whole structure is of the purest diamonds of truth and reason, cemented together by the thoughts and deeds of a people devoted to good works; and made eternal by their love of each other, and of those sacred truths which God has given them reason to search out, and heavenly bliss in practicing—a government which is destined to overcome all others, and fill the whole earth with the glory of its power, beauty and love. All people will bless it; the angels of heaven shall shield and foster it; and the will of God shall "be done on earth as it is in heaven."

The only people who oppose the adoption of such foundation principles are those who pretend to be a law unto themselves, and imitate the savages, as the southern slaveholders have, and refuse to adopt any good law, or sanction any good, practical principles that will establish peace in society; and those people who believe every word of the Bible to be God's truth, spoken through his ancient holy prophets and seers, regardless of the fact that:

When in their nocturnal states,
The round earth was flat, they plainly saw
Slavery was right; men made in palms
Believe or suffer by bloody law.

Many persons, in the age of Copernicus, did not believe the earth was flat, and suffered the bloody penalty. Many more in our own age do not believe slavery is a right, and the bloody conflict has been terrible on them. And we may expect a renewal of the same bloody tragedies, from the same kind of believers, when people assert the necessity of a community marriage system as one of the needs of an enlightened people under a republican government; and prove that the Mormon system was established to raise kings and create potentates; and that their God is an false and foolish in stating that but a pair of individuals were created at first, and he is about the creation of the world, and slavery. The proof being that whole communities of different races of people were created, and have always lived in communities, when not separated by wars, or sickness, made by despotic rulers, and their false Gods.

648 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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REMARKABLE CASES OF TRANCE.

BY DAVID M. HALE.

When I was a mere lad, more than forty years ago, I came across a book entitled, "Life of the Rev. William Tennent, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Freehold, in New Jersey, in which is contained, among other interesting particulars, an account of his being three days in a trance, and apparently lifeless," about 1725.

Since my acquaintance with Spiritualism, ten years since, I have endeavored to get a copy to read, and only quite recently obtained the loan of one.

Thinking the account may be of interest to many of your readers, I have copied a portion of the narrative:

"After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a young physician, who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship.

Mr. Tennent was one morning conversing with his brother, when he fainting, and to all appearance died. He was soon after laid out on a board, according to the usual practice, and the neighbors were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his young friend the physician returned from the country, and was greatly pained to learn of his death, and could hardly believe it, although the body was cold and stiff. The physician put his hand in warm water to make it as sensible as possible, and then placed it under the left arm of Mr. T., and affirmed that he felt some unusual warmth, although others tried, but failed to discover it. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. At the doctor's most persistent and earnest entreaties the funeral was postponed for three days; in the meantime the doctor was unremitting day and night, in his efforts to restore animation.

The third day came, and the people had assembled to the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last requested a delay of one hour, then of half an hour more, then for a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which time the brother, indignant at the delay, insisted that the funeral should proceed.

At this critical moment the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. After the lapse of another hour, the eyes again opened, and another heavy groan, and then all signs of life vanished. After another hour the body revived, with more power, but continued so very feeble that all the great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. He then began to gain more rapidly; but it was twelve months before he was completely restored, and even then he had lost all recollection of his past life and the benefit of his former studies that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write nor read his own name; he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again learned his letters and commenced like a child in the monosyllables.

His physical and mental powers were gradually restored, and he resumed his ministerial labors in Freehold, where he continued till his death, nearly fifty years afterwards, at the age of seventy-two. Although Mr. Tennent had lost all recollection of his previous earthly life, he described, with deep feeling, all that he saw and felt while his spirit was absent from the body. He said, in describing the scenes: "I can say, as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things all unutterable. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory indescribable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended."

At another time he said: "I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and halleluiah and amen, and their voices with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable, and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword thrusting my heart, and the idea of returning to this world of sorrow gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly."

The book from which the foregoing extracts are made is very interesting, and gives other instances where he was guided by spiritual influences.

Mr. T. was a man of remarkable purity of life, and a person of the greatest humility, and such are the persons usually the most favored with beautiful visions. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

How strikingly this case corresponds with the case recorded, Luke viii: 49-56, where the young lady went into the trance, and Jesus took her by the hand, and imparting to the inanimate body his magnetic power, we read that "her spirit came again and she arose."

In the case of Mr. Tennent, had it not been for the magnetic power of his friend the physician, his spirit would probably never have returned to reanimate his body.

Without doubt there are many cases where bodies are buried, where by the laying on of hands by some powerful magnetizer, the spirit would come again.

There are instances in the ancient records of resuscitation being produced by the prostration of the magnetizer on the person of the supposed dead body. One is the case of Elisha and the son of the Shunemite, and the other the case of Eutychus being restored by Paul. Jesus possessed that power so strongly that, according to the testimony of the sacred writers, he often restored persons to life after apparent death, without even touching them, and also cured various diseases in the same manner.

A case occurred in Collinsville, Conn., about twelve years ago, where a most amiable and lovely young lady, to appearance, died; then she revived, and the report of her experience in spirit-life was very similar to that narrated by Mr. Tennent. Her vivid description of the scenes and beauties of spirit-life created a lively and deep interest in all who heard it. She soon after died, and her freed spirit went to realize more fully the full fruition of that beautiful summer-land, of which she had only one previous glimpse.

One of the most remarkable cases of suspended animation, or trance state, was that of Miss Fannie Davis, of Lansingburg, N. Y., now the talented Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, spiritual lecturer, of Milford, Mass. I do not recollect the exact time, but it was about ten years since. A somewhat lengthy account of it was published at the time in the Springfield Republican, and other papers. Miss Davis remained in the trance, if I recollect rightly, forty-two days, during which time her spirit friends were preparing her for her holy ministry to mortals in earth-life. As many of your readers probably never heard of the above case, it would be very interesting and instructive if she would furnish for the BANNER a detailed account of her experience in that remarkable trance.

With so much evidence in our own time, together with all the ancient testimony in the Bible and elsewhere, proving, as it does, incontestably the existence of the spirit separate from the body, and of our continued life beyond the grave, how can any one be so sunk in materialism as to deny these proofs? The facts and demonstrations of

modern Spiritualism in the last seventeen years have brought hope, joy and rejoicing to millions of sorrowing hearts, who had been groping amid the darkness of creeds and forms, feeding on the husks of Old Theology, but who now believe in progression and the exercise of the reason given us by our Heavenly Father, and are now luxuriating in the green pastures of truth and religious freedom.

Collinsville, Conn.

BIBLE TRUTHS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFFELDT, JR.

In an article on this subject, published some two or three weeks since, I took the position that the Bible taught that labor was a punishment inflicted upon man for the sin of eating the apple, and that God cursed the ground for man's sake.

I notice in the BANNER of the 14th of July, a letter from Mr. Andrew Colby, of Andover, Me., in which he controverts the position assumed by me, and declares that I have mistaken the Bible; that he regards the Christian Bible very highly; that a great deal of light can be obtained from the perusal of Swedenborg's Arcana, and concludes by asking the question, "Whether to be a modern Spiritualist must one absolutely throw away the Bible?" I do not know whether a controversy on this simple matter is worth the space it will occupy in your journal or not, but I would really like to relieve myself from the charge of misstatement, as I do not wish knowingly to depart one line from the most absolute truth. In the third chapter of Genesis and seventeenth verse, it is written: "And unto Adam he" (God) "said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also thou shalt eat of the herb of the field; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Verse 22: "And the Lord God said, Behold the man" (from disobedience) "is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

Now if language conveys to the mind any meaning whatever, these words certainly assert the fact that labor was a penalty inflicted for the sin of disobedience, and here I rest this branch of the case. My brother is welcome to draw from it such arguments and inferences as may best please his fancy. As to the light to be obtained from Swedenborg's Arcana, that is all true as far as it goes; but I long since learned that in the view of this eminent man, "God was great, and Swedenborg was his prophet," and that his followers think to-day that the whole of the spiritual truth is to be found in his writings. I do not; there is no man, living or dead, who could or can put down a stake to mark the spot where the spirit of man shall cease to learn, or build a dam which shall stop the stream of living waters which is now coming in upon the human soul from Nature's great and wonderful fountains.

As to being a modern Spiritualist and rejecting the Bible, I can only say, believe as much of it as bears the impress of truth, or the whole of it, if you please. More belief does not make a thing true, nor does it have any effect upon the existence of a fact. If the mind can be brought to a belief of the creation in six days; the fall of man; that labor is a curse instead of a blessing; the flood; Noah's ark; Jonah and the whale; Samson and the foxes; Baalam's ass; that God made a coat for Adam; that Jesus was conceived by a spirit, which was also himself; and was born of a virgin; and was and was not God and a man all at the same time—and stories of this kind, why he is welcome to the belief. I have no argument to use in order to convert him. The Bible is useful in its way, and has many beautiful things indelibly stamped upon its pages. I would not blot them out; but I don't think we are called upon to adopt its many paltry absurdities and manifest errors, either of science, morals or religion.

Chicago, July 10, 1866.

SPIRITUALISM—WHAT THINK YE OF IT?

Among the many persons who object to the doctrines of the above theory, that is applicable to the various manifestations of human existence, there are to be found those abiding by the tenets of Spiritualism unconsciously, while living within the pale of sectarian Christianity. And although the aspirations of their immortal spirits are not satisfied by some of the abstruse and unexplainable doctrines advanced by the Churches, yet they do not see "the more excellent way" of explaining eternal things. Having been taught in youth to bow their heads with conservative feelings of reverential awe to their respective conventionalities, they have grown up, lived, yes, and died with their minds enveloped in mystery concerning life's future resting place, often perplexed by the vague and mysterious solutions of existing creeds, that have each a heaven pictured by the philosophy of its own imagination, excluding all others from blessedness each one expects by the practice of its sectarian principles.

A few Biblical phenomena presented to the skeptics, in the form of questions, may stir the inside of thinkers to inquire into this, so called, new doctrine.

"What think ye of the spirit moving upon the face of the waters?" What think ye of the intelligences, in human form, speaking to Lot? What think ye of the Lawgiver's shining countenance, when he received an impress of Deity, and had to veil his face from being viewed by the Israelites? What mean the manifestations on Mount Tabor? The heavenly lustre, a reflection of the spirit-world on the lovely countenance of Jesus? his mediunship, his foresight, his passing from the human form to the spirit condition, and then assuming again his materiality, and this in the view of his disciples? How look you at the heavenly dove that descended on Christ? What think ye of his ascending into heaven, and of his Spirit being put in us? What about the "cloven tongues that sat upon each of them?" the "rushing mighty wind" that filled the room when the disciples were congregated together? and the speech in different languages, "as the spirit gave them utterance?" What meaneth the demoniacal possession mentioned? Jesus "preaching to the spirits in prison?" The great cloud of witnesses? Judas being sent to his own place? St. Paul being taken to the third heaven? What meaneth the Jerusalem spoken of as coming down from heaven? &c.

Will ye not accept these convincing analogies, and step beyond the ignorance and prejudice of early days, when "ignorance was bliss," and "wisdom folly?"

Ye sorrowing ones! ye who feel alone, or surrounded by the uncongenialities of humanity, lift your eyes to the light and catch a ray of gladness from that not distant through that often envelops us, and hear from Jesus loved one a cheering note, a long silenced voice of social remembrance that was thought forever hushed in death; that you may be made happy in life's solitudes, and anticipate a meeting where "sorrow and sighing" shall be forgotten, and vision brightened by the light of Eternity.

C. D. H.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Interesting Physical Manifestations of Spirit-Power.

As the BANNER of LIGHT is the distinguished general medium whose mission it is to place before the world the manifestations emanating from the spirit-land, to which we pass from this, I do not hesitate to ask you to furnish your readers with additional evidence of the interest (earnest and active) of the spiritual world to furnish to us of this world the true and sure position we shall take when we pass from here. I will give you a brief abstract of the manifestation of the power of spirits to furnish this evidence, at one of the many seances held at the house of Col. W. H. W. Cushman, at his temporary residence in Middleboro', Mass., (his permanent residence being in Ottawa, Lanes County, Ill.), by that well known and most estimable lady, Annie Lord Chamberlain, who has for some time past been the welcome guest of our family.

We were in the habit of frequently giving audience to the spirits of our own family, and the able and earnest band who control Mrs. Chamberlain; but on the 20th of May last the manifestations wonderfully surpassed all others. Without formality, the family and a few friends, all Spiritualists, seated themselves around an extension dining table (in its appropriate room,) about eighteen feet square, to the number of ten, with three of our own children, who sat together near the head of the table—daughters from nine to thirteen years of age—with a little daughter of Mrs. Fannie T. Young. Mrs. Young is a trance speaker of Boston, who has delivered six lectures in Middleboro' that were highly appreciated, and which have awakened an interest and inquiry that will not abate until intelligent minds here are aroused to the truth of the teachings from the spirit-land.

But to resume: During one of the lectures, Mrs. Chamberlain being present at her side, rappings, loud and plain, were heard in response to what was said by the spirit controlling Mrs. Young. If in the affirmative, three loud raps were heard on the floor, like the rapping of a cane by a gent; if in the negative, when a question was put, one loud rap was heard; the assent or dissent was given instantaneously.

A piano stood at the side of the room, where one of the party was seated. The guitar, bells and other instruments, were placed on a small table near Mrs. Chamberlain. First, the spirit presence was manifested by the gentle touch of hands on those near Mrs. C.; then the guitar was taken from the table, and, floating through the room, at intervals touched by angel fingers, gave the most delicious music; soft, harmonious, and keeping time with the piano. Then came "Mayflower," a beautiful Indian spirit of Mrs. C.'s band, who addressed each person present by name, with clear and distinct utterance; she then played several familiar tunes, such as "Ely Dale" and "Sweet Home." At intervals she would pause and make some remark, answering without hesitation any question; at the same time her soft hand would be felt gently on brow and face. The lady who played on the piano felt the impress of hands, and was at intervals assisted by the invisible power. Intimation was here given that no music was needed from mortal hands; when a clear, childish voice, different from Mayflower's, spoke, and informed us that it came from our dear boy, who passed to spirit-life at seven years of age. He said, "Mother, we are all here;" alluding to those other dear ones who passed to the summer-land before him. "We will try to come to you often;" at the same time kissing me. Then he went to the group of children, his little sisters outside of the circle, pressing his hands on each, kissing them all. His voice was distinctly heard talking to them. He addressed one of the sisters by name, taking a ring from her finger, and replacing it again, with a request that it should not be removed for two months. He then played on one of Mayflower's bells, as she (Mayflower) said. Mayflower also gave a most beautiful manifestation of her power, by playing a tune with several bells at the same time, changing them quickly, and keeping time with the piano, which at her request resumed its pleasant tones.

Then came "Red Jacket," another of Mrs. C.'s band, while on earth the celebrated chief of the Seneca tribe located on their reservation near Buffalo, N. Y. He addressed each one by name. After playing on the drum, in concert with other music, he entered into familiar conversation, asking and answering questions. He was then attracted to one of the children, our daughter, thirteen years of age, who was out of health, and at the time complained of a lameness in one knee. He put his large hand on her knee, calling her by name, and said he would make her feel better; that he loved children, etc. He then took off her boot, removed her stocking, and with a firm grip lifted her to her feet, and commenced rubbing her knee with his hand, talking to her in a distinct and soothing tone, telling her she must not study too hard, etc. During this time there was no music, so each one could and did realize what was going on.

Again the little Indian girl Mayflower played on her bells, accompanied by the piano—while the most beautiful and brilliant lights appeared in quick succession, so varied in shape and formation that their beauty I cannot describe.

A small circle convened a few evenings after, when the spirits again produced lights, so brilliant at times that we could distinguish the features of those around the table, while in the centre of a circle of light a beautiful hand appeared. We were then told to close our eyes. Very soon we were notified to reopen them, looking toward the piano. There, in a halo of light, (in accordance with a promise made when we first became seated) Mayflower herself for a moment appeared. There were other interesting manifestations of spirit-power given upon this occasion, but those detailed must suffice for the present.

Mrs. Chamberlain does not, I understand, propose during the warm weather to continue her seances; but I trust that when autumn comes, her health will be sufficiently improved to admit of her giving to those who are interested, and to all who would seek the light of truth, an opportunity to witness these truly wonderful and mysterious (to some) manifestations.

Very truly yours, &c.,

ANNA C. CUSHMAN.

It is an imposition on one's self to toll in the long summer's heat and winter's cold to accumulate property, and then be too parsimonious to enjoy it. One of the greatest privileges—one of the most glorious conditions that a human being can enjoy is to be happy—to withdraw for a time from Mammon, to look up to God, and be truly at peace with himself and all mankind.

"Oh, mother, do send for the doctor!" said a little boy of three years. "What for, my dear?" "Why, there's a gentleman in the parlor who says he'll die, if Jane don't marry him, and she says she won't!"

ANGEL PRESENCE.

BY CORA L. V. DANIELS.

We come when morning's golden beams
Light up the dewy trembling earth,
And when the hills and woods and streams
Echo with sounds of joyous mirth;
When birds, in every tree and bower,
Warble their songs of love and home;
Oh, in that glad and happy hour,
Upon the wings of morn we come.

We come when noontide's sultry heat
Fills with its breath each vale and plain;
When in some calm and cool retreat
All forms of life seek to remain;
When perfumed breezes have no sound
Except the honey-bee's low hum;
When light and fragrance float around,
Upon their silent breath we come.

We come when twilight's gentle hand
Opens the purple sunset gate,
And golden clouds—a radiant band—
For day's exiling glances wait;
When earth and heaven blended seem,
And golden voices fill each home;
When prayer hovers like a dream
Around your thoughts—oh, then we come.

We come when night, with sable train,
Unfurls her banner in the sky,
And starry ensigns float again
From battlements and towers on high,
Where worlds and systems march along,
Responsive to the master drum,
In tune with great creation's song—
Oh, in that solemn hour we come.

We come to soothe your human hearts,
Your joys and sorrows all to share—
To brush away the tear which starts,
And place a gleam of gladness there.
Each day and hour, each time and place,
Where'er your footsteps chances to roam,
We seek some holy thought to trace,
And on the wings of love we come.

We come beside the couch of pain,
With healing balm—with fragrant flowers;
We come where sin and woe remain,
To tell of virtue's starry bowers.
The prison cell, the palace hall,
Allure us from our blissful home,
Laden with happiness for all—
Forevermore we come, we come.

Correspondence.

Progress of Spiritualism.

Allow me a small space in your columns to give a brief summary of experiences and observations of the progress of the New Gospel, where I have been called to proclaim it. Once more I am safely ensconced in my Green Mountain home, to enjoy a brief respite from public life and labor, until the first of August. Wearied by the arduous and unabated labors of several months, the anticipation of rest has buoyed up my overtaxed energies, and now I am enjoying my *otium cum dignitate*, which will, I trust, give me new energy to proclaim the "glad tidings of great joy" to the famishing multitudes that are constantly thronging my pathway, clamoring, like Goethe, for "light, more light," to dispel the Cimmerian darkness which has so long shrouded the human mind.

While all along from New Jersey to the northern extremity of Vermont, I have spoken within a few months to good audiences, and answered the best I could the increasing demand for circles during the week. Everywhere the good cause seems prospering, and the increasing opposition of the skeptical and religious world, is one of the best evidences that betoken its growth in power and numbers. Every phase of mediunship shows advancement, and the vitality of the cause seems only increased by the frequent cries of "diabolism!" "humbug!" "deceit!" "gone up!" "destroyed!" "exposed!" &c., with which modern Pharisees try to silence themselves in their discomfiture.

A few weeks since I witnessed the physical manifestations of the Allen boy, at the house of Mr. Myron Brewster—an excellent healer of Hyde Park, Vt. They were very interesting, and to me, perfectly satisfactory, and while I looked at the honest face of the child, I thought how cruel many have been, to suspect him of deception. How unkind to the angels, who "through babes and sucklings" are striving to give positive and tangible evidences of immortality, by using such unimpeachable instruments, outside of the practices of the occult legend, thus to deny the evidences, and accuse their naive agents of fraud!

The opposition to spirit photography seems to have lulled since the decision against Mummer, of Boston, but while the people have been thinking it was all fraud, the spirit-world has been still at work, as appears from a photograph of Mr. C. Drayton, of Troy, Vt., taken some time in May last, by the artist, King, of Winter street, Boston, which on examination was found to contain two or three extra faces, one of which strongly resembles that of a son of Mr. B., who passed to the spirit-world some three years ago. This was wholly unexpected—as Mr. B. was not previously convicted of the power of spirits thus to represent themselves on the camera obscura—and had forgotten that this spirit son had promised some two years ago, through a medium, that if Mr. B. would go to Boston and sit for a picture, he thought he could give his own—a promise now fulfilled to the satisfaction of all the friends.

Thus the evidences continue to come, convincing thousands in defiance of all opposition, and overwhelming the most stolid skepticism with a flood of stubborn facts that are irresistible in their sway.

I have recently spoken in Stowe, Morrisville and Hyde Park, each of which places there are a few brave, earnest souls, striving with commendable zeal to advance the cause. At Eden Mills, where our honored Sister Works three years ago broke the ground and scattered the first seeds of the Tree of Life, the work goes bravely on, under the supervision of Dr. Sabin Scott, aided by Brothers White, Brown, and many others there, and from adjoining towns. Sister Adams has been rejuvenated in her old age, and commissioned to "lay hands on the sick" by the Higher Power; also many others are being prepared as speakers and leaders, among whom are Sisters Carpenter, Ambler and Goodwin, and Bro. Wm. Dodge.

Obliging the summons of Bro. Scott, about twelve hundred of the descendants of the heroes of '76 assembled at a pleasant grove in Eden, July 4th, to commemorate the valorous deeds of those who, ninety years before, declared to the world that this should forever be a land of civil and religious liberty, and to plight their vows to maintain inviolable those sacred rights for which their forefathers fought and bled. The people convened as a picnic party, and the usual accompaniments of such pleasant gatherings—free, social intercourse, mirth, music, viands and speaking of a few brave, earnest souls, striving with commendable zeal to advance the cause. At Eden Mills, where our honored Sister Works three years ago broke the ground and scattered the first seeds of the Tree of Life, the work goes bravely on, under the supervision of Dr. Sabin Scott, aided by Brothers White, Brown, and many others there, and from adjoining towns. Sister Adams has been rejuvenated in her old age, and commissioned to "lay hands on the sick" by the Higher Power; also many others are being prepared as speakers and leaders, among whom are Sisters Carpenter, Ambler and Goodwin, and Bro. Wm. Dodge.

so generously sustained her in the labor of love to which the Angelle Host have called her, as well as thousands of others, the humble writer sends greeting, and hopes with recuperated energies to engage again with all earnest workers in the good cause now moving so triumphantly forward, elevating and blessing humanity.
Yours for progress, SARAH A. HORTON.
Brandon, Vt., July 10, 1866.

A Worker for Children.

I now address you from this beautiful city of Syracuse, where the buildings are mostly small and painted white, interspersed with shade trees and shrubbery, presenting at this season of the year picturesque scenery, with which the eye is satisfied and the sense of smell delighted, as the aroma of delicious roses perfumes the air, wafting a benign influence to my spirit while I sit writing in the pleasant home of our friend, Mary A. Clute, whose inspirations have heretofore graced your columns.

The Dress Reform Convention attracted me hither from the metropolis of brick and stone almost minus vegetation, where dozens of children begged for only a flower as we were returning from our picnic excursion with hands full, gathered from Nature's garden. We could not supply all their wants, but could not refrain from telling them that they should have plenty of flowers in the summer-land, which was like Greek to them, as their inquiring looks denoted.

There are some true-hearted Spiritualists here, who would be glad to have a Lyceum, and be willing to labor in the cause of reform diligently, while others stand back and cry "Wolves! Wolves!" or conjure up some frightful apparition in the form of a bug-bear, like the much-to-be-dreaded spectre under the insignia of "free-love," so that nothing but the power and soothing influence of Divine Love can cement them together into unity of purpose in any one direction.

Through our influence, guided, as we trust we are, by invisible celestial beings, an interest was so far awakened as to get thirty dollars subscribed toward the paraphernalia for a Lyceum, but until the spirit of brotherly love and concord shall predominate over the lower and more selfish propensities—when each can behold in his fellowman a germ or portion of divinity, which will unfold into beautiful angelhood in the spheres—I must leave them to plod along as heretofore.

Sometimes a brilliant star crosses their platform for an hour, and then recedes, leaving them as parently as much in the dark as they were before. There is much talent here, and mediums whose souls are almost bursting with love and inspiration. And what I would recommend in such societies is this: to come together and form into a grand Progressive Lyceum, including those whose ages may range from four to seventy-five or a hundred years (for we are all children in an embryonic state, commencing an existence on a terrestrial plane, to be continued ever). This done, let each and all give a full and free expression of thought and soul. This soul-blending—soul communion—will do more to enhance the beautiful philosophy which angels labor to inculcate, than all the flowery speeches which can be made by those who have been lured to the skies by the press and people.

These Lyceums are about the only organization that Spiritualists need. An organization of Spiritualists without a Lyceum is like an empty house, or one without children—cheerless and desolate. But let the joyous, ringing laugh of childhood be heard, as they come bounding with pattering feet into our presence, and the heart is made glad with the sunshine of their love and innocence. Bless cherubs from the Father's hand! who would not love them? who would turn from them coldly, or ever speak to them unkindly? Oh let me love and labor for these blessed immortals—angels yet to be—by establishing Lyceums wherever Spiritualists may desire or angel influences dictate. I expect to attend the Three River Point annual grove meeting; meanwhile may be addressed,
Mrs. F. A. LUGAN,
Syracuse, N. Y.

A Word from Tennessee.

I have just written to my various friends in Texas to subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT, as I think it is the most useful and interesting paper published in the United States. Reading its well-filled columns, and meditating upon the sublime thoughts called forth, lifts my soul almost to the pinnacle of happiness.

I have from childhood always been a Spiritualist, though raised in a Methodist family; but I could never reconcile their doctrines with my idea of justice or common sense. I sincerely hope that credulists will gradually grow less, until the Parsons shall have no one to listen to their false teachings, including the story about Mother Eve's raid on the Lord's favorite apple-tree, thereby causing the eternal damnation of the human race, except such as have full faith in and unhesitatingly believe all that is contained in the Bible.

May the BANNER find its way into every family in the land, and open all eyes to such folly and nonsense.
J. O. R.

Who Was It?

Some two years ago the following lines came into my mind, with the impression that they were from a soldier. I have often, since then, felt impressed to send them to the BANNER, but have hitherto neglected to do so. If you think best you can publish them; perhaps they may bring comfort to some seeker for truth:

Far, far away in the Onondaga valley,
Where the white rose is blooming all alone,
Where the winds and the waves are with Time keeping tally,
And the blue-blossomed myrtle creeps over the stone
That marketh the place where my Sally is sleeping,
'T was there, at the close of the day, I was weeping,
As my ear caught the sound of the wailing drum,
Crying, "Come to the rescue, Patriots, come!"

Here the influence ceased to control, but left the impression that under circumstances like the above he had enlisted, had fallen, and thus sought to let his friends know that he still LIVED.

LOIS WAINBROOKER.

To the Spiritualists of Pennsylvania.

Having received the appointment of agent of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists, all societies and communities where my services may be required to lecture on the spiritual philosophy, hold grove meetings, &c., are requested to address me at an early date, in care of H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. I hope there will be no delay in making arrangements for meetings, or any backwardness in writing. I have entered the field, now give me work. My success depends upon your sympathy and cooperation. Let me have calls from all parts of the State.
J. C. FENN.

Agent of Penn. State Society of Spiritualists.
Carverville, Penn., July 18, 1866.

Information Wanted.

The Spiritualists of Lawrence would like to secure Miss Washburn to lecture for our Society, if she is in the lecturing-field. She visited our town in 1861, and her old friends would be glad to welcome her once more. Not knowing her address, we send this to the BANNER, in hopes she will see it, and write to us immediately. She shall be amply paid for her services. If we cannot succeed in getting her, we would be glad to obtain the services of any other good, reliable medium. Address, E. B. Sawyer, President of the Society, Lawrence, Kansas.

L. D. MANSIE, Sec'y
Lawrence, Kansas, July 13, 1866.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

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

No Ambition.

What usually chokes the breath out of one's spiritual aspirations is a petty, personal ambition; oftentimes unknown to the loser by it, because he has never deliberately taught himself to look into the springs of his action and life. It is a great thing for a man when he has learned to become humble. So simple a lesson is one of the very hardest studied. The perverseness of our selfish ambitions, centering on self alone, keeps out of view those profound beauties in life and experience, and that eminent richness of the character, which are found coupled with humility.

We are inclined to dwell on this topic from time to time, because we are convinced that anything like ambition stands directly in the way of our common work of spreading the great truths of the Religion of Spiritualism. Wherever and whenever it has been observed that persons laboring in this noble cause have turned aside from the contemplation of the high objects aimed at in order to contemplate themselves, the cause has suffered temporarily and they have been losers themselves. It is in this as in all other matters: singleness of purpose works the miracle. And no one can be sincerely that, who, in directing his efforts at one thing, keeps his thoughts mainly employed about his own importance and his own good. Inensibly to himself he loses in that way all the real importance he could ever hope to have, while the most of the good he gets out of it proceeds from his signal disappointment and discomfiture.

Then, too, ambition—which we are using rather as a generic word, to include all imaginable forms of vanity, conceit, selfishness, and what not—ambition, we say, is the deliberate proposal by the tempters for a man to pillage and steal so much from the glory of what is to be done, for the sake of adding by that very amount to his own. This is outright theft and treachery. It is but a divided mind that sets itself to perform service of a noble character, with secret intent to abstract a certain portion of the results of that service for private and personal gratification. Not all, if indeed many do, think of the matter in this light. Yet nothing is clearer, after all. When we have anything to perform, particularly if it is of a high character and extended in its probable results, we have no business to entertain thoughts about ourselves in that connection; we are instruments, and as instruments we ought to consent to serve. And the closer we hold down to our place, the more efficient grows our service, the greater the influx of power with self-forgetting, and the more the glory resulting to the cause and of course to ourselves.

Where ambition crowds in, inspiration goes out. The two refuse to breathe the same atmosphere. Self and others are, in this respect, without alliance. Power resides in us all upon very few and simple conditions; when we seek to set up business on our own account, we lose by it. Emerson happily expresses it in one of his earlier essays, in which he remarks that if we permit the whole volume of the divine current to flow through our being unobstructed, we work with and by divine power itself, and nothing impedes or hinders; but if we dig a narrow channel, turn off a part of the stream into that, and set it to turning a private wheel on our own account, we shall lose to a certainty the grand momentum and divine rush of the main stream, and so part with the highest power from which we could really derive benefit. The illustration is a fit one for cases that are far too numerous about us.

People are skeptical on a subject that strikes them as new, and doubtless the large majority of them would be on this; but not until they have individually experimented on it, persistently and with steadfastness, may they discover that the principle by which this law operates is as deep as nature itself, and hence cannot be broken or evaded except at our own cost. It is not such an entire impossibility to be single and humble, even in the greatest entanglements of everyday affairs. The application of the law tells there just as well as anywhere else. How few men live a selfish law would have them! How many are weak and crippled, because they lack just the power which a due observance of this law would give them! What wonders might not be wrought by obedience and submission!

Colored School in Louisiana.

We mentioned a few weeks since that Dr. P. B. Randolph—who has been engaged teaching in the colored schools in Louisiana during the past two or three years, under the auspices of the Freedmen's Bureau, and until its functions were suspended there—was coming North to raise funds to enable him to continue his noble and philanthropic work. He arrived at New York on the 15th of July, and at once proceeded to Washington for an interview with the President, in which he was successful, judging from a telegram from that city, dated the 23d, which says: "Doctor P. B. Randolph, an intelligent colored gentleman who has been residing for two or three years in Louisiana, engaged in establishing schools for the education of his race, is here with a proposition to found in New Orleans a normal school for the education of colored teachers for colored schools. He had, yesterday, an interview of two hours in length with President Johnson, who desired to ascertain the exact condition of the colored people in Louisiana, and who gave his written endorsement of the proposition to establish a normal school for their benefit. While Dr. Randolph does not approve of the 'policy,' he speaks in high terms of the President's kindness, and of the interest which he manifested in the welfare of the colored people." Dr. R. has put his whole soul into this work, and we hope the generous public will sustain him. He will be in this city in a few days, and can be addressed care of this office. He is ready to give public lectures in aid of this object, or receive donations of any amount. The Doctor is an eloquent speaker.

An Artesian Well Company.

Three individuals in Chicago—Messrs. Geo. A. Shufeldt, Jr., A. F. Crosey, and Abraham James—have organized an association by the above name, for the purpose, primarily, of procuring clear spring water from below the prairie soil, near Chicago, which may be turned to invaluable account in several enumerated ways—and, secondarily, to secure the erection of a Temple on the spot, that shall be consecrated to the glorious truths of the New Philosophy. The whole matter has from the first been under direct spirit guidance, one of the three individuals above named—Mr. James—being a powerful medium through whom they have given their wonderful manifestations.

This party were instructed by the intelligences above where to begin the work of boring, and how to proceed. They went down seven hundred feet below the surface with their machinery, when they reached a stream of the purest and sweetest water, which, in forcing its way out, furnishes a head power of one hundred feet, capable of being applied to the turning of a gigantic overhead wheel, by which more than a single manufactory may easily be supplied with power. The water, furthermore, instead of running to waste, is already flowed into meadow ponds which, by winter freezing, already produce forty thousand tons of ice, and may as easily make five times that number.

Upon this native power, thus derived by the guidance and encouragement of spirit power, it is proposed to erect the future establishment of factories, mills, and an immense business in ice, so as to call close about the Temple promised for that locality a collection of dwellings, which shall shelter a community acknowledging the power and purity of the Religion so fully illustrated by the gushing element evoked from the bosom of the earth. We do not propose to enter into the details of the plan, so far as it concerns speculative ends mainly; such as turning the newly found power and resources to the highest possible account. But it belongs to us to say of means thus derived, that as their slumbering place was originally pointed out by the spirits, so they will be employed through the same agencies for purposes of the highest order.

The gentlemen named have sent a circular over the country, offering to divide this property, upon which now exist improvements valued at more than a quarter of a million of dollars, into five thousand shares of one hundred dollars each, to be paid in ten and twenty per cent instalments, for the purpose of working it to the speediest advantage. They show what it is worth, what can be done with it, and what returns are certain to be made from the investments. The paper business proposed to be derived from it would be immense, as no paper is made nearer than Ohio, except brown wrapping, which is made hundreds of miles away. Ice is already manufactured and stored there, and the quantity may be greatly increased. A tannery is also on the place.

The plan is to begin moderately with the projected additions and improvements, and increase them as fast as results allow. A large concourse of people visit this to them—great wonder yearly, from whom an income of thousands of dollars is derived annually. The land comprises forty acres in all, within three miles and a half of the very centre of Chicago, that wonder of wonders among growing cities. There are now two wells, flowing a million and a half gallons of water daily. So that, aside from the profits of the project, or rather they being auxiliary, the noblest of human temples may be raised on this spot chosen by the higher intelligences, and the power, and truth, and blessedness of the spiritual faith may here be honored with a not unworthy monument for men to mark and be impressed with to their real salvation.

All communications on this most interesting subject should be addressed to A. F. Crosey & Co., No. 70 Washington street, Chicago.

Our Glorious Cause.

A correspondent, writing to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, says: "Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast declares most positively the glory of its great mission. Its advocates are awake to its loftiest possibilities. The grand work of human redemption is now begun in good earnest, and stands before us to-day a living, substantial, incontrovertible fact."

Truly spoken. Yes, indeed, the grand work of human redemption is now begun in earnest, and will steadily advance, until all peoples upon the face of the earth are disenthralled from religious bigotry and intolerance. The inspired teachers of to-day are performing a mighty work. The names of Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, Judge Tallmadge, Andrew Jackson Davis, Professor S. B. Brittan, Lizzie Doten, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Emma Hardinge, and a host of other equally efficient co-workers in our glorious cause, will live, and be blessed in the coming centuries, when those theologians contemporaneous with them will have sunk into oblivion.

Spiritualism is a living, substantial, incontrovertible fact! It has sunk deep into the hearts of its disciples, because it is based upon the immutable foundation of TRUTH. They know that the abyss, which Old Theology has for so many years taught its votaries was impassable, has been bridged, and from "over the river" return our loved ones, bearing to us the "glad tidings" that they STILL LIVE, and are waiting to welcome and guide us across, when our time comes to lay the earthly casket by. This knowledge the human soul has been yearning for for centuries; and, in answer to the soul's prayer, the good Father has opened wide the gates of Heaven, to enable his children to enter in, with a full knowledge of the life beyond. What was dimly understood in the past, is fully comprehended now. Everything is in its time and place. Nature makes no mistakes. The people of the nineteenth century are indeed blessed. The darkness of the past has given birth to the light of the present, and its benignant rays are permeating with the speed of lightning the remotest corners of the earth. THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM WILL CONTINUE TO SHINE, notwithstanding the puny efforts of Old Theology to dim its lustre, until the down-trodden of earth's children are all gathered under the broad banner of UNIVERSAL FREEDOM!

One of the Sufferers.

At the recent fire in Portland, among the sufferers was Mrs. M. E. Chick, the clairvoyant physician. The flames swept over her premises so suddenly that she had not time to save scarcely anything. We understand she has removed to Providence, R. I., where she intends to continue her sittings for clairvoyant treatment, at the Roger Williams House, No. 2 North Main street. We are assured that she is a reliable medium and an excellent clairvoyant, who has been successful in most cases of disease.

A Mass Convention.

We invite attention to the Call, in another column of the BANNER, for a Mass Convention, to be held in Corry, Penn., on the 17th, 18th and 19th of August.

Conflicting Views on the Indians.

We print with this a communication from a person whose opportunities for observing whereof he writes are as good as could be desired, on the subject of the Indians and their treatment at our hands. The writer rather assumes, as the reader will see, that he represents "the white man's side." This is an appeal to feeling more than to fact, or perhaps to prejudice instead of to reason. What we have all along insisted on is, that, however just may have been the original intentions of Government toward the Indians, it nevertheless stands responsible for their being cheated and destroyed by a race of agents whose general work has been not much less than robbery. So that if the Indian lies and cheats and gets drunk, how can we say on our (the white man's) side that we did not teach him all these things? Government has suffered men to grow rich by following the very practices which are now condemned in the Indian. But more than this, the manner of crowding back the red man in the first place is indefensible. The Creeks were driven from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi were cleared of their threats. To be sure, they were offered a nominal choice; but it was like Napoleon's balloting—they were allowed to choose but one way. And between being crowded and driven away, being wronged and cheated and made drunkards, it is no wonder that they do not manifest the virtues of the saints of civilization, or that they do show the fruits of their unhappy contact with a more powerful race.

INDIANS AGAIN.—The BANNER of May 12th is just received. Your leader, "Killing Indians," reminds me that you of the East little understand the relation of the whites to the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. You say, "It is now too late to present the fact that we are all of us occupying lands which were once theirs, from which they were driven in as ruthless a manner as civilized man ever was by barbarian." But the emigrant naturally inquires by what right the Indian owns or claims the land. Certainly not by occupancy or use, for in the whole region between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges the Indians have never cultivated a root of land nor planted a tree or seed. They have killed rabbits, and dug roots that grew spontaneously, but does that give them a right to keep off others, who may wish to cultivate the land? Such occupancy is not recognized in case of a white man.

But, you say we are unnecessarily cruel to the Indians. But hear the white man in excuse, if not justification of his course. In every instance the emigrant has desired to cultivate friendly relations with the Indians. Suppose an emigrant or a company of emigrants to reach and locate in some valley in the fall, after a journey across the Plains. They build houses, and put up hay for the winter. They will probably see no Indians, yet have to keep continual watch over their stock to prevent its being stolen. Perhaps some morning they find their night-watch killed and mangled, and the stock driven off. Still they hope to subdue the Indians by kindness. They wait for an opportunity to do them favors, and prove the oft reiterated assertion that "an Indian never forgets a favor." Winter gives them an opportunity. Starvation is upon the Indians, and they come around the habitations of the whites, begging for "meat-and-bone." They are fed and clothed. They build their "wick-i-up" (brush houses), and live on the bounty of the whites. The settlers fancy their Indian troubles are at an end. But in the spring the Indians, emboldened by familiarity, not only steal their stock, but attack their homesteads, and perhaps their dwellings, and among their assailants they recognize their benefactors of the winter previous. They call on the government for protection. Troops are sent, and a military post established. Detachments are sent in various directions to protect settlers and emigrants passing further west. They have orders not to harm friendly or unresisting Indians, and every one they see says, "Me good Indian." Yet stock is stolen, and families are murdered all around them with horrid barbarity. Orders are then issued to collect the good Indians and keep them in the vicinity of the forts, where they are fed and clothed at the expense of the Government. But soon the officers find that the depredators wear the clothes furnished by the Government, and use guns stolen from the soldiers.

Now this is a sketch of the origin of Indian difficulties in almost every locality throughout this whole country. It is to collect the Indians on reservations, where annuities are distributed, and where farmers, mechanics and schools are established for their benefit. All Indians outside the reservations are considered enemies, and treated accordingly.

I do not think this reservation system will civilize or permanently settle the Indian. But what better can be done? What shall we do with the Indian? That is a question which has troubled wisest heads than mine, and in a future article I may try to answer it.

Yours truly, WM. J. YOUNG.
Boise City, I. T.

Von Vleck and Conferees.

The *modus operandi* of this bogus individual is so well known to Spiritualists, that they are very seldom if ever duped by his pretensions. But his impudence is superior to his judgment, and he thereby often makes mistakes. One of our lecturers, for instance, was not long since invited to hold a public discussion with him. She declined. He repeated his request, in the course of conversation, adding:

"You had better, Mrs., for we can make something by it."

"I cannot narrow my Spiritualism down to dollars and cents," was the lady's very appropriate reply.

"But," responded Von Vleck, "we must get a living."

"I can get a living honestly, thank God!" was the sharp rejoinder, which had the effect to silence this man, who, according to his own admission, is unprincipled enough to go about the country, lecturing against Spiritualism solely to "get a living." His falsehoods, however, about Spiritualists and Spiritualism, can do no harm—not the least—as the community generally possess intelligence enough to give very little heed to his tirades.

The Cholera.

The pestilence is in New York in strong force, exciting the serious apprehensions of the people. We have had two cases here in Boston, both known to have been brought direct from New York, and both of them fatal. We have no idea as yet that it is going to become a subject of wide alarm, either here or in the metropolis; it is pretty clearly proved that it goes over its pre-destined route by contagious influences mainly, if not altogether, the discharges of the victim forming the actual poison whose malignant effects are so much dreaded. Then, of course, the atmospheric condition of different localities favors the propagation of the pestilence greatly. An infected quarter is a convenient seed-bed for its reproduction and rapid spread. All these things we have been duly warned of. Too much care cannot be had to keep the dreaded visitor away from us, and still it may get in by a back way, after all.

The Clerical Whipping Case.

This case of child-murder, in regard to which we posted our readers not long since, still continues to be ventilated by the public press, in consequence of its enormity. An exchange says:—

A private letter gives some details of the case of child-murder in Medina, N. Y., (already reported), in which a clergyman named Joel Lindley, who had been indicted for death because he would not say his prayers. The jury, after examining the corpse, said "they never saw such a sight before, and asked Joel what he whipped the child with. He said a shingle, sometimes with the flat side and then with the edge; but, oh, such a slight little finger were all in strings, the nails gone and the bones broken, his legs all a jelly, and the bottom of his feet blistered, and pieces of flesh gone out of them, his shoulders and neck and sides of his head all black. They looked round and found a tub full of bloody clothes to soak; and the verdict was murder."

The Commonwealth newspaper remarks:

There is something in the nature of his (Lindley's) crime which makes it more revolting than any other that has been committed for many years. To whip a child for two hours, even without the intention of killing it, is a fiendish cruelty; but to whip it because it would not say its prayers, is a brutality for which language has no expression sufficiently severe. It is questionable, even with some very devout people, whether it is proper to teach children at all to pray, who cannot comprehend the nature of God; but it is no question whatever that prayers which are forced from children, or any one else, cannot be acceptable to him who knows the motive of the act. Children worship God in their innocent joy and delight over every flower and every blade of grass, and pray intuitively better than most grown people who kneel in church every Sunday. What would have been gained, either for God's glory or any man's salvation, if the little boy in question, before being quite bent to death, had yielded and promised once more to repeat words learned by rote, and addressed to a Being whose infiniteness was as far beyond his conception as above that of his infatuated father? As it was, the child resisted, with, we are almost tempted to say, a rare strength of mind, until the breath left his little body.

Mrs. Cora Daniels in the West.

This able lecturer is attracting the attention of all classes in the West wherever she speaks. On the 12th inst. she lectured before the citizens of Dayton, Iowa, and was listened to (we are informed by the *Gazette*) with deep interest throughout, although the weather was oppressively warm. The editor remarks:

"As an initial movement, Mr. James Thompson suggested from the platform that the meeting should select a Committee of three to propose a subject for the lecture. This was done, and subsequently a folded paper was handed to Mr. T., who read as follows: 'The future of the United States, as a territory, and as a political entity, considered.' Mrs. Daniels then advanced to the table, announced the text exactly as written, without referring to the paper, with the exception of using the word 'historically' instead of 'territorially.' Then followed a sublime invocation. Upon commencing her remarks upon the subject of 'The future of the United States,' she pursued the train of thought logically, and made use of the most unexceptionable language. There was no effort or strain, no redundancy, no repetition. The discourse was singularly elevated in its tone, and throughout the whole was not characterized by a single jar."

Whatever diversity of opinion there may be as to the source of inspiration in this remarkable lecture, it is certainly very striking and very singular that she can produce extemporaneously, upon any topic, a discourse so appropriate as to enchain the undivided attention of an audience, and leave no impression of having failed. There are persons so diversified in their knowledge and so apt in giving expression to their thoughts as to challenge admiration; but we certainly know of no one who has the reputation of doing things of this kind so successfully as the gifted lady whom we had the pleasure of listening to on Thursday evening."

Beecher vs. Old Theology.

Henry Ward Beecher is a worse thorn in the side of Old Theology, if possible, than Spiritualism. He gives a broadside now-and-then that rakes their old bulk forward, and causes a terrible fluttering among the crew. The last shot, we extract from a sermon recently preached by him in Plymouth Church. Speaking of Christ, Mr. B. remarked:

"He taught the common people, not in rabbinical phrase, but in the vernacular. You will take notice that a minister who joins himself to a sect, and avows that it is his purpose to exalt that sect, is permitted by that sect to speak in any way he pleases, and as far as he pleases, so that all the benefit inures to it. But let a man refuse to belong to any sect, let him claim brotherhood with all sects so far as they are Christ's, and let him teach in any other way than that of the catechism and the creed, and he is regarded as a heretic, and religion so that the common people shall hear him gladly, and what is the impression that is produced but this: that the man is seeking vulgar applause and popularity, or else that he is going out of the way, and is a dangerous man? The established sects do not like to have the Gospel preached to men except in the language that they are accustomed to use."

The Little Bouquet.

The July number of this little gem for children is received by us. It is an excellent number, and the improvement is quite perceptible. The publishers are striving to make it worthy of the large patronage it should receive. The Religio-Philosophical Journal thus speaks of it:

"We trust that all who have seen the LITTLE BOUQUET are impressed with its quality and its usefulness if put into the hands of children. We proposed to issue such a paper as was needed for the times, and to think we have succeeded fairly, and the spontaneous testimony daily received confirms us in the thought. But to meet the demand, it should improve from month to month, and that is our desire. To this end we request all who love children and can contribute short essays, stories and items of interest, to do so. We are very thankful to those who have thus far kindly aided us, and hope to merit their continued favors. We hear some objections to the price of the LITTLE BOUQUET. We can only say, it cannot now be published for less than \$1.00 a year and live; if that seems too much, let all take hold and increase the subscription list by several thousand, and we can then make it a more frequent visitor."

We will do our part, and only ask our friends to aid us in so laudable an undertaking as this is everywhere admitted to be."

Personal.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON has been chosen as one of the delegates to the National Convention of Spiritualists, to represent the Independent Society of Charleston.

Cora L. V. Daniels is lecturing in Chicago, Ill. Rev. David A. Wasson has resigned the pastorate of the twenty-ninth Congregational Church in this city, the place formerly occupied by Theodore Parker.

The Rev. Dr. F. D. Huntington, the popular pastor of an aristocratic society in this city, has been elected Bishop of Maine, by the Episcopal Convention of clergymen.

Rev. Ohas F. Barnard has resigned the charge of the Warren Street Chapel in this city.

William Lloyd Garrison is unable to use a pen, from the effects of a fall on the last winter, and has suspended work on his history of the anti-slavery cause, in consequence.

Elder Jacob Knapp, the revivalist, is announced as recently married to a wealthy lady of western New York, and will lecture in that State, or will lecture in North Oxford, Aug. 19th.

Severe Illness of J. M. Peabody.

We regret to learn that our worthy brother and co-laborer, J. M. Peabody, is confined to his bed by fever. He has overtaxed his physical energies of late, in the too laborious task of lecturing and writing. During his recent tour to Illinois and Michigan he spoke nearly every Sunday and week evenings, till he became so weak he barely had strength enough left to reach his home in Battle Creek, where he now is. We earnestly pray that, through the soul-sympathy and careful nursing of his most excellent wife, he will be able to master the disease, and come up from his sick bed freshly inspired, so that with renewed vigor he can again enter upon his laborious duties, for he is too valuable a worker to be spared from the ranks at this important epoch in the world's spiritual growth.

Our readers must excuse, for a time, any deficiency in our "Western Department," occasioned by Bro. Peabody's illness; and his correspondents will understand why he apparently neglects them.

A Notable Remedy.

All persons are at times deficient in nervous energy, and some suffer from chronic debility of this character. The lungs, nervous, and blood systems are intimately related each with the other. A wasting of either one of these it is possible to repair. Winchester's "Hypophosphites" are a form of remedy, strictly scientific in their combination, that take hold at once on tubercular disease in every stage, and arrest even what is so fearfully known as "galloping consumption." The name of the specific remedy for consumption and nervous debility, as well as for all disorders of the lungs, nervous, and blood systems, is "Winchester's Genuine Preparation," put up in seven and sixteen ounce bottles, at one and two dollars each. It is claimed that the action of the Hypophosphites is twofold—"increasing the principle which constitutes nervous energy," and furnishing "the most powerful blood-generating agents known." Physicians both in and out of the form recommend with confidence the "Hypophosphites" for patients to whose case they are adapted, and their use has been greatly promoted by clairvoyants. We commend them ourselves, from personal knowledge, to unhesitating general use.

New Music.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., the following new musical compositions: "Running Brook Schottisch," composed for the piano by T. Bricher; "Mocking Bird Waltz," by O. H. Oakes, for piano; "Be kind to darling sister Nell," song and chorus, words by W. E. Baker, music by H. P. Danke; "Far from home," a ballad, by F. Wilmart; "Paddy Blake's Echo," a comic song, by S. Lover; "I Love the little rippling stream," song and chorus by L. V. H. Crosby; "Invitation Lancers," a quadrille by Augustus Monte; "Etta Moore," a ballad, by F. Wilmart. From Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York: "Our Lamented Hero," Gen. Scott's Funeral March, by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst; "Looking Forward," words by F. L. Keeler, music by E. A. Parkhurst; "Non ha gioia in tal momento," arranged for the piano by Wm. F. Muller, from the Opera of Crispino la Comare.

The Struggle in Europe.

The war continues to rage in continental Europe. The armistice was a failure. The Prussians have won another victory over the Austrians. The wants of some of the crowned heads of Europe are great. They would murder half their people in order to aggrandize themselves. Prussia desires to be, and according to the present aspect of affairs will be master of Germany for long; Italy is bound to have Venice and Rome; France hopes to absorb Belgium; and Russia will pounce upon and take Constantinople, probably, should the war on the continent become general. Yet it may be possible, through the blood and slaughter and devastation which must ensue, that the flag of LIBERTY will be unfurled, that the down-trodden masses will assert their rights, and that Europe will become republican in our day and generation.

Exposure of a Medium.

We have received from Wilmington, Del., a communication, written by a Spiritualist, exposing the alleged shortcomings of a certain medium. In the postscript to an accompanying explanatory note, the writer particularly desires that we withhold his name, because he fears the ridicule that would be heaped upon him, did we print it, "for being thus humbugged by such a scamp." When a "scamp" imposes upon us, we have no fear of ridicule by warning our friends against such a party; but surely it would be most unjust in us to publish the medium alluded to, without the facts in the case being attested by some competent and reliable persons, over their own proper signatures.

Woman Speaking for Woman.

A writer of considerable prominence in the literary world, in a note to us, alludes to the works of Mrs. Farnham thus: "Woman and Her Era" has caused woman to ponder deeply on her future course; to fall in grateful adoration before the presence of the revealed divinity within herself; to feel humbly exalted and gloriously invested with her Godlike mission of free, divine, artistic motherhood. And in the 'Ideal Attained,' how many doubting souls have gathered strength—how many beautiful and lofty purposes have arisen in the awakened soul. Blessed be the hand that penned these everlasting commandments of purity and love!"

The Newton "Haunted House" Affair.

In our next paper we shall give some further interesting developments in regard to the mysterious manifestations which recently took place in the family of a merchant of this city, residing in Newton; to which we alluded in our last issue.

Our worthy brother, J. G. Flah, as will be seen by a brief letter from him in another column, has become the agent of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists. A better or more efficient person for that situation could not well have been found. He is talented, energetic, and an eloquent speaker. Massachusetts Spiritualists should also have an active worker, as well as able speaker, as agent, to canvass every town in the Commonwealth, to inaugurate meetings where there are none, and to make himself generally useful in this field of labor. It is time the lukewarm were aroused, and took hold of the mighty work before them with a zeal that shall convince the skeptical world that they are in earnest. What is the reason our State Organization does not appoint an agent (or agents) in the place of Mr. Todd, who vacated the situation three months ago? Is it the intention of the officers of that Convention to let the matter drop? There is missionary work enough for four lecturers, and it should be equally divided between the female and male speakers. (The former will be found equal to the task in most cases.) Let something be done at once!

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was 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.

Monday, April 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Harrison Hook, to Joe Hook, formerly a slave of his; Edward W. Green, to friends; Charles McCarty, to his wife Catherine, in the Newburyport Mills; "Hole Wide Awake," to a gentleman in Cleveland, O.

Tuesday, April 22.—Invocation; Answer to a Charge made against the two Spiritual Circles; Questions and Answers; Lillian Castro, to her father, Richard Castro; Lieut. Edward Tracy, to his mother, sister, and uncle; Henry J. Jennings, to his father, in Montgomery, Ala.

Invocation.

Oh God, thy perfectness beams in upon our consciousness in unclouded glory this day, and suns, systems, worlds, and atoms are thy psalmists, who do perpetually sing thy praises. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea, the early spring-flowers in the vales and woodlands, have all joined in the grand chorus of praise; while the soul, that most perfect of all thy creations, is silent under its weight of conscious sorrow; for, beholding thy glory, there is ever a void unfilled, ever a thirst unquenched, ever a shroud being woven for the dead bodies of unrealized hopes. Yet these are but steps in the grand staircase of Eternal Progress, over which the soul must pass, or be forever excluded from the Court of Wisdom. Therefore we receive reverently and thankfully all thy gifts of life, whether they be of joy or sorrow; whether they come through darkness or light; whether they are crowned with thorns or flowers, for thy kingdom is from everlasting to everlasting; is all wisdom, all love, all perfectness, all life forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are now ready to answer your inquiries, if you have such to offer.

CHAIRMAN.—I have none to-day.

SPIRIT.—If the audience have any to propound that would be read with interest by the public, we are now ready to hear them.

QUES.—How do the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg differ from the teachings of modern Spiritualism?

ANS.—The fundamental idea from which the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg were born, accords well with modern Spiritualism. He believed in the communion of departed, or unclothed spirits. Modern Spiritualism teaches this. This was the life of all his teachings. He endeavored, through that one leading point, to prove to his followers there was a life after death; and in this way he portrayed that life according to the development of his own organic being. Also by the organic life of those by whom he was surrounded, he taught of that heaven, and also of that hell. To him there was a local hell in the hereafter. But this by no means proves that such a locality exists, except in the mind of ignorance. Hell is anywhere where suffering is; it matters not where that is. Emanuel Swedenborg was one of those sensitive persons, largely intuitive. He drank in the truth that was floating in the air, as the sponge drinks in the water. The truths that exist in different ages are adapted to the wants of those ages. The truths that Emanuel Swedenborg taught were adapted to the age he lived in. The truths that modern Spiritualism teaches are adapted to the wants of the people of this age.

Q.—Will you define the difference between sleep and stupor?

A.—Sleep is a suspension of the conscious action of the soul upon its external organism. Stupor is the same. We see no dividing line between them. Whatever produces this suspension of conscious soul-action, may be called sleep. You may call it stupor, if you will. They are but different terms signifying the same meaning. April 17.

Thomas Kinley.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" This question was never satisfactorily answered to my mind until I became a conscious intelligence beyond the tomb.

At three different times during my mortal existence I made very great efforts to receive some established Christian faith, but as soon as I began to question concerning the hereafter, as soon as I demanded proof of that hereafter, so soon I began to feel that there was something that could not be supplied. I began to feel that if religion was good, it was good only for this life. It carried us only to the boundaries of death, and there dropped us.

So I cannot in truth say that I was ever a believer in any particular religious faith. I had a hope in God. I hoped that I should live after death; and I hoped, also, that I should find favor with the Powers in control, so that I might enjoy happiness or heaven.

But I did not know concerning it—no one can know this until they have passed through death—did not know that we could pursue happiness, each in our own direction, just as we pursue it here. That was what I wanted; but no one could supply the want, so I fled of the out Church—I died without, so they said, a hope in Christ. But I had a hope.

Not three days before I died, I was told that I was dying without hope in Christ; that I must expect I should meet with condemnation hereafter.

Well, I said, I don't know about that. I have tried to do the best I could, and if my God hath created me, is not he also able to wash out all my sins? If he is not, then surely you are not. Salvation, I believe, if it comes at all, must come from the Powers ruling all life, and not from any priest, any bishop, or any person holding office in the Church. No; salvation must come direct from the Great Author of Life itself.

Well, I know it was a source of much unhappiness to my friends because I died as I did; at

least to those friends who were themselves in the Church, and blind worshippers of a still blinder philosophy.

But a man has died, and he lives again. That is proved to me; and more than that: I know I am now just as well capable of seeking for happiness, and finding it, as ever I was. I know I am in the grasp of an All-Wise and Perfect Intelligence; and I have come back to so declare, and to call the attention of my friends to this new Philosophy—no, not new, old Philosophy, called Spiritualism. I invite them to come and see for themselves. I invite them to see what glorious truths it contains.

I am sure I shall always go on through eternity; that I shall never die; that I shall only suffer just so much as I need to suffer, no more. If I do what is not in accordance with the laws of harmony, then I shall suffer, and ought to. But if I do that which is in strict accordance with the laws of harmony, I shall be happy forever I may be.

I have come some ways to speak to my friends. I may not be able to reach them; may not succeed in that direction; but if I do not, I shall at all events wash my own hands.

Thomas Kinley, of Manchester, Eng. And I want to distinctly inform those who stood by me when I was near the change, and thought I was going without a hope, that I had a hope, but I had no knowledge of an existence beyond the tomb. Now I have it, and so far as I can transmit it to you, I will, if you give me the opportunity. [How old were you?] Seventy-three. April 17.

Joseph Calrow.

I am here, sir, to redeem a little promise, made a few months before I came to try the realities of this life. For my own part, I never believed I should be called upon to redeem it, because I did not believe it would be possible. And I was to redeem it, if I found the way open.

Among the boys who went out in the 61st New York, there were many who believed that spirits could return, come back and talk, and I chanced to be frequently thrown in very close communion with them. So one afternoon, about sunset, just before going into action—we were expecting to go into action the next day; we did not, however, for some days thereafter, but we were expecting to go—the boys were speculating upon which way the battle would turn, and what was to "turn up," as we termed it, in the next world.

The boys who believed they could come back, were very sure they were going to be all right; let it turn which way it would, they should have no fears, for they felt they should live beyond death, and could return. But I did not so understand it. I thought perhaps it might be true, but their ideas were clothed in so much mystery that I could not see through them.

Well, it was proposed by one of the company that whoever went first should come back, if they could, making communication to those who were left. And as a proof of our identity, we were to tell who stole the horse. Well, the lot seems to have fallen upon me, the Jonah of the club. I'm back here to-day to redeem my promise, and also to own up to the stealing of the horse, if stealing it may be called. I got a fair chance to take the horse from rebellion, so I thought I'd do it. We had some little misunderstanding about it, and some half-dozen of us were put under guard for a short time, but it was never clearly known who stole it, until since my death. I believe they've ascertained that whoever of our number should go first, should return and tell about the horse. If they stole it, they were to own up to it; if not, they were to tell who did steal it.

Well, I believe that I've redeemed that unpleasant part of the promise, and all I've got to say is, if there's anything more to pay in the way of owing up, I'm ready to do it.

I'm not at all well posted in this returning business, but I was bound to come, anyway, and if I make a bad piece of work of it, you must attribute it to my greenness. I presume if any one of the number who had been posted in these post-mortem things, before death, had returned, they would have made a better piece of work of it than I have. They must take the will for the deed. I have done the best I could.

I suppose you never knew one Joseph Calrow, did you? [No.] Well, the old saying is, "the best of friends were strangers once." Who knows but you and I may be the best of friends yet?

Well, I'm here. I hailed from Company I, 61st New York. Farewell, Major. April 17.

Adelia Gaskins.

I'm so anxious to come back to those I've left, that I have overcome all that was in the way, and am here, earnestly praying that they may answer my call.

Adelia Gaskins was the name that was mine. I am from Virginia. I do not doubt that your mind may be carried there in dark visions; but the Virginians were not all to blame. Many of them would have much rather had peace than war.

I was born in Vermont; but in early life moved first to Pennsylvania, then to Virginia. I have left two children, and oh I am so anxious to go to them; I'd give the world, if I had it to give, for the power to go there as I come here.

Nearly all the male portion of my friends were in the army. And hearing as I did of the sickness of my husband, his brother and other friends, I started to their relief. I suppose after watching and anxiety, and all that which is ever near such scenes of woe, I became prostrated with what they called a nervous fever and died. But oh I've come back; I've heard that one of our colored people, one who was a slave in my family, is here. [In Boston?] Yes; and that is what first attracted me to this place, was her own sensitive powers. I believe she is one of these persons to whom we can come; but she does not know it. It was through her, through the attraction I felt for her, that I learned the way here. And I want now, if possible, to open communication with those who remain. Oh I want them to know I can come. It seems to me as if there is no other heaven for me. I cannot be happy without it. If I can succeed in coming to my friends, if my friends do receive what I here give, oh let them invite me home. And let them also return thanks to you for the kind way you've furnished us, as I do.

It is going on three years now, since I was here this way. [Since you passed on.] Yes sir. [What was your age?] Thirty-five. April 17.

Edward Lawrence.

How do you do, Mr. White man? I'm all right. [You seem to be familiar with my name.] Yes, sir; I am familiar with your name. I learned it from some of the boys that have been here. [You have quite the advantage of me.] Yes, sir; that's what we all have. We can come round when you do not know it.

My name is Lawrence—Edward Lawrence. I'm in my thirteenth year—was, and what was, is with us. That is, you know, we have to tell

how old we were when we died, and nobody wishes to tell what aint true. However, I've been in the spirit-land about six months; got pretty well acquainted there. I'm here, sir, to tell the folks how to get along there, and all about it, as well as I can.

I'm from Cincinnati. This is away down East, I take it. [This is Boston.] Well, that's down East, aint it? [Yes, to you.] Well, if you'll just be kind enough to say to the folks that I come, I'll be obliged. I feel so queer, I don't hardly know what to do. [You can't think, can you?] Yes, I can think well enough. There's no trouble about that. Oh I only feel just as I would if I was dressed up—was before a lot of ladies dressed up in women's clothes, that's all. [Never mind that.] I once put on my sister's clothes and went into the room where the folks were. I got so ashamed, my face got so red, that they knew me before I could carry out my plans. The folks all knew me. I'm just so here; thought I should n't be; thought I would n't be. Somehow or other, I feel ashamed here.

Another thing: just please to tell my father that I'm going to drive my own team on the other side. I'm happy, and I shall get along well, and there aint no chance of getting into bad company here. My mother used to think I would, if she didn't use the check-rein upon me. There's no need of it in the spirit-land. I reckon, on the whole, it's best I come, for there's no knowing what I might have come to. I reckon I know what I've come to—come to some sort of a good place where I'm going to tie up; aint going to yet.

I want sick long, and I didn't get very weak, but I had a confounded hard time of it while I was sick. [What was the matter?] Well, I don't know; some kind of an awful sore throat and fever. I reckon it was diphtheria. They didn't say that to me. I only think that was it, that's all.

It aint any use to cry about your folks that are dead. They're alive; I am; and that's what I thought when I was dead and saw them crying. I thought if they only knew where I was, they would n't cry much. [Where were you?] Oh I was there, fishing round for something.

I'd like to tell my father that I have a pony in the spirit-land there's no danger of my breaking my neck, because we have necks there what's a proof against breaking; that's so, Mister. He said if he got me a pony, the first thing he should hear of, would be that I'd broken my neck. So I just thought I'd tell him of that, remind him of that, and let him know I'm going to drive my own team on the other side. [What do you do?] Do? Most anything. Well, I've been fixing things to come; been getting acquainted. And as for the schools, every place you go to is a school; because if you want to know anything, there's always plenty ready to tell you.

So I'm well enough off; just say so, and I'll be obliged to you. If ever I get rich, I'll pay you. [Did you have any sisters?] Yes, one, older than I. [Is your mother living?] Yes, sir; father's living, and I'm living too. So we're all living. [What street did your parents live on?] Vine. [Are they there now?] I do n't know; suppose so. Well, good-by, this time. Much obliged to you, April 17.

Circle closed by Frederick Grey.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, our Father and our God, while the glory of this spring day blesses the external senses of thy children, so may the spring-time of holy thoughts, of divine resolutions, bless their inner lives, causing the bright buds and blossoms of good deeds, of kind words, of pure thoughts, to spring up in the garden of their souls, and find an expression through all their walks in human life; making that human life fairer than the fabled Eden of ancient days, wherein abideth not the tempter or the tempting; where the Spirit of Truth, whose attributes are mercy and love, shall dwell and reign forever, even forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—The audience are at liberty to propound such questions as would be read by the public with interest.

QUES.—Can healing mediums operate beneficially upon animals?

ANS.—Certainly; why not? Animals live by virtue of magnetic and electric life, therefore are susceptible to the healing influence of mediums, as are animals of a higher order, called human.

Q.—Was the Apostle Paul a Christian?

A.—A Christian? That depends upon how you would define Christianity, or a Christ life. He so determined. Others have determined otherwise. For our own part, we believe that he possessed quite as much Christianity, or quite as much of the Christ spirit as most professors do to-day.

Q.—Is it right to hang a man for murder?

A.—In our opinion it is not right. It is but trying to overcome evil with evil, and that, in our opinion, was never done. The lesser good, or that you call evil, can only be overcome by greater good, not by corresponding or lesser good. These judicial murders are but murders, and nothing else, and what makes the sin doubly heinous, is, that they are committed coolly, deliberately. Month after month spent in deliberating upon the very best means of murder. And yet society sanctions it to-day. But in the future she will not sanction it, thanks be to the Great Spirit of Justice.

Q.—How does the present condition of the country appear to you from a spiritual standpoint?

A.—Very much as Mount Vesuvius appeared before its eruption. There is an internal struggle between right and wrong; and, believe us, it will not long be kept beneath the surface. In our opinion you are on the threshold of another political crisis. It must come; you cannot escape it. It is one of the storms that must come to clear the political atmosphere. That atmosphere is full of death; full of all kinds of evil. It must be purified, cleansed. Nothing but commotion; warfare, can ever do it. As a thunder-storm clears the atmosphere, so these political storms clear your political life.

Q.—In what manner can healing mediums operate upon animals—by the laying on of hands?

A.—Yes. Deal with them as you would with the higher orders, with the exception of that which appeals to intelligence. They have not that intelligence that belongs to the human, therefore cannot be appealed to. But so far as the giving of electric and magnetic forces, are concerned, they can receive just as well as these human animals can receive. April 10.

Elizabeth Woods.

Elizabeth Woods, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. I have no parents to come to in this way. I have no brothers, no sisters, but I have friends; friends who are unhappy; who have no distinct knowledge of what is to come after death. Two of those friends said to me when I was sick, "Liz-

ie, if there is any hereafter, and you can come back, do come to us and tell us what you can." I said, "If I can come, I will," but I didn't think I should be able to; for I thought if religion was true, I should be very unhappy, and not permitted to come back. But I have found the best of friends in the spirit-world, and I have found all the relatives that I knew that had passed on, and not one of them was ready to condemn, but all ready to bless and to help.

So I found this spirit-world not what I had supposed, but very much like the earth world; and the occupations of individuals inhabiting the spirit-world correspond very nearly with what you see exhibited in earth-life. There are those who love the arts and sciences, and there are those who are never at peace or rest, unless they are hunting up some one to do good to, who have need of their aid; and so on, through all the great things, they are busy. But I don't find any who feel that they have any right to condemn others. They say that that place of ignorance belongs to earth, and there let it remain. It has never been carried to the spirit-world.

You will excuse me that I speak of this thing, because I know my friends are so disturbed. In the spirit-world you can be what you desire to be, and there is no hindrance, except that which exists in yourself; and as you progress in wisdom, you have power to overcome that. So you're gloriously free; not bound to poverty, nor to any particular faith; you're only bound to answer the rules of your own being. It is true there are those there who have passed from earth-life, in bitterness of spirit toward some of their fellow creatures, and they are revengeful, and desire to do those who they fancy have terribly wronged them, injury. But these persons through the earth, are right on the earth, and never go away from the earth. Because they do not occupy the space that belongs to you, you cannot see them; but they are with you. So when you send your criminals, as you suppose, to the spirit-world, you only deprive them of their bodies and keep them with you, freed, so they can do all the harm they please.

There is nothing to fear after death, and the passing through the change is only hard because you fear it. Why, I've suffered more, many, many times during fits of sickness, than I suffered passing through death. I feared to die because I feared the hereafter. But the suffering is only in the fear. I want you all to remember this: not to fear death, but know there is a home beyond the tomb, where you can live out all the highest aspirations of your being; where it matters not what you have been. There is the fairest of all chances of your becoming what you want to.

My friends will expect this message. I lived on earth twenty years; was in my twenty-first year when I passed on. April 19.

Colonel Thomas McCaster.

I gladly avail myself of the very beautiful method you have so kindly furnished us, in returning to speak with those we have left. I did not even know that spirits could return. I had no real, fixed faith in a hereafter, even, but it is knowledge to me now.

I wish to make a few statements concerning my own manner of departure from the earth. My friends are under the impression that I was murdered, against the rules of war, which is a mistake; a very great mistake. I was shot according to the rules of war, and died as a soldier should die. I have been pained to know that my friends have suffered, because they have supposed that I died a lingering death, and was very roughly used.

Now if you will be kind enough to say that Colonel Thomas McCaster visited your séance room, declaring that he died according to the rules of war, that he did not suffer much, finds himself in a condition to return and speak to them; and more than that, is very anxious to speak with them, as he comes speaking at this place, he will be under great obligations to you.

My friends—the most part of them—those to whom I most wish to make an appeal to, are in Texas—Galveston.

I am satisfied with the way of living in the spirit-world. It is beautiful beyond conception. Instead of being cast out as waifs upon an unknown ocean, we are cared for so lovingly, so beautifully, there is no chance for complaint. Everything our souls desire is furnished us—even this glorious method of return, by which we can communicate with those who are dear to us. April 19.

John Conners.

John Conners, sir, from Cambridgeport. I've been something of a long while in making my way back here, but thanks be to the God who rules, I am back here at last. I am from the 35th Massachusetts, sir; lost me life, like the other one did, in battle, but not on the same side, however.

Now, sir, it so happened in the army that I heard about these things; about the power to come back, you know. But I had no faith in it. Oh, I thought it was one of the snares of the devil to get folks into. But I see through it now plain enough, although I could n't when I was here. And now just what I want is to help revolutionize our own people, our own countrymen, for oh, they have chains around them that are stronger than the chains of Queen Vic; yes, they have, and I want to show them how to get free from their chains; want them to know about these things. Oh, I want them to come right where I am, and see whether we are the persons we really pretend to be, and not stand about seven miles off, as a certain regiment that went out from this State did, waiting for the enemy to come up to them. I hope they won't take any offense if they see this. Yes, sir, they planted their guns so their fire would drive right against the side of the mountain, and not do a divil of a bit of harm to their countrymen. Oh yes, they were some of the cowards, though there's not many of them in the army. There's once in a while a gang that's a little cowardly. So I don't want my folks to show themselves cowards, but let the Church go where it belongs, and let us come before the Church, and give us the chance to talk to them. That's it, that's the way. We'll abide by the Church in all other things; but in this. If the Church interferes, we'll put her under our feet; for if we don't, there's no knowing but to-morrow she may get her feet upon your neck and trample you down.

To my wife Julia I'd come; I'd like, just the first of all, to come to her. Now what's the way? What's the way to come to her alone? [You'll have to ask her to find you a medium.] Well, then, I'll say for my wife to find me one. I want me folks what know me to get me some medium, so I can come; and if I don't make myself known, then I'll go back and learn me lesson over again. Now you see, sir, I'm no orator at all. I am here telling the truth without regard to me language. I'm telling the story just as it comes into me, head. [You can't be better than yourself.] Well, I see I'm not. But I'd like to go straight to my wife now; but the ropes are up, and I must stay outside the ring, I suppose. [Is your wife in

Cambridgeport?]. Yes, sir; in what is called Dublin. It's not the old Dublin of the Green Isle, by any means, but it's the Dublin of Cambridgeport. I could go there and be your pilot just as well as not. [Could you?] Oh yes, sir, I could do that, but it's agin the rules to take the medium from this room, I understand, so I'm not going to ask anything of that sort. I'll only ask that they'll come to me. Good-by, sir. God bless you for all you do for me. April 19.

Ida Taylor.

Ida Taylor, was nine years old. I'm from Hoboken, and I've been dead since September. But now I've come home to make a visit, a little one. [Can't you speak a little louder?] I can, only I was afraid, that's all. [Speak just as if your mother were here.] She aint here; no, she's in Hoboken. She aint here where I can speak. [Speak as if she were.] Well, I want her to come where I can, like that soldier did. And I want my clothes given away too, for my teacher says that it's a shame they should not be doing somebody some good. I want 'em to be given away, so they'll do somebody some good. And I want my mother to know I'm going to school, and I like, and I've got over being homesick. So they said I could come home on a little visit, to talk a little. I was feeling bad because my mother was n't with me.

I don't know who you are. Who be you? [My name is White.] Well, if I go to her, I'll tell her I've been to see Mr. White; shall I? [Yes.] And I'll tell her to come to see you? [If you like.] Would you like to see her? [I should.] What makes me say that is because she said, when father was away and was sick, if she could only know, if she could only see those who were taking care of him in his last hours, those he was giving his last words to, as she thought, she should be reconciled. And I thought perhaps your knowing about me, if she could see you and talk with you, she might be reconciled. She aint now. She's feeling bad all the time. Well, I'll go. Good-night. April 19.

Circle closed by William Berry.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLE.

Thursday, July 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Harriet Hubbard, to Mrs. Amy Hubbard, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Edwin W. White, to his wife; Georgiana Goldsmith, to her mother, in New York City.

DONATIONS.

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.
RECEIVED FROM
Lady friend, Vermont.....\$30.00
Friend....." 20
L. S. Con, Staunton, Ill....." 1.00
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Dr. Carter, Lowell, Mass....." 1.00
J. Pratt....." .50

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AS RECEIVED FROM
C. Schenck, San Francisco, Cal.....\$ 13
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THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not for gold to glid

With meekness and a weary frame;

The yearning of the mind is still'd—

I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,

Melting in heaven's blue depths away—

Oh! sweetest fond dream of human love—

For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,

I make my humble wishes known—

I only ask a will resigned

Oh, Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,

I crave atonement for peace and rest,

Submissive in the hand and to the will,

And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,

A miracle our life and death;

A mystery which I cannot pierce,

Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,

In vain the sage's thought I scan;

I only feel how weak and vain,

How poor and blind is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,

And longs for light whereby to see,

And, like a weary child, would come,

Oh, Father, unto Thee

