

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIX.

\$3.00 PER YEAR.
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

(SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.)

NO. 21.

Literary Department.

SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

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

[Concluded.]

The Interview with the Burgomaster.

The Burgomaster smiled, and continued:
"Herr Von Hahn, they take you for the spectre
visitor—for an apparition out of our old legends;
and although I must laugh over the childish
foolish imaginings of our citizens, I cannot—you
will pardon my frankness—conceal my own sur-
prise at the striking resemblance you bear to the
hero of our terrible story. I take it for granted
you did not intend to play off a joke, and that
you are unacquainted with the legend. I will re-
late it to you as I have heard it told by several
persons."

Herr Von Hahn's curiosity was actively aroused.
The Burgomaster said:
"It is probably the first time that a nursery tale
has been repeated officially," and with smiling
good humor he told the tale.

"Now I can account for all," said Herr Von
Hahn, laughing heartily, as the Burgomaster fin-
ished. "The lovely ladies of Herbesheim fear for
their tender necks."

"Jesting aside, sir, much of it, to me, is yet un-
accountable. I believe in the most curious whims
of chance; but here the capricious god plays his
game so strangely, I am somewhat tempted to
still harbor a little suspicion against you."

"How! Herr Burgomaster, you cannot believe
that I am the man of your fable, who visits Her-
besheim but once a century, to slaughter innocent
doves of maidens?"

"Not that; but you may have heard of the
story, and taken advantage of your stature and
appearance to frighten our Herbesheim beauties.
Wherefore, for instance, did you choose the first
Advent Sunday for your arrival—and that on a
day of storm and rain—if you knew nothing
about the fable?"

"You are right, Herr Burgomaster; the coinci-
dence is strange; it astonishes me! But I can
assure you I am as ignorant of the fable as of
the legend; and only now have the pleasure of
being informed that I arrived on the first Sunday
in Advent. And I can assure you, on my oath,
that I did not order the rain; on the contrary, I
would gladly have protested against it, for the
bad weather made me feel very uncomfortable."

"But how can you explain your movement to-
ward the neck of your host? Did you know noth-
ing of our 'Spectre Guest' and his celebrated
grip?"

Herr Von Hahn laughed merrily.
"Alas! that was the reason the poor devil bent
down so low! The host mistook a friendly ges-
ture—I wanted to tap him on the shoulder, and
he thought the movement suspicious."

"One thing more, Herr Von Hahn: are you ac-
quainted with the spinster Weasel?"

"With many a weasel, sir; but with no spinster
of that beautiful name."

"It is said you visited her, and even entered at
the back door."

"The back door of the spinster Weasel's? Oh,
now I understand. At the mention of the back
door I recognize the goddess of your policeman.
Now I comprehend clearly the words and en-
treates he made use of."

"One word more, Herr Von Hahn. You will
observe that I am informed of your every step,
and the secret police of Herbesheim is equal to
the best in Paris, even in the times of the mas-
ter spies, Fouché and Savary. Although I can
account for everything in a natural manner, and
without suspecting you of willfully designing to
alarm our citizens, yet must I ask one more ques-
tion. If you did not wish to play the part of our
traditional 'Spectre,' please tell me how it was
that in so short a time you became so familiar
with Fraulein Bantes, whom you had never seen
before this morning; that in the course of a quar-
ter of an hour, you—I know not how I shall say
it—"

"So that, too, you have been informed of?" said
the young man, with some embarrassment, and a
fleeting blush overspread the pale face.

This did not escape the sharp eye of the Burgo-
master.

"I ask you again to pardon my inquisitiveness,
sir," said the Burgomaster; "you know that offi-
cers of the law and physicians have the privilege
of putting indiscreet questions. And you are
aware that the 'Spectre' has the fame of bewitch-
ing or fascinating the ladies in an incredibly short
time; that is an art you may be in possession of
without being taken for a ghost."

Herr Von Hahn was silent awhile, then he re-
plied:

"Herr Burgomaster, I am becoming more afraid
of you than the entire community can possibly
be of my black-coat. The walls must reveal
everything to you; for I was alone with the am-
iable Fraulein Bantes only a very short time this
morning, if that is what you alluded to by using
the word familiar. But you will excuse me if I
remain silent on this point. Either the walls have
communicated everything to you, or not; if
the latter, it is not proper for me to say aught re-
garding my conversation with the lady, unless
she desires it."

The Burgomaster nodded in acquiescence, and
waived the subject by inquiring:

"Do you remain with us any length of time,
sir?"

"I shall depart to-morrow. My business here
is finished, and I have no desire to play the part
of an evil spirit. I do not believe that chance
has ever played a wilder trick to living mortal, to

make me resemble your terrible spectre of the
ancient chronicles."

The promise of speedy departure pleased the
Burgomaster exceedingly. The conversation con-
tinued on other topics for some time, and then the
stranger took his leave.

The Burgomaster, although he had no reason
to doubt the integrity of the visitor, yet thought
the coincidence wonderful of his appearance and
the combination of circumstances that attended
his coming. He went to the window to observe
with what mingled curiosity and alarm the people
would look on the supposed spectre. But to his
great astonishment, the stranger did not leave the
house. The Burgomaster waited more than a
quarter of an hour, yet he appeared not on the
street. He rang his bell, the servant came at the
summons, and was questioned. The man de-
clared he had stood by the front door for an hour,
and had seen no gentleman in black come from
the house.

The servant was dismissed.

"That does look somewhat ghostly and suspi-
cious," murmured the Burgomaster; and he went
again to the window. In a short time the serv-
ant came back uncalled for, and said the wait-
ing-maid was sitting in the kitchen, pale as death,
and weeping bitterly, telling every one the "Spec-
tre Bridgroom" was alone with the Burgoma-
ster's daughter. The young lady seemed much
pleased with the dreadful visitor, and received
him like a friend; he had presented her with a
pair of sparkling bracelets, and had talked with
her in a low and confidential tone. The wait-
ing-maid had seen all this, but did not comprehend it;
and the young mistress had sent her out of the
room.

The Burgomaster laughed, but ceased when he
heard of the bracelets, looked grave when he was
told of the low talking, and when it came to the
sending away of the maid, he had lost all desire
to make laughing out of the matter. He told the
man to begone.

"Bracelets? Whistling with my Minnie! How
does he know her? Jesus Maria! how can the
girl be so familiar with him all at once? Indeed,
he is determined, after all said and done, to per-
sonate the Spectre!"

This he said to himself, and thought of running
to his daughter's room and surprising her and
the unwelcome visitor; then he felt ashamed of
his growing superstition, and he restrained his
anxiety. Another quarter of an hour elapsed;
at length he grew weary of waiting, and hastened
to his daughter. She sat alone by her window,
and was absorbed in pleased contemplation of
the fine bracelets.

"What are you doing, Minnie?" he asked with
a quivering voice.

She replied without hesitation: "I am looking
at a present the Herr Von Hahn has left me with
for Rika Bantes. He leaves the city early in the
morning, and has reasons for not returning to
Rika's house. I do not understand it. Her in-
tention to leave so soon; and I am to deliver the
gift."

"And since when do you know him, or he know
you?" stammered her father.

"I became acquainted with him this morning,
as I was visiting Rika and her mother. I shud-
dered when I first looked on him; the very Spec-
tre himself! But he is an excellent gentleman.
As he was leaving you, papa, I just stepped out
of my room, he remembered me, and politely re-
quested me to present these to his intended."

Minnie told all this without the slightest em-
barrassment, and the Burgomaster felt that all
had been explained. But on the following morn-
ing he sent a policeman to inquire whether the
troublesome stranger had really left the city.

New Alarm.

The Burgomaster, a man without prejudice or
superstition, nevertheless passed a sleepless night.
In the night, by moon or starlight, or in the ab-
sence of all light, the outer world assumes a dif-
ferent aspect; and so also the inner world of man.
The religious element is active then; the soul is
more inclined toward a belief in the marvelous,
the wonderful, despite of the remonstrances of
prudent reason. Reason is the day-sun of the spirit;
all is illumined by her beams. The faith of feel-
ing and imagination is the night-moon of the soul;
all things assume weird, and sometimes unfa-
miliar, as well as lovely forms, beneath its magic
and uncertain light.

The Burgomaster thought over the Herr Von
Hahn's arrival; the day and state of the weather;
the surmises to which his coming gave ex-
pression to; his appearance; the costly gifts; his
speedy acquaintance with Minnie, who was be-
trothed also; then the story of the spinster Weasel.
The young milliner had confessed to the
policeman, her lover, that the stranger in black
had appeared to her in the twilight; that he had
entered the shop and bought some trifle; but she
declared she had never seen him before, and
knew nothing of his entrance by the back gate.

All this had been told the Burgomaster by the po-
liceman, and it aroused in him strange thoughts.

He could not deem the visitor some arrant jest-
er; he looked too thoughtful and grave for that.
And Herr Bantes, a sworn foe to all superstition,
had related such inexplicable occurrences, that it
was no wonder, all combined, that he passed a
restless night.

Before the policeman, sent by order of the Burgo-
master, could reach the "Black Cross," the
people on the street told him that the Spectre
with his servant had suddenly disappeared, no
one knew how, or whether he had gone. He had
taken neither carriage nor horse; had left by
none of the city gates, and could nowhere be
found. The statement of mine lost corroborated
this; he took the policeman into the room that
had been occupied by the so-called Herr Von
Hahn. All was in the best order, as if no one had
dwelt there; the bed had not been slept in;
every article of furniture was in its place; no
trunk or coffer, not a garment, bit of ribbon, or

piece of paper, not a vestige of a living occupant.
On the table lay the full key for the accommoda-
tions received, in glistening silver plates; but
which with prudent forethought mine host did
not dare to touch.

"Let who will take that Satan's money!" he
cried. "We all know the key is no blessing upon
it! If I put it in my pocket, it would all turn to
some worthless trash or other. I will present it
to the poor in the City Hospital; I will have
nothing to do with it."

The policeman took the money and conveyed
it to the Superintendent of the Hospital.

The rumor of the sudden and mysterious disap-
pearance of the stranger, spread throughout Her-
besheim with a lightning speed. Herr and Frau
Bantes, as soon as they arose from their beds,
heard the tidings from the servant girls, and soon
after the report was circulated by the book-keep-
er and cashier.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Herr Bantes; "what
say you to this?" he asked his wife. "I am glad
he is gone. You will believe now that all was
not right. I tell you, that one was never the son
of my old friend, Hahn. Who ever would have
believed in such foolish stories, if one were not an
eye-witness to such unaccountable proceed-
ings?"

Frau Bantes expressed her doubts concerning
the reliability of the statements made; the cashier
was sent to the "Black Cross" Hotel; he returned
with a corroboration of all the foregoing. Frau
Bantes could only smile, and gave no further
reply. She was not willing to give up her reason-
ing powers to such popular weakness of super-
stition.

Suddenly Herr Bantes sprang from his seat,
looking so deathly pale that his wife trembled
for him. For a long time he could not and would
not speak. At last, with a faint and faltering
voice, he said:

"Mother, if the one is true, the other may be."
"What, for heaven's sake?"

"Do you think Frederika is yet sleeping? We
were awake some time before getting up—have
you heard any sound from her chamber—a foot-
step—the moving of a chair?"

"Do speak, papa; you do not suspect the child
is—"

"If the one is true, the other may be. It would
be too dreadful! Mamma, I have not the courage
to look after her!"

"What do you believe she—"
"Alas, yes—her neck broken!"

The old gentleman, tortured by parental anx-
iety, stepped on tiptoe to Frederika's chamber.
Frau Bantes followed softly. He laid a trembling
hand upon the door, and opened it noiselessly; he
scarcely dared to breathe; and as he heard no
voice, he hesitated before he ventured to glance
at the bed.

"Do you look, mamma," he whispered, with
increasing alarm.

"She is sleeping sweetly," said his wife.
He turned his eyes. His daughter lay there un-
harmless, the delicate face, with the eyes closed in
morning slumber, still in its natural position.

"But is she alive?" said Herr Bantes; and
doubting the evidence of his senses, he deemed
the rising and fall of her breath but a play of his
fancy. Only when he took her warm hand was
he thoroughly convinced; and all fear left him as
he awakened by the touch, she opened her eyes, and
in delighted surprise bade both parents a smiling
"Good-morning."

Mamma explained to her the cause of the early
visit, and told her of the sudden departure of the
Herr Von Hahn, and the anxiety it had caused
her father, and all were contented and cheerful.

All's Well that Ends Well.

They were still more contented and happy that
evening, as, sitting around the supper-table, they
heard the sound of carriage wheels, which ceased
before their door. Frederika, listening intently,
cried out, "It is Waldrich!" and sprang from her
seat.

All hastened to meet him. Father Bantes gave
him a more cordial welcome than ever before, and
clasped him in his arms. A thousand questions
had to be asked and replied to. At length Father
Bantes put a stop to the noisy proceedings, and
assigned to the Captain his accustomed place at
table. But the lively, joyous, noisy talk com-
menced anew.

"Only think," cried Herr Bantes, "only think,
my treasure! my little Captain! we have had the
Spectre, the devil's fellow, and the like, here in
Herbesheim, in this very house! What say you
to that? Yes; and what do you think? he had
fished out his three brides within twenty-four
hours. At the head was the maiden Frederika;
then Burgomaster's Minnie; and for the third,
the spinster Weasel, at the milliners. We have all
been afraid as little children, and the like—every-
body in the city."

The Commandant laughed heartily, and said:
"I have taken dinner with him. I met him at
the Inn at Quenberg. You mean the Herr Von
Hahn, I presume, and no other?"

Herr Bantes smiled, but said impatiently:
"Herr Von Hahn here, or Herr Von Hahn there—
let him be who he will, he was the Spectre, as
he lives and moves; and such a one does not get
my Frederika, even if he was the Herr Von Hahn,
and so on. For I would not wish to live to have
cold shivers all over me every time I looked at
my son-in-law. If he is the son of my friend, so
much the worse for him; he looks exactly as you
described the ghost."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, "he is innocent
of all that. When I was called upon to relate the
legend, I could, in my haste, find no other original
for my hero than even our Herr Von Hahn. I
thought of him because just then he was doubly
repulsive to me. Last summer, as I was ordered
to Herbesheim with my company, as the capital
was only a few miles out of my way, I stopped
there a few hours. At the public table at the ho-

tel I saw the remarkable figure of the Herr Von
Hahn—a head taller than other mortals, with
such striking pallor of countenance, such con-
trasting raven-black hair, and black clothing. I
was informed he was the son of the celebrated
banker. I was indifferent to his existence then,
but I could not forget his face and form, and still
less could I help thinking of him when he ceased
to be an object of indifference—you will permit
me to say—because I knew that he was a suitor
for Frederika's hand."

"Thunder!" cried Herr Bantes, and he laughed
and rubbed his hands and stroked his forehead.
"Stratagem of a rival! Nothing more nor less!
No one dreamed of such a thing, not even the all-
knowing Herr Burgomaster and his police. How
was it I did not think, when I first saw the young
man, that the cunning Captain here had seen him,
and had carved the Spectre from his looks? We
old folks do remain children, and the like, until
we have grey hairs. But, Sir Commandant, you
are accountable for some strange doings. The
young Hahn will be terribly angry; he will rave
and curse, remembering how he was treated here.
He will call me an old ninny, a Hans Kasper,
and so forth."

"Nothing of the kind, papa," said Waldrich.
"On the contrary, he is content with the turn
matters have taken. He sends his kindest re-
gards by me to yourself, mamma, and Fraulein
Frederika. He and I have become fast friends
this day. We have confessed to each other the
secrets of our hearts. At first, as we sat at the
same table eating our soup, we were distant as
strangers. He was silent and gloomy, though he
did not know me. I was the same, because I did
not know him, and thought he was on his way to
Herbesheim. By chance, as we exchanged a few
polite words, I heard that he came from here, and
was on his way home. Then a pardonable curi-
osity took possession of me to know more. Of
course I could not deny I was well acquainted in
Herbesheim; that I was Commandant of the City."

"Ah!" he exclaimed cheerfully, and gave me his
hand across the table, you are my fortunate rival,
for whose happiness I have to be grateful. Thus
our acquaintance began, and frankness was the
order of the day. Papa, he said, Fraulein Frede-
rika had told him she was betrothed to me, and
had entreated him not to render herself and me
unhappy for life. And he in return had kissed
her hand and said that, although he had yielded
implicit obedience to his father's will, yet his heart
was not in the plan, and he had hoped by his man-
ner to change the current of events; for he secretly
loved a young girl in the capital, the daughter
of a professor, who was possessed of little other
wealth than that of his intellect and spirit, which,
to the view of the old banker, was equivalent to
naught. The worldly father had forbidden the
son to think of the professor's daughter, under
penalty of disinheritance; the young gentleman
had vowed fidelity to his beloved, and was deter-
mined to marry her after his father's death."

"What!" cried Herr Bantes, with unbounded
surprise. "And you heard all this from himself,
Frederika? Children, it comes into my mind you
are all making a fool of me! Why did you not
tell me any syllable of all this?"

Frederika kissed his hand and replied:
"Recollect, papa, and do not reproach your
Frederika. Do not you remember when I returned
so joyfully from my interview with the Herr Von
Hahn, and praised him to you, and wanted to tell
you everything, how angry you were? Do not you
remember how you forbade me to speak, and to
reward my silent obedience you promised to ex-
change Waldrich there for the Herr Von Hahn?
Do you remember?"

"Is that so? Did I say that? There is nothing
in the world like obedience, when one's own in-
terest is benefited thereby!"

"Was I not compelled to obey? Did you not
threaten to lock dear mamma and myself in the
cellar if we did not—"

"Very well, you chatterbox! Do not place my
sins before me. But as you had been gossiping
with the young Hahn, could you not tell him
what a curious prejudice there was against him?
He could, of course, have convinced us to the con-
trary. At least, you should have given him a be-
coming reason for our behaviour toward him."

"I did so. As soon as he found there was no
room to let him in my heart, he brightened, and
told me a like history of his own heart. A better
cause for separation was never known. You
know, mamma and I had invited him to dinner,
but—"

"Do still! Captain, go on! So he was not at all
angry with us? What must he think of us honest
Herbesheimers? Does he not think we all
turned crazy on the Advent day, and the like?"

Waldrich answered:
"He did believe something of that sort. The
behaviour of the people here must have been
remarked by him, for he told me some amusing
incidents of the universal terror. And when the
Burgomaster told him of the legend, and that he
was taken for the ghost of the 'Winter King,'
who departed this life some two centuries ago, he
deemed our people crazier than ever, and he was
much amused by the panic he had innocently
occasioned."

"And for which you alone, with your terrifying
story, are responsible," said Frederika. "You, Sir
Captain, do not forget it. Who knew anything
about the appearance of the Spectre before the
first Winter party. On the next day, every child
on the street knew all about it."

"Well, I was honest enough to confess my sin
to the Herr Von Hahn, as soon as I could regain
my voice from the fit of laughter that assailed
me. That his figure floated before my mind's eye
during the narrative, is surely pardonable. But
at that time I should sooner have believed in the
fall of the heavens, than in such results occurring
through the means of my innocent story. Herr
Von Hahn joined me in laughing with all his
might. He in turn told me, that in order to
strengthen the superstitious fancy, and to amuse

himself at the expense of the enlightened people
of Herbesheim, he had played all sorts of pranks.
To torment a policeman who was in love, he went
to see his intended at a milliner's shop. To fright-
en the hotel keeper, he had pretended to retire
early, so as to be ready for departure the follow-
ing morning; but he had his trunk carried out of
the city gate in the darkness of the evening; had
gone on foot and by moonlight to the nearest vil-
lage, and after resting there, had taken a convey-
ance to the first post-station. Seldom have two
mortals initiated so well the inextinguishable
laughter of the Homeric Gods over Vulcan's ac-
tivity in Olympus. We enjoyed vastly the terri-
fied condition and active state of alarm into
which the Herbesheimers had been thrown. We
two reconciled rivals entered into a compact of
friendship, and conversed at length, and parted
with the best of understanding."

Father Bantes, although he smiled at the rela-
tion of Waldrich's adventures, seemed to be at
war with himself: vexation and cheerfulness al-
ternated in a strange manner on his face. Frede-
rika caressed him tenderly, for she read well the
struggle passing in his breast. She kissed the
frown from his forehead every time it appeared.

"Children," said Herr Bantes, "you see now
what a train of follies and absurdities wait upon
superstition. And even I, who call myself an
old philosopher, have put on the cap and bells and
followed with the rest. I ought to feel ashamed,
and find it laughable to make excuses for poor
human nature. It remains so. Let no one be-
lieve himself strong, exempted, steadfast on his
feet, and so on. Let him rather take care that he
does not stumble. Mamma, order a bowl of
punch, that we may have a cheerful time with
our Captain here. I say too, that means my own
self, for you, mamma, carry off a complete
victory of enlightenment, and are cheerful enough
in consequence. And you, Frederika, do not
seem in the least troubled, for you have gained
an entire victory for your love."

The good mother gave her hand to the young
man, with a truly maternal smile, and said:
"Do you understand the meaning of papa's
words?"

"I do not," replied the Commandant, coloring
and embarrassed; "but I wish I could venture to
understand."

"Mamma, order the punch. Leave all unne-
cessary talking, and the like; we must drive away
the recollection of the silly story. Even the
strongest and most courageous person, who has
heard dozens of balls whistling around his ears,
has his moments of foolishness. The man who
has circumnavigated the globe, may lose his way
in a simple walk, when he did not lose himself in
the most distant lands and furthest seas. The
most pious, purest child of heaven in the cloister,
may think of the outside world for a moment, like
any other daughter of Eve. The most sensible
man under the moon, may have his day when
any Tom-fool has more sense than he has."

"Dear papa," entreated Frederika, coaxingly,
"do talk of something else. For instance—do
commence about something different."

"Appropos, my Captain," resumed Herr Bantes,
"do you know that I have sold you? For the
sake of being rid of the 'Spectre,' I have sold you
to Frederika, there. Do not be vexed with me
for so summarily disposing of you during your
absence. As your former guardian, I believed
myself entitled to take such a liberty. Frederika,
take him. Be happy together."

Both rose from their seats and fell around his
neck.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Waldrich, away with
the uniform!"

"I will away with it," said the Captain, with
tears of joy in his eyes.

"And take your discharge from the military,
for Frederika lives with her parents, and I have
given you to her, but not her to you. There-
fore—"

"I will demand my discharge to-morrow, papa."
"Children," cried Herr Bantes, as he escaped
from the embraces and caresses of the young peo-
ple, "your joy has something strangulating, and
the like, about it. Mamma, bring on the punch!"

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common
truth.

Such as men give and take from day to day,
Come in the common ways of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across the way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, the perfunctory bow,
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by
chance,
Not waited on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggles of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid crowd and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal dainties;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in
might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the
light.

Wring from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-plowed
field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

To preserve tomatoes for winter and early sum-
mer use, the most economical mode for family
purposes is to put them into wide-mouthed jars,
holding two or three or more quarts, according to
the size of the family. The tomatoes, previously
to their going into winter quarters, are merely
cooked without seasoning of any sort, and put
while hot into the jars, which should be filled
full and the covers driven home tightly and tied
down. Preserved in this manner, they keep as
fresh almost as when first picked from the vine.

Children's Department.

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

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

SELFISHNESS: AND THE TROUBLE IT BRINGS.

[Continued.]

Lucy, sitting in the sunshine of a glorious autumn day, saw the far-off sky and thought of heaven; looked at the crimson maple and thought of Gertie; and down to the soft shadows on the grass and dreamed of Christie; and a sweet content stole into her heart, as she remembered that she had not listened to Christie's persuasions to go a-boating, and had urged him to take Gertie instead. And the peace of self sacrifice shone out on her face and gleamed in her eye. But she had not long to dream.

"Lucy, Bessie is waking; go and see to her." And Bessie, with a little querulous note, announced that Lucy's rest for the day was over in that one short, sweet dream. All day long the baby fretted, and Lucy sang, and rocked, and walked the room with the little one; and once, as she glanced out toward the river, she saw the boat gliding by and heard a merry laugh—she knew it was Gertie's—like a little ripple of the stream. When her arms ached, she remembered that laugh and was glad Gertie was happy; and she grew rested again. There is nothing that will rest the body, as well as the spirit, like loving thoughts.

The baby grew more and more fretful, and its pale face became more sunken, and it clung to Lucy with a desperate clasp, and looked up into her eyes with a longing eagerness, that made Lucy almost tremble.

"How the little thing loves you," said Mr. Vane. "Perhaps you are lending its little spirit to its home."

Lucy did not understand what Mr. Vane meant, and looked up doubtfully.

"The little one must die, Lucy. I see it in the far-off look of the eye. Did you ever think that your love was like a beautiful warm garment to wrap the child in, and that it might take that garment to heaven? And then, when the little one is there, some part of yourself will seem to be in heaven?"

Lucy held closer the dear little form, and thought many beautiful thoughts of the heaven it was going to; and before they knew it, while they thought the little one was going to sleep, its little spirit, wrapped by the mantle of its father's and Lucy's love, was taken by the angels, and its pains all soothed, and its weariness changed to sweet rest. Those were sad days for Lucy, for she missed the voice that called so constantly, and knew not what to do with her hands, that had been so ready to tend the little sick, fretful baby. She folded up the soft blankets, and laid aside the little socks, and kissed the ivory rattle, and wondered if the little one needed them now. And Mrs. Vane wept a little and then went to her bed and read, that she might forget all troubles.

Thus Lucy was released from her duties, and might go home if she chose. But she knew that the days at home were more prosperous than when she left. Gertie led Arthur into many delights, and she was constantly planning means to gratify her selfishness. Good Mrs. Clipp first gave up her sugar, then her tea and coffee, then her butter and eggs, and lived as simply as possible, that Gertie might be gratified; and she never dreamed that she was helping make Gertie more unlovely by every sacrifice which gratified her selfishness. Mrs. Clipp's work paid so poorly that she had to employ every moment in order to earn what was necessary for their daily use. She found debt after debt coming upon her without the means of paying it; for what Gertie began as a sort of experiment, she continued to practice. Good Mrs. Clipp remonstrated a little at first, but her kind heart was soon to forgive Gertie, and she always trusted that something would happen by-and-by to make her quite at ease again.

But Lucy, in her visits at home, saw her mother's anxious, careworn face, and wished more and more to be able to help her. For this reason she dreaded to go back again, and lose the chance of carrying every week the fifty cents that she earned by her care of the baby, and she gladly heard Mr. Vane say:

"How Lucy, if you wish to remain with us you can. Mrs. Vane needs some one to help her. But you must remember that you will have many things to bear. People will call you a servant, but I shall call you my dear little friend; and I shall feel as if you were giving me every day little glimpses of heaven; for a loving spirit can always open the gates of Paradise, and carry the tired, weary souls in for a little rest and refreshment. I don't think, Lucy, that I should ever know anything of the bread of heaven, if some gentle souls here on earth did not feed me with their love and goodness."

So Lucy staid to be Mr. Vane's friend, but to be esteemed as a servant by Kitty and Bertie-Prang. And she was able to carry her dollar home to her mother every week through all the winter. Kitty and Bertie went to school with Christie that winter, and Lucy thought what a pity that Gertie should not go, just because she had no books; and Lucy wondered how books could be bought for her. This wonder became a little prayer of asking; for every night when she had thought of the baby in heaven, she thought of the angels too, and if they could not help her to get books for Gertie.

Many a sweet dream Lucy had of the baby. Sometimes she saw it, with its sunny, glad face, playing with flowers, so bright and glowing that Lucy wondered where they grew. Sometimes she sat on the soft velvet carpet of a room, and her little baby fingers clasped beautiful toys, that were shaped like flowers. Sometimes she was borne in a little carriage like a shell in form, and crowded and laughed, as the pet animals followed her or licked her baby hands.

And all these dreams made a beautiful place that Lucy called heaven; and so at home did she feel there, that when she awoke she thought she had been living with Bessie, and had brought back to earth some of the golden glory that seemed to shine over about the little child. Perhaps she did, for she was gentle when Mrs. Vane fretted, and patient when she imposed hard tasks upon her. But Lucy dreamed also about the loving angels that delight to bless the earth, and she could understand how they could answer her prayers. So she often prayed about the books for Gertie, and was sure that she should find some way to obtain them.

Mrs. Vane was very ill and could bear to have no one about her but Lucy, who patiently watched by her side and answered all her wishes. When she had recovered, Mr. Vane told Lucy that he

wished to do something for her, and preferred to ask her what it should be. She did not hesitate to ask for the books for Gertie.

"But I wished to do something for you," said he.

"If you please," said Lucy, doubtfully, "that will be for me. I shall be so glad to think that Gertie is at school, that I shall feel as if some great good had come to me."

Lucy found on her table the next day a package of books for Gertie and one for herself. She could now learn all that Gertie and Christie learned. Oh, what gladness sparkled in her eye! How fair and beautiful the pages looked to her!

From this time, Lucy had her hours for study. Mr. Vane heard her recitations, and her progress was wonderful. She repeated the lessons to herself while she swept and dusted, and no hour was too busy for her to find time to repeat what she had already learned. She found Mr. Vane so thorough a teacher, that there was no danger of her learning anything badly.

It was recess in the school where Kitty and Bertie Prang went, and Gertie, now quite familiar with them, stood by the school-room door near them.

"I suppose you have your lessons all learned," said Kitty, "but I'm sure I haven't, and I don't care. I'm going to a party next week, and I can't think of lessons while I have my dresses to think of. I'm going to have a pink satin waist and a white mull skirt, and white kid gloves trimmed with pink; and Bertie is going to have the same, only hers will be blue."

Gertie gave a sharp sigh. Why was she not going to the party? She determined to get an invitation, and to get a dress equal to Kitty's. She had not been to see Lucy since the school began; but now she had an object, and as she passed on her way home, she found Lucy trying to solve a hard sum in her arithmetic.

"Little dear," said Gertie, in her pleasantest voice, "what a sunny room you have, and you study so hard too. I couldn't do that sum, and I wouldn't try it. Have you seen Christie lately? He thinks all the world of you, Lucy; he says you're one of the best scholars he knows."

A smile of gladness passed over Lucy's face, and Gertie went on:

"Kitty Prang says she would not speak to a girl that works out; but Christie says it isn't what one does, but what one is, that makes them worth noticing. I don't know, I'm sure; but it's horrid waiting upon folks. But as I was saying, Christie thinks all the world of you, and will do just what you say. Will you tell him I want to go to the party next week, and ask him to take me?"

Now it happened that Christie had written Lucy a little note, which she had just received, telling her of the party, and asking her to go with him. "Perhaps you will say," he wrote, "that you have nothing fine enough to wear. But I say that I would rather see you with your white dress and blue ribbons, than many girls I know who can wear all they wish."

And Lucy had shown the note to Mr. Vane, who said he saw no reason why Lucy should not go, if Christie really wished it; and as it was to be a party of old and young, he would go and see that it was pleasant for her, and that no one was rude. Lucy had many pleasant visions of the bright assembly, and she was thinking to get excused for the evening, that she might tell her mother of the pleasant prospect before her. For this reason she did not immediately answer Gertie, who continued, without waiting:

"You see, Little, there would be nothing for you to do there, because—because the Prang girls—they would not dance in the set with you, because—because—"

Even selfish Gertie did not like to finish the sentence.

"You mean because I live out," said Lucy. "I shan't go; and I will tell Christie, and ask him to take you."

Lucy said this with a hesitating manner, for the visions did not immediately fade from her mind, and she wished Gertie would go, so that she might think about it alone. And Gertie went, and thought no more of Lucy's kindness, but turned her attention to the probabilities of a dress suitable for the occasion.

Good Mrs. Clipp sat by the window, looking toward the western light, as it slowly dimmed and darkened, and she felt almost a wish that just so her life was going out, and all its weariness was over. But not long did she indulge in any but hopeful thoughts, and she welcomed Gertie cheerfully as ever, brushing carefully the snow from her dress, and bidding her toast her feet by the fire.

"How shall I manage to get what I want," thought Gertie, and not of the kind act, or loving word. She was anxious for Arthur to come in, that she might attempt to come to some conclusions with him. She did not dare to go to the store again to get trusted, for they had refused to let her have what she called for without the money. Honest, faithful Mrs. Clipp had lost the reputation of a lifetime for Gertie's management, and everything she sent for now had to be paid for on delivery. So Gertie thought that her only resource lay in an appeal directly to Aunt Jane. She began to cry, for good Aunt Jane could never bear crying, she knew.

"Now, darling, what is the trouble? Are you lonesome? No wonder; for I am poor company for such as you."

"I wish I was n't here. I wish I'd never come here," sobbed Gertie.

"Oh, don't say so! Nothing hurts me like your saying that," said Aunt Jane, with much feeling, and for that reason Gertie kept saying it.

"I'm sure I do wish I'd never come! Nobody does anything for me here. I wish I was away. I don't know but I shall run away. Oh dear! dear!"

"Oh my pretty, my own, how I have loved you, and tried to do for you; but I know it is all very poor and very humble."

"No you don't try," said Gertie, being now quite sure she was getting hold of Aunt Jane's feelings just as she desired; "nobody tries; nobody cares. I wish I was dead. I'll go and kill myself."

"Now, dear, pray tell me what I can do to please you. I know it will be very little."

But Gertie would not speak.

"Only tell me, dear. Is there nothing that can make this humble hoine pleasant to you?"

By little and little, between pretended cryings, Gertie unfolded her desires. Good Aunt Jane's eyes brightened. Was there no way to make Gertie happy, when so simple a thing as a new dress would do it? And on her pillow Mrs. Clipp revolved plan after plan for accomplishing what really might be so easy if only she had a little money. But nothing seemed at all feasible. Work she could not, for it did not pay, and she should not have time. Ask to be trusted? Her pride would not let her, for had she not been once refused?

She had not put out her lamp, but lay watching the shadows that formed themselves in curious shapes about the room. Her whole heart went

into her thoughts; they were thoughts of ardent love and intense longing. How she desired to bless those she loved! What sacrifices would she not make!

There was one treasure left of Aunt Jane's more prosperous days. It was a string of gold beads, given to her by her grandmother, and laid by with great care in a nice little box, all buried in wool. Whether some of the golden gleaming of Aunt Jane's thoughts glowed before her and made her think of that treasure, it was hard to say; but sure it was she thought of it, and speedily resolved to part with it for Gertie's pleasure.

"It will be very little to do," thought she, "to make the child happy. I could never sell them to buy anything for myself, but for her it is different. Would not the dear old lady bless me, if she knew how it was, for putting them to so good use?"

Perhaps the dear old grandmother did bless her, for sure it was, no baby in its mother's arms went to sleep more sweetly than did Mrs. Jane Clipp, and with a more placid smile on its face, when she had once thought of the beautiful sacrifice that she could make for another's happiness.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER TWELVE.

As one looks at the moon, these clear, lovely nights, how many thoughts one has! Is it a world like our own? and do people dwell on it? We see, by looking at the moon, that it has dark spots on the surface. We sometimes imagine they look like a man's face. Now through the telescope these spots are found to be great basins, perhaps the basins in which great seas once were. But there are no signs of either air or water on the side of the moon that is always turned toward us. This is known because no clouds are ever seen through the telescope, and they would easily be detected if they were floating about in dark, dense masses. Thus we know that there is no atmosphere like our own, and no evaporation of water to form clouds.

So familiar have astronomers become with the surface of the moon, that they name the craters for distinguished men of science, and there is a range of mountains called the Apennines. The way it is known that one spot is a crater and another is a mountain, is by observing the direction in which the shadows fall. A mountain casts a shadow from the sun, while a crater shows its dark side nearest to the sun. This you can readily understand by looking at the sun in the morning, as it shines on some raised object which casts a shadow, and then look at the light and shadow in some vessel or excavation.

Thus it is known that there are mountains, and mountains that have been volcanoes, and so of course there must have been moisture once on the surface of the moon. But if at present there is no water, and no atmosphere, it will be difficult for us to imagine people who live there with bodies like our own.

How many things there are yet to be learned of the earth and its companions, and the laws that govern them; let us make haste to learn all we can.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

In silence, to the Holy Land of Love,
My soul was wafted on the wings of prayer;
Life's tumult hushed to rest, for there, above,
I breathed in freedom Faith's celestial air.

Above, where, throned in stillness, Reason reigns
Supreme o'er earthly passion, false desire;
Where white-robed Purity her duty claims—
Fair vestal-guardian of Love's sacred fire.

A land of bliss, where strife is changed to peace;
Where dark'ning storms of discord never come;
In whose dear worship all may find release,
And greet the love-light of a promised home.

Awed and subdued, yet sweetly, calmly blest,
My being stirred with aspirations high,
I looked upon the beauty, felt the rest
Of God's own presence to my spirit nigh.

All pure, all good, all beautiful, all bright,
This land of soul-thought, filled with love divine;
No mind may paint the glory and delight
Infused into its harmonies sublime.

Mine eyes reposed upon the hallowed scene;
Adoring tears of joy fell softly down
To kiss the nestling flowers and living green
Of which was formed Affection's fadefless crown.

Twined by the hands of angel-watchers true,
Those faithful leaders of the wise and near,
Who guide our footsteps through each circling year,
And germs of love within our lives renew.

I saw them wreathed with kind and earnest hand
The richest thought-buds from the emerald sod;
And all the angels in that seraph-band
Sought human hearts to wear those flowers of God.

But first they knelt before the altar-home
Where Purity, the white-robed angel, stood,
Hergaze uplifted to the sapphire dome,
O'eraching their bright realms of cloudless good.

They knelt, and, as their flowery circlets glowed
Within the radiance of that incense-flame,
A soft and solemn strain of music flowed,
And breathed in words as on the air it came—

Sweet, holy words, to bless the angel-band,
As, on their mission to the earth-scene bound,
They sped with loving heart and willing hand,
To loose the souls which sense had chained around;

To set the captive free, and bid depart
The demons Lust and Selfishness and Pride;
To cleanse the secret chambers of the heart,
And over there in holiness abide.

Come, seraph-visitants! we hail ye now!
Thrice welcome to this world of sin and shame!
We need your thrilling life-touch as we bow
Beneath our load of suffering and blame.

Oh, help us, as we toil and struggle here,
To live and teach your highest, holiest creed,
To firmly stand for all we hold most dear,
To prove that life is purity indeed.

So will your crowns of Love immortal bloom
Upon the brows of those ye smile to bless;
Our vestal-angel claim the soul's best room,
And Purity be wed to Happiness.

Springfield, Mo., July 21, 1866.

Two Irishmen were travelling to Portland, Me., when they stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," exclaimed one, "Six miles space, just," said the other. And they trudged on, apparently well gratified at their sudden proximity to the forest city.

How does a hair-dresser and his days? He curls up and dyes? And a sculptor? He makes faces and busts.

Original Essays.

THE PHENOMENA OF MATTER.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

Matter, in its manifestation phenomena, reveals the divine purpose of its unfolding. We trace it throughout all of Nature's developments, from the pebble up to man, and in every stage we can see the use and end. In its highest development it is more apparent to sensuous observation. If we trace the human being from infancy to old age, we read a revelation more grand, sublime, beautiful and instructive than worlds, planets and suns can reveal. The infant is a divine pearl, a gem of loveliness, holy in its innocence and purity, and, as the divine magnet of the universe, draws forth the strongest feelings of the soul's devotion and love. Its attractive power absorbs the refined magnetism that wells from maternal and paternal hearts, and aids in forming the elements which give growth to the new-born spirit: the infant's power of attracting the spirit elemental principles, which, as nourishment to the soul, is in the ratio of its physical and spiritual constitutional unfolding. And ever during the earthly life, in mature years as well as in infancy, and in the onward progress in the celestial realms, the attractive force of the spirit attracts the magnetism and other forces from all surroundings, according to affinity, and appropriates the elemental principles to its own uses.

In the infant life the maternal love force gives tone and breadth to the undeveloped conscious principle. The primal elements and forces of all the possibilities of spirit and physical existence are in the germ. During gestation the form in embryo is unfolded, and the nourishment of the vital and physical powers is received from the maternal parent. The expression of the outward form from infancy through all the various stages of growth, indicates the states of the soul-life in its various changing conditions. The outward expression is a truthful mirror of the soul, which is illustrated in the indications of the countenance and the conformation of the head. How widely different are the expressions of the contented, cheerful, benevolent men and women, from those of the misdirected, the deceitful and selfish. In every phase and condition of the soul-life, from the highest unfolded spirit in the celestial spheres, and the highest harmonious man, to the lowest developed in the earth-life, these differences exist, and are most strongly defined in their approach to the extreme. These differences are all manifestations of the phenomena of that we call matter; as the rock, the tree, the flower, the animal, all forms in the whole of their outgrowth, are outward expressions of the spirit within.

There is a continuous correspondence of the outer and inner life, as the life on earth in the individual or aggregated whole is a correspondence of the life in the spirit spheres. As affirming elements are attracted to each other, so man is attracted to his fellow-man. Social relations are formed thus by association of those who in mind and purpose are in affinity. A marked line is ever drawn between those who do not affirmize. The temperate man cannot affirmize with the intemperate; the chaste with the unchaste; the honest with the dishonest; the liberal with the fanatic; and, as it is in the earth-life, so is it in the spirit-spheres. The change of being, directed of the material organism, cannot affect the individualized spirit. The conditions in the spirit spheres are no doubt different from those on the earth-plane, as that the spirit can see more clearly, and in consequence the lines are more sharply drawn between those who are on opposite planes. It is no argument against the views we present that men frequently, and very frequently, too, deceive by exterior appearances. It is man's ignorance and weak perceptive powers that cause him to be mistaken and open to deception.

Whilst in this life we see through clouded optics, in the spirit-life we see clearly—all is transparent there, and none can be deceived, as the interior life is an open volume, not obscured by artificial appliances, and every thought can be read with unmistakable distinctness. As all existences have form—and there can be no existence without form—that form must be something distinct from the principle which gives it vitality and causes it to exist. That something we call matter, whether in the form in the earth-life, or in the spirit-life. The forms, to be visible, must be material—visible to beings in the same state of unfolding. And thus the phenomenal manifestations of matter are apparent in the spirit-spheres as in the earth-life. The spirit forms are not visible to the sensuous organs of vision in the normal state; but the clairvoyant eye sees them, and the clairaudient ear hears them, and they converse, understanding each other, although the sound of their voices is not heard by those who are not in the clairvoyant state.

The Materialist sees only the objects and forms in Nature, and as these unfold, and in time the objects and forms disappear, in obedience to Nature's inevitable law of change, he concludes that all of man dies when his physical organism is no longer possessed of vitality, and there is the end of his acquisitions, his intelligence and consciousness. He does not reason from the beginning of life, but assumes all from that which he believes to be the end of existence. He no longer sees the form of the tree, animal or man, which are dead in his sense; therefore, man, as well as the animal and tree, no longer exist. He has no conscious perception of the vital force which gave them an individualized form, neither of the source of his own consciousness, nor of Nature's great purposes of progressive unfolding. In order to have a proper knowledge of man's future and eternal existence, it is necessary to have a clear conception of those three points and all that is involved in them.

We have endeavored in these articles, although briefly, to present as clearly as possible to the reader's comprehension the points stated. If our view of the possible origin of matter does not meet the views of any of our readers, and a better can be given, we will be happy to embrace it. The subject is a mystery, and perhaps ever will remain so; and as the Infinite can only answer the question, we can but repeat our inquiry, and keep on and on inquiring, although no reply should come.

We have shown conclusively, we believe, that all forms are the outgrowth of the spirit-force—that forms are unfolded from the interior by the appropriation of elementary essences—that these elementary essences were, through the vital powers of the spirit-force, concreted as they were appropriated into substantial materiality; therefore, all forms are in reality, inevitable elements, which combined and concreted into substance through the spirit-force in harmony with Nature's laws. All that we see in the wide universe is but a combination of invisible elements, which have unfolded into forms, as we see them. And all forms are individualized, according to the specific nature of each germ. Germs possess no power to

unfold themselves; they are unfolded and mature into forms through the interior spirit-life.

The thought of creation by the Eternal Mind evoked all the powers and possibilities through which external nature has unfolded. The Eternal Mind gave expression to the thought; and the divinity of its nature, through that expression, evolved the spirit, or vital force, through and by which all Nature's phenomena are produced and have existence. The expressed force of the divine thought vibrated throughout the domain of infinite space, and the continued vibrations, in obedience to the divine laws, generated the elemental principles of which all forms and objects in the universe consist. All ponderable matter, earth's rocks and minerals, are only combinations of elementary principles outgrowth through the vital force of spirit-life.

As the Divine is Infinite and Eternal, so the forces evoked by the thought of creation are infinite and eternal. And as the expression of the thought caused vibrations throughout the realms of space, and as space is infinite, having no bounds, no beginning nor end, so these vibrations are of continued duration, and can never cease in all the infinite eternities in time and space.

The vital, or life-force, in all manifestation is spirit. It is the life-principle in all forms; and by the law of progression ultimate in higher forms, until it reaches man, through whom the conscious principle is expressed and becomes a conscious spirit entity. Spirit and matter, or the elementary principles which compose the form, are co-eternal. The spirit and the elementary principles are the same in all forms; only the latter change according to conditions, ever aspiring to ascend into higher forms. The spirit also manifests itself through all forms as they are unfolded, aiming to attain the form through which the conscious principle can be manifested. Thus spirit and matter are ever united; and as all of Nature's manifestations have for their ultimatum the human being, we can see that the law of progress is written upon all of creation's unfoldings.

Light and shade exist together on this mundane sphere because of the gross outgrowth of exterior forms, the elemental principles not having progressed to that degree so as to be capable of appropriating the more refined essences of which the exterior form can be etherialized. That is a necessary condition of the earth life, which is the rudimental or beginning. Matter cannot unfold in this sphere to that degree of refinement that it can become invisible to sensuous observation. In the earth sphere the projection into gross forms is a necessity, and as in and through the expression of the eye and the features of the countenance we take cognizance of that which is not wrought on the exterior, that is, the interior thoughts and emotions, so we can perceive that in a state of existence in which the exterior form is etherialized, there can be no obstructions to the spirits having a perfect knowledge of each other's thoughts, desires, aspirations, &c. And as we know that the sense of feeling in sensitive persons, and at times in every one, cognizes the approach of others before they are seen, and advises frequently when good or bad tidings are at hand, are we not impelled to believe—may it be not evidence conclusive, so that we can positively say we know there is a sphere to which the conscious principle is unfolding, and of which these external manifestations are more than a prophecy, in which all will be transparent, where all will be light and no shade, where there can be no concealment, no disguise, and thought will answer to thought, and soul to soul?

As external phenomena are an expression of the interior, and as all objects in this sphere project a shadow, this goes to show that this is the manifestation of spirit in which matter begins to unfold, and as spirit and matter are ever united, and matter is only an outgrowth of spirit, so the shadows of external forms prove the undeveloped condition of man in this sphere. As the external form is an outward expression of the spirit, so man's actions are expressive of his spiritual status. These actions have a corresponding relation to shade and light; the former relative, the latter positive. Although there can be no shade without light, light exists independent of shade. But shade, after all, is light in a less degree; so the actions of man, however expressed or outgrown in life, are yet the manifestations of the spirit or soul—a greater or less degree of light, according to the conditions in which the actions of the soul are manifested in the external life.

The undeveloped condition of man on this sphere is very apparent, as in the highest civilized communities are found all the gradations down almost approaching the savage state. We are writing this, as we are approaching toward the twentieth century, and in the city of the so-called Brotherly Love, the place of our birth. It may be humiliating the acknowledgment of such a fact, but the philosophic and scientific scholar who investigates the laws of nature as revealed in her manifestations, unbiased by any authority except his own reasoning powers, clearly comprehends the cause of all these diverse unfoldments and different moral states, as being in harmony with the eternal laws of the Creator, the laws of progression and development.

The spirit manifests through the external form, but in the earth-life the conditions are so inhospitable for it to exercise with perfect freedom and with clear conceptions its own inherent powers. The best developed minds are not possessed of sufficient will force to completely control and harmonize the conditions. There is a part of nature which has unfolded harmoniously, and hence the cause of inharmonious in all of her manifestations; yet in conformity with the law of progress, the tendency is to the development of harmonious conditions. The movement, although constant, in that direction, is so slow that it is imperceptible. Man is yet in a rudimental state, notwithstanding his acquisitions and high aspirations. When he passes out of this sphere into the realms of light, the conditions will be somewhat different, because the spiritual forms being more refined and the surroundings in correspondence, there will be less obstruction to the manifestation of the spirit.

As the spirit-sphere corresponds to the earth-sphere, the spirits being those who have passed out of the earth-life; the manifestations must be in harmony with those universal laws through which matter and spirit manifest here—more distinct and defined, however. Spirits, on the same plane, form into societies; those who are in affinity form into groups, and the law of association prevails. As the law of progress is universal and eternal, so every degree of development necessarily finds those on the same plane of unfolding. This, grouping into associations, although in obedience to law, is in the spirit as in the earth-life, a great obstacle to progress, and, as the laws in the spirit-life are more defined, the progress there may be slower. But that may be counterbalanced by the differing conditions as there can be no concealment; all is transparent; the unspoken thought is, plainly, seen and depicted impossible—that is, to those of the same group of association or to those on a higher plane. In passing into spirit-life, man takes with him

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all his loves and affections. The miser will still have his thirst for gold; the sensual man his desire for sensual gratification; the religious his love of creeds and dogmas; the student his love of books; the domestic man his home attachments; and so throughout the infinite category; and those of like affections and loves will find their kindred spirits with whom they are in affinity. And, as they are in groups and communities, each countenancing and supporting the others in their particular affections, we may realize, in a measure, how difficult it must be and how long before the consciousness is influenced, by one or more, to seek other affinities and grow out of their particular group and form other relations on a higher plane. And as, in passing out of the physical form, the relations are not severed, so the spirits continue to influence those in the form, and those in the form also continue to exert an influence on those who have passed away. Man always influences his fellow-man, and the relations are even continued throughout the infinite future. Man's influence through his fellow-man is seen in the association and combination of energies through which those mighty results have been produced in the world. Large cities have been built; the waters teem with moving mechanism freighted with the product of labor; the bowels of the earth are dug out to procure the hidden wealth of Nature. All man's comforts, conveniences, necessities and luxuries have been produced by man's associated efforts and energies. The great moving power, the motive-force of man's activities and Nature's manifestations, is Spirit. It forms the pebble and the giant rock, the mineral and metal, the blade of grass and the sturdy oak. Behold, it unfolds the germ, and forces through the earth the little stem; its active power continues, and, in time, the mammoth tree, with wide-spreading branches, stands firm, defying winds and storms. It forms the moving life in the waters and in the air, and the most wonderful of all in beauty of form—man and woman, with God-like energies and vital forces of exhaustless power.

Man is a conscious being, because he thinks; and he thinks because he is a conscious being. All labor and its products, all investigations and attainments, all that man has acquired, is the result of thought; they are the expression of man's thought, as all external Nature is the result of the thought in the Divine Mind. There is a correspondence. The thought of creation in the Divine Mind is expressed in the phenomena of worlds and universes and all that they contain, which were outwrought through the media of invisible primal forces, of which the vital force is spirit. So man has wrought out all his acquirements through the instrumentality of the motive-power of thought, the inmost force of which is spirit. Spirit is the first-born force of the Divine; it is the essence of his being. All other forces in Nature are unfolded through the active force of Spirit. The Divine voice called into being the "spirit-force," which evoked other forces and worlds, planets and suns; and all of Nature's manifestations have unfolded through those forces of which spirit is the vital force.

We have endeavored to present our subject in plain language, avoiding, as far as possible, the use of scientific or technical terms, so as to make ourselves comprehensible to the general reader. We believe the laws and forces in Nature, to be few and simple and reduced to their last analysis, to be embraced in the one force of spirit, combining the love and wisdom principle. All forces pervade the entire realm of space; they all exist correlated as a unit, and only seem to be separated as one or the other is more manifest in the form in which it appears. These forces are ever active in the elemental world, and unceasingly creating concrete forms by combining the elemental principles of Nature; and thus matter, per se, is nothing more than the simple, invisible elements wrought into forms of materiality through the agency of forces existing in Nature.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY.

BY E. FAIRFIELD.

I wish to submit a few thoughts on the above subjects. I accept as a cardinal truth the declaration I have heard both from "evangelical pulpits" and "liberal platforms," that the "soul of man is a spark of the Deity." And I assume that the original design in the production of this planet was the individualization of these infinitesimal portions of spirit, by isolating them for a time in these material organisms; and that while this isolation remains complete, the spirit subjected to it can acquire no knowledge respecting itself, or anything else, except through its physical senses. It seems, however, that in rare cases, under certain conditions, the isolation becomes partially suspended, or is penetrated, so that the spirit comes, in a measure, in rapport with other spirits, both in and out of the body, and thereby receives information by a process entirely independent of the physical senses.

It is claimed, and I think generally admitted, that some clairvoyants describe, with remarkable accuracy and minuteness, places and events of which they, in their normal condition, and all others present, are entirely ignorant. Hence it is inferred that the clairvoyant spirit leaves the body and actually visits the localities described, and reports the results of its observations.

My object in these preliminary remarks is to introduce a different hypothesis respecting the *modus operandi* in such cases. I will endeavor to illustrate briefly. I will suppose that your spirit, instead of being limited in its observations to your little sanctum, Mr. Editor, actually fills a circle with a radius of one hundred miles, so that every object and event in that circle is as really present with you as those in your room. And suppose my spirit clairvoyant, and in rapport with yours. Now while my spirit is still limited to its own sphere, but in rapport with yours, which is "everywhere present" in that circle, does it not follow that I shall receive your impressions, your knowledge of any place to which my mind may be directed within the limits of your presence, my spirit, in the meantime, remaining in its own body? Now in place of your spirit, in the supposition, let us substitute that spirit, "whose body Nature is." And is it not a legitimate inference that, as this isolation approximates the completion of its time, it will gradually yield to the expanding powers of the imprisoned soul, and admit of its coming in rapport, not only with its brother and sister spirits, but with that Infinite Intelligence from which it and they originated, and of which they are now individualized portions? Then, in proportion to the completeness of the connection thus formed will the finite become cognizant of objects and events known to the Infinite, in any localities to which the mind of the former may be properly directed. And as we believe the Infinite spirit is not only omnipresent, but from overruling to overruling, seeking the end from the beginning, may we not hope that when the object of our incarnation is accomplished (whether it be in this life or the next), we may all be able, by virtue of the above relation, to read the "mighty past," and

peer into the "mysterious future"? This is, and ever has been, done to a limited extent, imperfectly, of course, in the incipient stages of development of this power; but this, like all other good in the divine economy, is slowly but surely approximating perfection. I hold that all prophetic comes through mortal media in immediate rapport with the Infinite, or, mediately, they coming in rapport with more advanced media in the higher spheres.

A word now respecting psychometry, which I take to be another term for clairvoyance. In the psychometrical reading of a fossil, for instance, I believe the theory is that the relic examined was so impregnated with the magnetism of its early surroundings, or in some way so affected by the objects about it, and the events transpiring in its presence, as to impress upon the mind of the psychometrist perfect representations of those objects and events after the lapse of thousands of years. That the psychometrist receives these impressions, I admit. But the theory as to how it is done seems to me a mighty hard one to believe, requiring an awful expansion of that flexible element, credulity. By the side of that theory I place the foregoing hypothesis, viz.: that the examiner is in rapport with the Omnipresent Spirit, and therefore cognizant of objects and events at any place or period of time to which his or her mind may be properly directed; and the relic under examination merely serves to direct the mind, or, in other words, to form a magnetic connection between the clairvoyant spirit of the examiner and the locality from which it (the relic) was taken, and that the impressions are received from the Infinite mind, just as my spirit would receive impressions from yours when in rapport with it.

Not designing in this hasty sketch to set up or advocate a theory, but merely to suggest a few thoughts for the consideration of wiser heads (if any such should deem them worthy of consideration), I shall not at present offer any arguments in support of the views I have attempted to present. Portland, Me.

HYMN OF LIFE'S COMPLETENESS.

From "A Lyric of the Morning-Land."
(A SPIRITUAL POEM.)

Golden age of harmony,
Thou shalt from the heaven descend,
Earth shall rise and welcome thee,
Man to man be angel-friend;
And the trumpets that blow through the battle's red star
Whence the world with its blood, as it bursts from afar;
And the bugles that peal
To the crossing of steel
When the Demon of Wrath drives his scythe-arm'd car;
And the war-drums that beat
In the shock of the battle
And the death-bells that toll
O'er men slaughtered like cattle;
And the death-screams that took up to the sun,
And the wail of the cannon-smoke darkling and done;
And the lips that in dying hurled curses at those
When the Faithless broke their faith, and evil men rose;
And the groans of the wounded, the thine of the dying,
The death-shout that scatters the ranks of the lying;
The wild, fierce hurrah! when the faithful host
Have driven their brethren to Hades's red coast—
Thy shall cease, they shall cease,
For the Angel of Peace
Shall whitened the earth, not with bones of the slain,
But with flowers for the garland, and sheaves for the wain.

No scattered households there shall be,
No mourners for the early dead;
Arrayed in truth and purity,
Man the great steps of Time shall tread;
Going upward and onward for ever and aye,
Till he glows like the sun, and moves forth like the ray;
And the stars sing to greet him
From out of their sphere;
And the Angels to meet him
On Earth shall appear;
And the world, where he labors, like Eden, shall bloom;
And the flowers, like his loves, breathe an endless perfume;
And his art the wild forest transform as of old,
Till each bough hath its clusters of ruby and gold;
And the streams, from his virtue flow fragrant sweet;
And the herbage grow green at the touch of his feet;
And the air, where the lilies of peacemaking hide,
Grow sweet as the breath of his innocent bride.

Then the Eden age again
Shall reveal mortal men,
Human hearts and human eyes
Find anew their Paradise;
And the temple where Moloch is worshipped, and blood
From the innocent spirits, wrung out like a flood,
Where the curse of perdition is shot from the bow
Of the bigot, whose creed is a terror to the low;
As the snows disappear, when they melt, and sweet May
Crowns the children with fragrance and bloom where they lay.

Then shall come the new-born state,
Justice sit within the gate,
Freedom, like a giant strong,
Triumph o'er the ancient wrong;
And the despots who rule o'er the myriads unfed,
And about o'er their seats in captivity led,
Transformed into men, into free men and true,
Cry, "Down with the Old Age, and up with the New!"
For the time is at hand when the angels shall see,
Gazing down, that the earth is a Paradise free.

Then the Crowning Church shall rise,
Then Old Eden's gates shall open,
Spirit-stares, in midnight skies,
Glow through all the heavenly cope;
And the city, that John in his vision beheld,
Descend to the earth, and be seen as of old,
While the first-born of God shout, "The Earth is new-born!"
And no shadow shall dwell on the earth's floor-morn.
Then shall Earth delighted see
Heaven's divine Theocracy,
Heart of love resume its reign,
Mind from heart its wisdom gain.

Syracuse-New Trance Speaker.

It may not be uninteresting to the BANNER readers to learn that the cause of progression is steadily gaining ground, and becoming more thoroughly engrained in the hearts of the people in this city and vicinity, than ever before. There has been something of a spiritual decline in this community for some time past, but by the united efforts of a few staunch friends of the cause, weekly meetings have been kept up and tolerably well sustained through the winter past; thus sowing the good seed, which, now promises to yield an abundant harvest.

We are at present, under the greatest obligations for our spiritual awakening to our sister Miss Mary M. Lyons, of Detroit, who has been lecturing here the past few weeks, and by her soul thrilling eloquence, her logical and convincing arguments, and more than all, her Scotch melodies, through the controlling influence of the poet, Burns, all combine, to make her stay with us extremely pleasing, as well as profitable. Her remarkable tests, as given daily from rooms, No. 45 Walnut street, are so truthful and convincing, that none can go away without acknowledging the wonderful power as manifested through her. Much as we should regret parting with her, yet thousands through the land will hail with delight her advent, as she journeys onward on her mission of love from the angel spheres.

W. KELLEY,
Syracuse, N. Y., cor. Walnut and Cassel streets.

Gold is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypothesis, and often, it is able to do more of having armies for its protection, and hostilities of human victims for its sacrifices.

The following rather equivocal expression is attributed to a French lady, whose friends recently tried to draw her away from her husband's death-bed: "No, no; let me stay. It is always pleasant for a wife to see her husband die."

HEART LEAVES:

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

What Maywood Said.

There are times, when the sunlight bursts forth in its brightness, or the rainbow arches the clouds, that my soul leaps with gladness, and I think: "Who so happy as I? Who so much cause for rejoicing?" And again, when the clouds return after the rain, and the chilling winds make my sensitive spirit shrink within itself, I feel like exclaiming, "Oh, ye that pass by, turn and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

It was upon such a time as this that I wandered forth and sat me down upon a friendly log, by the side of which grew the homely Mayweed. Just like my entire life, said I, as I looked upon its familiar face; unattractive without, and bitter within; no sweetness, no beauty, coveted with dust, and trampled under foot in the highway. But as I thus pondered, a busy bee paused in its onward flight to salute the humble weed, while a voice, that seemed to issue therefrom, said, "Were there no sweetness the bee would not tarry in its flight, and as for the beauty, wait." Surprised I changed the current of my thoughts, and forgetting my sorrow, I listened intently for more, and lo! I was taken back to the very morning of my childhood.

The simple weed seemed possessed of clairvoyance, for it told me of the time when I had pressed its kindred beneath my little feet, as I made my way for the first time to the portico of a-b-o-dom, and there was no sorrow in the recollection. Ah, the very spirit of Mayweed, I could fancy it to have stepped forth from the form, and to be leading my spirit over the pathway of that life I had spoken so bitterly of. Back and forth we went over the devious windings of that summer at school. "See here," said my guide, "do you remember this creek, by the side of which you used to play, bringing moss from the woods to carpet the sand, the floor of the play-house, and to make a bed for dolly, decking the whole with scarlet berries that grew beneath the pines?" Just here came the thought of the time I played in the creek till the teacher had to wrap me in her shawl while she dried my clothes. Well, I suppose it was not quite so pleasant in the time of it, but I question if the delight of paddling in the liquid crystal did not fully compensate for the annoyance of the wise sayings of, "See what little girls get by being naughty," etc., etc. If not, I am sure that the laughs I have had since, in reference thereto, have more than made up the deficiency.

No, there was no sorrow in the recollection of those years. What cared I for poverty? The trees and the flowers were as beautiful to me as to the richest; the broad earth was as green, and the blue heavens as bright; and then, in my grandfather's home, where I was privileged to stay through that, my four-year old summer, a very unpretending dwelling, but to me wonderful—within was comfort, and without the glorious old pear trees, the big sweet apple tree that almost tossed her fruit into our bedroom window, with the plums, and the cherries, the walnuts that grew in the fields, and the chestnuts in the woods. What a world of treasure stored away in the chambers of Memory, to be enjoyed even yet!

"Is it not so?" said Maywood; and my spirit could not reply in the affirmative; and yet, with a kind of perversity that is perhaps peculiar to me, I leap some two years ahead to a scene in that same home, where I find myself in tears. Tears for what? Why, you see, "Little girls must be industrious," and I was learning to knit; but the glad shouts of uncles not much older than myself, and of cousins, also, have tempted me from my task, and here I am in the midst of them, my hair streaming in the wind, and I as merry as the merriest; but a voice I dare not disobey summons me back to my little chair and my knitting, needles with, "Aunt you ashamed to be out there with the boys?" and so I weep, but not much; for that only brings additional reproof to the oldest grandchild, that they are somewhat proud of, and would like to manufacture into the article known as "Lacy."

A little thorn this, but I cannot forget the pain quite so quickly as I did the other, for it was a real robbery of my rights, and my heart goes out in sympathy to the thousands who have been robbed in like manner. Maywood, however, is again at hand, and she gently leads me back to the school-room. "Do you recollect," she says, "when you read of the lazy sheep who eat grass, and daisies white, how you wondered what the white daisy was? There was a golden-colored, buttery-leaved flower, that you had named yellow daisy, but nothing that had ever fallen under your eye filled your idea of what a white daisy should be, and yet you might be mistaken, and wandering in a by-path by yourself, when recess came, you gathered some of the fairest of the Mayweeds among my ancestors, and tried to make yourself believe that they were the flowers intended?"

While Maywood was thus reminding me of the ancient examination, I plucked and began, unconsciously, to examine a blossom from the one before me, when a voice by my side—a real human voice—said: "You think that is homely, Aunt; but just look through this, and then see, presenting me, at the same time, a magnifying-glass of moderate power.

"Well, Charley, this does change the appearance somewhat," said I; "but it is not very beautiful yet." He regarded me a moment with an amused look, and then handed me one of much higher power. I adjusted it to the humble weed, and what a transformation! Glorious beyond all I had ever imagined, the very dust upon its leaves sparkling like diamonds. Beautiful! beautiful! I exclaimed, in rapt astonishment, when there came a soft whisper, "No beauty, no sweetness, is thy life like the Mayweed's?" Would to God it might be! was the full response of my heart. "The lens of thy spirit is the glass through which thou must look upon it," came in sweet reply. "As it expands thou wilt find the bitter bringing sweetness—the unattractive changing to attractive—then beautiful, then dazzlingly glorious—brighter and brighter, as the jewels polished by the rough hand of Time reflect the blaze of eternity." I listened till the voice ceased, and then went forth content.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A gentleman in a sleeping-car recently witnessed the following scene: In the same car was a gentleman trying to still a crying child by carrying it to and fro in the coach, and which, by its screams, finally irritated a man in one of the berths to such a degree that he could endure it no longer, and cried out profanely, "What is the matter with that young one?" And soon again, "Where is the mother of that child, that she is not here to pacify it?" At this the "poor" gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth, and said: "Sir, the mother of this child is in her coffin, in the baggage-car!" Our informant says the gruff grumbler immediately arose, and compelled the afflicted father to retire to his berth, and from that time until morning took the little orphan under his own care.—*Normal, O., Register.*

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Mediocrity—Keating's—An Appeal from an Earnest Soul.

As I have not trespassed upon the valuable space of the Banner since announcing my readiness and determination to engage as a humble worker in spreading the Gospel of the Third Dispensation, I trust you will grant the privilege of inscribing a few thoughts upon your ample folds, though they may not be fraught with so deep an interest as those of your frequent correspondents. I have remained silent thus far, feeling that I had done nothing worthy of record, and perhaps thought of nothing of sufficient importance to warrant a claim upon the attention of the public eye, even for a passing moment. I am not disposed to make a "flourish of trumpets," nor to flaunt the record of my humble labors before the world, to attract the public gaze, nor to win either popular favor or applause, but a sense of duty, whose mandates I hope ever to obey, prompts the expression of a few words of a personal nature.

Though it is several months since I avowed my desire to engage, as an instrument in the hands of the invisible workers, in the spreading of the "glad tidings" now heralded by angels, as of old, yet I cannot present such a record of duties performed as I would like to render, because, forsooth, my services have not been called for by an exacting public, who demand first-class speakers or none, and will not tolerate, much less support, those who, to become adepts, must grow to be such by use.

The sentiment seems generally prevalent among believers where the cause has not become popular, that they must employ only speakers of brilliant parts and high renown, in order that the unbelieving public may be attracted by the dazzling display of oratorical pyrotechnics and captivated by the siren power of eloquence and rhetorical blandishment; and, where the cause has already become popular, only number-one speakers can satisfy the fastidious requirements of those already pampered with scholastic lore.

Such being the demands of the public generally, those speakers who were opportunely called forth in the incipient stage of this progressive movement, and had opportunity for development, are the intellectual appetite become so squeamish, and gained a notoriety when it was much easier than now, are—most of them—overburdened with labor, while those just coming upon the rostrum, and who require—the same as the others did—time and opportunity for the growth of inherent powers, are often neglected and compelled to remain in inglorious obscurity, the prey of disappointment and of an unsatisfied longing for usefulness; else they are forced to the undesirable expedient of parading their own powers before the public, by advertising, or (which is equally detestable to a modest person,) of soliciting employment from those requiring the highest order of talent and culture.

Now, while I do not mean to be captious, nor to disparage the public taste, that justly requires suitable and even eminent qualifications in public speakers, it seems to me that many friends of our faith are a little too solicitous to get only those of transcendent abilities, and are a little too fearful of employing those with whom they are unacquainted, lest they may not fully equal their exalted expectations. Cannot the friends who profess to be very desirous to advance the cause they have espoused, afford to aid those whom angels have designed to prepare and ordain as exponents of our beautiful philosophy, even though they may not all have the power of Goldsmith's schoolmaster—

"With words of learned lute and thundering sound
To amaze the gazing rustics ranged around,
Or be, like Sheridan,
"From the charmed circle to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord?"

At least, cannot those who are anxious to have public meetings, and are not willing or cannot afford to pay the price of talent of the highest order, encourage those of less pretensions or whose powers are less unfolded by use, by patronizing them, and thus give them a chance to become what only exercise can make them?

Surely, it seems to us that those who complain of a scarcity of laborers should at least try those already in the field, and, if they are not all Ciceros or Whitefores, give them opportunity to become what natural abilities developed by spirit-power can make them, even though at first their efforts may not come up to the highest standard of excellence!

We opine that those who are now denominated "star speakers" once were far less brilliant than they are now recognized to be, and that each of them had to pass through "the day of small things," and had the people "despised" the same, as anciently was forbidden, even they might have remained in ignoble obscurity, and passed to the higher life "unwept, unknown and unsung" by the enraptured thousands who now award them the highest position of eulogistic honors!

There is nothing more repugnant to a sensitive mind, deeply conscious of its many defects, than to be compelled to attribute its claims for recognition upon the public attention, but the high behests of angelic prompters impel me to "demand a hearing" from those who need to listen to the teachings of "the loved ones gone before," even though they come through "the weak and foolish things of this world" clad in plain Anglo-Saxon, and unembellished by the flowers of rhetoric.

Baptized by the higher power, it is enjoined upon me to labor for the good of humanity, and with tongue and pen and hands I am willing to go forth and do all the best I can to aid my brother and my sister, wherever I may hear a friendly voice saying, "Come hither to our aid."

I have espoused this noble cause not "for the leaves and ashes" of worldly honor or pecuniary gain, not to achieve laurels nor to woo the plaudits of mankind, but because I feel it a sacred duty to perform my humble part in the drama of human life by striving to ameliorate the unhappy condition in which thousands of brothers and sisters are placed, socially, physically and spiritually, by the untoward circumstances of birth, education, and false religious teachings, and with my soul full of love for truth and humanity, I desire to engage in the work of doing good, and inspiring higher aims and nobler purposes in the hearts of those who are reveling in sensuality, and are votaries of "the Mammon of Unrighteousness," or victims of cruel injustice, which has robbed them of the nobility of true manhood and the purity of virtuous womanhood!

Friends of the New Gospel of Love in Vermont and New England generally, or elsewhere, will you accept of my humble services, and send in your calls? or shall I be compelled to go begging of individuals for chances to speak "as the spirit giveth utterance," or worse yet, be forced to abandon

"We have heard the above writer speak from the rostrum, and know him to be an orator capable of deeply interesting his audiences through an entire discourse. He is a perfect gentleman, modest and retiring, who, in addition to the direct inspiration from the spirit-world, has received a liberal education. Our only surprise is that the services of such a competent exponent of our philosophy are not in constant demand. We feel sure such will be the case as soon as he is better known to the public. In his style of speaking he reminds one of the young and popular speaker, Charles A. Hayden."—*Ed. BANNER OF LIGHT.*

don "my Master's business," and engage in secular pursuits, for which I am unfitted by both physical debility and the peculiar effect of spirit influence, which has long been striving to fit me for another sphere of labor?

I await the response, while with patience I "bide my time," hoping that the hour is near at hand when I shall have enough to do, without doing violence to my own sense of propriety, and perhaps offending that of the friends at large by thus obtruding myself before them and asking for their aid.

"Is not for selfish ends that I ask for the consideration of the public. My whole soul is enlisted with deep earnestness in the cause of humanity, and I ask for doors to open only that I may be instrumental in feeding the hungry, cheering the sorrowful, blessing 'the poor in spirit,' and in ennobling, so far as my limited capacities will enable me to, the sublime principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, which is now 'filling the whole earth' with the aroma of angelic love, and purifying, fraternizing and ennobling mankind wherever its beneficent teachings have been heard, and incorporated into the life of its votaries.

Asking pardon of all for this intrusion upon their attention, I await the bidding of any who may desire the service of

DEAN CLARKE.

Brandon, Vt., July 20, 1886.

Message from Theodore Parker.

DEAR BANNER.—The accompanying communication from Theodore Parker in spirit-life was received by me, inspirationally, in about forty minutes, and was intended for his venerable friend, a physician living in central New York, who, at the advanced age of about eighty years, recently suffered a paralytic attack. I copied and sent the communication, receiving his thanks therefor, to which he added that he had always held to the limit of knowable things. You are at liberty to publish it if you think advisable.

Yours, &c., J. W. SEAVY.

Byron, N. Y., January 23, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND.—As the portals of the realms of superior beauty, the eternal home of the spirit, begin to dawn upon your vision, you are led to inquire with renewed interest into the real condition of the spiritual man, desiring above all things to know with regard to the immediate future. To you, I perceive, it appears dark and uncertain; beset by innumerable obstacles which delay the solution of that most desirable problem. At this juncture, I avail myself of the power of observation to perceive your desires, and I also the ability to present, through the agency of a friend, some thoughts of immediate interest and peculiar value.

Life on earth is not a finality. This to me is a demonstrated problem, but to you there is much of uncertainty and doubt attached thereto, and it is to remove those doubts and cheer you in your transition period, that I now address you. Your sterling good sense assures you that there must have been a grand design in the unfolding of this magnificent universe; that it was not, and by no possibility could have been the result of chance or accident, but must have unfolded for a purpose, and in accordance with uniform and unchangeable law.

It is truly fortunate that you have long since outgrown the mythological systems or notions of past ages, and that with your doubt and uncertainty of the future you are in no wise left to despondency in view of the direful conditions imposed by those systems to be in reserve for all but a certain class. This is, for you, a very important step, and aids very much in the accomplishment of the pleasing task I have now undertaken. Do not for one moment suppose that I would address you in terms of authority or assumption, but would address you your higher faculties of reason and intuition.

To return, then, to the proposition of the grand design of the great architect of this magnificent universe. Behold in states of gradual unfolding throughout this vast domain, the germs which culminate in the crowning glory of all earthly conditions—the human species—possessed of as much superior qualities of mental capacity, as his physical form is more perfect and better adapted to discharge the functions devolving upon it.

Now you know very well that this type of humanity is but an outgrowth of all before him, developed in accordance with the grand design of the All-Wise Mover; and you are also well aware that to the investigator, it is evident that during his earthly life, however advantageously that may be employed, he never arrives at the full stature of mental development to which he is capable, but that the inherent qualities of the crown mind are capable of further indefinite expansion. No limit is found, as in the case with all other species upon your earth, to his expansion and growth; therefore being imperfect, it is quite sure the design of the All-Wise has not been fulfilled, and that still answers, in an advanced condition, the opportunity to mature must be furnished, else the plan is imperfect, or failure occurs in carrying it out. These conclusions must to you be apparent. Now where is this further opportunity to be found? Certainly not upon your side of the river called death, therefore it must be on ours.

This is logical and correct, and might be supported by various additional reasons; but for want of opportunity I forbear.

Now for the application. It was our privilege to enjoy a measure of acquaintance and friendship, and I perceive you entertain for me an estimate far exceeding my merits; but to whatever advantage I acquired in the earthly life, I have added a far greater opportunity for acquirement here. I am not here limited to the tedious process of investigating from books, and other means formerly at my command; but glowing with the intense desire long comparatively latent, I now proceed at once to investigation, and as it were, at a glance to follow the principle, the very soul-centre of the subject to be investigated, thus opening to me unbounded facilities, and crowning my investigations with unparalleled results. The very few brief months I have been in this sphere have been so satisfactorily approved, that the near attainments I had achieved on earth appear indeed but the meagre A, C or an unfolded mind, compared with my present perception of principles. Principle—yes, universal, harmonious, all-embracing principle is the foundation upon which we here build, and forms the superstructure of the magnificent temple of an Intellectual Immortality.

You, my dear friend, are fast approaching the pearly gates of the new sphere of Life, Love and Wisdom. Your pathway appears dark, and, in a measure, dismal; but be assured that it is just in advance—yes, so near that the opening beams thereof begin to gild the horizon of your new day. You are not about to launch your bark upon an unexplored ocean—not to go to "that bottom from whence no traveler returns"—but you are approaching the door of the more Real Life—of the more Progressed Spheres, adapted to the more perfect fulfillment of the seeking, inspiring way-farers for the home of loved ones who have gone on before, and are awaiting just within that opening door, ready with outstretched arms to welcome to homes of unequalled Beauty and enduring Love.

Let me say to you then, my friend, in conclusion, be calm, cheerful and, as much as possible, happy. Rest assured that the change is not painful, but joyous—that you are not to pass through the "dark valley of the shadow of death," but that as the door shall swing open, your freed spirit will, with unexpressed joy, enter and join the sweet and refined society of those awaiting. No death! There is no death! Change, only change. With this you have become conversant. It will ever be incident to your experience, and each one based upon principles of wisdom, is calculated to increase in purity and perfection. Then with calm resignation await the coming change; and if it will add to your peace of mind, I will assure you that, joined with your affectionate children, I will await on our beautiful shore your entrance of the Home in the Heavens.

Until then, adieu. THEODORE PARKER.

Oct. 30, 1885.

At a recent public meeting, it was resolved that "all persons in town, owning dogs, shall be muzzled."

Notes from W. B. B.

HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE—PASSED AWAY—“I'M GLAD THERE HAS COME, JAMES.”

Once more leaving the “Garden City” behind, I found myself drifting now here, now there, as changing circumstances might dictate or direct.

It has been my earnest desire for a long time to make a personal acquaintance with your most efficient co-laborer, Bro. Peck, of the “Queen City,” for any one who says and does so many excellent, so many noble things as Bro. Peck, must be worth knowing; and it was a sore disappointment when I found that Bro. P. had left the city for a few weeks, to labor for our glorious cause in other localities. How unfortunate, too, that I should be away from Chicago when Bro. P. was “stirring up the hearts of the brethren by way of remembrance,” and saying such noble, beautiful things—making hypocrisy and selfishness look hideous—the “policy” system of life loathsome—compromising with wrong in any form to be shunned as we would a loathsome disease. We greatly need this kind of “reaching,” and in no place more than in this “Garden City of the West.” The noxious weeds of ill will, jealousy, envy, and all uncharitableness, grow and thrive with fearful vigor, and the gentle, firm, but unsparing hand which can apply the pruning knife, is sorely needed. Among the large number of our speakers whom I have heard the past eighteen months, there are but two who seem to me fitted for this special work. Kinney carries you into the vast realm of Science; traces cause and effect from “Nature up to Nature's God,” till you seem at times to stand in the personal presence of the Infinite, only to group your way back to earth, to life, with its cares and duties, which only seem the harder to bear, because not understood. Hayden paints the beauties and glories of spirit-life, and reminds you of some errors and missteps in your daily life that make you long and aspire to the higher and better course. But just how and where to begin is not so clear. Emma Hardinge, with matchless eloquence, dazzles and bewilders you with the most profound in speculative and positive Philosophy. The vast realms of space are navigated and explored with as much ease and certainty as the New Bedford whaler courses the two great oceans of our globe. The greatest political, social and moral problems of the age are solved with perfect ease. But with some few exceptions, the great throbbing pulse of humanity beats on and on with the same dull, aching throbs, and ever will, without conscious effort, in the right direction than can result from the past efforts of this gifted, noble woman. Laura Cuppy (God bless her!) attracts and wins all hearts by her earnest, martyr-like spirit, and thorough, abiding love for humanity. Still she belongs to the school of reformers who use the knife and probe of the surgeon, which must be followed by the physician and nurse.

The reformer's work must be done. It has been done, and well done. Probably more in the same direction is very much needed. But we do need, also, the kind physician—men with stout hearts and firm but gentle hands to bind up, to speak peace to the weary, who are sick and sad. We want men and women baptized in the ocean of God's love—with sinless, blameless lives—who take the beautiful Nazarene as a practical example, knowing that if they are truly his disciples, greater works than he did shall they do also. Thank the good Father, we have some, at least, of this latter class—no one, perhaps, who seems to embody all the characteristics of Jesus of Nazareth. But even this is promised us. In the meantime, with such as Bro. Peck, and H. B. Storer—whom I love and keep in kind, constant remembrance—and with many other kindred laborers in our glorious cause, the work goes bravely on.

I found H. Melville Ray in Cincinnati, this time professedly working in the cause of Spiritualism. I heard of him again at Madison, Ind., but everywhere I was glad to find the same spirit manifested toward him—that of the broadest charity, but also a thorough determination not to be duped or imposed upon by him again. He seems powerless for either good or evil.

At Terra Haute, Ind., I met our good brother James H. Hudson, who seems to be head and front of our good cause in this thriving place. A large portion of the Spiritualists here came out from the Universalists, and at one time occupied their church. But some two years ago a few conservative rallied, and brought about a separation; the Spiritualists, though outnumbering the conservatives, quietly withdrawing, kept up their meetings elsewhere. But since the noble stand taken by Chapin, Blanchard, Sawyer and other prominent Universalist clergymen, the society here have made overtures to the Spiritualists to come back, but asking them to call themselves Universalists, but agreeing to get a liberal preacher, one who would be satisfactory to both parties. But the Spiritualists “don't see it,” and prefer to go on the even tenor of their way, leaving the result in the hands and to the guidance of the good Father and the good angels, who have so far “done all things well.” Our friends here have much reason to “thank God and take courage.” Soon they hope to have a commodious hall of their own, built by the liberality of one of their number. Brother Hudson is a most efficient laborer, and doing a noble work. He talks “to the people in various parts of the country, though not on the ‘list of speakers.’”

Not long since Bro. H. was passing through a part of country, and was met at a railroad station by the son of an old Quaker, who wished Bro. H. to go with him and see an old Quaker and his wife who were going to pass away in a few days, and Bro. H. was just to talk to the people at the funeral. This seemed so strange to Bro. H. that he remonstrated with the messenger, and said there must be some mistake about it. But no, there was no mistake about it. “For their daughter has come back from the spirit-world, and told them they will pass away on such a day, and that nurse is to take care of the funeral.”

So Bro. H. went to the house and found the old couple apparently well, though feeble. The old Quaker said: “I am glad they have come, James; we are going to pass away, and want thee to talk to the people.” Bro. H. remonstrated with him, but no use in all that; our daughter has been here and told us we are going, and are ready; so thee must be here, James.”

I wish I could give the whole of this strange, but intensely interesting narrative. I do hope Bro. H. will see that it is prepared properly and published in detail.

Bro. H. remained in the vicinity till the time that had been named, and both died years away as had been foretold. The whole neighborhood for miles around convened at the funeral. The weather was intensely cold, but a large fire was kindled in the yard, and so Bro. H. “talked” to a vast, shod and home full of people, from the pleasant chamber of Cortlandt, and the two bodies of the old Quaker and wife, looked in each other's arms, lay in one coffin, while the children and friends joined in singing the old familiar hymns and tunes they all had so often sung together in their earth-life. Tears were copiously shed, but they were not tears of sorrow. Hope and joy filled all hearts. Such a time is not to be forgotten.

What would I not endure to witness such a scene? This is Spiritualism made practical in deed and truth. May our good Father give us many, many such scenes. Then we shall pray for a close walk with the angel world; and earth and sense and groveling selfishness will be left to a true and pure spirituality. W. B. B.

St. Louis, July 25.

O. A. Hayden in Philip, Mo.

We have had the privilege, July 22d, of welcoming to our village our much-loved brother, Charles A. Hayden—a truly angel-gifted teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy. He had a good audience, composed of our most enterprising and intelligent citizens, who were well pleased with his noble discourse and gave liberally that he might carry out his great work of emancipation and redemption.

Call for Spiritual Aid.

Spiritualism is actually working here. The historical is good, as we have several mediums called here, but we suffer for some first-class inspirational speaker to come here and lead the people up. The BANNER is the embodiment of light and truth.

Mrs. Mary Peck.

Pharville, Champaign Co., N. Y., July 15, 1866.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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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.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it 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 Manifestations.

BENEVOLENT FUND DONATIONS.

TO FURNISH THE BANNER FREE TO THE POOR.

We signified our desire sometime since to send the BANNER free to the poor, but stated that we should be obliged to wait until our patronage was sufficient to warrant us in so doing. A prominent Boston Spiritualist, on reading our paragraph, called at this office and signified his willingness to aid in so laudable an enterprise—thought it a capital idea—and presented us one hundred dollars to commence with, and directed us to call upon him yearly for that amount as long as he lives in the form. This is a good beginning; and we urge upon those who are able, to aid in dispensing the bread of life to their less fortunate brethren in mortal. The amount of good such an effort will effect, cannot be estimated by mere dollars and cents. A large class of the human family will thus be enabled to obtain a knowledge of the glorious truths of Spiritualism, for which their souls are hungering and thirsting daily.

We propose to publish, under the above heading, a correct account of all moneys received for this purpose, and the disbursements made, so that donors may be assured that the object for which they give is strictly carried out.

The Tondyng Press.

There is a boast in this country that the press is independent, and especially that between the discussion of public and religious matters there is a class which no one ever expects to bridge. Yet it is notorious that our foremost public journals do shamefully crawl on the steps of the churches, apologizing and covering up for them at one time, and at another doing them acceptable service by attacking Spiritualism, as if it were a popular vice, to be rooted out instantly. Now if Spiritualism be a crime, let the laws have their course and suppress it. But if it be, as all believers know and claim, a religious faith, profounder and more real, coming closer to the heart of man than any form of faith ever before promulgated on earth, then it is just as much entitled to a hearing, to respect from the public press, and to abstinance from open assaults and abuse, as Presbyterianism, Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other ism that is counted in the list of the creeds. And those journals which persist in assailing the belief and the motives of professed Spiritualists, either do so because they are working hand in hand with the churches of one sort or another, or because they are eager to cover up their own corrupt practices with the plentiful folds of a creed which they regard as very conveniently popular.

In the Philadelphia Ledger of July 3d, is an editorial article headed “Spiritualism,” which is an elaboration of sundry rumors and stories from New York, true or false, in reference to certain manifestations of the spirits, so claimed, with tying and untangling cords. We do not stop to examine into the character or reliability of those manifestations; it is merely to notice that the Ledger catches up these flying stories about them to go on and proclaim that Spiritualism is nothing but an imposture, illustrating its charge with instances of conjugal infidelity which are credited to a belief in Spiritualism. Now we do not see how the deceit, if such it be, of professed mediums undermines a sound faith in Spiritualism as a series of most sublime principles; nor why men and women ought to flee from it, horror-stricken, because among those who profess to believe in it there are cases of treachery to the marriage obligations. Does the Ledger know of no such cases of infidelity in Philadelphia, and of the grossest character, the parties being regular attendants on the preaching in the churches, and often partakers of the symbols at the communion table? And if it does know of cases of this kind, shall it belittle us in the Ledger so promptly infer in the case of Spiritualism, that it is the belief in ecclesiastical authority and creeds, consolidated in the term churches, that begets such flagrant practices? Were we to bark about such things as the Ledger barks about Spiritualists and Spiritualism, it would call us bitter, prejudiced, full of hate and revenge, anything, in fact, except spiritual. And we think, in that case, the Ledger would not be far from right. But how is it different when the tables are turned round? The practice is precisely the same, and it is exactly as illiberal, as mean, as uncharitable, as unjust, and as thoroughly detestable in one case as in the other.

What gives special edge and point, however, to the Ledger's hypocrisy in this case, is the fact that in another part of this very same paper, dated July 3d, is a full column account of the “fall from grace” of a respectable minister of Philadelphia, he having picked up an unbelieved woman having two thousand dollars on her person, whom he made his concubine, whose money he got away from her and kept, and whom he finally turned loose upon the world again without a penny. We find not a syllable in this account about the Church being the cause or instrument to this lustfulness and base robbery. Not even a word against the ministerial profession as being calculated to debauch the moral sentiments of those who enter upon it. We insist, therefore, only as a matter of fairness, and not at all of decency, that the Ledger and all other papers of the same kind, may make the same application of their facts to any given faith in one case as in another. And we mean to compel them to it so far as we can.

The Grand Union Picnic.

Our readers must bear in mind that another of Dr. Gardner's Inimitable Picnics will be held in Island Grove, Abington, on Wednesday, the 8th instant. By the Doctor's notice in another column, it will be seen at precisely what time the cars start from Boston for the Grove. Able speakers have promised attendance, and there cannot be the least doubt should the weather prove favorable, but that there will be a large attendance, which will result in an intellectually pleasant reunion.

More about the Spiritual Manifestations at Newton.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SPIRITS.

We gave some particulars week before last in regard to the “strange manifestations” which recently took place at the country residence of Mr. F. A. B., a highly respectable merchant of this city. Since then we have learned many more interesting facts in regard to that affair, and some other incidents connected therewith. As we have before stated, the family reside at Newton Corner. It consists of four persons, father and mother, son and daughter. The physical manifestations were produced by a younger son, who, while in command of his company as second officer, fell in battle during the late war. He first identified himself to a friend, who was at one of Mrs. M. A. Pearson's circles, some nine months ago. This friend was Mrs. Packard, a most estimable and truthful elderly lady, residing in this city, in whose family he visited while in the form, and through her he sent messages to his parents and the other members of the family. These messages, however, were not accepted by the parents as coming from their son; on the contrary, they were pronounced the “work of the devil,” and the mother begged her brother, who brought the messages, to have nothing to do with such a delusion. (This is the usual reception given to the efforts of spirits to reach their Orthodox friends.) But the spirit of the young hero was not thus to be baffled, so he took a more effective course to attract their attention, which proves to have been successful, and has terminated with most happy results. Some who believed that young B. was lost and doomed to endless punishment because he passed to the spirit-world without having accepted the saving ordinance of the Church, now believe that he still lives, and is in the enjoyment of happiness commensurate with the happy and genial nature he possessed while in earth-life.

Of the many tests he gave Mrs. Packard, through Mrs. Pearson, for his mother, we will mention one of a very convincing character. He said, “Tell mother that after she heard I was dead, she shut herself up in her room, where she remained, sitting in her chair, for three days and three nights, without eating or drinking anything—mourning for me.” When this was told Mrs. B., she said it was true, but that no one but God and herself knew it. Her brother, who delivered the message, replied: “It seems, Lucy, that Willie knew it!”

It is well to mention here that Mrs. Packard, to whom Willie first identified himself, was an earnest and sincere skeptic; she believed it utterly impossible for the spirits of departed friends to return in any manner so as to be identified. But having lost a dear husband and son, she felt a longing desire to know if such a theory could be true; and as a friend of hers had told her she had received a message from a departed friend through Mrs. Pearson, she thought she would visit her and see for herself. (Better that all skeptics would act as wisely—for sooner or later they would be richly rewarded for their independence.)

Muffled up and disguised as she was, her son was not long in finding her. He soon called her attention to an accident he met with in his younger days, and told how it happened—a fact which was not generally known, especially to the medium. He said he was her son; that his name was John R. Packard; that he fell at Port Hudson. These things being true, Mrs. P., unlike some skeptics, deemed the subject worthy of further investigation. She now rejoices in a knowledge of the life hereafter, and holds sweet communion with her loved ones who are waiting on the immortal shores to give her a hearty and loving welcome.

We have obtained some more facts in addition to those before mentioned, concerning the variety of manifestations which occurred at Mr. B.'s house in Newton, that are quite interesting and worthy of mention. They were witnessed by the whole family, and sometimes a number of neighbors were present.

One day when Willie had sent a message to his folks, as if in corroboration, a table began moving about the room without visible contact with any one—slipping end over end, and finally rose up against the wall.

At another time, the boots worn by Willie started off in a march round the room, propelled by some invisible power.

A ball of yarn flew from a work-basket and struck Willie's brother Fred on the shoulder as he was about leaving the room.

A trunk belonging to him, would fly open, and the contents be scattered round the room, in defiance of lock and key.

Pillows would fly off the beds, and the other bed clothes be strewn upon the floor.

These and a variety of other demonstrations were kept up, until finally Mr. B. concluded to take up with his spirit-son's advice, and visit a medium through whom he could talk. He called on Mrs. Pearson, and, without making himself known, asked her if she would go to his house professionally. She replied that she could not then decide. He was urgent, but she told him she could not give him an answer that day. He then inquired “if she was a respectable woman, as he was rather particular who he introduced to his family.” Mrs. P., who is a very respectable and worthy lady, quietly reminded the gentleman that she did not know who he was, and was herself particular about what places she visited, he had better have his sitting in her own house. He pleasantly acknowledged the rebuke, and arranged for an hour the next day. He came promptly, bringing with him another gentleman. After the medium became entranced, she reached out her hand toward Mr. B., saying, “How do you do, father? Glad to meet you! Don't you know me? I am your son, Willie, and you are my father, F. A. B.” [giving the full name to each initial.] Then, turning to the other gentleman, said, “How are you, Uncle Henry?” It is needless to say these unexpected recognitions and salutations somewhat surprised the gentlemen. The conversation continued, for some time, and many excellent tests were given by the spirit, exciting special interest to induce Mr. B. to make another engagement to come again with his family.

At the appointed time, father, mother, brother and sister came. The medium, being entranced by the same spirit, immediately welcomed his father and mother, calling them respectively by name. Then he addressed the others, saying, “Brother Fred, I am glad to see you!” “Hello, sis Lily, how do you do?” After this a long conversation took place, in which Willie stated that he caused the things to move round so lively at home. He gave them many tests, and finally asked his father if he did not believe that it was his son Willie who was talking to him. He replied, “Yes, Willie, I do.” That is the opinion of all in the family but the mother. So firmly and honestly does she believe the Orthodox teachings which were instilled into her mind from youth upward, that she hesitates about giving up the belief she has ever clung to, though it has been proved to be false and worse than useless. But the time is close at hand when she will see clear-

ly and fully appreciate the glorious truths which Spiritualism teaches.

Several other persons, friends and relatives of the B. family, have since visited Mrs. Pearson and held converse with the spirits. Among the number was a gentleman of the legal profession, who gave the subject the closest scrutiny; the result of which is a conviction that the spirit does exist after it leaves the body, and is able to return and communicate with mortals.

How easily sensible and candid persons could rid themselves of the terrible doubt and uncertainty which old theology teaches in regard to the future state, if they only possessed independence enough to examine the Spiritual Philosophy and judge for themselves. They should not allow a priest, whose interest goes with his advice, to swerve them from a purpose which is sure to release their souls from all shackles which man-made creeds have placed upon them.

Last week the writer called on Mrs. Pearson for the purpose of having an interview with the spirits, and, if possible, with young B. We were successful.

After receiving several good tests from personal spirit-friends, another spirit took possession of the medium and corroborated the general correctness of the Newton affair, as we had received it, stating that he had been to the house (in spirit) with his friend Willie, and aided in some of the manifestations.

We asked if he had any objection to giving us his name. He replied that he had not—rather preferred we should publish it in the paper, for he wished to draw the attention of his family to the fact that he could communicate with them, and was anxious to do so. He then gave his name as Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtliff; said he was the son of Dr. M. B. Shurtliff, of this city, and that his grandfather's name was Benjamin; and that he had met him in the spirit-world. He requested us to say that he “had also met in spirit-life his sister Priscilla, brother Hiram and little Benjie”—so we understood him to say. He added, “Tell father that Mrs. William Ingalls and Benjamin Shurtliff are as much together in spirit-life as ever; he'll understand it.”

He said he had before tried to speak to his mother through another medium, but not then understanding the laws of spirit control, he did not succeed. His mother would understand who he referred to.

Col. Shurtliff was one of the heroes who fell at the battle of Cedar Mountain during the late rebellion.

Then came Willie B. He expressed his happiness on meeting us. Spoke of his anxiety and determination to communicate with his family, adding that the course he took was the only one he could adopt to command attention. He said he should not proceed any further with the manifestations at his father's house, for he loved his mother dearly, and did not wish to disturb her any more; that her worry about his supposed lost condition and the shock the affair at the house had given her was as much as she could endure at present. She would, however, soon realize the truth of what he was trying to demonstrate to her. He intended to resume the manifestations at some other place.

We remarked that we had heard it stated that the minister of his father's family said that the reason the doors would open and shut, without visible assistance, was because some one had tampered with the locks, and advised him to send for a carpenter and have them changed, as that would put a stop to the mysterious transactions.

Willie immediately said that the carpenter's name was Leavitt, and that while he was on his knees fixing the lock, he (Willie) took away his chisel, and placed in its stead a bed-wrench with a pair of saws laid across it; and when the carpenter put his hand down for the chisel, and finding it gone and something in its place which he did not bring with him, he was a little confused, and called out, “Who's got my chisel?” and on looking around, he discovered a vase close beside him, which just before was on the mantel, and on his other side were other things, placed so close to him that he could not well move without disturbing them. Mrs. B. approached, and asked him if he was sure he did not place them there. His reply was that he did not; but that some one had taken away his chisel—which appeared to him very strange, as no one had been near him, and the other things were placed around him in a like mysterious manner.

Changing the locks did not have any effect in keeping the doors from opening and shutting without visible aid, or silence the manifestations.

He requested us to say that “Willie wants to talk with the Washburn family—Henry will know who I mean.” He gave us his father's and mother's name in full. Spoke of meeting his great grandfather Sprague and Aunt Eunice Tufts in spirit-life; also, Lucy Sprague Churchill. He mentioned many other names, which we did not note down at the time, and therefore will not attempt to give them from memory. He did not want his body to be buried where it now lies, but wished it placed in Mount Auburn, by the side of his grandfather.

William L. Champney's spirit came next. Said he fell at the battle of Port Hudson. Wished us to say he had met his grandfather Beals in spirit-life. He was desirous of communicating with his family.

The spirit of Mrs. Catharine Yeasle Hopkins, then addressed us, with a message for her husband, Alexander Hopkins, requesting him to give her another opportunity to communicate with him. She also spoke very beautifully of the great privilege of being able to return to their earth-friends with messages of love, and of the benefit friends in both worlds derived by such intercourse. (She alluded in strong and earnest terms to the incalculable value to the world of the BANNER OF LIGHT in enlightening mortals concerning the spirit-world, and in aiding spirits to reach their earth-friends. The angel world would aid and sustain it in its God-given mission.)

Samuel Curtis, who has been fifty years in spirit-life, gave cheering words of encouragement, and spoke of the efforts of Willie B. to bring his parents to a realization of the blessed truths of immortal life. Blessed results would follow.

Benjamin Shurtliff bid us fear not, for the spirit-world were with us; to aid and sustain our efforts for the good of humanity. The glorious BANNER would flourish in spite of all obstacles. He promised to furnish a contribution for our paper as soon as opportunity offered.

Thus closes our account, for the present, of this most interesting affair. The statements made are all genuine, and we hope will be the means of inducing those who are similarly situated, to seek sincerely for knowledge respecting the truths of Spiritualism.

The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Mediumship.

The second edition of this great work by Hyndson Tuttle, Esq., is now ready. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington Street, Boston, and at our BRANCH BOOKSTORE, 544 Broadway, New York. Price \$1.50.

The Atlantic Cable.

At last the grand experiment, several times a failure, has become a settled fact, and the services of the cable under the Atlantic are being rapidly called in to the aid of commerce and diplomacy, and made useful in matters social. The first tidings brought over the submerged wire was that peace had been settled upon between Austria and Prussia. It was a good omen. Let us all pray heaven that it serve no other cause or interest than that of peace, from this day henceforward. The men who have set this noblest of human enterprises on foot, and perseveringly carried it forward to present success, can receive no more satisfying congratulations than their own reflections will offer them plentifully.

The cable broken in mid-ocean last year will now be grappled for and spliced, and we may expect very shortly to have two wires connecting Ireland with Newfoundland. We shall then have two lines of communication by electric transmission with the Old World. An overhead line is now in process of construction by way of Behring's Strait to St. Petersburg, which will probably be tapped at that point for the Asiatic capitals, and thus the world will be spanned; Shakespeare's words, which he puts in Puck's mouth, about putting a girdle about the earth in forty minutes, will be practically realized. The century is gradually awakening to its grand possibilities and to the greatness of the future for man.

At half-past 10 o'clock A. M., July 30th, Mr. Field received the following message from the President of the Suez Canal Company:

“Alexandria, Egypt, July 30—1:30 P. M.—I congratulate you on your success and perseverance.”

FERDINAND DELESSERS.

Mr. Field returned the following answer:

“Ferdinand Delessers, Alexandria, Egypt—Many thanks for your telegram. I hope soon to congratulate you from New York, on the completion of the great work of uniting two continents for the benefit of the whole commercial world. The Atlantic Telegraph connects the Eastern and Western hemispheres for the same object.”

C. W. FIELD.

Arrival of the Mercer Expedition.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter written by a lady who was a passenger on board the steamer which took out Mercer's emigration expedition: The steamer sailed from New York last March for Washington Territory. It appears that the expedition arrived safely and in good condition. “The weather,” says the writer, “was remarkably pleasant during the entire voyage; and for the distance traveled it was the pleasantest ever enjoyed by mortals. If God ever smiled upon human beings, he did upon us during a journey of seventeen thousand miles.” The letter is dated Seattle, Washington Territory, June 3d, 1866, and after giving a description of the voyage, adds:

“We arrived here a week ago last Wednesday. Seattle is a very pretty place, for a new country, and I feel quite at home. Some are teaching, and others are working in families. Their pay ranges from \$25 to \$40 per month. There are still a hundred and fifty places vacant on the Sound. More teachers are wanted, and families need more help. All have to labor here; and labor is not looked upon as degrading, or a fit subject for envious remark. The climate is beautiful. The days are just warm enough to be comfortable; but the nights are cool. We have various kinds of fruit, vegetables and fish, in abundance. Of the latter: halibut, salmon, trout and smelts; also, clams and oysters. The Indians catch and bring them around fresh every day.”

The above statement—not written with any idea of ever reaching the public eye—seems to entirely brush away the many bugbear stories which were got up to disparage the enterprise of Mr. Mercer, both before and after the expedition sailed. “A terrible fate awaits the poor deluded souls who have been induced to embark in this villainous speculative scheme,” was the burden of the cry. But terrible fate did not travel so fast as good fortune, this time. The party are all better off, and doubtless will become more useful and better ornaments to society than they would have been had they remained in the more densely populated portions of New England. They will now help develop a new country, and extend the arena of civilization and liberty.

The Standing of Reformers.

We find in “The Friend”—a magazine devoted to peace, good-will to all men, progressive reform, and the advancement of human happiness—a worthy paragraph about the position and influence of the small handfull of men who devote their lives to the service—not of themselves and their own selfish interests, but—of their fellow-men. It comments very properly on the persecution to which this class of men are subjected. It holds that the century, liberal as it vaunts itself to be, has witnessed much of that very persecution which free-thinkers meet with in all ages, less cruel now than in centuries back, but none the less unchristian.

The cruelty, we take leave to say, is not less now than in the foretime. It may even be greater, for it is an inquisition of a social and spiritual character, and wounds far more deeply and grievously than any inflictions which might be visited upon the body. The pain of modern persecution is far more exquisite than it was formerly. And to think of its being visited upon men and women by the very ones who are sought to be benefited. Verily, verily, the old Jews live again in these days. Christ suffered a death of ignominy for preaching to them the truth and the life. The reformers of modern times are crucified by those who are addressed in exactly the same way.

The European Peace.

Austria and Prussia have come to some sort of terms for the present, and fighting has been suspended. The German people are universally rejoiced. Prussia has proposed an armistice, with given terms and conditions, and allowed Austria five days in which to accept it. The latter has acceded to the proposal, and the armistice has of course begun. It is probable that it will end with the compulsory acceptance, by Austria, of the hard terms which Prussia is understood to have laid down. And the first and hardest of them all, that Austria shall take herself out of the German Confederation altogether. Thus she will find herself solitary and alone in Europe, stripped of her alliances, dependencies, and political possessions in Bohemia, and Bavaria and Saxony gone, Yonetta forever lost, her prestige as a fighting power faded, and nothing left to build up her fortunes on but the air, and delays to be a final lack of diplomacy. Prussia means to be a final class power, and to absorb the German name and character. Napoleon probably never thought of that when plotting with Bismarck a year or less since. The Prussian minister has shown himself too deep for the strategist, at the Tuilleries. If a permanent peace be now concluded, Napoleon will feel compelled to do something to recover the prestige he will have notoriously lost by being thus thrust aside as the arbiter of Europe by Bismarck.

Statement in regard to the Ice-Cream Poisoning Case at Abington Grove.

Statement in regard to the Ice-Cream Poisoning Case at Abington Grove.

Seeing a wrong statement in your last issue, Mr. Editor, in regard to the poisoning case of the 4th ult., in this town, and feeling that it resulted *not from flying reports (seldom if ever near the truth, I take the liberty to give you a correct and reliable statement of the facts in the case.* The day after the death of the young man, which resulted from poisoning, the subscriber, with five others of the medical profession, held an autopsy of the body, for the purpose of finding, if possible, where the poison had the most effect. But little inflammation was found in the stomach or any of the intestines; not enough to cause death from inflammation alone. After the examination all of us went to the residence of Mr. Nahum W. Smith, and examined the cream, and found it perfectly safe. We used all of the utensils, vessels, &c., used in the manufacture of said cream. Each vessel and utensil was separately and severally examined and found safe. I am, therefore, fully satisfied by us, and I do solemnly affirm, upon my honor

The symptoms were poisoning from arsenic, and not copper. Mr. Bates had left a little of the arrowroot used in the composition of the creamer which he delivered to Dr. J. D. Harris; also a little of the extract of lemon juice used, which he brought to Dr. A. F. Squire, who immediately applied to find the poison, but to no effect; after which, Dr. A. F. Squire took a teaspoonful of the arrowroot and ate it, and was not poisoned by the operation.

We also detached portions of the stomach and intestinal wall, which presented the most inflammatory condition, for microscopic examination, but no disorganization of cells could be seen under a glass magnifying two hundred diameters. This as far as actual proof is concerned, it will ever remain a mystery. Whatever it was, it acted especially

ers at once. None of the M. D.s attached any blame to Mr. Bates, the manufacturer, and that part of the community who know him as a useful member of society, heartily rejoice in his exoneration. The fact that he and his wife were not poisoned, is proof positive that he knew nothing of the subtle element contained therein.

Hoping you will place this statement in your columns for the public good, allow me to subscribe myself your sincere friend and well wisher in the cause of truth, justice and humanity.

Abington, Mass. E. R. Eaton, M. D.

Excursion Into the Country—Second Grand Union Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will hold their Second Grand Union Picnic for 1896, at Island Grove, ABINGTON, on Wednesday, Aug. 18th. Special trains will leave the Old Colony and New York Railroad Depot at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M.

For the Grove.
 Fare: Adults, from Boston and return, 80 cents.
 Children with their parents, 40 cents. For sale at
 the Depot.
 Excursionists from all way stations between
 Boston and South Braintree, and between Plym-
 outh and Hanson, will take the regular train
 to the Grove and return for one fare.
 Good music for dancing will be in attendance.
 Refreshments in abundance may be obtained
 on the grounds. No exhibitions allowed except
 specially authorized by the proprietors of the
 Grove. H. F. GARDNER, Manager.
 Boston, Mass., July 26, 1866.

Arrangements have been made with the Boston and Providence Railroad to carry passengers from Boston to Providence to attend the Convention, and return, at the reduced fare of \$1.50 the round trip. Tickets to hold good from Monday, Aug. 20th, to Monday, Aug. 27th, inclusive.

Persons availing themselves of this arrangement, will call for *Excursion Tickets to the Spiritualist Convention*, and return.

Trains leave Boston at 7.25 and 10.30 A. M., and P. M.

This arrangement will accommodate the friends from Chicago and the West who come by way of the Lakes and Grand Trunk Railroad; also the friends from Boston and vicinity, and many other points.

New England. I. K. JOURNAL

Providence, R. I., Aug. 1, 1863.

New Music.

From Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street, have received a copy of a song entitled "Glorious News! a new and popular prize temperance song with chorus and pianoforte accompaniment," L. O. Emerson, author of the "Jubilate," "Hail of Judah," "Merry Chimes," "Golden Wheat &c. It is a fine thing, and is receiving high commendation from the press every where.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. H. N. HAMILTON, PENN.—Have not received the article you refer to.

M. L. H. ASHLAND, MASS.—We will consider carefully your have indicated and will duly inform you of the result. For the interest you manifest in the welfare of our temple. Yes, we do need subscribers, and we hope you will use your influence to induce your friends to subscribe to BANNER.

W. C. CLEVELAND, O.—\$3.00 received.

Business Matters.

JAMES J. MANSFIELD, TRUST MEDIUM, NEW
Sealed, lectures, at 102 W. 15th street, New York
Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ye Plimped, Blotched and Ulcerated Victims
 scrofulous diseases, who drag your nuclear pur-
 sons into the company of better men, take AURE-
 SANDER'S PILLS, and purge out the foul corrup-
 tion from your blood. Restore your health, and
 you will not only enjoy life better, but make your
 company more tolerable to those who must keep
 it.

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CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGL.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 5

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P

BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED PUTCHER SOAP
 Guaranteed double the strength of common
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 ket. Put in one pound, two pounds, three pounds,
 four pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in Eng-
 and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound
 can make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required.
 Customers will find this the cheapest Putch Soap.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit who came to bear, 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 earthly 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. 128 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 collected.

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.

Invocation.

Our Father, let us behold thy face through the sunshine. Let us know thee as the flowers know thee, and worship thee understandingly, as all Nature worships thee, as the fair blossom worships thee, when it turns its face to the sunlight, and lifts its head for the raindrops. Oh let us read thy law aright, and never falter in the way of duty. Let us be as angels of mercy, ministering to the needs of all thy mortal children. Let us give them cooling waters of spiritual truth. Let us lead them gently over the rough ways of life, and finally welcome them to that home beyond the tomb, whither all must go.

Guide us, Holy Spirit, guide us,

Over life's uncertain way;

And whatever ills befall us,

Grant that we may ever say,

"Thy will be done!"

When our bark is tempest-riven,

And no star illumines the way,

Grant, O Lord, that strength be given,

Whereby we may ever say,

"Thy will be done!"

April 23.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we will answer them.

CHAIRMAN.—I have none to-day.

S.—The audience are then at liberty to propound a few, if they have such to propound as would be heard with interest by the public.

Q.—Is every person while in the form attended both by a good genius or spirit, and an evil genius or spirit?

A.—Your attendants alternate to suit your condition. Sometimes you are attended by a class of intelligences whom you call evil. Sometimes you are attended by the reverse. They are attracted to you in correspondence with your human surroundings. If you are sad, you attract a class of evil spirits; if joyous, a class of joyous ones; and so on. Like attracts like, through all your spiritual being. It was said in ancient days by a certain class of intelligences dwelling on the earth, that every man and woman was attended by a good and evil genius. Well, this fable has something of truth in its foundation, for the ancients perceived that the influences that surrounded them corresponded with their condition. Sometimes they were good, sometimes they were evil; sometimes joyous, sometimes sad.

Q.—Does the state of the individual attract those evil spirits, or do the characteristics attending those spirits produce the state? or which was prior?

A.—The condition of the soul dwelling in human attracts the intelligences by which they are surrounded, be they either good or evil. Those intelligences do not produce the foundation of your surroundings.

Q.—Why is it that we can't feel spiritual influences when with those who oppose them?

A.—Why is it we can't feel spiritual influences when with those who oppose them? Well, opposition to these spiritual influences tends to produce a condition that forces them from your presence. They come to you by virtue of the attraction that exists in your surroundings. If those surroundings repel them, they cannot come.

Q.—Was the spirit that appeared to Swedenborg and announced itself as the Lord, the same spirit that manifested through the form of Jesus of Nazareth?

A.—We have no reason to suppose that it was indeed that particular intelligence. He may have so supposed. Others may have so supposed. But there is no evidence that this intelligence was other than one of his own special friends, one who had dwelt in the form with him, one nearly allied to him as an individual; one that thought as he thought, stood upon the same plane as he did.

Q.—Why did it announce itself as the Lord?

A.—Because that was the common way that spirits announced themselves among the ancients. One says, "I am thy Lord and yet thy servant." So the ancient Scriptures declare. He might as well have said, "I am thy Lord, thy spiritual attendant, and I am one of thy fellow-servants, such as have existed in earthly forms." There are many Lords and many Gods filling all life.

Q.—Does sadness originate in the physical body, or in the spirit?

A.—Its external manifestations may be attributed to some bodily infirmity. But in the absolute, all these experiences may be traced to the spirit. Sorrow or joy belongs to the spirit, as well as to the external manifestation. April 23.

Harrison Hook.

I've been very much dissatisfied with the way I find myself situated here on this new side of the world, dissatisfied because I do not think I have got my just dues. When I come to get near the spirit-land, I could see how I appeared to those who were better than I was. But I suppose that God, wherever he is, knows his own business, and I shan't attempt to try to take it out of his hands.

I was fifty-four years of age. I lived for a good part of the time in Georgia and Kentucky. I was born, however, in New York State, but I took to speculating in negroes, and I kept it up until the war made it unprofitable business, and then I turned my attention to fighting against the abolition of slaves. For I felt that the abolition of slavery would be my ruin; and there were a good many, too, who would have suffered, like myself, by the abolition of slavery. So we all turned our attention to fighting against you Yankees, who thought you were fighting for the Constitution and the Union, but really you were fighting for the abolition of slavery.

I could not see the thing in its true light when I was here; but, as I said before, when I neared the spirit-world I could see what a man I was. I never thought any more of whipping a nigger, than I did of whipping one of my hounds. I got to think that it was right. I did not believe they were human any more than my cattle were, so I treated them like dumb beasts. But when I got near death, I somehow could see; I could see some of those I had known that were dead. When I got clear dead myself, then I was astonished to find that those I'd so ill-treated were better off than I was. They said to me, "I am as good as you, and God thinks as much of me as of you, and perhaps more."

I soon found they were entitled, by God giving them life, to the advantages of kind care and an education. I thought how I'd treated them, and wondered where the hell was I used to hear about. I did not know but there might be a hell somewhere, for I thought there ought to be a hell for a good many folks; did not think there ought to be a hell for myself, but when I saw what I'd done, I felt I ought to be there, and I was disappointed because I wasn't there. I am now unhappy. I can't feel right until I have my pay, and I suppose I shan't until it comes. However, it may be I'm to get it in this way, being so dissatisfied and restless all the time.

My name was Harrison Hook. Now I want to know if there's any sort of way, any way possible, that I can get into rapport with my man, Joe Hook. He was one of the smartest niggers you ever saw, and I treated him terribly bad; too. Do you think I can reach him? [Possibly.] That means there's a doubt about it, I see. Well, I can try, can't I? [Yes. Can you tell where he resides?] Well, as high as I can tell, he's applying himself to books, and trying to get, what I refused to give him here—that was an education. You see I did not want him to get ahead of me. Somehow he was naturally smart, and he was a Christian. Ah, many a night he's prayed for me when I could not pray myself.

Now I want him to come right to me, where I can talk to him. If I'd known how it would be, I wouldn't have done as I did. I'm sorry I treated him so bad, and want him to know it. Now ask there any way by which I can talk to him? I left him in Georgia?

I said to him like this: "Joe, you must fight for our rights." "Master Hook, I fight for my own," he says. I said, "But you must fight for ours, Joe." "No, I'll not fight for yours, for they're not mine."

Well, the next day he was gone. I can't tell where; I had not time to look after him. I thought likely he was gobbled up by some Yankee squad lurking in the neighborhood, so there was no use in looking for him. [Where did this take place?] In Cartersville, Georgia. [We shall publish what you say in our paper, and perhaps some of his or your friends may see it.] I kind of think he may know something about these things, from what I've heard him say.

At any rate I'm back here, and I'm sorry, that's all. I wish I was in hell. I want to get my share of all that's going.

Well, you'll publish? [Yes. Do you wish your letter directed to any particular person in Cartersville?] No; for I'm not sure he is there now. Oh, I've been—well, I know I've been attracted to him. He's studying—he's studying books, I'm pretty sure. [Isn't he in Washington?] I think he is there. I think he is. Why won't you direct to him there, and if he don't get it, then if you find he's not in Washington, then won't you direct to Cartersville? [We can direct a paper to both places.] That will do.

Now, if there's any train to the lower regions, I'd go there. [Keep up good courage.] Oh, I ain't afraid of anything. If I should meet old Cloven-foot, I should not be afraid. I should say, "I belong to you," and I should go along with him. Oh, I hate myself as bad as anybody ever hated me.

Edward W. Green.

I come to thank you for the kind interest you took in me, for the sympathy you manifested for my hard luck. Death was robbed of all its gloom, of all its terrors by the kindness of friends; and I feel that had I a thousand lives to live, I ought to devote them all to the work of paying those friends for the great kindness they did me. Many of them, I have learned since I came here, are believers in Spiritualism. I did not know it when I was here, but I have learned it since.

I want to express my utmost thanks to my brother-in-law, Chapman, who was so very kind to me, and who was so very kind to my wife and child. Don't want him to think there was anything he might have done to have saved me, for it is much better that I went as I did, than it would have been for me to have remained here. I am sure, had I been spared, I should have suffered far more in the miserable life I should have led within the prison walls, than in passing through death on the gallows.

It is not for me to say whether or not I was endowed by God with the usual share of common sense. But it is for me to say I thought myself endowed with the usual amount, although it has been otherwise adjudged by those who pretend to understand such matters.

I have also thanks to express to Mr. Converse and family, for their expressions of Christian sympathy; also to that good soul, Wendell Phillips, who seems to be over ready to do good. And if ever good angels attended anybody, they ought to attend him; and I believe they do.

I may say the same of Mr. Greenwood, who was more than a father to me during those terrible scenes of conflict that I passed through in getting reconciled to my condition.

I do hope that all such good souls may leave the doors of their spiritual temple wide open, so that the good and true may always find admittance there. I know it will be well with them hereafter, and they will enjoy far more than they expect to; for every one that they have been instrumental in liberating from any kind of bondage, will be sure to meet them, greeting them with a grand welcome to the spirit-world.

The only regret that I now have is, that I have not stained the garments of those who were allied to me by earthly relationship. They sorrow, I know, and will, perhaps, for a long time. But all I can do I will to make their clouds pass away and the sun to shine once more upon them.

I thank you, sir, and hope I may be able to pay you in something more than thanks by-and-by.

April 23.

Charles McCarthy.

Well, sir, that chap was a little hard pushed, I take it. [He was rather an obstacle to your coming?] Yes, sir; a pretty big one. But I got over it. Faith, I never seen the obstruction I could not get over, when I was in earnest. But I was very careful not to be in earnest, you know, when there was no show. Yes, sir; I look first to see whether the bars were down or not, always.

Well, sir, I am Charles McCarthy. I suppose you remember Dennis McCarthy? [We do.] Yes, he came here. He is my brother; and since then

I have died myself; and he has shown me the way back. [You were alive then?] Yes, sir; I was. [Did you get his letter?] Yes, sir; but I didn't believe it. Yes, sir; it was a kind of a something I could not understand, but I thought about it a great deal, I can tell you.

Well, now, what I want is, if I can by any sort of way, to come to my folks and tell 'em I'm in the way to come; and that when I do come to them, I'll tell them what I have not the time to tell them here. That's what I want, sir. Yes, sir.

I came home from war sick. I was sick. I took something on me, and I never got over it. I don't care anything about the way I died; for it's a something that is a natural way to get out. It's the way that God has appointed for all his children to die. He has provided a way to die. Well, all die some time or another, and it don't take any praying—no, sir, not by anybody, either priest or Pope. That's what I like to say to them. There's no need of their spending their money for getting folks prayed out. It had better be given in some other way. There's a great deal of money wasted in getting folks out, and nobody at all can help 'em out; that's it.

Now, sir, I should like that my wife Catharine, that I suppose—well, I know very well now she is, I'm very sure she is in Newburyport, in the mills. I have come here for it, to get some way to come to her, and go to others. [You want her to find you a medium?] Yes, sir. [To give you an opportunity to speak.] Yes, sir, that's it exactly. [You've got something for her private ear alone, I suppose?] Yes, sir; you have it. Now I have—well, it's something about what she's a looking for, and if I talk to her this way, perhaps somebody will get it that ought not to have it. That's it entire. And if I talk to her alone, you know, there's no chance.

April 23.

"Belle Wide Awake."

There's a gentleman out in Cleveland, who wanted me to come here and tell him who "Belle Wide Awake" was.

She's "Belle Wide Awake"; that's about as near it as he'll get. He has ideas in his mind like this: I think she must be an Indian, or a negro. Perhaps she's something of both; but she's "Belle Wide Awake," anyway. She's come here because he wanted her to. If "Belle Wide Awake" has told him any truths at any time that were new to him, then "Belle Wide Awake" has accomplished something that dead folks never can accomplish.

[How do you like here?] Very well. I'm with the Davenportes, you see, a good deal, and there's where he has got his ideas that I am either a negro or an Indian, because I perhaps speak some times like a negro, and sometimes like an Indian. But you just give my respects to him, and tell him she's "Belle Wide Awake"; that's all he needs to know. [How are the Davenportes?] Oh, fine. [Are they waking up the people there?] They had the biggest time a few nights ago! You'll hear about it soon. [Won't you tell us before the news comes from another source?] Oh, I've no right to carry news here in that way. [We want it in advance, to satisfy skeptical minds here.] Well, do they know what to say to the manifestations that we give? [No, they do not.]

Well, they made a good hit, that's all; and they made it by being violently opposed. You squeeze the flower, and the perfume will be a great deal more dense. So it is with them. They had to squeeze them, oppose them, to give just the right sort of manifestations. But we did it; yes, we did. That's because we were "Wide Awake," you know.

April 23.

Circle closed by Augustus Pope.

Invocation.

Oh thou who by the agents thou hast established in Nature art spreading the earth with her carpet of green; whose voice is heard in sunlight, shower and air, calling the flowers from the bosom of Mother Earth; whose power causes the sunlight and the vernal zephyrs to kiss the mountains and valleys; thou who art God everywhere, hear our prayers. Grant that the winter of religious superstition and fear may soon be succeeded by the springtime of truth and religious freedom. Grant that all this religious darkness may soon be lost in the spiritual morning of truth; that all kinds of injustice may die by the potency of justice as it means with thee; that thy kingdom may come and thy will be done here in the hearts of thy children, as it is done by the angels that chant praises in heaven. Amen. April 24.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We propose, on this occasion, to answer a charge that has been made against all Spiritualists, but particularly against the two spiritual organs known as "The Banner of Light," and "The Religio-Philosophical Journal." The charge is this: that of necromancy and the practice of fraud, or deception, for pecuniary purposes. Now with regard to the charge of necromancy, we shall in behalf of all Spiritualists, plead guilty. But with regard to the charge of fraud, or deception, for pecuniary purposes, or any other purpose, we shall in behalf of all true Spiritualists, plead not guilty. We perceive that this charge has been made by one who seems to be possessed of more worldly wealth than developed intelligence. We so judge, from the fact that he classes necromancy with fraud, deception, which is unfair. Necromancy signifies no such thing; and we had supposed that the term was generally understood. But it seems that the source of this unfair charge, does not understand the meaning of the term. Therefore it is, that we have thought it best to consider this charge, that we might enlighten him; also, that we may defend our agents who are on the earth.

Necromancy we believe to have been derived from two words: *necros* and *mantion*—*mantion* signifying to learn, and *necros* the dead. Necromancy, then, signifies to learn of the dead, simply. Some writers have it, dealings with the dead, which means about the same thing. But our good brother may believe it is as far from deception and fraud, as the sun is from the earth. It would be well for all who seek to successfully oppose anything—it matters not whether it be a problem in science or anything else—that they understand what they are about, with what they are dealing, and all the characteristics of both sides of the picture. Then they shall be able judges fitted to determine in the case. But unless they are so informed, they have no right to discuss the subject at all.

We are well aware that there are many so-called Spiritualists, who practise the gift of mediumship solely, entirely for worldly gain. We are sorry that this is so; but because it is, so, the latter part of the charge we must in their behalf plead guilty. But to our understanding, they are not true Spiritualists. Their spiritual nature has not been so unfettered that they can receive the full influx of divine life. We know they must be sustained while on earth. Their physical necessities must be attended to; and the laborer is, in all instances, worthy of his hire. Yet when they forget their divine calling, when that is entirely

lost in a desire to gain wealth, then angels, weep over them. Then playing spirits wonder? They cannot see where they stand. That it is that we do not wonder that your opponents look at you through the telescope of fraud. Is it anything degrading to be taught of angels? If it is, then the Saviour of the Christian world debased himself, for he communed with legions of angels; and the record affirms that all the prophets and seers of ancient times talked with angels and were taught by them. Were they debased? Did they practice fraud by so doing, as a necessity? You do not so believe; and yet we defy you to prove to us that they did not commune with the angels; that they did not have direct ministry with them. Jesus was seen in company with Moses and Elias; and there are instances without number in your Bible, where so-called angels, spirits of the departed simply, did hold communion with their brethren on earth. But because this is contained within your sacred record you do not think of charging it with fraud or deception. No, it is all holy, and yet it is but necromancy. All the ancient teachers were necromancers, every one of them.

We have pity and charity for all those who stand upon such uncertain ground, for we know that it will sooner or later crumble beneath their feet. We know sooner or later all their false charges will return upon themselves with double vengeance. Therefore it is that we can but pity them, and earnestly beseech them to look into this—to them—new light; but it is as old as eternity. When they have informed themselves of it, we'll gladly meet them on even ground, give to them of our light, and they in return shall give us of their light. Then we shall be recompensed for our labors, and they will be recompensed for theirs.

April 24.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions we will answer them.

Q.—Are diseases the result of sin? and do spirits return to afflict, infect, or to be avenged for real or supposed injuries done them while living, or after they put off the material form?

A.—The belief that disease is the result of sin, has been born of the mother ignorance. Disease is just as natural to the body as storms are to the earth. The earth don't sin when a terrific storm sweeps over the land. You don't think of supposing that the land has sinned because of a tempest sweeping over it. Oh no. Then you should not charge the body with sin, nor the spirit, either. Yes, spirits do often return to be avenged for either fancied or imaginary wrongs, and they seek by every possible means to wreak their vengeance upon whoever it may fall. Wherever there is a negative machine, such as the one your speaker now uses, there their power is most felt; there they can exercise the most real strength. Through these machines they can send out a magnetic influence that can effect either for good or evil, when they fancy they have been wronged. If they pass out with that belief to the spirit spheres, if there is a way they can return, they will avail themselves of it.

April 24.

Lillian Castro.

Lillian Castro, of New York City. My father was a native of Bordeaux, France. My mother was born in Orange, Dutchess County, New York. I have two brothers younger than myself; my own age being nineteen.

On the 17th day of last May—that is near a year, I believe—I died, they said; but I am conscious of being alive, and I am very anxious that my father and mother should know that I do live; my father, particularly, for he has some faith in the return of spirits after death. Once, when talking of Spiritualism, I remember to have heard him say that his mother saw spirits often, and he remembered distinctly of hearing her say that she knew folks who were dead could come back and talk with those who were living. So he thought there was truth in this modern Spiritualism.

In March I was taken sick with a fever. Typhoid fever, I believe they called it. I got better, as was thought, but it finally ended in consumption.

My mother was not a professor of religion, but she believed in a Supreme Power that ruled everywhere. My father had no particular faith; used to say many times that all the religions were of no use, and a humbug, too. And when one of our neighbors wanted a clergyman called to pray with me, he said, "If any prayers are needed, they must come from herself to be of use. I want no clergyman praying over my child. If there is a good God, as they tell us, he'll take care of her without asking him; and if there is none, what is the use in praying. If he is God, he is good, and he'll take care of her." They thought my father was very strange and a great infidel, and that I should go to some place where I should not be happy, because I had been so educated. But I am happy, very happy. I have only been sometimes unhappy when I have seen the obstacles that stood in the way of my coming back; but at other times I have been very happy. Now I do not suffer; now I am free from all bodily pain; now there is no sign of life to be free. My father's name is Richard. I have learned since I came to the spirit-world that my father's mother was born in Spain, and that she called my father Richard or Ricardo in memory of her brother. So she says his name is Ricardo—not Richard. I suppose she knows best. I have made this statement because she wished me to. My father's name is Richard. I have learned since I came to the spirit-world that my father's mother was born in Spain, and that she called my father Richard or Ricardo in memory of her brother. So she says his name is Ricardo—not Richard. I suppose she knows best. I have made this statement because she wished me to.

[What part of the city did you reside in?] Fairmount street—place, I should have said.

April 24.

Lieut. Edward Gray.

Lieutenant Edward Gray. I am from the 43d New York Company. I have been some time making up my mind to come round here. When I was first told of the place, I said, "You don't catch me there; it's only a trap to get me back again." But I have heard the idea that if we get here we should be obliged to stick on the earth, and I wasn't in for that movement, for really I like the place I'm in. I felt very much as I did when we were changed down in the valley—what is it you call it?—where "Little Mac" kept us so long—down in the swamps, where he used to say, as he rode along the line every day, "Boys, keep up your courage and don't get sick; say that we could return to earth again, I thought perhaps the crowd was too great, and I didn't know but what they wanted to pin 'em out a little, so I had no notion of being sent back to earth again to live. But when I met some of the boys who'd got back again, they concluded it was safe to try. It was always a question for I somehow had a feeling, was never one of the cause, and when I was never known, when I was a boy, to go on and get sick, I was likely to break and let me through. I've got just as much caution now, so I rather think I took my caution with me to the spirit-world."

I have a good old, true New Jersey, upon whom I can rely for another and shall have fallen since my death. I suppose to give him a sort of a raking down, dressing up, "You know, in the springtime you have to lop off all the dead branches and trim up the trees. So he's one of the old

dead branches that wants to be lopped off. I don't know much about gardening, but I think I can help him up. He says to them, "I'm very willing to support you, now that Edward has gone, but I can't afford that, can't afford the other." Virtually saying, "You must cut it down to a fine thing."

Now I am just saucy enough to say that he's able to give them all a good lesson. I'm anxious enough to say, too, that they are under no obligations to you, my dear uncle, for you were always enough to cheat my father out of a sum of money that belongs to his wife and children. So look out; the ice may break and let you in, old fellow, and then you'll be sorry. I don't mean financial by no means. I mean about the smallest chance for it, anyway. But if you should happen upon you, it would be apt to drag you down to perdition. So you'd better take care of yourself. Don't get down there, if you can help it. Begin and give your dollars away, for every one you've got in sinking you'll just keep your purse open. They're all like so many millions round your neck, weighing you down. So you'd better be careful, and don't say you can't do this and can't do that. Now, old fellow, you'd better change your ways, else you won't look pretty at all, won't like to see yourself; and I think I'm any better now than I was here. I'm just the same, not just as bad as I did when I was here. If I think don't suit me, I say so; and if it does suit me, I say it does.

I want my mother and sister to feel that they are in no sense dependent—not a bit of it. I want them to use his money as they would have the right to if it came from me. I want them to feel all delicate in asking for what they want, for if I had old chap don't shell out, why, I'll squeeze him so tight he'll be glad to.

Oh, I'm a happy chap, I am; was here; never looked my dollars. No, I'd rather keep a fast horse, and spend my money that way. I took pretty good care not to keep my purse open, too heavy, so it was pretty light when I left. I tell you I don't have any millions hanging about my neck when I went across, no, sir.

I should like to travel round home nearer, that is, if I can have a fast horse to go with. I never drove anything but just a good team, so I'd like one that could drive the whole way without any stops. I'd rather have a team that I could use the check-rein on, than one you'd have to use the whip to.

Well, now, Mr. Chairman, or Superintendent of affairs here, you'll just pardon me for my independent way. I have to talk in this way, or perhaps I should sail under the "Falmouth" flag. Come, old Uncle, I mean to tell you, I have good spirits, and don't die in debt to your benevolence. Good-by; good-by.

April 24.

Henry J. Jennings.

I was wounded, sir, in the battle of Winchester; was taken prisoner, taken, I believe, to the Lincoln Hospital; died there. I have heard my friends a good many times say if they knew how it was with me when I died, they should be reconciled. I was taken just as good care of as any one was. I believe all was done for me that could be. The surgeon said my wound was mortal, although I never felt much weaker; but I could never get well. I begged them to give me something to make me die quick. They said no, that wasn't their business, and didn't do it. I lived about nine days, nine or ten days, suffered considerable, pretty hard, although some of the time the doctors would put me under the influence of ether, or something of the sort, so I wouldn't suffer so much.

My name, sir, was Henry J. Jennings, and my father's name was Charles. I was fifteen, in my sixteenth year. I was from Alabama. My father was in the 24th Alabama Cavalry. I heard he was wounded, and died, but I've heard and since that that was a mistake; that he's alive. I should be very glad to let them know all about myself, as I have opportunities to do. I have nothing to say against the Yankees into whose hands I fell. They treated me well, particularly one woman there, a nurse. She used to come into our ward, and many a time has she held me in her arms and held me, and done everything she could to make me easy. I believe her name was Jones, a Mrs. Jones. I thought if there was a good woman in the world, she was one. She told me she came from Massachusetts. When I wanted anything, she'd go till she found it. So I didn't think so hard of the Yankees after that. I died thinking very well of him, and I rather reckon our folks were somewhat mistaken. If I'd known as much before, as I did afterwards, I never would have gone into the army at all, because it's only fighting against your friends for opinion's sake.

I go now, sir. I thank you. [What place did you reside in?] In the city of Montgomery, sir. [Have you arranged for your letter to reach your friends?] I think it will reach my father. If they would like to know where I was wounded, I will tell them. I had a ball through the hip, and one, they said, was lodged against, or very near the spine, and could not be extracted. April 24—

Circle opened by Theodore Parker.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Wm. Foxgate, to his wife; Walter Richard, to Abigail, his mother; in Canterbury, N. H.; Mrs. Robert Davis, to Mary Ellen, his daughter; in London, England; Thomas, to his father; in Cambridgeport, Mass.

Friday, April 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wm. Truitt, of Boston, to his father; in New York City; to relatives: Carrie Edridge, to her mother, Louisa Edridge, in New York City; Samuel Pepper, of Andover, Mass.; to his father; in Andover, Mass.

Saturday, May 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry Gardner, from Goldboro, N. C., to his brother John; Mary Alice Redhead, to her mother, in Trenton, N. J.; John Redhead, to his mother, in Trenton, N. J.; John Redhead, to his mother, in Trenton, N. J.; John Redhead, to his mother, in Trenton, N. J.

Sunday, May 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Redhead, to his mother; Charles O'Brien, to his brother James; Angelo Russell, to his father and mother; Wm. Harris, to his mother, in Concord, N. H.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. FEENEY, RESIDENT EDITOR.

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CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

Wonderful Test of Psychometry or
the Soul of "Things."

BY PROF. L. W. SMITH.

EDITOR OF BANNER—Much has been written and said of Cincinnati mediums; but I have not noticed in connection therewith the name of one of our best, whose merits are worthy of special mention in your columns. The person to whom I refer is Mrs. Wm. Ward, an unpretending lady, possessing a fine spiritual organization, who is one of the most impressive mediums whom I have ever met, and whose psychometric powers are truly wonderful.

In illustration of the latter, permit me to narrate an incident given at a private séance at her house, on York street, a few evenings since, which proves conclusively that the power to read character by coming in rapport with an individual through the instrumentality of a letter, is by virtue of the spirit, or "Soul of Things," (as Prof. Denton terms it in his able work on that subject), and not by a psychical influence brought to bear upon the mind of the medium by any person, either in or out of the form, as has been supposed by many. The subject having been incidentally alluded to, I drew from my pocket a letter from a friend in Iowa, and requested her to give the character of the letter. As I handed it to her, Mrs. Ward, her husband, requested her to take it out of the wrapper, that she might come directly in rapport with the spirit of the letter—a suggestion which she did not at first heed, but held it for a few moments in her right hand. Presently she commenced rubbing her right arm, and remarked: "How strange my arm feels! Why, it feels as though it was awed off right here!" clapping her arm with the left hand about half way between the elbow and shoulder. She then changed the letter to the left hand, but experienced no such sensation in it. Mrs. Ward then asked "if I had not carried the letter in my pocket with others," stating "that in such cases she frequently got two or more influences blended—the reason why he first suggested that it should be taken out of the envelope." It then occurred to me, for the first time, that I had carried it for several days with two others from a soldier, who had lost his right arm at the very place she designated by clapping hers with the left hand. This test shows that there could have been no psychological or spiritual influence brought to bear upon the medium's mind aside from the magnetic elements communicated to the letter by reason of having been in contact with the two from the one-armed soldier.

She afterwards took the letter from the wrapper, and, after holding it quietly for a few minutes, gave a perfect description of the writer, both physically and mentally, even describing a chronic affliction of the eyes, under which he has been laboring for many years. She also, during the same evening, accurately described a sister of mine who had quite recently passed to the spirit-land from the State of Illinois, and of whose existence she had previously known nothing, as I had never mentioned her name, or the fact of her departure in her presence.

The form of Mrs. Brannon, one of the editors of the National Union, of this city, presented itself to her clairvoyant vision in connection with the spirit-form of a lady, whom she described as having been in the spirit-land for many years, as well as giving a general description of her person as she appeared while in the earth-form. She said the spirit gave the name of Hannah—"Aunt Hannah," as she was familiarly called. Mrs. Ward had seen Mrs. Brannon on two or three occasions, but had no personal acquaintance with the gentleman, and knew nothing whatever of his family connections. I subsequently saw Mr. B., and inquired if he ever knew of any person familiarly known to him as "Aunt Hannah." He at first could not recollect any such person; but upon my giving a description of the spirit, as described by Mrs. W., he then recollected that an aunt of his by that name, bearing the same description in person, passed to the spirit-land from the State of Indiana, a good many years ago.

On another occasion, a piece of calico from the dress of a woman who was murdered near this place last winter, was brought to her without any indication as to whom it belonged, or any of the circumstances connected with it. After holding it a few minutes, her mind in a state of abstraction, she said that the person to whom it belonged was in the spirit-land, and was strangled to death in her own house, giving all the particulars of the tragedy—all of which accorded with the well-known facts in the case. The dress from which the sample was brought, was on the woman when the deed was committed. So peculiarly sensitive is her nervous organization, that whenever she enters a strange house, she immediately comes in rapport with the magnetic conditions which have from time to time pervaded it, and minutely describes therefrom the time of its first occupation down to the present time. This shows the importance of shunning all habitations which have been used for licentious or other criminal purposes, as in such cases every inch of material infused of such dwellings is contaminated with the gross magnetic conditions which have polluted their walls, and rendered them unfit habitations for refined and sensitive minds.

On entering the house of a lady friend, Mrs. W. described the magnetic conditions, coming from the walls and other surroundings, as being bad and disagreeable; to which the lady replied that it had been of bad character in years gone by, though the fact was generally forgotten, and thus known to but few. She was invited to dine with the family, and while at dinner, described an old lady in spirit-form, standing by the side of the man of the house (with whom she had had no previous acquaintance), holding five silver tablespoons in her hand, to which a sixth was presently added. The gentleman (who was no Spiritualist, and knew nothing of our beautiful Philosophy), immediately recognized, from the general description, and particularly from the presentation of the spoons, his own mother, and was so deeply affected, that he left the table with his meal unfinished. Before she left the house, however, he explained to her the phenomenon of the presentation of the five spoons, and then the completion of the set by the subsequent addition of the sixth, all of which was a mystery to Mrs. W., as she had previously known nothing of the gentleman, and had never seen his mother while living. He said that his mother had a set of silver spoons which had been in the family for

many years; finally, one of them got lost, and was never recovered, and a short time before her death she insisted upon having the set restored by having a new one made as nearly like the others as could be imitated, which, merely to gratify her, was done. The spoons, which were first psychologically or clairvoyantly shown to the mind of the medium, by the spirit of the old lady, were still in the possession of her son, and were produced in a more tangible form.

This incident, comparatively insignificant in itself, was the means of lifting the gentleman's mind from the dark abyss of Materialism to the beautiful sunlight of a glorious immortality—which is the chief mission of these angelic visitations which come to us in so many varied forms, according to the instruments or media provided for their use.

How many thousands have thus penetrated the mysterious veil of the future, who were either living in doubt and uncertainty, or groping their way through the dark and tortuous labyrinth of a materialistic philosophy! Yet the whole Christian world has arrayed itself in open hostility to this new dispensation of Divine, or spiritual, influx. How strange that those who profess to believe in and teach, dogmatically, the immortality of the soul, should so strenuously oppose the only means of demonstrating the fact to this age of skepticism and materialism!

The vagaries and gross inconsistencies with which theologians have loaded down the pure and simple religion of Jesus, have been the means of driving many thinking minds into the opposite extreme, wherein all religion, together with the doctrine of immortality, is discarded or looked upon as extremely doubtful; and when the spiritual gifts which accompanied the teachings of Christ and his apostles intervene for the purpose of arresting this downward tendency, and harmonizing the antagonisms of theology on the one hand and infidelity on the other, those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene are the first to raise a voice of opposition. We think that the solution of this problem will be found in the fact that those of our friends who return from the other side of the River of Life (not Death), do not ponder to their religious prejudices by confirming their cramped and distorted ideas of a future state of existence. Did they come to us with glowing accounts of an Orthodox heaven, filled with saints having no other occupation than the ceaseless and never-ending monotony of singing praises to an aristocratic Divinity of human creation, and with graphic descriptions of a material hell, filled with suffocation with the damned of earth, with a veritable devil possessing almost omnipotent powers, to torture them with eternal fires, then their teachings would be received as powerful auxiliaries in making converts to a system of theology which makes God a monster too cruel to contemplate, too blind and ignorant to foresee the ultimate of his own laws and forces, by which a general pandemonium is made of his fair creation, either with or without his design and intent—(whichever horn of the dilemma you prefer). They do not, however, return with intelligence confirming any such monstrous system, hence their rejection by the Church. They bring us tidings of no God except "a God of Love"; of no Heaven except "the Kingdom of Heaven which is within"; of no Hell except that which is created by conditions within. They tell us that "in our Father's house there are many mansions"—degrees of happiness—all corresponding to the various conditions of minds which inhabit them; that individual progression is not confined to earth, but continues throughout the vast cycles of endless eternity. That God's universe is as boundless as infinite space, and hence will always afford ample room for the further growth and expansion of the most exalted and Godlike intellect; that His love and mercy are also infinite, and, hence, sufficient to embrace all mankind—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the developed and the undeveloped—all conditions of life which have sprung from His eternal existence.

Before concluding, I should state that Mrs. Ward is not a public medium, and does not sit for pay, but only for the accommodation of friends and earnest seekers after the truth. I will furthermore state that in her case, the same as with all mediums, the spirits do not come and go at bidding, but communicate only when conditions on both sides are right and harmonious. Our spirit-forms are not omnipotent, and, therefore, cannot perform impossibilities. If the God of the Jews, who prevailed over his enemies in the mountains, but "could not drive them out of the valleys because they had chariots of iron," and if he who is regarded by many as omnipotent, failed, while on earth, over eighteen hundred years ago, to perform certain manifestations, "because of their unbelief," (the skepticism of his auditors), how much more allowance should be made for the non-performance of frail, sensitive mediums, who are affected by every breath of magnetism coming from immediate surroundings! The introduction of inharmonious or discord into the spiritual circle, or the presence of a positive, repulsive mind—not only skeptical, but bent upon opposition, let the manifestations be of whatever character they may—will as assuredly interrupt the communications in the presence of a sensitive medium, as the electric telegraph will cease to work when the atmosphere is charged with a superabundance of electricity; and he who would expect to get genuine spiritual communications under such circumstances, would be no wiser than he who would demand of the telegraph operator a message from a distant friend, when the elements were against him, or after he had changed the law and destroyed the conditions upon which the transmission of the message depends. Therefore, whatever may be your faith in the ability of your departed friends to return and communicate with you, never go to the circle in any other spirit than that of honest inquiry after the truth, as the desire on your part will be the means of attracting your spiritual friends, who will endeavor to satisfy the demands of your spiritual nature in search of the evidences of immortality. Not that we would ignore honest skepticism, or ask any person to believe without sufficient testimony; but the willingness on your part to receive the truth, when made manifest, will greatly aid your spirit-friends in bringing it to you.

Cincinnati, June 10, 1886.

The Grove-Meeting at Farmer's Station, Ohio.

Some fifty miles from Cincinnati, in a beautiful grove near Farmer's Station, on the Marietta railroad, the Spiritualists and other free-thoughted souls assembled upon the Fourth of July, listening to well-timed addresses from Bro. S. C. Child. He also remained lecturing the evening of the 5th. Mrs. N. Thomas assures us "that if we had a few more such men to fearlessly battle with error and superstition, shackles would fall, reason reign above prejudice, and the beauties of Spiritualism shine forth with increased brilliancy." We ever pray for the success of all our faithful co-workers. Blessed angels, gently lead them through life's thorny journeyings.

Convincing Test.

The editor of the Cincinnati National Banner is investigating the spiritual phenomena. Here is what he says of a recent visit to a medium:

"On Thursday evening last, by invitation, we visited the house of Mr. Henry Beck, on Dayton street, for the purpose of being present at a spiritual seance, with Miss Keyser, a clairvoyant, and Mrs. Stone and Mr. D., a Pearl street merchant, Mrs. Stone and Mr. D., and the medium Miss Keyser. Immediately the clairvoyant commenced describing spirits standing near the different persons in the room, giving names and other particulars, which were wonderful tests to the individuals addressed, adding them after them and circumstance after circumstance, which demonstrated that by some power Miss Keyser gave descriptions and names of departed persons with astonishing facility. At first the spirits were not recognized, but after a little reflection they were. This includes the idea of it being only a ruse. For instance, she described the grandmother of the writer, stating that her name was Sarah Bailey; we were unable to say whether the Christian name be correct or not. She described and gave the name of a son of the old lady, which was correct in every particular. We know that she knew neither name nor fact, and she gave a detailed account of this circle, but our spirit will not permit, and we will renew it on some future occasion. She gave tests to every person in the room, more of which we will mention briefly. After describing him, she cried out 'Ship ahoy!' and then began to make a motion like dancing a child upon the knees. The medium then addressed Mrs. Stone, and told the spirit's name, which was William Munford; that he was her uncle, and had often nursed her when she was a child. He also gave the name of his vessel—a somewhat strange one, Nestor; he was a sea-captain. Here are things which, we confess, seem to and we trust to construct the reality of our departed friends. If true, and he can be otherwise? It demonstrates immortality. Let no one scout this idea, but investigate the matter with candor. Miss Keyser can be consulted by all who desire to do so and will take the requisite measures. The manifestations are astounding, yet satisfactory and delightful. More at some future time."

Dr. S. D. Pace, Port Huron, Mich.

It gives us pleasure to see a medium, whom the fates never specially favored, rise through personal industry and energy, aided by spirit guides, to usefulness and even eminence in the medical profession. Such has been the case with Dr. Pace, of Port Huron. His business is large, and he is very successful in his practice. He spends the last two weeks of August in Racine, Wis., for the healing of the sick.

Mrs. D. Chadwick.

Mrs. Chadwick, who formerly lectured through the West as a pioneer in the spiritual ranks, desires us to say she has located in Vineland, New Jersey, and will continue to heal the sick, hold circles, or lecture, as opportunity may offer.

First Spiritualist Mass Camp Meeting, near Malden and Melrose, Mass.

The undersigned committee appointed by the Malden and Melrose Spiritualist Society, for the 25th, having duly deliberated and made all preliminary arrangements, are happy to announce that the first Spiritualist Mass Camp Meeting will be held in Lynde's woods, about half way between Malden and Melrose, Mass., commencing on Thursday, Aug. 20th (the week after the residence of the National Convention), and continuing till Sunday evening following. The grove is beautiful, cool, quiet, retired, and well adapted in every particular. It is near the public highway, and a short distance on the west side of the Boston and Maine Railroad, one mile from Malden Centre, and the same distance from Melrose, and less than half a mile from Wyomington Station, the nearest station to the grove. Cars leave Boston and Maine Railroad station, Haymarket Square, at 7, 7.45, 10.15 A. M., 2.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30 and 7.30 P. M. Fare 20 cents. Fare to Malden, 15 cents. Omnibuses and job wagons will be at the station, to carry passengers and baggage. Omnibuses will run from Malden and Melrose to the camp ground. Horse cars run every half hour between Boston and Malden, till 11 P. M. Fare 15 cents.

Parties desiring tents put up for them on the ground can secure the same by writing beforehand to Dr. P. Clark, 15 Marshall street, Boston, Mass., for a whole tent, or for accommodating from eight to ten, one dollar a day, or three dollars for the four days. Single individuals can be accommodated by writing to the same.

Parties wishing a tent, and desiring to provide for themselves and stay through the meeting, can bring a few utensils, pillows, blankets, etc., and they will find all kinds of provisions for sale on the grounds at the market prices. H. E. Taylor, of Malden, will spread tables in a large tent, to accommodate those who wish single meals, or will board visitors for one dollar per day. He will also furnish refreshment stands, straw for tents, fuel, and water. Though no disorder is anticipated, yet police officers will be on duty on the grounds at the market prices. H. E. Taylor, of Malden, will spread tables in a large tent, to accommodate those who wish single meals, or will board visitors for one dollar per day. He will also furnish refreshment stands, straw for tents, fuel, and water. Though no disorder is anticipated, yet police officers will be on duty on the grounds at the market prices. H. E. 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