

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Literary Department.

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JESSIE GRAY,

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER III.

"Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit goes,
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.
The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
Sing their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
Minstrelsy on high."

It was a very exciting time in Dalton, in the Fall of this year. John Selden was ambitious to retain his seat in Congress. The Judge had refused the nomination, but was a zealous partisan for the candidate of his party. Selden was pleased at the withdrawal of the Judge, knowing that he was the most powerful competitor which could be brought against him. He determined that neither time, money—and I am sorry to say, principle—should stand in the way of his success. The Judge was as determined that, if he could prevent it, John should not succeed; and when Carrie laughingly said one day: "I cannot quite understand your active opposition to John. Why not retire from the contest, and let your candidate find others to fight his battles?"

"My dear wife," said the Judge, seriously, "it is for John's good that I am now opposing him. My respect for his mother prompts my course. You cannot understand it; I see, and I am glad you cannot. I hope John will not be elected, and I shall thus be saved a most painful duty. You are not troubled that I should have any secret from you; on such a subject as this, are you, Carrie?"

"Not at all, guardian," she replied. (She often used this phrase of her childhood, especially at times when would show her perfect trust.) "You are right, no doubt, now, as you always are. My only trouble was, that you seemed to have forgotten our obligation to dear Annie. I do not think John will make any difference with regard to Birdie; I must, at great sacrifice even, have the dear child with me as much as possible. I am sorry to see that Annie takes the opposite side in politics from her husband. We will not encourage her in so doing."

"By no means, Carrie; never let the subject be mentioned in our family circle. If Annie introduces it, tell her decidedly that you prefer to say nothing. Poor Anna! I foresee only trouble for her. John has not forgiven her taking the child away in the clandestine manner she did last summer. I understand his disposition too well for that, and I am sure he will have his revenge. I wish Anna could have seen that forbearance and gentleness alone will move him. It is too late now; they will never be in full harmony again, though I hope for the best."

"Yes, poor Anna. She is less to blame, I think, than John; and if I could soften his heart toward her, I would rejoice."

"It is a terrible retribution, but perhaps it is just one, for a woman who marries from mercenary motives. I have been thinking if we should invite Mrs. Homer here; there might be more hope of reconciliation for Anna and her husband. She is a constant source of irritation to John, and I am not sure but she might be also to me, had I not a wife who would be a safe conductor for the electricity. She resembles her mother in disposition, and I was never very fond of my father's second wife."

"She would not be a very pleasant addition to our family circle," said Mrs. Perry, "but if there is any hope of reconciliation for Anna, I would gladly submit to it."

The invitation was accepted by Mrs. Homer, who had become weary of the second part, which she was obliged to act in John Selden's household, for the master had restored Hannah's rights, and she now made pickles and everything else in the cooking department, as she had formerly done under Mrs. Selden the elder.

It was a strange household—full of John Selden's—the wife remaining most of the time in her own room, occasionally going into the drawing-room when her husband was absent, or walking in the garden with Birdie during off hours; but when he was at home, she made her appearance only at the table, where great formality prevailed. Occasionally she gave a din, and then Anna presided with so much grace and dignity, that the guests were charmed, and congratulated Selden over their wife upon his choice of a wife. "Let us drink her health, gentlemen," he would say, and adroitly turn the conversation. To these dithyornes Birdie was never admitted, but found shelter either in the housekeeper's room, or over at Aunt Carrie's, where she was always welcome. Selden never courted admiration for his little one. Her picture, painted by one of the best artists, hung in his room. The richest clothing adorned her little person, but she never went from home that he did not return laden with choice gifts for her. But she was to him like gold to the miser. He seemed jealous of any care given to another. Every morning when he was to go out, he would call his wife, and say, "There was a deep dash upon Mrs. Perry's cheek, while the little governess opened her eyes in looking at her when I was quite a little girl."

at home, she rode with him; and he who was so reserved and haughty in his manner, to those who were not numbered among his particular friends, who had few words for the faithful domestics who had served him from boyhood, was always gentle and social with Birdie. No wonder she loved him, or that Mrs. Perry, who saw her unspoiled amid all this indulgence, hoped much from her influence over him when she should grow older.

One day he brought a rare little perfume case, containing cologne, Hungary water, &c., for the toilet. Mrs. Perry and Willie were in the orchard with Birdie, when he came out with it.

"Beautiful! Beautiful! dear papa," and she kissed him, and asked him to put some cologne upon her head, as she had seen older persons do. Suddenly looking very grave she said, "Mamma (she) gave some cologne to mamma."

"She has had a great deal to try her temper," said Mrs. Perry gently.

"Yes, you and I may think so, but some others do not. I heard a certain lady tell Judge Perry the other day, that she thought if Mrs. Selden were a little more compliant to her husband's wishes and opinions it might be for her happiness. Aside from the impropriety of a dependent interfering in the affairs of her employers, I think the remark was in bad taste from one who seeks to gratify that estranged husband by the charms of her society and her music."

Poor Miss Gray! the blood rushed over cheek and brow, and then her lip trembled and her eyes filled with tears. She could not speak, and rose to leave the room.

"You needn't be so, something all at once, Miss Gray! did n't I find you singing, some time since, in the library, to Mr. Selden, who was a most admiring listener? and wasn't there a repetition of the scene only last evening, with little Birdie upon your lap; and the other children grouped around you? You made a fine tableau, I assure you. A little art makes amends in such a picture for lack of beauty."

"Aunt," said Mrs. Perry rising, "this must not be. Miss Gray is my friend, and her feelings must not be wounded thus. Jessie," and she threw her arm caressingly round the neck of the little governess, who stood pale and tearful, but silent, "do not be troubled; I will explain: Madam Homer, it was at my request that Miss Gray went over to Mr. Selden's library, or, rather, little Birdie teased her a long time to 'come and sing to papa, for papa was very tired and sad.' You are well aware that Anna was at that very time dressing for a large party at Squire Holt's, and you are aware, also, that, though Anna is a fine performer, she was always very reluctant to entertain her husband in that way, even before Mrs. Selden's death: Anna is very dear to me, but I think, with Miss Gray, that a little more yielding and gentleness would help to soften John's resentment. Excuse me now, I am needed in the pantry."

She passed out with her arm still round Jessie. Miss Gray laid her head upon her friend's shoulder and gave vent to her feelings.

"Never mind," whispered the comforter, "that old woman's malice cannot harm you; there, now, forget it all, and let my love and the love of all my family comfort you!" and there was a sincerity and warmth in her manner that won the entire confidence of the younger.

There was some contrast between the two; one larger, more fully developed, queenly in her beauty, the other, pale, a wee, trim, little figure, but not at all handsome; hundreds would pass her without a second glance; but not so Mrs. Perry; hers was a rare beauty that won the heart of the older at first sight.

Madam Homer sat a few minutes and then passed out, through the porch and the garden, to the other house. That she did no good there was evident from the abrupt manner in which John Selden entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Perry that evening, and, finding the family seated there, begged Miss Gray to play something from Mozart and Beethoven. Mrs. Perry immediately mentioned a favorite sonata, and Miss Gray excused it with a little less skill than usual perhaps, for Madam Homer was sitting in an easy chair near the piano, in her evening dress of black silk, with her white turban upon her head. However, as Jessie continued to play, she gradually acquired her self-possession, and played for an hour with great acceptance to all her audience save one. When she rose from the piano she saw an expression upon the face of Madam which made the young girl turn pale. "For some unaccountable reason the old woman hated the innocent young girl."

Let us take a look at John Selden at this time. He has become almost portly, and his face, though it bore no traces of dissipation, showed the effects of indulgence at a plentiful table. He was, certainly improved from the boy; his manners were easy, his dress fashionable, but there was the same short neck, and sinister look of the face, caused in part perhaps by a slight squint of one eye. Mrs. Perry fancied that he had improved very much under Birdie's influence, that there was more softness of manner and gentleness of voice; but Madam Homer laughed at that idea, saying that if Mrs. Perry could see him at his own table she would find the old, stern, haughty manner had not improved.

But there stands John Selden on the evening previous to the day which was to decide his political fate. He had come home for a little rest, and, finding Birdie had not returned, went over to his neighbor's for the child and the music. Together they had made him forget the vexations of political life, and as he rose to go, with Birdie in his arms, he stopped for a moment before the fine oil-painting of his mother which hung above the piano. Turning to Birdie and then to the picture, he asked Mrs. Perry if she could see the resemblance.

"Yes, it is very striking, and grows more so every day. See the same arch of the eyebrows and curve of the upper lip, and then, here Birdie! The child smiled, as she turned her chubby face to Mrs. Perry—"There, don't you see the dimple? Do you remember it in your mother, in our childhood days?"

"I can guess," said Jim laughing.

"Well, Jim, now you needn't say nuffus 'bout Ole Pete's votin'—keep your counsel, if you please—we are to nominate to-night, and Ole Pete will do his duty; but when you see ole candles blazin', and Master John's wine running into the mouth of ole rabbles round, ye may know ole Pete don't train dat set."

Jim was in too much haste to tell his master the news, to remain talking with Peter. Judge Perry looked and troubled for a few minutes.

"I wish it were otherwise," he remarked, and turned the conversation. Suddenly brightening up, he addressed Miss Gray:

"Miss Jessie, I found a letter on my table last evening, in which some inquiry was made for

astonishment at the rudeness of the guest. The latter continued:

"Now there is Anna; I never had any trouble with her temper at all; when a child, but her husband and some others, I fancy, looking askance at the governess, seem to think she is possessed with a very evil disposition."

"She has had a great deal to try her temper," said Mrs. Perry gently.

"Yes, you and I may think so, but some others do not. I heard a certain lady tell Judge Perry the other day, that she thought if Mrs. Selden were a little more compliant to her husband's wishes and opinions it might be for her happiness. Aside from the impropriety of a dependent interfering in the affairs of her employers, I think the remark was in bad taste from one who seeks to gratify that estranged husband by the charms of her society and her music."

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"Only too glad, to be at home, Carrie; I think I must be getting old, I cling to home so much more than formerly."

"Getting old, father! Why, you don't look old a bit," said Willie. You can't be, 'cause mother is only a little older than Miss Gray, and she's young, aren't you?" he said, turning to her. There was a general laugh.

"And so, Willie, my boy," said the Judge, drawing the child toward him, "you are right; I can't be very old while your mother is so young."

"Why, Carrie," he said, looking at her more attentively, "you remind me of Mrs. Selden this evening, only I do not remember her as ever looking as young."

"That must have been the reason that John Selden was reminded of his mother to-night; but I wonder who the handsome woman can be," said Madam Homer.

"Madam, perhaps," said Mrs. Perry; "Anna was very handsome when she married."

"Nonsense; you know better than to suppose that he meant his wife. Did you ever hear him speak of Anna; I mean, speak kindly of her?"

"Yes, often, in the first year of their marriage."

"But never now, save tauntingly or rudely."

"I never hear him speak in that way of her," said Mrs. Perry.

"Carrie, dear, shall we have worship and revere? I am wearied this evening," said the Judge.

"Will you sing an evening hymn?"

Mrs. Perry went to the piano, and the family joined in the sweet song:

"Father, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits sleep;

"Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal."

The next morning Judge Perry went out early and rested, then returning to his library, spent the whole day in arranging papers, apparently unconcerned as to the result of the contest.

What these were, our little governess learned next morning as she was taking a short morning walk on the gravel path:

"Holloa, Peter!" said Jim, who was rubbing his horses on one side of the fence, while Pete was engaged in similar business on the opposite, the stables adjoining. "I say, Pete, did you hear the result of the election last night?"

"Catch ole digger asleep till I knowed dat," said Pete.

"Well, what is it?" said Jim impatiently.

"Jes, do ye way I didn't vote," said Pete.

"You vote?" said Jim.

"Well, I did vote, and nobody said nothing; I spes as low day sposed I was votin' de way dey wanted."

"And so Mr. Selden is out; well, I can't say I'm sorry—I guess the Judge knows what's safe for the country; I'll run right in and tell him."

"You maybe tol' what's not de true," said Pete, rubbing his horse with extra energy. "I say, de way I didn't vote."

"Well, then, has n't Seymour got it?"

"Perry like you thought ole chile was n't a free pusson of color. Now see here, Jim; I've had pinions of my own, a long time, and I bite by 'em; dat's what ole chile did. Now yet see, I do my work well, I také care dese horses like dey was my own children, and I take most as good care of Master John. Ye see we was raised together; I was a slave in Ole Virginny, till Dr. Selden bought me and set me free; and I lived wid my blessed missus till she died. And she was old fashioned Whig, ole Webster Whig, and I stick by ole same ting now. Because Massa John has gone astray, it's no reason Ole Pete should follow. No; I keep de straight path, and regret that you passed from life so young. But he would not grieve long or deeply; his studies would engross his thoughts, and your loss would be no deep grief to him."

If he were to die! Ah, Jessie, you would n't say much, perhaps not one word; you would wear no badge of mourning; you would try to smile, that none might know the pain at your heart, but there would be a great void in the world to you.

I fear, Jessie, you would never be the same happy girl again, and yet you have not whispered, even to yourself, that you love James Barton. No; and how angry you would be if any one should imagine that you did! To be sure, you refused the young minister who settled in Hartford last year, young, talented, handsome. "Why could n't you love him?" And you refused the rich young playfellow who studied with Dr. Barton, Senior. "A most worthy, exemplary young man. I wish my Jim was as handsome!" the good old Doctor said; and then the prosperous farmer, that came a wooing when he saw how unhappy you must be with Aunt Botsey.

Poor Jessie! I say again. Like many a woman before you, you have risked your richest treasure in a bark that may sail o'er many a sunny sea, but never come back to you.

"Hurrrah-hurrrah!" said Willie, who had stepped out unobserved, and now came running in full of excitement. "Mr. Selden is going to have an illumination to-night, and there is a band coming to serenade, and we're going to have lots of fun. Peter says he is to have two candles to every pane of glass, and there is wine and cider and beer enough for the whole town. Oh! mother, may I sit up to see it all to-night?" and the little fellow was breathless with excitement.

"Come here, Willie," said his mother; and she smoothed his tumbled hair, and straightened his collar. "What is all this for?"

"I asked Peter, and he told me that the morning paper said that the American Union had been saved, and he showed me the paper!—The Sentinel! Here it is, mother!" and he pulled a rumpled paper from his pocket. "Great triumph! Our

country safe! "Complete victory over the enemy!"

The Judge took the paper, and smiled.

"You may sit up to-night, Willie, and see the illumination till you are sleepy."

"Will you illuminate, papa?"

"Not to-night, my boy," said his father, a little sadly, and passed out of the room.

Peter obeyed orders faithfully that day, and practiced a very judicious silence. He went from window to window, arranging his candles. Mrs. Selden's room was a large front chamber, with three windows. When he knocked at her door with his tray of candles all placed in their recesses, she said:

"I will attend to this room myself."

"Shall I leave the candles, ma'am?"

"No, Peter."

And he passed down, shaking his woolly head, and muttering, "Look out for a storm 'bout dis yer time." But Peter had resolved upon silence that day, and while he looked as if all wisdom dwelt with him, he imparted none of it.

Let us look a moment at Mr. Selden that morning. Success had brought him sleep—a profound sleep than he had known for weeks, and he was awakened in the morning by Birdie, who had stolen in, fresh from her morning bath, and was kissing papa's eyes open.

Selden's triumph made him very happy; but as he looked at the beautiful child before him, he said to himself: "I would give it all up, if need be, to save this child one moment of pain."

It was a cold morning, and she wore a rich crimson merino and a white apron. Her hair was fresh from the touch of dainty hands, and her round, plump face was bright and healthy.

"Who dressed you so nicely this morning, my Birdie?"

"My dear mamma; and I love her very much! Do n't you, dear papa?"

"I love you, my darling!" he said, as he kissed her again and again. "What will my Birdie have to-day? Shall I buy her a new book with pretty pictures, or would you like some oranges? I saw some oranges in town yesterday."

She shook her curly head.

"What! not a nice big orange?"

She still shook her head.

"A new doll, then?"

The head still answered no.

"Come and tell papa."

She bent down, and whispered in his ear:

"Some love for mamma. Mamma cried and cried yesterday; and I heard Aunt Carrie say, 'Anna, dear, you want your husband's love. Are n't you mamma's husband, papa?'

The child could not understand the fierce, dark expression that for an instant shadowed her father's face. But she instinctively shrank away.

Alas! there was no buried love for the touch of this angel's hand to bring back to life. John Selden firmly believed that his wife bore him none when she married him. He did not realize that he might perhaps yet win the love which his heart had once craved. He now felt that only two hearts had ever loved him; his mother's love he had never learned to prize till he had become a man; and now, as her eyes looked out from his child's face upon him, all the affection of his strong, persistent nature was lavished upon her.

He had always believed that had not Judge Perry come between herself and Carrie, he could have won her. This disappointment had made him morose, suspicious and revengeful.

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see
Aught that值得我们看，或值得我们做，
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lexicon Hunt.)

[Original.]

A TRUE HISTORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

ANNE FRANCES WHITE.

When I first knew Annie she was six years old. No child could ask for a pleasanter home than was hers. Just as the garden lily stands in the most favored spot beside the garden walk, and rejoices in the sunlight and in the moonlight, in the softly-falling dew and the warm south wind, so little Annie's lot had fallen to her in pleasant places.

All the good things that a loving, generous, self-forgetting father could bring to her were hers. She had a mother ever thoughtful of the comfort of others more than of her own, and who possessed a wonderful power of knowing what was most useful as well as desirable to those about her. She had sisters to pet her, and brothers to be proud of her, and a grandmother that never forgot that she was once young herself.

Some would have said that there was everything to make Annie selfish and disagreeable, because she had so pleasant a path to walk in, and so few real troubles to enoble her spirit. But when the rose and the violet put forth their perfect leaves, and open their lovely buds into blossoms, it is not because they have had hard, cold winds to blow on them, or dark, cloudy days alone. And it is true that nothing good and beautiful can injure a good and beautiful spirit.

So it was with Annie. All the wealth with which she was surrounded, and which she of course knew belonged in some degree to her, did not make her proud or selfish. She never let her own pleasures cause her to forget the sorrows of others. There never came a poor beggar at the door that was turned away empty-handed when she was near; for she would beg with her own pleasant way for a little more of the good to be bestowed, though there was never any withholding by her parents when she was not near.

If there was a poor boy or girl at school ill-clad, and perhaps despised by the other children, that one was always sought out by her, and received her particular attention. She knew if any one was without a dinner among the scholars, and with eager steps she would run home, and come back with a good supply. But mark this: if she had given a poor boy his dinner in sight of the other children, they perhaps would have laughed at him; so she always crept away into some quiet place where no one could see her, and there bestowed her bounty.

She was early taught that God loves a man with a black skin just as well as one with a white one; and she took the teaching into her heart, and acted it out in her life. When she was nine or ten years old she went to Boston with her father and mother, and attended with them the Anti-Slavery Convention. She sat for a time looking about upon the people, when some one attracted her attention. It was not a girl with a hat more showily trimmed than hers, or a lady with fashionable dress; but a poor old-colored woman. She sat in the gallery all alone! Her garments were very mean, showing her to be very poor, and her face was black and homely. She had taken a seat quite apart from every one else, as if she feared

that her presence might be disagreeable to some one.

Anna turned to her mother, and whispered: "Do you see that poor old woman up stairs?"

"Yes."

And then there was only the listening to the speakers for a time. But Annie was living the principles of anti-slavery even then, for her heart was full of sympathy for the poor, forlorn woman, a stranger, and yet one that needed sympathy.

"Say, mother, may I go up there and sit with her?"

"What! alone?"

"Yes, let me go."

And she crept out softly and ascended the stairs to the gallery, and soon found the place she desired beside the old negress. She talked a long time with her, asking her many questions and finding out her history. She was full of sympathy for her, and talked as one who let her words go only where her heart had gone. It was a pretty picture, that of the old woman and the child, listening to each other, and each gaining something sweet and blessed.

If that old woman is living, how gladly would she come to us and tell all that Annie told her, and repeat the words of sympathy, that we might learn from them how easy it is to give good gifts to them that need.

Annie had all a child's love of fun, and her goodness of heart did not make her life less cheerful. She had her dolls and playhouse, and kept with great care all her little gifts. But she did not forget those that had fewer pleasures. She often carried her playthings to a little girl whose mother was poor, and said, "You can keep this till I want it. I sha'n't play with that doll for a week, and you can have it as well as not."

In this way she kept others supplied with playthings, and yet did not sacrifice the real love and attachment that she had for her own little treasures.

She could never bear to have any one ridiculed, and was quick to say, when she thought that some one was being made sport of, "How would you like to be laughed at?"

There were often levees given by the Sunday-school to which she belonged, and of course many children of more humble circumstances than hers were there. Her first thought was always to care for such in a quiet way, unnoticed by any except those who knew her best. She would go to her father, and whisper:

"I guess that little girl has no money to buy an ice cream with," or "I think that that little girl's father could only pay her fee at the door."

And the little ones were brought up to share in those luxuries which she never forgot were as sweet to others as herself. Sometimes several dollars were spent in this way, and no one knew what this little benefactor was about.

She often walked on the street with girls who, like herself, had homes of plenty, and knew no want; but it mattered not who she was with, she was never ashamed to notice and speak to a poor woman, or humble child, and she usually had something more than a nod; she would stop for a friendly word, or a pleasant inquiry.

If any little party was given, she always drew together those who seemed most alone, and introduced some game among them to interest and amuse. And all these things Annie did because her heart was filled with that love to all, with that spirit of humanity that makes one seek ever to bless every child of earth.

It was in this way, with thoughtful love for others, and especially the poor and suffering, and with sense of right ever uppermost in her heart, that she lived through thirteen years. In this time she had gained many true friends. They were among the old as well as the young, and the poor as well as the rich, and all thought that her life would be full of pleasure and usefulness, because of the sympathy that went with her everywhere, and the love which it was so easy for her to win.

But there came a hush to her busy life, and her step grew slow and lost its elasticity, and she gathered nearer to her all that she loved best, as if to keep fast hold of them. For her life was too happy for her to wish to give it up. She talked of days to come when she could be out again among her mates, and longed for the festival of Thanksgiving, when it was her wont to go with her father to distribute offerings among the poor.

But the angel of death came nearer and nearer to her, and at last bore her spirit away, to a life where she can still find the sorrowing to pity and the suffering to aid. When her body was borne forth to its beautiful resting place among flowers and green trees, and within sight of the river and the grand mountains, hundreds crowded to testify of their love and sorrow. The rarest offerings of flowers were borne to her, and wreaths and crowns of white flowers, spoke for hearts that were too sorrowful to utter words.

But none of these gifts shining in their white beauty, were so lovely as the heart offerings that were given there. Crowds of children that loved her, and the poor that she had befriended, were there to recall her goodness and mourn for her loss. One poor Irish boy followed the bears on foot all the long way to the cemetery, and lingered about the grave long after all had left, for he knew that one of his best friends was gone, where he should not more know of her kindness.

And thus that life ended here on earth, and it seemed to many most sad that it should thus end. But how many lives that end, are as full and rich as that one? How many treasures think you she had laid up in the heavenly home to which she went? treasures of thoughtful love, of sympathy of kind words and righteous deeds? Was it not better to be followed to the grave by that one poor boy, with a heart tender in its memories of the good that had been given, than to have lived many years of a selfish, thoughtless life?

But Annie's life is not wholly ended on earth. She lingers near those she loves, and inspires their hearts. She speaks her thoughts in those gentle influences that come when the heart is quiet, and she will still care for the poor and the suffering of earth. And cannot you think how beautiful her life must be in the new home she has found?

She has not got to labor to undo what she did here on earth. She has not got to struggle with pride or selfishness, but enter into the joys of the good and the pure, because they are the natural life of her spirit.

And now I feel as if I had a glimpse of her in her spirit home. It is a real home with its beautiful mansion, where dwell those that had gone before, and who had watched over her young life. I cannot describe the flowers that seem to glow with a radiance that we can only compare to flowers of light. All the things that she most loved on earth, have a semblance there. She was a lover of the green fields and of the forests, and she finds the same delight now, where the grass fades not, and the trees never lose their freshness. There are broad rivers and gem-like lakes, whose waters flow with a silvery cadence, and on which, boats glide without an oar. There seems to be in the atmosphere something restful, and the songs of birds, and the sweet notes from gay insects, make the air glad.

She was early taught that God loves a man with a black skin just as well as one with a white one; and she took the teaching into her heart, and acted it out in her life. When she was nine or ten years old she went to Boston with her father and mother, and attended with them the Anti-Slavery Convention. She sat for a time looking about upon the people, when some one attracted her attention. It was not a girl with a hat more showily trimmed than hers, or a lady with fashionable dress; but a poor old-colored woman. She sat in the gallery all alone!

like that? I hope we shall not soldishly grieve for those that have gone to such an one, but be every day trying to prepare ourselves to enter one as full of joy and gladness. I am sure Annie speaks to us from that home, and tells us that she is glad for every deed of kindness that she performed, and that she finds by the loving thought of her friends on earth, the easy road to return and still bless the world she loved so well.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

I have received several letters in relation to the Children's Lyceum, and have been asked many questions in regard to my opinion of them, and the surprise has been expressed that I said nothing in the Children's Department of the BANNER, in relation to them. Therefore I think it perhaps best to express the feeling, that, after much thought, has come to be a conviction.

My whole heart is engaged in any work that shall instruct children, and help them on the road to lives of virtue and spiritual truth. I rejoice heartily, that the little ones are being gathered together, to receive purer truths than they could find in the old methods of instruction, and in books given out in the Sunday schools of almost all the Churches. And it is because I do so gladly acquiesce and rejoice in the movement among the Spiritualists, that I have hesitated to find any fault, lest I might seem to oppose the movement.

I know well how readily children accept spiritual truths. In the year 1833, my husband and myself, gathered a group of children in our home in the West, and for five years held together the little band, by the mere love of receiving the sweet religious lessons, which it is easy to give to children, when the dry husks of theology are left out. I should want no better proof of the perfect fitness of spiritual truth to the human mind, than that company of seventy-five children. They readily accepted the philosophy of Spiritualism into their hearts and understandings, and what puzzles many mature reasoners, found a ready solution in their minds. I used often to think that I should never know myself nearer to the kingdom of heaven, than when I sat with those beloved children, and listened to their beautiful interpretation of truth.

It is for this reason that I long to see children taught in simplicity and purity, and believe that the world can be more speedily redeemed from its errors in this way than in any other. And it is because I know the power of truth over the minds of children that I do not like to see other bonds used to hold them. That is, I do not like the parade of the Lyceums. If the paraphernalia is used

I would let it be on festival days and occasions of special meetings. And this is not because I think that Sunday is desecrated by the evolutions and marches and parade of banners; it is because I believe by it a child's love of display is cultivated, and that the tendency is to make the parade of greater consequence than the pleasant interchange of thought and good feeling.

I know many who feel as I do, that the marching fatigues, after a short time, and seems a monotonous and wearisome exercise. I chanced to board for a few weeks opposite one of the New York public schools, and there I watched the little children going through their gymnastic exercises until my very heart ached for them. The little arms went so weakly through the prescribed routine, and the eyes looked so tired, while the little forms sought relief in every possible way.

It is because these gymnastic exercises are carried to excess in almost all our public schools that I would give the children one day's relief from them and not introduce them into Sunday.

What would you have, then? you ask. The old order and dullness and inertia? By no means; but I would not keep up an excitement and a love of display. If marching needs to be done, which I do not conceive is necessary, if the schools keep in session an hour and a half, I would have it done without banners and for the sake of forming into classes or groups. The badges are useful in arranging the school, and the targets serve to make the school represent an orderly body. But all these are expensive, and many schools can ill afford the cost of them and of a good library, and I do not see why a good school cannot be started without them if necessary.

On gala days and festivals the display of banners would be a delight to the children; but if they could not be purchased there need be no loss of a good time and a plenty of amusement.

It is in this way, with thoughtful love for others, and especially the poor and suffering, and with sense of right ever uppermost in her heart, that she lived through thirteen years. In this time she had gained many true friends. They were among the old as well as the young, and the poor as well as the rich, and all thought that her life would be full of pleasure and usefulness, because of the sympathy that went with her everywhere, and the love which it was so easy for her to win.

But there came a hush to her busy life, and her step grew slow and lost its elasticity, and she gathered nearer to her all that she loved best, as if to keep fast hold of them. For her life was too happy for her to wish to give it up. She talked of days to come when she could be out again among her mates, and longed for the festival of Thanksgiving, when it was her wont to go with her father to distribute offerings among the poor.

But the angel of death came nearer and nearer to her, and at last bore her spirit away, to a life where she can still find the sorrowing to pity and the suffering to aid. When her body was borne forth to its beautiful resting place among flowers and green trees, and within sight of the river and the grand mountains, hundreds crowded to testify of their love and sorrow. The rarest offerings of flowers were borne to her, and wreaths and crowns of white flowers, spoke for hearts that were too sorrowful to utter words.

But none of these gifts shining in their white beauty, were so lovely as the heart offerings that were given there. Crowds of children that loved her, and the poor that she had befriended, were there to recall her goodness and mourn for her loss. One poor Irish boy followed the bears on foot all the long way to the cemetery, and lingered about the grave long after all had left, for he knew that one of his best friends was gone, where he should not more know of her kindness.

And thus that life ended here on earth, and it seemed to many most sad that it should thus end. But how many lives that end, are as full and rich as that one? How many treasures think you she had laid up in the heavenly home to which she went? treasures of thoughtful love, of sympathy of kind words and righteous deeds? Was it not better to be followed to the grave by that one poor boy, with a heart tender in its memories of the good that had been given, than to have lived many years of a selfish, thoughtless life?

But I feel as if I had a glimpse of her in her spirit home. It is a real home with its beautiful mansion, where dwell those that had gone before, and who had watched over her young life. I cannot describe the flowers that seem to glow with a radiance that we can only compare to flowers of light. All the things that she most loved on earth, have a semblance there. She was a lover of the green fields and of the forests, and she finds the same delight now, where the grass fades not, and the trees never lose their freshness. There are broad rivers and gem-like lakes, whose waters flow with a silvery cadence, and on which, boats glide without an oar. There seems to be in the atmosphere something restful, and the songs of birds, and the sweet notes from gay insects, make the air glad.

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"Nothing can be a hindrance to man on his journey of life eternal."

How can anything be a hindrance to a man on his journey of life eternal? Think of this matter of sternity, and man's endurance of it; his way in it; not through it; for he never can go through it; and in this view what is there to hinder him? what can hinder him? But continues the author:

"Isaiah says, 'I form the light and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things.'

Where can this thing be, then, called sin, if God is a God of Love, and He cannot be caught elsewhere? It must be only apparent—it is not real—in the vulgar sense of sin. If it is sin, it must be an emanation from God's Love; and, therefore, necessary, and of course of use. But how?

"Everything that is seen—suberves a power that is unseen."

"Everything that is visible rests upon an invisible foundation."

"The visible world is not the cause but the consequence of the invisible world."

"Birth, death, and every act that lies between, are only physical effects of metaphysical causes."

"There is no thought, no will, no desire without a cause, which cause is in the spiritual world, beyond the stretch of man's earthly vision, beyond the control of man's earthly life."

"The spiritual world is as natural as the physical; it is the deeper world of Nature."

"All the sorrow of sin, and all the gladness of virtue are Nature's products; all commandments against sin, and the breaking of all commandments are Nature's products, bubbles making, bubbles breaking."

"Merit and demerit, in morality and in religion, will have no foundation to rest upon, when it is discovered that the will of man does not control his love."

"In the pilgrimage of life, every step taken, from the cradle to the grave, is a step onward, guided by the spontaneous divinity of Nature, which is entirely superior to man's agency, moral and religiously."

Quoting thus much from the book, we are enabled to see the tenor of the wisdom of this chapter as to the necessity of sin. And now to some of the great uses of sin:

"Sin breaks the iron bonds of selfishness."

"It degrades earthly glory, and points the way to humility."

"It breaks the bonds of bigotry."

"It takes away the stings of 'I am better than thou.'

"It breaks the incrustation of conservatism from off the soul, so that the touch of angel hands may be felt and recognized."

"It opens the sight to the vanity of all earthly things, and the reality of spiritual things."

"It leads through the Garden of Gethsemane to the cross, where the love of earthly glory is yet to be crucified, and on to the resurrection of man, from the death of earthly love to the birth of spiritual love."

"It breaks all man's earthly bondage, and makes him free to enter the mansions of his spiritual heavens."

Can we not see the truth of these things when said so pointedly and plainly? Is there not a necessity for sin, and are there not greatest uses of sin? And is not so-called sin under the wise superintendence of the love of God, and made-like all things else—for man?

Says our author:

"When, in the far-off future, man reads the record of his past, every deed of good and evil, he will find not one jot of credit given to himself for the cast and character of human life, for the elevation of man to heaven, for his work of free moral agency. He will find that wisdom has guided him, chastisement has schooled him, sin has borne him onward."

The sin and suffering incident to the school of man's earthly progress is hell—all the hell there is for him."

"He who does not graduate in this school before death, will have these sufferings of hell after death till he does. So no one who escapes annihilation can escape a passage through a literal hell in time, or, after, can escape the suffering that must be consequent to the death of self-love and physical love, which sin alone produces."

Surely, then, as the author says, "There is a lesson in every sin for each one to learn." And how beautiful is the further expression of thought:

"There will come a time in man's future existence when he will thank God for the use of sin's ordeals. When this shall be, man will have come to Christ, and will need the curses of sin no more."

And this is the concluding aphorism of this chapter, and it is most full of wisdom, and is the legitimate sequence of all which has gone before; and surely, in reference to sin, can we not rest here?

"When sin has done its last, its direst work, and its lamentations have gone up to the gates of heaven, heaven is gained!"

God grant it. It must be so.

We now reach the final chapter of the book, and this is a lecture, the subject of which is an adaptation of what has gone before for practical, spiritual life, and is called, RESIST NOT EVIL. Thus the author lays the groundwork:

"There is a sentence of three words that contains, in germ, a code of law for the perfect government of all men, and for the perfect abolition of all the inharmonies of the world: Those three words were uttered by Christ on a mountain near Jerusalem, more than eighteen hundred years ago, and contain more originality than may be turned to practical use than all the originality since profounded in morality and religion, namely, 'Resist not evil.'

"This present," he continues, "the Church has virtually cast aside as inexplicable, the State as unsafe, society as dangerous, and men have shrunk before its awful grandeur in the blindness of ignorance. Commentators have tried all ways to solve this enigma."

But he goes on to show, by a series of the most lucid expositions, that this is the only doctrine to produce happiness among men and to men upon earth. When we have perused these expositions we cannot help adopting the same conclusions as the author, who wishes to bring us all up to the standard of Christ, and adopt in action his precepts and example. He says:

"From Christ we get the garden-seed of non-resistance, of passiveness, of amiableness and kindness, which, when planted, shall bear the beautiful flower of love."

"Christ, spiritually, is to me a magnificent reality—a reality which all the progress of the soul must come unto."

"I kneel before him in worshipful admiration, and in the unclouded atmosphere of real affection, I love Christ."

"His flesh and blood are material emblems I care not for. His Godship may be the Godship of all who come to His development. He says, 'I am the vine and ye are the branches.' Where I am there shall my servant be also."

"I cannot see why the claim of Christ's spiritual conception may not be real."

"For no conception of life can be without the special interposition of spiritual intelligence."

And thus on; the author, beginning with Christ, returns to him again, manifesting to all his readers that his book is the unfolding into life expression, for practical use in the world, the divine man—Christ. And in this he eminently succeeds. May his labors be blessed with full fruition.

Cincinnati, O., 1866.

Why is a restless sleeper like a lawyer? Because he lies on one side, and turns and lies on the other.

Frankness will outflank suspicion. "In the long run," on whatever field of life the battle takes place, "he who is a leader of his side" will win.

Excess of ceremony shows a want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluity of formality.

It is not to be expected that the world will be ready for the new religion.

If there is not ready

that there

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE SPIRITUALISTS OF VERMONT, Held in Montpelier, Sept. 7, 8 and 9, 1866. (Phonographically Reported by J. Madison Allyn.)

FIRST DAY—FRIDAY.

Convention organized by electing the following officers:

President—George Dutton, M. D., of Rutland.
Vice Presidents—Thomas Middleton, Woodstock; Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury; Abbie W. Tanner, Montpelier.

Secretary—J. Madison Allyn.

Treasurer—George Lewis.

The President remarked on taking the chair, that he felt disappointed at the result thus far. He would have preferred that some person of matured experience should have been called to preside over the Convention. He would endeavor, however, to perform the duties of the office to the best of his ability. He trusted that the Convention would be characterized by mutual forbearance and kindness, and that their deliberations would be productive of much good to the cause we all love so well.

The following persons were appointed by the Chair, as a Business Committee: Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Sabine Scott, of Eden, George W. Blyle, of Montpelier.

Henry C. Wright being invited to address the Convention, spoke as follows:

I cannot begin by saying that I have nothing to say; I never commence speaking in that way. I have something to say—something I would like to have the Convention hear if they will. It is this: We should all keep goodnatured. I promise to forgive whatever may be said about me or myself, and I hope that whoever takes part in this Convention will be determined, whatever may be said, to keep goodnatured. I go for the utmost freedom of thought and of speech. I shall not talk to please any individual present. I do not profess to be exempt from the natural desire to please, but I maintain that there is only one better way. Prick the tongue of a cat with a camphor needle which has been covered with the oil which comes from tobacco, and death ensues almost instantaneously. God pity those poor little ones who inherit a love of alcohol—who are led by the irresistible impulses of their nature downwards to drinkards' graves! I would not destroy the animal nature, but subject it to the divine.

Daniel Tarbell, of Sandusky, opposed the resolutions. I understand that spirit exists everywhere; that all grades of life are actuated by spirit. Does it follow that we debase our spiritual nature by using moderate quantities of things? I would not advise one to indulge extravagantly in the use of even the necessities of life. It is as injurious to use too little of anything as too much. It looks to me as though you were getting sectarian. Why introduce all these little side issues? No individual has a right to Judge for another what he should eat, drink or do.

Daniel P. Wilder, of Plymouth: I am in favor of temperance; yet, as I never had an appetite for liquor, it is perhaps no better for me to do without than for others to use them. I object to the views of Bro. Tarbell. He who drinks "moderately" does more by his example to increase drunkenness in the community, than the confirmed drunkard.

Mrs. E. B. Tarbell, entranced: As has been remarked by a brother Spiritualist, embraces everything. It takes hold of every reform. It proposes to investigate and illuminate every branch of science, philosophy and art, and to unfold the loftiest attributes of man's nature. It does not propose to destroy any faculty. It only wishes to stimulate the holler, the purest and the divine. Had there been no spiritual instincts in man's nature, no aspirations for higher life, there would have been no need (no possibility, even) of our knocking at the door of your hearts. There is something to do besides speaking of the beauties of the Philosophy of Spiritualism. Work is necessary—earnest, persistent work. Man must be set free—from all that debases his manhood, and hinders the natural growth of the divine sentiments. Everything which tends to destroy the spiritual faculties, or retard their development, every reasonable being would certainly be willing to dispense with. You should take the broad ground that that which injures one may injure another. In a complete network we are bound together as one great whole, and our interests are mutual. Let us labor thus for the good of all. To give is to receive.

J. M. Allyn took the ground that we should abstain from all that tends to undue excitement of any organ or function of body or mind. Let the mind be calm and self-possessed, the functions of the body proceeding with regularity—due activity in all departments of the being, but no excessive activity anywhere, and all is well. But introduce stimulants, and at once derangement occurs. The mind begins to be unbalanced; the undue activity of some organs robs others of their needed strength, and that beautiful symmetry of character and condition, which alone is the standard of virtue, is marred. With harmony in mind and body, strife and war are impossible. But there never can be harmony so long as we indulge in stimulating foods and drinks, and all those high-pressure habits of business, social life, passionate indulgence, etc., etc., which so drain the vitality and sap the springs of life and virtue in our modern civilization. Alcohol, tobacco, pork and many other things now in common use, are from these considerations, obnoxious, and will, sooner or later, be banished from civilized society.

George F. Baker, of Middle Granville, N. Y.: It should be our constant study from day to day, as we sit down at table, what foods would be best for us. We need to know the nature and composition of the food of which we partake—need to study our own being and its natural demands, need to learn of the chemical and spiritual adaptations between the former and the latter. The whole substance of the body—bone, muscle, sinew, nerve, brain—was once "food" or "drink," and hence Dietetics is *by no means* an unimportant science. Much ignorance exists upon this subject, and we frequently lose much by fearing to make known our ignorance.

Mr. Spear spoke of the necessity of harmony between the physical and spiritual natures. He closed by saying, "Don't ask a person to give up anything till you can give something better."

H. C. Wright: I fully agree. Don't give up tobacco, alcohol, or the devil, until you have something better. That something better is—to give them up! (Cheers.)

Some remarks were made by Mr. Wright, 2d.

Warren Chase: I think we must appeal to our own reason. There are but few who use tobacco or alcohol. If the young women would set their faces firmly against these things, and refuse the "attractions" of those addicted to their use, the evil would soon be remedied.

After further remarks by Daniel Tarbell, the resolutions were adopted.

The regular address of the afternoon was given by Dean Clark. He commenced by saying that he was not a normal speaker, and was not in suitable condition to be controlled abnormally.

He would, however, endeavor to give the Convention a few thoughts, and trusted that the inspiring angels would be able to assist him to some extent.

He then proceeded to speak of the purposes which had doubtless called together the Convention;

of the origin of modern Spiritualism; of the need of such a system of philosophy and religion at the present juncture in human affairs, and of the probable results of an acceptance of this New Gospel by the world. It was soon evident that angels were with him, and giving of their abundance.

His inspiration was pure, strong and eloquent, and he held the audience in close attention while he poured forth the living thoughts which burned for utterance. The following are a few of his sentences: The great hiatus of death has been bridged over. The great question that has ever been welling up in the human soul is now solved. The cry of Goethe for "Light, light, more light!" is being answered. After eighteen hundred years of preaching of the golden Gospel, with its foundation of faith, the law of immortality is now demonstrated, and a new religion is established based upon knowledge. The philosophers of the world have caught this spirit, and men and women throughout the civilized world are feeling the impetus which is moving humanity onward and upward as it has never moved before. The Spiritual Congress can send its representatives in your midst to thrill your hearts with their sublime foreshadowing, and unfold the plan of celestial life for human salvation. We invite you to pledge your lives, your fortunes, and your sacred honor, that you will be true to the principles of this third dispensation. All the mighty powers of the eternal world are centered in this movement, and the focus is made here in your ranks. The fate of Jerusalem shall be the fate of all nations; that is, the great eternal principles of the spirit.

Evening Session.—The conference this evening was very interesting and harmonious. It was opened after a musical improvisation, vocal and instrumental, by Mrs. Elizabeth Manchester, of West Randolph, who referred to one name as itself the synonym of liberty—William Tell. Here, then, in the State of Vermont, among her green hills, Spiritualists should be true to the principles of their philosophy. And their faith, let me ask, of others. Let us learn from ourselves. Tobacco is well ascertained to be very debilitating to the nervous system. It is certainly filthy. It mas and defaces the manifestations of the spirit. I have been told that it is a sure cure for the asthma. One person told

me that it had cured him a hundred times! I told him his argument would be good if he hadn't been cured so many times by ninety-nine.

Mr. Spear (an aged man): I commenced the use of tobacco when young, because I thought it would make me a man. I used it fifteen years, and it did not make me a bit of a man! (Laughter.) I put up my tobacco before me, and swore by all that was good, that I would never chew another bit of the filthy stuff; and I have n't.

At this point H. C. Wright introduced the following:

Whereas, Spiritualism is the sub-section of the animal to the spiritual in man; therefore,

Resolved, That as Spiritualists we are sacredly bound to abstain from tobacco, and to do all in our power to strengthen the carnal at the expense of the spiritual, the animal at the expense of the more divine elements of our nature.

Resolved, That war and preparations for war, and the use of force, are the enemies of Spiritualism, and to develop and strengthen the animal passions and appetites at the expense of love, justice, forgiveness, and the pure, more spiritual and divine elements of our nature; and that as Spiritualists, we are to abstain from these demoralizing practices ourselves, as to abstain from them in our church and our friends, our schools and our children, our friends and our fellow beings from these injurious indulgences.

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exert our energies in a missionary work for the spread of the broad gospel of spiritual truth. The requirements of the demand are exceedingly diversified, in accordance with the various needs of those with whom we come in contact. To some, tests furnish the best and only means of liberation from materialism and superstition, and they clamor for them because they need them. Others desire the immortal truth of philosophy, and seek to penetrate the region of principles and everlasting law. The means we are to use must be adapted to the work we have in hand. Some means must be taken to meet each and every demand, and thus forward the cause of good and truth. All personal feelings and selfish desires must be cast aside, and we ought to enter upon our mission in a spirit worthy the great cause which we seek to advance. We should be willing to do our duty fully and nobly, faithfully and entirely, though the part assigned us may not be such as we should choose for ourselves. There are many mediums who have labored for a long time quietly and at their own cost; as far as they were able, they have done much good to others; but their names have not been heralded abroad; they have not been honored by the world, which perhaps is not needed, but their usefulness is hindered because they are kept in obscurity for the want of a vigorous organization, which could help them to a field of usefulness and sustain them in it. As for myself, my own labor is sufficient maintenance, but such is not the case with those of whom I speak. For those who have given up everything for years for the sake of the cause of Spiritualism, I ask for cooperation for systematic effort. They have suffered for the means of physical support, in consequence of their conditions of development as mediums of the new dispensation. These are the tried and worthy agents of our work. We must select the souls that have been disciplined and are found true; they are the fit agents for the work to be performed. With such agents and our earnest sympathy and efforts, we shall succeed in the objects of the Association.

Mrs. Susie Willis, of Lawrence, followed Mr. Robinson.

She almost felt to shrink from the platform, in the presence of the number of the great lights of the time. Her inexperience was the cause of her feeling a great deal of disinclination to stand and occupy the time, which might perhaps be devoted to purposes more to the advantage of the Convention. But she was strengthened by the thought, that many are humble medium, obscure and tired, had filled their sphere of usefulness for the good of all, because angel hands had been extended to aid them, and angel hearts overflowed with sympathy. The little flower having only its pale beauty to offer the world, still is as useful as the giant oak, though the manner of its use may not be the same. So the efforts of the humblest may be useful, with the powerful labors of the more advanced minds. It seemed to her as if the Convention, as gathered before her, was a worthy representation of the State; not because of numbers, altogether yet by virtue of force of character. The documents put forward by the Association embodied great and noble truths. The glory of the future would be that we should make our lives a proof that those principles are our controlling influences. In our movement we have too much ignored a true theology. The soul longs, by virtue of its nature, for a genuine religious life. The forms and fables of the past fail to satisfy, and yet to the thousands who wait for the light which has been given us, we have failed to impart the truth. Because we have failed thus in our duty, many whose positions have held them apart from the great body of Spiritualists, have missed the great good which belongs to them, because of their real growth and readiness to receive the best results of our investigations. Our lives must become regulated by true religious principles; then we shall become knit in sympathy with all our kind—the high, the low, the cultured and the ignorant; then we shall be ready and willing to labor earnestly for the good of all; then, too, we shall work wisely, methodically and effectively. With full, flowing sympathy and abundant wisdom, working thus faithfully and lovingly for others, we shall best serve ourselves, and the Father, the beautiful and holy influences of the higher spheres, to circle round us forever. Thus shall we make our works the crown of our lives, eternal ornaments of the life hereafter.

B. M. Lawrence, M. D., of Quincy; Mr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, and Professor J. H. W. Toohey, favored the Convention with short addresses, after which, and the announcement of the programme for the evening, an adjournment was carried until 7 P. M.

John Pierpont's Last Days.

Please allow me a short space in the BANNER to relate facts in my own experience concerning our venerable and beloved father, John Pierpont, just entered spirit-life. On the second day of our National Convention, while discussing the propriety of amending the Constitution, Dr. Gardner, of Boston, remarked that he was there to oppose whatever he thought wrong, and to advance whatever he thought right. This idea thrilled my whole being. My own soul responded with an emboldened spirit power, saying this should be the business of every one in that Convention. Here I felt the influence of the spirit prompting me to speak, for which I rose twice, but was each time prevented by the rising of more fluent speakers. The substance of what they wished to say, was that we were there for a great and holy purpose; to adopt some rule of action in a united effort for humanitarian good. That there should be no delay, for father Pierpont was as it were, suspended between the two worlds, to assist in getting the locomotive upon the right track—set in motion by the fire of divine truth—and then he would say, like Simeon of old, "Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the salvation of the world." Friday he was with us in Convention. Our Constitution was adopted. Thus and there was the ball set in motion. The magnetic belt which spans our globe, in all its forms, has been touched by angel fingers, and the vibrating notes will never cease.

At the close of Friday morning's session, the writer was invited to dine at the house of Mr. William Chase, of Pleasant Valley, father Pierpont being their guest during the Convention. As I was seated in the carriage beside this good man of more than eighty years, he instructed me in his own views and experiences, with such a halo of light around him, that I was at once reminded of Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus "to learn his word." Soon we were seated at the table with father Pierpont, brother and sister Chase, and three amiable daughters; also, sister Chase, all in such perfect harmony, I well knew "angels were there." We discussed pleasant topics until the repast was over; the last of which was the partaking of a delicious water melon, served by father Pierpont with all the gallantry of a youth of twenty, so desirous was he of relieving our hostess of anything that would at all burden her. At this time the spirit friends seemed waiting to give congratulatory messages. All appeared to feel the baptism of holy spirits. A communication followed from a son and brother of this family. I then saw William E. Channing by the side of father Pierpont, giving a lengthy communication, the purport of which was encouragement, closing with something like this: "A little longer, only a little longer, and the golden gate shall again swing upon its hinges, and kind angels shall take you in."

Two o'clock, Friday, I shook the hand of this illustrious father and friend, feeling I should never again meet his earthly form. Monday following, the golden gate opened, and he entered into rest—to come back again with renewed energies for the great work which he commenced for the elevation of humanity.

A few moments after preparing the above for your columns, I fell into a pleasing reverie, when I heard the angels as they poured forth poetical strains of sweet music; and turning the eye of my mental vision heavenward, I distinctly saw the beaming countenance of father Pierpont in spirituality. With ecstatic joy he commenced addressing me in the language of poetry, expressing the most tender, fatherly care for me and "each noble child of earth." Fraternally yours for truth;

S. A. HORTON,

Mr. Foster in Montreal.

DEAR BANNER.—The test medium "Charlie" has been here during a few days, and has shed some spiritual light in many skeptical brains. His mission would seem to have been "a French one," as the greatest number of calls on him were of that character, from that portion of our population. We are bound to acknowledge Mr. Foster's mediocrity as of a superior kind; his plastic and rather sympathetic nature offers good conditions for the spirits to work well and with ease through him.

We have seen him "at work;" we have silently but vigilantly watched the many avenues of spiritual power through which he was led. In a tête-à-tête with certain obstinate and antagonistic inquirers, gifted with the wiles and snare of the serpent, and we have invariably, with much enjoyment, seen "Charlie" baffle all attempts at mystification, of entrapment, and come out victorious, to the utter confusion and bewilderment of the would-be wise ones. Judges and insatiate lawyers have come to him in our presence; the first ones in the Court of Inquiry have acknowledged conviction. The last ones, after indescribable attempts to weather him in terrible storms of pro and con, by means known only to themselves, had to tack in the leeward—under the small and tattered canvas of "Extraordinary" or steer on boldly and nobly in the right course.

Unhappily, Mr. Foster's stay in this city has been too short to effect much. Mediums, it would seem, are afraid to venture, in this cold part of the world, to bring heat and light of a superior kind. It would be well, we deem, that mediums of the physical plane should first come here to pave the way for higher developments. We are satisfied that physical manifestations, which are the A. B. C. of Spiritualism, would attract crowded houses here, if sufficiently advertised, &c. We would take in hand the management of such an undertaking, if some known physical mediums applied to us for such a purpose. We are impressed to say that this call is heard in the proper quarter, and that the right agents, or mediums, will be sent to awaken spiritual life in this country.

The English portion of our population, being rather physical or matter-of-fact minds, requires striking manifestations to move and convince them. The French are more of a spiritual nature, although they are not adverse to physical proofs. All those who witnessed the spontaneously produced letters on Mr. Foster's hand, &c., are enthusiastic about such phenomena, and are desirous of seeing more. They are spreading the news wide and far, and were an opportunity offered in that direction, crowds would over night rush under the strong impulse of curiosity, to witness the marvels of the day. When moved, Northern people keep up locomotion, but are sluggish.

The day is come for the newly-revived philosophy to take new converts to its arms. It behooves the first pioneers of the cause to extend helping hands to their Northern neighbors, and add to their strength.

HENRY LACROIX.

A Card From J. S. Loveland.
Friends in the West! I am engaged till late next spring, with the "Excitement" of January and February. Those who wish me during those months, please address me direct. November at Cleveland, Ohio, or at Monmouth, Ill., during January.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Ever yours, GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 10, 1860.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1860.

OFFICE 138, WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

W. M. WHITE, G. H. CROWELL, I. B. RICH.
For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail
matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

spiritualist 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 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 infinite worth of man thus educated and progressive, leading to the true salvation as we find it in the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Wise and the Foolish.

Inidelity is "very dismal," &c., because it does not provide for a future life; and Spiritualism is very beautiful, because it does—such is the Banner statement. Now there would be some sense in this, if argument had been adduced from the philosophy and facts of Nature to prove its correctness. But we do not discover anything of the kind, and consequently more longings and wishes and hopes are of no account with us. Admit that the idea of immortality is pleasing—and we are not disposed to deny it—the question to be settled is, Is it true? or, in other words, Does Nature teach it? We see no proof, whatever of this fact. When we do, we shall believe in immortality, and perhaps become a Spiritualist. But until then, it will seem to us as absurd to be longing and sighing for what we believe we cannot obtain, as it is for a child to cry for a star or the rainbow to play with. Therefore, we see nothing "dismal" in the doctrine of the unbeliever, or Infidel. He takes the world as he finds it, and concluding from the operations of Nature that she teaches no other life than the present, is anxious to improve mankind in this state of being—the only state he knows anything about, or which need concern him. We are firmly of the opinion that he acts in this matter like a prudent, rational, sensible man. His doctrine is the best for this world, and for any other, if there be any other; for when mankind live properly here, they are suitably prepared to live hereafter. But the belief of immortality has had, practically, a bad effect upon the human race. It is the corner-stone of superstition, and under its influence the engines of cruelty have been set in motion to persecute heretics in this world in order that they might be sent to hell in the next. This belief has also induced a neglect of the things of earth, that the attention might be fixed on the phantom of an imaginary heaven; and when we add to the evils of the doctrine, the individual misery it has caused, by exciting painful fears, despondency, despair and insanity, we consider that immortality has proved a "dismal" belief indeed, and that mankind would have been much better off, if the belief had never been invented.

Such is the substance of the Investigator's reply to our remarks under the title of "Is Beauty better than Ashes?" Let us illustrate our notions as to the position of unbelievers in a future state, by a little fable: Once upon a time twelve newborn male infants were left on an uninhabited island. The climate was soft and mild, and there were a plenty of berries and coconut trees. The berries sustained life in the poor children for a time, until one of their number, more enterprising than the rest, found a way of breaking the shell of the coconut and imbibing the milk. This discovery was a great event for the infants. They began to thrive astonishingly.

Months and years passed by. They grew to be young men. They made discoveries. They invented a sort of language by which they could communicate thoughts to one another. At last one, of their number, more thoughtful, perhaps, (the same adventurous youth who had discovered the milk in the coconut,) more fanciful than the rest, and whose name was Loo-loo, addressed them in this wise: "My friends, I am convinced that the complement of our nature is here wanting. Be sure there is somewhere waiting for us, across these blue waters, beings unlike and yet like us, who will fulfill those vague, undefined longings of our nature which crave a love and an embrace different entirely from those which man can give to man."

"My friends, I cannot well express to you what I mean. But I appeal to you, is there not a faculty in our nature wholly unsatisfied by what we find here? Do you not sometimes feel the need of intimacy closer and more sacred than night can claim of one another? Can you not figure to yourself the possibility of a being, intelligent and capable of enjoyment like ourselves, and yet of a nature less robust, of a form more tender and beautiful, fitted to answer those indefinable longings of our mysterious nature, which all of us, in some brief moments of our existence, must have felt? My friends, let us make a raft and cross these blue waters in search of some such beings as I depict."

These remarks called forth applause from five or six of the young men, but others shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders; and one fat youth, named Pshaw-shaw, rose and replied: "Moonshine! Humbug! Nonsense! Let us take things as we find them, my friends. Indefinable longings, indeed! Indefinable stuff! Here we are in a world made to satisfy our wants. If we are thirsty, there is milk from the coconut, and water from the brook. If we are hungry, there is the bread-fruit, the crabs and shell-fish of the beach, the berries in the woods. Let us take life as we find it. Let us improve ourselves in this state of being—the only state we know anything about, or which need concern us. Let us be prudent, rational, sensible men. My doctrine is the best for this place, and for any other, if there is any other beyond the blue waters, as my friend Loo-loo dreams. Such fancies as those he indulges in—such chimerical longings for a being like and yet unlike ourselves, are morbid and mischievous. They will have practically a bad effect, upon us. They will take off our attention from our present concerns. We shall not catch so many crabs, if we think so much of these phantoms of an imaginary heaven. We shall not plant so many onions. We shall neglect the things immediately about us, reaching out for an imaginary bliss. I am a plain, matter-of-fact man. You see, my friends, I go for the positive, the sure, what we can feel and handle. Let us hear no more of this stuff about a being, like and yet unlike ourselves."

There was applause from some of the young men, as Pshaw-shaw sat down; and yet, there were a few who thought Loo-loo was right, nevertheless. Loo-loo was far from being convinced by the dogmatism of Pshaw-shaw. He continued to dream of a being like and yet unlike himself. He persisted in the thought, till at last he became an enthusiast, and formed a party of progress, including him, who had left their companions, and sailed out to the blue sea. They were a purple cloud no bigger than a tiny speck in the sky. They were the "Ghosts of the Deep."

Steer for that cloud," said Loo-loo.

The cloud enlarged as they drew near, till at last it took the shape of a beautiful island, on which they landed! No sooner had they set foot on the smooth sand, than six strangely beautiful beings, clad in rose-colored drapery, came down to the beach, and shyly approached them. Loo-loo ran up to the foremost, and took her proffered hand. Another of the young men followed his example, with another of these curious beings; until at last each occupant of the boat was mated with a being "like and yet unlike himself."

Now was not the foolishness of Loo-loo better than the wisdom of Pshaw-shaw? And yet the Pshaw-shaws look upon the Loo-loos as imbeciles. The poor Loo-loos!

The Indians Again.

The following communication is from a California settler, whose means of knowing what he writes are abundant. He takes precisely opposite views to those of Mr. Young, on this question of the responsibility of inaugurating the Indian wars, and more entirely in the accord with those which have been given from time to time in these columns. The reader will, at least allow that Mr. Nicols exhibits a spirit of candor and fairness, seeking neither to excite prejudices on the one side nor to make out a case on the other. We still insist—and this letter corroborates our views and supports, our belief—that the red man has been foully wronged in this business from the beginning; and that our Government is mainly, if not wholly, responsible for the criminal treatment from which that unfortunate race have been such constant sufferers. It is not fair to make up judgment against them, while the passions excited between them are hot, and the desire of vengeance on both sides is still burning; but we may advantageously persevere and give consideration to such candid and calm statements as those which is submitted, thereby arriving at a just judgment and doing real wrong to none. But to the letter:

SUSANVILLE, CAL., Sept. 13, 1860.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I have just read Mr. Young's article in regard to Indians West of the Rocky Mountains, in which he attempts to make it appear that the Indians have "no rights which a white man is bound to respect;" and that they have generally been the aggressors in the many collisions that have occurred between the races. I agree that Mr. Young has made the best apology that could be offered for the behavior of the settlers of this country toward the natives, and that his letter truly reflects the sentiments of a large majority of the people of this coast; but I insist that this view of the case is entirely one-sided—and therefore unjust to the Indian. This Honey Lake Valley, which was settled in '54, was at the time of its settlement by the whites, claimed and possessed by the Pa-hu-tahs, a powerful tribe which occupied the whole of the country along the Eastern base of the "Sierra Nevadas" from the "Walker River Plains" on the South, to Gravelly Ford, which is nearly a hundred miles above the Big Bend of the Humboldt on the north. They were and are still the dominant tribe in all the territory to the west of Great Salt Lake, and were considered to be the main actors in the depredations being committed this season in the region of the Owyhee. Well, the facts in regard to them are that they always acted in good faith with the whites, not only permitting them peacefully to settle and live amongst them, but actually defending the helpless settlers against the attacks of outside roving bands; and it is a notorious fact, that, up to the summer of '60, emigrants were entirely safe as soon as they reached the country of the Pa-hu-tahs—or as they are more commonly called—the Piutes.

Many instances might be mentioned of the marked integrity of these Indians in their dealings and associations with the early settlers. But alas! the discovery of silver on this slope of the "Nevadas," like that of gold on the other, brought corruption into "camps and councils," sensuality and baseness soon filled the veins of society, and the virus soon reached the red man's blood, and the bloody strife began, and still goes on; revenge and retaliation is the order on both sides; and I am compelled to acknowledge that we have been scarcely less vindictive and treacherous than the savages.

The above, are my views of the matter, arrived at by actual observation on the field of action; in addition to which, I will mention the ominous fact known to all emigrants, that the most dangerous Indians are those nearest the settlements. Those more remotely situated and remaining wild, being comparatively safe.

E. B. NICOLLS.

To this letter we append the following, making good a previous one on the same side, in which the writer makes statements that should shut the mouths of adverse critics forever. This way of dealing with the Indians is certainly not the right one. Here is the letter:

BOULDER CITY, COLO., Oct. 1, 1860.

In an article published in the "Banner," under the head of "Managing the Indians," I have observed many of the evils pointed out on the present system of Indian management; but you have overlooked the greatest evil, in my opinion, connected with this department, viz.: Indian agents assuming the character of bullfisks, in collecting the accounts of traders, and damages for stolen horses and property. The Indians are more annoyed at this one thing, than all others connected with the department. They see a trader get from their authority \$100 for a pony, which they never valued at more than a blanket worth four.

Indian traders should be treated as blockade runners in time of war. The hope of great gain induces the latter to hazard ship and cargo. If successful, they make fortunes; if otherwise, they look for no redress. The Indian trader being accustomed to the same motives, counting his profits and knowing the risks, should be treated in the same way, by the Government. This would remove one great cause of irritation.

INDIAN TRADERS.

THE ART OF AMUSING is the title of the latest and best work on that subject ever printed. It is a handsome volume of over three hundred pages, with one hundred and fifty illustrations showing how the art is practiced in various ways, methods and shapes, consisting of arts, merry games, curious puzzles, odd tricks, charades, transparencies, etc. It also contains suggestions for private theatricals, tableaux and all sorts of parlor and family amusements. In short, this volume is intended to amuse everybody, and enable all to amuse everybody else. The instructions are so minute and clear that any one can understand and practice them. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so will all study and no amusement make boys worse, ill-conditioned and sickly. One visit of the physician would cure the work, and with it you will need less of the physician. We are prepared to supply all demands for the work, and will mail it to any address for two dollars, postage free. It is published by Carleton, of New York.

THE QUEBEC FIRE.

Letters from Quebec state that much suffering exists among those whose homes were destroyed by the late disastrous fire. A Boston gentleman has sent \$300 to the relief fund. This is a good beginning. We hope others will imitate his example. Donations left at this office will be promptly forwarded to the proper authorities. No time should be lost to aid the destitute. The blessing of the angel-world will rest upon those generous souls who give of their bounty when disaster overtakes their fellow-creatures.

DR. E. H. COOPLEY.

This indefatigable pioneer-worker in the cause of Spiritualism, has returned to New England, for the purpose of lecturing and

New Publications.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM MANUAL. First Abridged Edition; A. J. Davis, Dela., March 14, Bradford 5s, publisher.

Mr. Marsh has just issued an abridged edition of this popular little work, containing all the songs, hymns, recitations, rules, directions, and examples necessary for the organization and development of a Children's Progressive Lyceum, at a reduction of nearly one-half the price for the larger edition. This will create an enormous demand for this almost indispensable agent in forming Children's Lyceums.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for November is on the counter of A. Williams & Co., and full of readable things. It opens with a finely illustrated poem, entitled, "The Cider Mill." Abbott contributes an article (illustrated) on the War in Florida, to which is prefixed a striking likeness of Gen. Truman Seymour. The Work-House on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., is profusely shown up with engravings and with full and minute descriptions, making the heart sick at times with the looking.

A very humorous sketch, likewise illustrated, of the "little black dog of Berkshire," will afford much merriment and some instruction. There is a great variety of prose and verse beside, with the always valuable and readable editor's departments.

THE GALAXY for Nov. 1st, is a royal number of a very popular Magazine. With this number is given away, in neat pamphlet form, the first sixteen chapters of "The Claverings," Mr. Trollope's story, which is publishing in these pages—a feature which all readers will eagerly testify their favor of. Trollope's stories of English domestic life are the most popular works of their kind of the day. The Galaxy brings out many new names among its contributors, thus giving it freshness, youth and original power. It is a periodical of high promise.

"GRÆTRITH GAUNT," the great story by Charles Reade, which has been running several months in the Atlantic Monthly, has been issued in book-form, and is for sale by Lee & Shepard, of this city. It has created a remarkable sensation among readers in this country and in England. On account of an adverse criticism on its merits, the author wrote a stinging letter on "Prudent Prudes" to a New York Journal, and has commenced a suit against the publishers of the paper in which the critique appeared!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is rather brilliant than otherwise. Charles Reade of course stops on "Grætrith Gaunt," and there will be a small gap to Dr. Holmes' new story in January. Hawthorne's "Note Book" yields another instalment in this number. A paper on Prussia is timely, thorough and instructive. The late Count Gurovski gets a sort of eulogy. Marshall's portrait of President Lincoln is praised. Bright things are promised for the Atlantic next year.

Walker, Fuller & Co., of Boston, publish a "Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. John Pierpont, by Nathaniel Hall, pastor of the First Church, (Unitarian,) Dorchester. It is a eulogy, but is very careful in speaking of Mr. Pierpont's convictions, and his courage in asserting them, to make no allusion to the crown and glory of his life—his faith in Spiritualism."

THE JUBILATE, by L. O. Emerson, and published by Dits & Co., is a new and fine collection of sacred music for choirs and musical conventions, by the popular author of the "Harp of Judah," "Golden Wreath," &c. &c. There is great variety and attractiveness in the music in this volume, which musical journals and professors warmly commend.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for November is for sale by Williams & Co., presenting a fine engraving called, "Feeding the Swans," the latest Parisian modes, patterns of the freshest designs, a choice quantity of tales, essays and poems, and the usual fullness of receipts, &c. It is full of "Novelties" such as any lady likes to know all about, and a fine number.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October comes promptly to hand. Its contents are of far wider interest and value than merely to the large body whose exponent and organ it is.

JUST RECEIVED, "Hope and Hate," "Haste and Waste," by Oliver Optic, from Lee & Shepard, publishers.

Back Numbers of Herald of Progress.

Any person having the following numbers of "The Herald of Progress," and will forward them to A. J. Gilson, La Porte, Ind., will receive a suitable remittance. He wishes to complete a volume for binding. Viz: numbers two, three, six, eight, nine and fourteen, of volume three.

Mrs. A. M. Spence.

We notice that this lady has not entirely withdrawn from the lecturing field, but occasionally speaks in localities not far distant from her home.

Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," is a bankrupt, in Birmingham, England. His bombastic attempt to overthrow Spiritualism in England didn't prove such a successful financial speculation as he anticipated. Mr. Anderson will learn one of these days that Spiritualism is based on truth and positive knowledge, which all his jugglery can never affect.

A young woman in Paris having honorably passed two examinations in mixed sciences, has been authorized by the Minister of Public Instruction to go through a course of medicine at Algiers, as her medical attendance might be of great service to the Arab population, and through her the boon of medical science might penetrate the tent and harem of the Arab, where no male doctor would ever be admitted.

There are seven hundred and fifty paper mills in active operation in the United States. They produce two hundred and seventy millions pounds per year, which, at an average of only ten cents per pound, would be worth \$27,000,000. But the average is nearer twenty cents.

It is estimated that the total number of deaths from cholera in St. Louis, during the month of August and September, was about five thousand and five hundred.

The Little Bouquet (No. six), has made its appearance as fresh as ever. This number completes its first half year.

A Card from Dean Clark.

To the friends I've left behind in the West who may wish for my services, I will say that I do

not intend to return East as soon as November 1st, and will be pleased to attend to the calls they may send in the meantime to Brandon, Vt.

Dr. A. M. Clark.

Book of Tests.

Who will it appear? Will Mr. K. Graves respond, and oblige one of many who are anxious to see it?

G. ADAMS.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"We have just received a full supply of that excellent work, "SUPRAMUNDANE FACTS," by Dr. Ferguson, printed in London. It makes a large volume of over 200 pages, elegantly printed and well bound; price \$2.50, postage free. It is one of the most substantial works treating on the Spiritual Philosophy, from the pen of one of the best scholars of the age, a deep thinker and sound reasoner.

Workingmen everywhere should patronize the Daily Evening Voice of this city. It is a talented sheet, devoted exclusively to their interests. We are gratified to learn that it is in a prosperous condition, notwithstanding the petty opposition it has met with from the daily press of Boston.

Lost, on Washington street or School street, a bunch of keys. The finder will be well rewarded by leaving them at this office.

Produce dealers are collecting large quantities of apples in August, Md., for transportation to Boston. The ruling price for choice fruit is about four dollars a barrel.

Contributions for the Portland sufferers still pour in, the Mayor of that city having received \$1,000 from Lowell recently. The total amounts to \$100,000.

The Internal Revenue receives the present year amount to \$117,818,807.52.

Government has advices that the French are withdrawing from Mexico, in pursuance of the terms and conditions proposed by the French Minister of State to Minister Bigelow, in June last. It is now regarded as quite certain that the French forces will all be withdrawn before the stipulated time.

Digby is of the opinion that the land of Nod must have been a dry, sleepy locality, and has no doubt Elder Knapp's ancestry originated there.

J. H. Powell, the talented editor of the London Spiritual Times, has our deepest, most heartfelt sympathy for his arduous labors in behalf of Spiritualists in England. He will live to see the day that the blind bigots there who assail him, will fully endorse the glorious Philosophy he teaches.

The cable Oct. 23d announces a tremendous battle in Cawnpore between the Christians and Turks, in which the latter were repulsed after four days heavy fighting.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN; you never find a woman without pins and needles.

A boy of nine years old lately said to a boy of seven, "I am surprised to hear you talk so much about the girls. I don't at your age."

Italy is now, redeemed and free. Her entire population amounts to twenty-five millions.

No man will assume the character of another, unless he is ashamed of his own.

The corn crop of the United States this year amounts to over one thousand million bushels/ Corn to king.

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We take pleasure in stating that we have completed arrangements with Dr. H. B. STORER, widely known to the spiritual fraternity of this country, to take the superintendence of our New York Establishment, and attend to the general business naturally concentrating at that important point.

We call the especial attention of our friends to the fact, that Dr. STORER will supply not only the spiritual works issued by ourselves and other publishers, but any book published in this country or in Europe. All Spiritualists, who desire this incidentally to help us in sustaining, and increasing the usefulness of the BANNER, are invited to forward all their orders for Books of any description, either to our New York or Boston office, being assured that they will be filled promptly, and at publishers' prices, with liberal discounts to purchasers for Sunday Schools or Libraries.

The Roman Catholic Council at Baltimore finished its business on Sunday week. Archbishop Purcell delivered a sermon, in which he said that the council was impressed with the necessity of reclaiming the United States to Catholicity, and intimated that to be the grand object of its assembling. There is to be no crusade preached against Protestantism, no offensive thrusting forward the doctrines and practices of Rome upon a population the great majority of whom are opposed to that church, but in a quiet way the clergy are to set about their work of proselytism with energy, perseverance and industry. He said Catholicism must gain in America to make up for its losses in Europe, and cheer the Pope in his present troubles. The freedom of the South are likewise to receive the immediate and earnest attention of the Catholic clergy, and that not only from their own desire, but by the express command of Rome!

BENTS.—A London correspondent says it will astonish rent payers in American cities, to be informed that, in the neatest and healthiest parts of London, handsome three-story and basement, or eight roomed houses, in perfect order, can be rented at from \$200 to \$300 per annum.

The gayest sinners are often the saddest wretches.

Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," is a bankrupt, in Birmingham, England. His bombastic attempt to overthrow Spiritualism in England didn't prove such a successful financial speculation as he anticipated. Mr. Anderson will learn one of these days that Spiritualism is based on truth and positive knowledge, which all his jugglery can never affect.

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There has been a terrible tornado at the West, causing great destruction of property in various places, but more than 100,000 dollars damage.

The Mormons in Utah are becoming intelligent, they are determined to root out the Gentiles, and to establish a pure and moral society.

Peabody, the banker, has donated to Harvard and Yale Colleges \$100,000 each.

The U. S. Treasury reports that the gold in the treasury is gold in the treasury.

Books are generally deserted in adversity. When the sun sets our very shadows refuse to follow us.

Grand juries in the different sections of Upper Canada have recommended to the Judges of the Circuit Court, the adoption of corporal punishment as a means of suppressing crime. The proposals have been approved, and it is probable that flogging will be introduced at the next sitting of Parliament. So prepare your backs, ye erring Canuckers.

A thunderbolt from a perfectly cloudless sky struck a church and three dwelling houses at Rising Sun, Ind., a few days ago. It killed a girl outright and stripped all the clothing from a boy, whom, strange to say, it only stunned. A more remarkable electrical phenomenon has rarely occurred.

Workingmen everywhere should patronize the Daily Evening Voice of this city. It is a talented sheet, devoted exclusively to their interests. We are gratified to learn that it is in a prosperous condition, notwithstanding the petty opposition it has met with from the daily press of Boston.

Lost, on Washington street or School street, a bunch of keys. The finder will be well rewarded by leaving them at this office.

Produce dealers are collecting large quantities of apples in August, Md., for transportation to Boston. The ruling price for choice fruit is about four dollars a barrel.

Contributions for the Portland sufferers still pour in, the Mayor of that city having received \$1,000 from Lowell recently. The total amounts to \$100,000.

The Internal Revenue receives the present year amount to \$117,818,807.52.

Government has advices that the French are withdrawing from Mexico, in pursuance of the terms and conditions proposed by the French Minister of State to Minister Bigelow, in June last. It is now regarded as quite certain that the French forces will all be withdrawn before the stipulated time.

Digby is of the opinion that the land of Nod must have been a dry, sleepy locality, and has no doubt Elder Knapp's ancestry originated there.

J. H. Powell, the talented editor of the London Spiritual Times, has our deepest, most heartfelt sympathy for his arduous labors in behalf of Spiritualists in England. He will live to see the day that the blind bigots there who assail him, will fully endorse the glorious Philosophy he teaches.

The cable Oct. 23d announces a tremendous battle in Cawnpore between the Christians and Turks, in which the latter were repulsed after four days heavy fighting.

EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN; you never find a woman without pins and needles.

A boy of nine years old lately said to a boy of seven, "I am surprised to hear you talk so much about the girls. I don't at your age."

Italy is now, redeemed and free. Her entire population amounts to twenty-five millions.

No man will assume the character of another, unless he is ashamed of his own.

The corn crop of the United States this year amounts to over one thousand million bushels/ Corn to king.

New York Branch of the Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing House.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We take pleasure in stating that we have completed arrangements with Dr. H. B. STORER, widely known to the spiritual fraternity of this country, to take the superintendence of our New York Establishment, and attend to the general business naturally concentrating at that important point.

We call the especial attention of our friends to the fact, that Dr. STORER will supply not only the spiritual works issued by ourselves and other publishers, but any book published in this country or in Europe. All Spiritualists, who desire this incidentally to help us in sustaining, and increasing the usefulness of the BANNER, are invited to forward all their orders for Books of any description, either to our New York or Boston office, being assured that they will be filled promptly, and at publishers' prices, with liberal discounts to purchasers for Sunday Schools or Libraries.

Our office in New York is at No. 544 Broadway, (nearly opposite Barnum's Museum.) Friends visiting the city are invited to call at the office, where Dr. STORER will be happy to afford any information concerning the location of medium, public meetings, or whatever may be of value as a guide to strangers.

Address, H. B. STORER, BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

Meetings in Washington, D. C.

Mention was made in the BANNER that the lecture season in Washington had been auspiciously inaugurated by the ministrations of Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, on the last two Sundays of September. Since then, lectures have been delivered every Sunday, at the regular place of meeting, in Union League Hall. On the first Sunday of October, Mr. A. E. Newton, whose name is familiar to the earlier Spiritualists as an earnest pioneer in the cause, delivered an able discourse, taking for his subject, "The testimony of the Bible on the truth of Spiritualism." Mr. N. has been for two or three years most efficiently devoting his time, and talents to the philanthropic work of superintending and conducting Freedmen's schools in the District of Columbia; but his former interest in the cause of Spiritualism has not abated, and when fitting occasions occur, he is ever ready to take the rostrum in its advocacy.

On the second and third Sundays of the month, Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, who is well known from his contributions to spiritual literature, lectured on the following subjects: "Special Providence"; "The Evidence of Spirit Intercourse"; "Mediumship; how to cultivate it properly;" and "The Conditions of Spirit Life." These lectures, delivered by the Doctor's sincere and earnest, but pleasant and instructive manner, were listened to with much satisfaction by the intelligent and appreciative audience, which the announcement of his well known name brought together.

He has an extensive practice as a physician in Philadelphia, and of course, is not regularly in the lecture field, for which, however, his gifts in that direction qualify him for an efficient laborer; but his interest in and love for the cause of Spiritualism, induce him to break off occasionally from his professional duties, to do missionary work at places within a few hours ride from his home. In that spirit he came over to Washington on each occasion in the night, delivered two discourses, and then returned by the first train to his business in Philadelphia—a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles.

It is estimated that the total number of deaths from cholera in St. Louis, during the months of August and September, was about five thousand and five hundred.

The Little Bouquet (No. six), has made its appearance as fresh as ever. This number completes its first half year.

Dr. A. M. Clark.

Book of Tests.

Who will it appear? Will Mr. K. Graves respond, and oblige one of many who are anxious to see it?

G. ADAMS.

Business Matters.

TO PATIENTS AND PUPILS.—HOW TO TREAT THE SICK.—At my Rural Home Cure, I continue to treat all kinds of invalids, and perform cures equal to any on record. And I am now ready to take pupils, male and female; classes beginning every other Tuesday, the first to commence Tues. Oct. 30th. In two weeks I guarantee to enable pupils to become physicians, and to know how to treat all manner of disease without using medicines. Terms for pupils, board, room and tuition, \$20.00 the first week, \$10.00 the second week. To patients, terms reasonable.

DR. URIAH CLARK,
Salisbury street, Malden, Mass.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, Medium, answers SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive prompt reply. Address, 1040 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage, 2c.

ABRAHAM JAMES.—FINE CARTE DE VISITE photographs of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

TAKE AXER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentalities of

Mrs. J. H. Conant,

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

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

Sept. 5.—All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, our Father, and our Mother, too, through the darkened yet beautiful face of Nature we behold thy loving smile, and we know thou art with us. We understand thy language and perceive thy presence. Oh thou Spirit who marchest through time and eternity, perfecting all atoms and making beautiful and glorious and powerful all worlds, thou who art leading every soul, by virtue of its own law and thine, safe into thy kingdom, thou who wilt ever protect the soul and the atom, we praise thee. For life and for all those manifestations of thy love, thy power and wisdom we do most fervently thank thee.

We praise thee for the gift of flowers—those bright, glad messengers that talk to us of beauty, that inspire us with holy thought. Oh God, for these we thank thee. We praise thee, oh Spirit of all things, for all thy gifts; for darkness and for light; for sorrow and for joy, for sunshine and for shade, oh Lord, our God, our Father, our Mother, we praise thee. But, most of all, oh Infinite Spirit, we have reason to praise thee, that we know thou hast set no bounds upon our souls; that we can go whereso'er we will; that we have but to seek and we shall find; to ask, and it shall be given us—that whatsoever we earnestly desire shall be given us. Oh Spirit of Wisdom, for knowing this we do most fervently thank thee. Spirit of Mercy, if there are any present who sorrow, teach them that sorrow is for their good. Teach them, through thy loving angels, that it is good to mourn, for the comforter comes through mourning, and is a blessing to them. Teach them that the words of our elder brother, of Nazareth, are not idle words, that all these experiences are for their good, and shall work out for them wisdom, justice, love, and all the attributes of heaven. Our Father, while the thoughts of thy children go out in praise to thee, we know that a response will return, the blessing will rest upon their souls.

Sept. 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—The audience are at liberty to ask such questions as the public would read with interest. [A pause.] If the audience have no questions to propound, we propose to consider an inquiry that has reached us from one of our brethren on earth. He desires to know what the spirit of John Pierpont and his associates think concerning the proceedings of his funeral. Was he satisfied, or the contrary?

John Pierpont, as he told you yesterday, is in the full possession of all his faculties. He thinks so he did before death. He knew before his change where his opponents stood. He understood their theological bearing toward himself, and he understood, also, the weakness—now, mark us—the weakness that clustered around some of his own personal friends and relatives, who themselves believed in the return of the disembodied spirit. Therefore, understanding their weakness and the theological position of those who conducted the exercises on the occasion, he was not at all disappointed. It was a natural result of weakness, bigotry and ignorance; and being natural, John Pierpont is not the man to speak against it. He may have pity for those who are weak, for those who are ignorant, those who are in theological darkness, but, at the same time, he would do them justice, knowing, as he does, that all cannot stand upon the same platform, all cannot hear with the same ears, see with the same eyes, or understand as he does. So, then, he has a due amount of charity for them, because they cannot see as he does; cannot understand as he did. The same charity that characterized him while on earth, as a visible intelligence, he has not parted with. He knew who his theological enemies were, when here, and pitied them; and he does the same now. He knows well, too, that ignorance always builds its own fire and consumes itself. There is no need that he shall build a fire for their ignorance, for, in the order of God's providences, it will all be done.

John Pierpont lives to-day, and he will take an active part in all that interested him before his death. He will not sit in idleness. He will seek earnestly to shower down those truths upon earth that shall be acceptable to humanity. Knowing the needs of humanity, as he does—for he is fresh from its heart—he will give them what they need. There is no weakness attached to his spirit, no darkness clustering around his intellect. He has gone to the spirit-world an intelligence not hid under a bushel, but on the mountain-top. His voice never was silenced here, either by bigots or those who crouched down because of ignorance. His arm was always strong in wielding the sword of truth, and that arm of the Spirit will be equally strong now—ay, and more so. Know, then, he has no cause for those who are in theological darkness, who could not see that the last movement of his life was the grandest. He has only pity. And when, in after years, they shall bow at his feet and acknowledge him to be their superior in wisdom he will only offer them the right hand of friendship, and bid them arise and stand upon a platform all their own—not upon his.

John Pierpont can well afford to be charitable, for his Father has abundantly blessed him. He was so organized that he could see, could realize this Modern Dispensation; and, being thus organized, could perceive, also, that those who are organized differently must see differently.

It would be well for all classes of minds to commence the study of mind as connected with matter. And, when they shall have advanced but even a few steps in that direction, they will see that each mind must unfold itself differently, must go to heaven by its own road. Seeing this, feeling its truth, they will exercise more care in their choice of a path, and will be more

charity; wars will cease, and the earth bloom in peace, because her children shall understand themselves.

Sept. 4.

Donald McKay.

I have been trying through various means to make my way back to earth, to hold communion with those I have left.

I would like to do what I can toward making the way clear and plain to all between the two worlds; the one that is seen, and the one that is not seen by you who are here.

I have many friends in Cleveland that I should be very glad to come into communication with, and I propose that they shall, some of them, or all, as they like, direct a letter to myself inside—in, [What place did you occupy?] In his kitchen sometimes, sometimes taking care of the picaninies, the babies.

Oh, Massa, I like him to know I come back—

Aunt Lucy. Oh, I feel bad. [Don't you go and see him now?] Yes, Massa, I go there and see him, but I don't like to. Massa, he don't know what's going to become of him. Massa, I want to tell him of the blessed things that are to come. Oh, Massa, if you can just tell him I come—tell him as how. I live, too—will you tell him that? I am happy when I see him, Massa; when I forgets him then I is; but I aint now. The blessed Lord is good to me. I went into his kingdom; I be happy, Massa; I be; but I'm unhappy when I come here; that's all.

I don't know how old I was; pretty old; don't know; he'll know; Massa, he'll know. Oh, the Lord have mercy on us! I don't know what to do. I wish I could do somethin'. Good-day, Massa; good-day.

Sept. 4.

bad! Massa, I don't want nuthin' myself; don't want nuthin' myself; but I want somethin' for somebody.

Massa, I like to go to Massa Davis; I like to go him. I say that's what I come for. [Jefferson Davis?] Yes, yes. Well, Massa, I do n't like to see him where he is. Massa, I do n't like to see him there. I feels bad about it. I do n't like to see him where he is! I want to carry him the consolation of the blessed Lord our Father. Massa, I's happy, I's happy, but I wants to go back to him. [How long have you been away from earth?] Three years. [Were you Jefferson Davis's servant?] Yes, I was. He always treated me well. [Were you in his family?] Yes, I was. [What place did you occupy?] In his kitchen sometimes, sometimes taking care of the picaninies, the babies.

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Sept. 4.

Circle opened by Theodore Parker; closed by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Spirit of Divinity good, Holy and Perfect Life, as we look into the face of this handsome day, we behold there the Maker of the day, and of our souls also; and we know as the day will be carefully guarded, as it will receive its due amount of sunshine and shade, and finally rest in the arms of twilight, so our souls will receive their due amount of joy and sorrow, and too will finally rest in the arms of thine Infinite love; not the rest that bespeaks inaction, but the rest that comes because the soul knows it is one with thee. Oh thou upon whose arm we rely, thou whose presence is ever with us, thou who art our life, thou who sweepeth away all death, and crowneth us with immortality, thou Father and Mother of worlds and souls, how can we praise thee aright? We ask to know how we shall praise and pray? The answer cometh to us through the sunshine; through all that thou hast blessed us with in the external world. The Spirit of Prayer is here, and the Spirit of Praise is here also. Oh, our God, of that we will learn, and we will seek to worship thee most fervently. We will not bow down in fear, but in love, knowing thou art a God of Infinite Love. Thy wisdom calleth unto our souls, and we will respond. We will enter the temple of Nature, and there we will bask in the sunshine of thine omnipotence. Our Father, let thy children in mortal know that sorrow cometh, not because thou art angry with them, but because the soul needs to be made brighter, because the soul asks in its inner life that the sorrow may come; because the soul knows that joy follows close upon the heels of sorrow. So, our Father, as thou sendest angels to and fro to minister unto the ignorance, the spiritual darkness of all those that have need, let them know that thy right arm is around all; that love, thy perfect love, sustaineth all things forever. Father, we praise thee as day praiseth thee; we utter glad songs of thanksgiving as all Nature utters the same; and as thou wilt accept them from Nature, we know thou wilt also accept them from us. Therefore it is that without fear we lay our offerings upon the altar of life, asking thy blessing.

Sept. 4.

George Kingsbury.

I believe I have received sort of a half invitation to come back, if there was any way of coming back; but poor as it is, I have accepted it, and am here.

I am George Kingsbury, sir, by name; a private in the 9th New Hampshire. I am from Dover, sir; something of a stranger to these things, but I am here, green as I am.

About the most I can say is, I guess the majority of all the religions that are in vogue you might as well write humbug upon. I would n't say this if it was not so.

My folks are sometimes afraid that I have not been admitted to heaven. I rather thought it would be a sorry place I'd be sent to, if all I'd been taught was true. But it's a pretty good place, after all; don't think I'd exchange it; am satisfied with it, anyway. [Would n't you rather be back with your friends again?] No, sir, no, sir; much as I think of them.

I don't relish the process of going out. Some go pretty easy; don't know anything about it. They do n't all have the fight with death I had, I know. I'd be rather afraid that it would be just my luck to have to go through the same fight, if I came back here again. So I don't care to try it.

Seeling now, sir, as the way is open, by which most any one who tries hard enough can come back, I would suggest the propriety of folks here calling upon their friends to return—particularly the soldiers in the late rebellion—to rise en masse and invite them to meet them in this way. Now, they say, perhaps I shouldn't be received if I came. So, you see, they are not taking a step ahead, but are standing back fearing to return, and waiting or hoping something may turn up in their favor.

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I should like, if I can, to get into communication with Ben Perry. He's a fine fellow!—about as much religiously inclined as I was. I reckon he might hear me. If he has a mind to try it, I'll meet him more than half way, and satisfy him for his trouble, too. He's here, sir; he's on earth, and I—well, I'm on the earth, too. But I'm a dead-head, and he is n't. [Does he live in Dover?] Yes, sir. [He may get your message.] Well, if he does, I think he'll meet me, because he's not the chap to turn his back upon his friends. At least, I don't think so. Maybe he's changed. I hardly think he's changed, though.

Do you publish this in your paper? [Yes.] Well, just let me tell you that you have a pretty big army waiting to come back this way. You'd better enlarge your quarters, else I'm thinking you won't be able to accommodate them all. [We hope to when we get enough enlisted.] Get enough! maybe you don't see all you've got. Well, sir, good-by.

Sept. 4.

Carrie Townsend.

I said I would come, for I felt sure that others had come, and I knew no reason why I could n't. I would say to those I have left here, I realize all I expected to, and a great deal more. Oh, I felt so light and free, so full of thanksgiving, when I was fully separated from the body in which I had suffered so much, that I first thought, oh, I want to soar away from all earthly things. But as I grew stronger, I began to be attracted to earth and to those I had left. And so I set myself about coming back by the nearest road.

My friends will expect me, and I know will be glad to hear that I am so happy. I shall go to their home—theirs and mine, too—very, very often, and strive in all ways to minister to them.

I did so long to go when I was suffering so much, that I sometimes feared that my impatience would make a black mark against my spirit. But it has not. I can realize a great deal more, true, more intense joy, because I passed through so much physical suffering, than if I had not passed through it. So I'm glad, I suffered.

I want to tell all the dear folks that I shall soon try to do all I promised, so they may expect to hear from me at any time.

I am Carrie Townsend, sir, from Bridgewater, Vt. I have just passed on, and I am not of course used to return. So you will excuse my ill feeling.

Sept. 4.

Aunt Lucy (colored).

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Sept. 4.

it a fact, that wherever our destiny leads, we must follow? being fully conscious that it behoves us to always try to be good and do right; yet we often come short, or seem to, in our efforts to benefit ourselves and our fellow mortals, both temporally and spiritually.

—We have no right to determine concerning this question for any beside ourselves. Though we may believe in the doctrine of destiny, we would not wish to enforce that belief upon one who is not ready for it. In looking around the universe and through universes, we find that a law immutable governs. Worlds are held in their proper position by what? the law of destiny. The earth has attained its present position by the law of its destiny; so we believe. We believe that the Great All Father, knowing all things, being possessed of all wisdom, all power, never fails at any time to be in advance of his creations.

And we believe also that all his creations are so united and attracted to that superior power, that they must follow it, whether they will or no. We believe also that the doctrine of destiny, or a belief in destiny, does by no means rob you of your responsibility or individuality. So far as you are conscious intelligent beings, you are responsible to your own intelligence. There is a bar within every one of you, and at it you are all arraigned. You know how it is with all of you here. If you commit an act that you are in your inner lives unsatisfied with, immediately your court is in session, judge and jury are present, and sentence is pronounced immediately.

You say you have done wrong in that; that you will do so no more because it brings you sorrow.

And yet we believe that outside and beyond all these minor affairs, there is an Intelligence governing all things, controlling all things. If we did not believe in this, we should be miserable indeed. It is like an anchor that is ever sure; like a compass that will ever guide us aright. We feel that there is a strength around us that will never yield to our weakness.

Sept. 6.

Eliza W. Farnham.

There are many souls who believe that a Supreme Power holds undivided possession of all life, and guides and controls all things, who are not willing to believe in the doctrine of destiny.

It seems to me if God governs absolutely, then we are led by God. If he can be changed from his purpose by our prayers, or by anything that we can do, then his government is not

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED,

Monday, Sept. 10. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; A. J. Johnson, to G. W. Johnson, Clarksville, Tenn.; Geo. L. Crosby, to Dr. E. B. T. Crossley, of London, Eng.; Sarah Parker, to her relatives.

Tuesday, Sept. 11. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Dr. Jonathan Williams, to his son, in Richmond, Va.; Mary Adams, to Father O'Connor and Sister O'Connor, colored, to their mother; Annie Lawrence, to Thomas Lawrence, of Norfolk, Va.

Wednesday, Sept. 12. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; W. F. Miller, to his son, Wm. F. Miller, of Boston, Mass., to charge of her sister, Mrs. May; Edward Stevens, to friends.

Thursday, Sept. 13. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; B. T. French, to his friend, George Taylor, to his mother; John H. Smith, to Mrs. Anna Conover, to her mother; and others.

Friday, Sept. 14. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Dr. John Joice, to Mr. White; Edward Gordon, to his friends, in Manchester, N. H.; Wm. C. Brown, formerly owned by Dr. John C. Brown, of Charlottesville, Va.

Mondays, Sept. 14. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Isabel Ellis, to her sister Maria, and the girls at the Blind Asylum, in South Boston; Wm. Higgins, to Daniel Brown, of Washington, D. C.; Wm. Sands, to Maggie Jones, Phillips Blane, and Evelyn Davis.

Monday, Oct. 1. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Alfred Hoew, to his sister Annie; Margaret Alexander, of New York, to her son, John Alexander; Mrs. Alexander, of New York, to her friends; Patrick Fanning, of Manchester, N. H., to his wife Mary, and Mr. Pollock.

Tuesday, Oct. 2. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Lieut. W. Saunders, to his wife; Alfred Brooks, to Mrs. Mary Bell Nelle, or Charlotte, James; Nellie Harris, to her mother.

Wednesday, Oct. 3. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Dr. John Joice, to his wife; Alfred Brooks, to Mrs. Mary Bell Nelle, or Charlotte, James; Nellie Harris, to her mother.

Thursday, Oct. 4. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Blake, who accompanies Laura Ellis, to a gentleman in Concord, N. H.; Frank, of New Haven, Conn.; Dr. C. Little Bent; Isabella N. Jole, of Lynn, Mass., to a gentleman.

Mondays, Oct. 14. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Alfred Hoew, to his sister Annie; Margaret Alexander, of New York, to her son, John Alexander; Mrs. Alexander, of New York, to her friends; Patrick Fanning, of Manchester, N. H., to his wife Mary, and Mr. Pollock.

Tuesday, Oct. 15. — Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sarah Dorman, to her brother George; Judson Lewis, to Henry Sauborn, in Independence, Texas; Susan Tuttle, to her husband and friends.

Obituaries.

In Concord, N. H., Oct. 20th, Mrs. Mary Watson, wife of David Watson, Esq., aged 69 years.

Abigail Hill, wife of Dr. Emery Hill, formerly of Athol, Mass., departed this life, after a short illness, Oct. 26th, in Canastota, N. Y., aged 64 years and 6 months.

Her husband passed to the higher life with a bright hope of immortality for all of earth's children about one year ago, leaving his widow alone, only an invisible celestial being designed to watch over her in sympathy and love. She was a woman of great personal beauty, and had been a good and kind wife, whose longings to depart and join her loved husband, where winters storms come not, and the warmth of love and affection should again be hers to enjoy. Just before she was taken back to the hard raps of her stand, and the winter winds were blowing, she asked the services of a spiritualist, who asked questions, and thereby ascertained that the Doctor desired her to come home, and be at rest and peace with him; so that whenever we expressed a wish for her recovery, she would say, "I am well, I am well, I want to recover." After a brief illness of one week, she sweetly breathed her last, as if going to sleep.

For the sake of her friends who were too far away to attend the funeral, she was interred in the cemetery of the church where she ministered to every want, and the funeral was well attended. Everything was in perfect order; the day fine, and the audience listened with rapt attention to a short address by the writer. We feel that there was much regret for rejoicing at the birth of a child, and the day of one's birth.

Like the last rose of summer, when fond ones had down, she chose not to inhibit this weak world alone.

May our lives be as useful, our deporture as peaceful, and the resting-place for our mortal bodies as quiet and pleasant as the wish of humanity's friend.

Mrs. F. A. LOOM.

Passed to Spirit-life, at West Concord, Mrs. Ada J. Chamberlin, wife of Francis Chamberlin, aged 25 years and 5 months.

She had been long stricken with the hand of disease; and was one of those active souls who never weary in doing good to others. She was indeed an angel of earth, always ministering love and sympathy to all. Although young in years, she was full ripened in wisdom, and could teach the young and the old. It can truly be said, "None knew her but to love her." But she was too frail a spirit to stem the tide of this life, and the loved ones called her home. She left a kind and devoted companion, an endearing parent, Wm. Chamberlin, who had been her constant helper, and met them again. Although not a Spiritualist by profession, she was one in practice, and one of her last requests was that she might have a medium attend her funeral. And at the earnest desire of her friends, the writer was called upon to deliver the funeral discourse.

It was a lovely day when the loved ones assembled to take the last fond look, and pay the last tribute to the departed. As we left, her gently way behind us, we were deeply moved, as we often have been, by the sorrowing over the too late desolate. May her companion find consolation in the spirit presence of her who was his pride in life, and may truth, such angels bring, cheer him in his remaining years.

Passed to higher life, on the 13th of October, from Chicopee, Mass., at the residence of her son-in-law, Wm. H. Gilmore, Mrs. Polly Culler, aged 85 years and 1 month.

After a week of great suffering, this eager spirit was borne upward by loved ones to the home of the angels, fully opened for the spirit change. She died in the full bloom of life, in the most earthly existence, and bloomed fair and beautiful. Her friends ministered to every want, and the funeral was well attended. Everything was in perfect order; the day fine, and the audience listened with rapt attention to a short address by the writer. We feel that there was much regret for rejoicing at the birth of a child, and the day of one's birth.

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