

# BANNER 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.—CONTINUED.

It had perhaps had something to do with his politics, for he would not act in concert with the Judge upon any subject, nor would he brook the least interference in his domestic affairs. It was well perhaps for John Selden that he was successful, for he was becoming morbid upon this subject, but his reticence prevented the Judge from understanding the depth of his hatred. It would be difficult indeed for a man of Judge Perry's open, decided, frank nature to fathom John Selden. I think, however, if Anna Selden had borne and suffered long, like some wives of whom I might write, the triumph would have been hers at last. But the spirit of perverseness seemed to possess her, and her mother strengthened her in her opposition to her husband. That evening, when he went out after Peter had finished his labors, he noticed that every window in the house, and even those over the carriage house, were illuminated, all save the three belonging to Mr. Selden's room. Here the blinds were closed, and a "purposeless blank was seen." We have said John Selden was not quick tempered; he did not carry his anger as the flint bears fire, but he retained his anger, and repressed himself surely but slowly.

"At this time, however, he was decidedly in a passion.

"Peter, I told you to light the whole house; why did you omit that room?"

Peter looked up at the windows as if he had just perceived the omission.

"I carried de candles up dere, Master John, and Missus said she'd arrange all herself."

"She did, did she? Where are the candles, Peter?"

"Der is plenty more in my room, sir."

"Get 'em and follow me."

John Selden, in his impetuosity, was at the door of the room long before Peter, and there upon the knob of the door was a long streamer of black crepe.

"Damn it!" said he in his wrath, as he found the door locked, and no one from within came to open it. "Open this door!" he exclaimed, "or I shall break it down!"

There was no reply. Just then Peter appeared.

"Wait a minute, Master John. Perhaps I can find a key; Mrs. Selden may not be there."

But Selden's passion was too much roused for waiting; besides, his quick ear had caught a slight rustling in the room. He was a strong man, and the next moment the panels of the door were broken, and at the same instant Mrs. Selden rose from her seat near the couch, and said haughtily,

"Am I not to be allowed the privacy of my own room, Mr. Selden?"

"Privileged privileges!" cried Selden. "By— you'll demand no more privileges of me. I am set at defiance in my own house; my servants forbidden to execute my orders, and myself treated with contempt, as that rag bears witness;" pointing to the crepe on the door. "Madam!" and his eyes glared fiercely, for the pent up wrath of years was flowing forth, he said, "I had hoped for the sake of our child, we might have lived under the same roof. But now," pointing to the door, "your home and mine—"

Just then his eyes fell upon the couch, where Birdie had lain asleep till, roused by the noise, she sprang up, and seeing her father, exclaimed:

"Papa, please take me to see the light. Peter said he'd tote me to see, but Peter forgot. Naughty Peter," she said, shaking her finger at him, for the servant was still standing there, tray in hand, waiting orders.

"No, darlin', Peter neber forgets Birdie. Birdie fast asleep up here."

Her father raised her in his arms; the wrathful look on his face passed away; the threat, what ever it was, died upon his lips, and metely saying to Peter, "Light these windows as you have the others," he passed out, taking the broad crepe badge that still hung upon the broken door, and flung it back upon the fire which burned upon the hearth.

It was by such petty, spiteful acts as these that Anna Selden increased the breach between herself and husband, heedless of the remonstrances of her best friend, Carrie.

It was a merry night. The crowd were exultant made jubilant by the liberal potations of drink supplied them; the house was brilliant; bon-fires blazed. Selden was loudly cheered, and responded to the call for a speech in an animated recital of the perils from which the nation had been saved by the success of his party. Flushed by success, excited by the warm applause of the crowd, (more than half Irishmen, and consequently very vociferous with the spirit of whiskey in them,) John Selden was quite eloquent, and made his own side so pure and patriotic that Jim, who was Irish and rather won over by the whiskey and the eloquence, nudged Peter, who was standing, with a large tin dipper in hand, near a beer barrel.

"I say, Pete, what party do you belong to to-night?"

Pete, who was a little proud of Master John just then, answered quickly:

"I'm a democratic republican. Don't you understand?"

"Understand! he jabbers no; but, faith, I'm puzzled. Now yo see the Judge he talks one way, and here's Mistor Selden talkin' another way, and between the two I am puzzled."

"Well, now, I'd not be puzzled at all. Did you eber hear of Jefferson, de great apostle of Amo-

riky? No. Well being an Irishman it couldn't be expected you should know about him, but Virginny people of de fust families all believe in him, and of course I do. Now some years before Missus Selden died, she was reading a big book one day, and she looked up to Mr. John, who was playing chess wid Miss Carrie, and says she:—"John, I'll neber forget how the tears stood in her soft blue eyes—"

"John," says she, "it is strange that our statesmen do not understand that our nation is walking over a volcano—the curse of slavery is over us. Never forget, my boy, these words of Jefferson:—"I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." Now did n't you hear Master John say jes now, "Let us be done with this negro question once and forever; let us elect men to Congress who will cease agitation, and who will not set one portion of the country against the other; who know neither South nor North, and who will never interfere with those who believe slaveholding their right as much as voting is ours." Now Jim," and Peter lowered his voice though he spoke with great earnestness:—"Now Jim, 'fore God I say it, dese are de men dat are bringin' a judgment day on dis country. I know it. I know more about what is going on in de South dan all de great speakers like Master John, who can speak beautiful words, but do n't know nothing about slavery; 'pears to me dey might open their eyes a little. Jim, did you eber see de cook put a little risin' in de flour? 'pears like it wasn't much, but it works and works, and by-and-by it runs up and foams over. Jim, as sure as I'm a living man, de yeast is risin' in de South."

"Peter! Peter!" said a voice from the kitchen door, which he recognized as belonging to Aunt Hannah.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm here."

"Peter, keep a good look out at all the doors. I couldn't trust such a mob as this many hours."

Peter laughed. "Nor I either," said he, as he turned to take office as sentinel.

The night was cool, however, and Aunt Hannah had the pleasure of seeing the last straggler depart before one o'clock, and then with Peter she took a survey of the house within, where the windows presented a sight to make a neat housewife stand agast.

"Oh Peter!" she exclaimed, "these are strange times for this house. See these cracked windows, and this soiled paint!"

"Never mind, Miss Hannah, 'bout this—there are worse times comin'; I know it, for my candle has a winding sheet ebery night, and such dreams, laws sakes! 't would make your hair stand on end and hear 'em, and I think I have a vision of de future. You know de Bible says, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'"

"I know it, Peter. I feel sometimes as if we were walking on a volcano."

"The very words I was saying, Miss Hannah, 'bout our country dis night, and 'pears to me dere's a resemblance. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, I do n't know, Peter. I wish I could live over the good old days when there was peace and harmony here."

"There neber will be—neber again in dis house, neber," said Peter, solemnly. "I thought dere was an angel here, and so dere is—our dear little Birdie, as bressed an angel as ever came to dis sinful world, wid de wings folded out of sight; but when I heard Master John swearing and tearin' like mad before his wife, den I done gone for to hope for peace any more."

"There, Peter, that will do for to-night; to-morrow we will see what can be done. I hope this is the last time Mr. John will be elected to Congress."

Peter walked away muttering to himself, "Peter don't hope, Peter knows. Yes, Master John neber lected again—de yeast is risin', risin'," and he hummed to himself, as he entered his own room over the coach-house—

"Hark! the song of Jubilee! Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore!"

Peter was not the only prophet who foretold the woes that have since descended upon our land. How many thousands of the colored race dreamed dreams and saw visions. Crushed to earth by their oppressors, they heard the tread of coming armies long before those on the hill-tops saw the fluttering banners of the invading foe. That something terrible was to happen in the family was a fixed impression on Peter's mind, and that something he firmly believed to be a separation between Mr. John and his wife, and this, to the faithful servant, who had a deep reverence for all the properties of life, was a calamity to be dreaded. Peter shrank from the world's dread hung more than many who have wealth and reputation at stake. But Peter could not fathom John Selden any more than others, who, knowing him from childhood, supposed they had guessed his character.

That night, after taking Birdie in his arms round the illuminated house, he persuaded her, as the night was cool, to let him carry her to his own room, where he laid her in a little curtained crib, and after having said her evening prayer, she added, "I want to sing one verse, papa," and she sat up and sung so sweetly. It is one of Miss Gray's songs:

"Good-night! good-night! beloved! I come to watch o'er thee, To be near thee—to be near thee, Alone is peace for me."

The child was evidently led to recall this by the many lights in the windows. "Now go, papa; Birdie sleep and dream about dear papa." She laid her head on one of her little hands, shut her eyes, and in one moment was asleep.

He watched her even while he heard his name called by the rough crowd below. A sudden recollection came over him of his mother, as she looked just after death:

Before decay'd etching fingers Had touched the line where beauty lingers.

He was softened, and the face that had been so full of anger and hate that evening, now wore an expression that would have surprised even Carrie, who thought she knew John Selden as no one else knew him. "For her sake, for her sake," he murmured; "yes, for her sake." Birdie loved her mother; for this, and because she was Birdie's mother, John Selden had restrained his passion—kept a strong hand upon his hate, and bore the daily presence of one whom he scorned. Anything but dishonor he would bear for Birdie! Ayl Anna Selden, you little know how much you owed to the sweet angel of the household. Had you been loving, forbearing and patient, the angel might have borne you over the troubled water to a haven of peace, if not of love.

That very night Birdie woke with a severe cold, and seemed oppressed for breath. Her father was always alarmed at the least symptom of illness, but after calling Aunt Hannah, who pronounced it nothing serious, some simple remedies were prescribed and she fell asleep.

The next day she was troubled with a slight cold, and care was taken to keep her from exposure to the air. Aunt Hannah said that the child inherited from her father a tendency to croup, but as she had always taken care of him in such attacks, she feared no serious results in Birdie's case. But when her father heard of this tendency he immediately took the alarm. He consulted physicians and read medical treatises, procured all known remedies, till he felt himself fortified against the attacks of this foe to childhood. But Peter, who considered himself an oracle of medical wisdom, declared that Birdie would not die with croup. "Ye see," he would say, "it is mostly children with short necks that have the croup. Now Master John had a natural right to the disease; but Birdie, laws sakes! Miss Hannah, ye need n't feel no ways alarmed on this point. Mammy Jane, in Old Virghny, always cured the croup, and he'll send for Peter when it comes on he'll promise to cure her. Do n't ye see the sloping shoulders and small, slender neck? 'Taint no wise likely she'll die with it."

All winter long there was anxiety in that house, whenever Birdie had symptoms of a cold, that the croup might make its appearance. The child was very much attached to Peter, and spent many a happy hour with him in his room, which, by the way, was quite a curiosity shop. He had a fire in a queer little chimney, where a pair of iron andirons with comical faces supported the crooked sticks which Peter selected for his own use. A red and white patchwork quilt, of the pattern called rose star, adorned his bed. Various colored prints hung upon the walls, such as the Prodigal Son, in which was a handsome modern house, in the door of which stood a "fine old English gentleman," at least, one dressed in English fashion, small clothes, buckled shoes, and broad brimmed hat, holding out his hands toward a rather seely looking young man, whose clothes, however, were of more modern cut than the father; in the back ground a fatted calf stood, waiting to be slaughtered; on the opposite side of the room were four small pictures representing the four seasons of the year, very gayly colored. But the pride of his collection was a large colored lithograph of Jefferson, with the blue coat, drab small clothes and crimson vest. Then, too, Peter had a library, consisting of the Bible, a large, old fashioned folio edition, a present from Mrs. Selden, with engravings of all the principal scenes, an ancient edition of Pilgrim's Progress, with the veritable scaly, cloven-footed Apollyon—an edition which would bring a large price could I now procure it for the Antiquarian Society of Boston—and a copy of Methodist hymns.

A banjo hung near the looking-glass, the latter ornamented with sprigs of evergreen and real holly berries. Winter and summer there was always a broken pitcher with flowers in it on Peter's table. Peter was a true child of the tropics. He loved rich colors, and warmth and ease, and the good things of the table. His pictures, gay bed-quilt, and his red window curtain, upon which he had sewed some white fringe, and a bit of the brightest colored carpeting, made his room very attractive to little Birdie, who loved warmth and brightness as much as Peter himself. Then there was a mysterious little cupboard, the contents of which were unknown to any others save Peter and Birdie. It was kept locked, and no teasing of the other children, Nettle and Willie, could ever make Birdie tell what was in the cupboard, for she had promised secrecy to Peter. But Willie said that one day he had a sly little peep, and there were jars, and little pots, and some tumblers with bright red jellies, he guessed, and wine-glasses, and "lots more things." No wonder the children liked Uncle Peter's room. Nettle and Willie were often invited there, and Peter would show them the Bible, and explain the pictures in a wonderfully entertaining way; and sometimes he would open the cupboard just a little ways, and bring out a cake or some candy. But these children never entered Peter's room without knocking, or made him a visit without an invitation; but Birdie was a privileged character. There was a little throne in the shape of a high chair, which Peter had covered with a piece of brocatede curtain, given him by Aunt Hannah, and this chair always stood near the table where lay the big Bible; and the child would often take Peter's hand when she found him in the house or garden, and say, "Now, Peter, please, Peter, take Birdie to see 'The Babe in the Manger,' and 'Little Samuel,' and 'poor Jonah.' Poor Jonah, indeed! This picture always excited Birdie's compassion; for wherever she looked there was Jonah, with his head and body in the immense gaping jaws of a creature that was certainly like nothing in heaven above or earth beneath, while his legs were performing strange antics in the outer world. "Peter Walking on the Water," was one of her favorites. The blessed Saviour with arms extended comes to save poor Peter, who is just about to sink in the waves, while the wondering

disciples in the little rocking boat are looking on in wonder.

Perhaps Peter himself had taken a deeper interest in this scene, for all that the Bible contained about his namesake had a great charm for him, and he described very vividly how much Peter loved his Lord, and how terribly he felt when he found he was sinking and could n't help himself, and just then Jesus saved him.

Birdie was never weary in Peter's room, for he varied his amusements, going from the Bible to the banjo, and from the banjo to the Pilgrim's Progress; and when he had any trouble of his own, his resort was the Methodist hymns. Some of these had a wonderful charm for Birdie. Then in winter he popped corn, and hung up apples before the fire to roast, and made molasses candy.

The Christmas holidays had come. The children had their Christmas tree at the Judge's, and a merry party at Mr. Selden's. Old Santa Claus had been very liberal in his gifts. The snow lay thick, and the merry sleigh-bells made music for Dalton. Willie had rolled up a great snow image for Birdie, to which Peter had added a cap and a pipe; great fires burned in the houses, and in one of them, at least, there was peace and love.

The Judge had now retired wholly from business, and this winter he gave to his family, joining in his children's studies and plays, much to the delight of both teacher and pupil. Perhaps no one of the two families was more quietly happy than the little governess; she had long letters from her father, who seemed to think his new coat had almost renewed his youth. He spoke of Aunt Betsey as taking all care of household affairs of his hands, so that he had been able to write some articles for the Bibliotheca Sacra, and had received fifty dollars for the same; this, with what his wife had given Henry, had paid the bills due at college, so that he need not leave to earn money. Some money had been received from Jessie, which Dr. Barton had paid toward the pasture lot. There was talk of a railroad to run through their place, making a more direct communication from New York to Boston. So that affairs seemed very prosperous with the good man, and Jessie was happy and grateful. The only problem for her now to solve was, could she afford to visit home in the summer vacation? Again and again she had reckoned the expense, and found that if she paid another fifty toward the pasture, she would not be able to do it. Her father had been so anxious for it, she was determined to gratify him, and finally Jessie resolved to remain another year, if the Judge wished—and she had good reason to believe he would—in Dalton. Then how delightful a visit would be in the dear old home!

In the meantime, Mrs. Perry had been secretly planning a nice little surprise for Miss Jessie. She would go with the whole family to the seaside. There was a charming little watering-place not more than ten miles from the Parsonage. Jessie could visit her friends, and still see them often. So, little Jessie, be patient and loving; your reward will come.

Madam Homer had gone to spend a few months with a son; the poor, lonely wife spent much of her time with Mrs. Perry. John Selden never forgot himself again; there was ever the same cold politeness, the same reticence in his presence, and the same indifference. Once a month a liberal allowance of money was laid in an envelope near her plate at table, and the same sentence repeated: "If it is not sufficient, Madam, you have but to express a wish for more."

The housekeeping expenses were all managed by Aunt Hannah, who had her weekly allowance.

It was a bright, beautiful day; the snow lay crisp and hard on road and meadow and hill. It was New Year's day. All were rejoicing in presents, but none happier than Peter, with his fur gloves which Birdie had brought to him, toddling herself up stairs to his room, though her father stood at the foot, carefully watching her. Peter was blacking the boots and shoes, merrily slugging

meanwhile:

"Oh, she walks on de verania, And she laughs out of de door, And she dances like de sunshine Across de parlor floor; Her little feet dey patter Like de rain upon de flowers, And her laugh is like sweet waters Through all de summer hours."

"Peter, Peter, 'Happy New Year!'"

Peter always sprang up at the sound of that voice.

She had drawn the huge gloves upon her own hands, and now held them up.

"Here, Peter, something to keep you hands warm. Birdie give 'em to Peter."

"You dear bressed angel! dat is jes' what Peter wanted most!" and drawing them on, he lifted her into her throne.

"Peter, bring her down soon," said her father; "and then harness the bays, and give the children a ride this fine day."

It was a merry little party. Peter was triumphant in his gloves. Nettle wore a new beaver with her long plume. Willie sported a new overcoat; and as for Birdie, Peter really believed that no mortal child could be more beautiful than the little fairy in her white hat and plumes and her real ermine furs—such was the extravagance of her father with the child's wardrobe.

Miss Gray was with them, and Birdie was so full of frolic she could with difficulty keep still. Everything gave her pleasure—the blue sky, the trees with their snowy mantles, and especially the boys with their sleds on the hill by the village school-house. She sang her little hymns, and at last, wearied out by her pleasure, she sank down upon Miss Gray's lap, where, warmly covered by a little bright-hued Afghan which her father had procured purposely for her, she slept the last half hour of her ride. When Peter lifted her from the sleigh, he carried her to her mother's room, and laid her quietly upon the bed. Mrs. Selden sat

by the fire crocheting some beautiful piece of work. In a few minutes she laid it down and went into the library, where, finding a new monthly, she became absorbed in one of Dickens's serials.

Meanwhile Birdie awoke, and crept from the bed and sat down on a little seat by the fire. There was a strange feeling came over the child, and a burning flush on her cheeks. She sat down upon the floor, laid her head upon the chair, and tried to go to sleep again. Her poor head throbbled and throbbled with a strange, unwonted pain. She called, "Mamma! mamma!" but the doors were all closed, and the library was too distant for any one there to hear her. Tired and frightened, she made her way down stairs and out into the cold air across the snow-path to Peter's room. Creeping up stairs again with great effort, she called, "Peter!"

The servant, with that love of warmth so peculiar to his race, had, after rubbing down his horses, and doing his duty faithfully in the stable, taken this chance to mend his stockings by the fire, and there, in an old chair he sat, singing as usual.

On opening the door, he was surprised to see the child in her stocking feet—for her mother had removed her little fur boots while she lay asleep—and neither hood or shawl that cold day.

"Bress your heart, my daffydilly! how came you here?"

"I so sick, Peter! Birdie so sick in her head! Take me, Peter!"

Peter looked at the child, and a deadly fear came over him. A deep red flush was on each cheek, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. He took her in his arms, sat down in an old flag-hot-toned chair, and rocked her as she was fond of being rocked.

"No, no, Peter, not so to-day; keep still, Peter," and the head, with its wealth of golden curls, nestled close to the coarse wool frock, asking only to lie very still.

Alas! Peter needed only to glance at those cheeks and remember what disease had prevailed in one of the districts of Dalton for a few weeks, to have his fears greatly excited.

"No, no," he muttered to himself, "it can't be; it mustn't be; 'pears to me God would n't let it come to dis bressed one; and yet, maybe, he wants dis angel up wid de other angels, maybe, maybe," and Peter shook his head as he looked at the little sufferer.

She was moaning with the pain in her head, and begging for water. Peter found a clean handkerchief, and, dipping it into water, bathed her face and hands.

"That is good, Peter; do it more, Peter."

Now Peter was a good nurse, but he did not dare trust himself wholly with this case; hearing voices, he went to the window, and seeing Willie at play with his snow images, he beckoned to him, and sent him immediately for Aunt Hannah.

"Oh, Peter!" said the good housekeeper, "I know too well what this is! Wrap her up carefully, and lay her in her mother's—no, her father's room—the little crib, you know, and then go directly for Dr. Ward. On your return, stop at the office and see if Mr. Selden is there."

Dr. Ward came immediately, and confirmed Aunt Hannah's worst apprehensions. Mr. Selden was not to be found. The fever increased rapidly, and the consternation in the house was great. Mrs. Selden would gladly have done for her child, but she had no knowledge of the disease, nor tact in nursing. Mrs. Perry came over and calmly executed the Doctor's orders, reminding the family that Willie had had the scarlet fever—there was certainly hope for Birdie.

Mr. Selden had dined out with a party of gentlemen, and did not return till late. He had driven himself, in a sleigh, and Peter watched anxiously for his return. When he came out to take the horse, "Mr. John," he said, "Birdie is not well to-day; she is in your room. Dr. Ward has been here, and he said if you wished, he'd come again. I'll take de horse and sleigh and go if you wish."

"Yes, yes, go at once. If anything is the matter with her, I would like to see the doctor before I sleep;" and he rushed at once to his room.

"Sleep! sleep!" said Peter to himself, as he glanced anxiously to the window of the sick room. "I 'fraid he'll neber sleep well again. Ay! Peter do n't prophesy; pray for you; have faith in God and prayer—Mr. John is a stranger to both."

When John Selden came to his room, he found his wife sitting in a rocking-chair, looking anxious, and troubled, while Birdie was in Carrie's lap, moaning and restless. Aunt Hannah was just entering by another door, with fresh water and some bandages for the throat.

"What is it, Aunt Hannah?" he asked, his voice trembling with emotion. "If it is croup you know what to do."

"It is not croup, Mr. John. I wish it was."

"For God's sake what cau it be! Tell me if you know."

"John," said Mrs. Perry calmly, "it is the scarlet fever!"

"Oh my God!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be; she has not been exposed."

"Such diseases come very mysteriously sometimes, John; be calm, for her sake as well as your own. Birdie, darling, papa is here."

She raised her head, made a faint effort to smile, and sank back in Mrs. Perry's arms.

"Give her to me! Let me take her," said the almost frantic father.

"Put on your dressing-gown, John," said Mrs. Perry, "and warm yourself by the fire first."

John Selden obeyed passively, and then his darling was given to his arms, but to his consternation she looked wildly at him and did not seem to recognize him.

"Peter! Peter! come and tell about Jesus—poor Birdie sinking in the water—Jesus and the boat, Peter."

"What does this mean?" said her father. "Has the child met with any accident?"

"Oh no; she went out to see Peter this afternoon, and she is thinking of some of his stories."  
The child kept moaning and wailing:  
"Come, Peter, Birdie sinking; no boat, no Jesus; come, Peter."  
The Doctor came soon, and when he heard her moan, he bade them call Peter. At the first sound of his voice, she smiled and put out her hands. It was in his arms she had found rest in the first paroxysm of fever, and there only did she seem to think she could find it again. He took her, and the beautiful head again nestled close to him, and thought to find ease from her pain. The big tears rolled down his dusky cheeks.  
"Peter, tell about the Saviour, and the boat, and the water."  
"Tell her the story," said Mrs. Perry; "it may soothe her."  
The poor fellow choked down his grief as well as he could, and began to talk.  
"Tell it in your own way," she said; "she'll like it best so."  
"Ye see, darlin', de bressed Saviour loved Peter, and dey used to go fishin' together. But one dark night Peter went fishin' without de Lord, and dere came a great storm, and de fishing boat it rocked and it rocked on de big waves, and Peter and de oder fishermen were mighty skeered, and thought it was all done gone with dem and all de fish in de boat. And de wind blowed and was contrary, (emphasis on second syllable), and all at once dey saw a tall man walking right over de great, big, angry waves, jes' as if de sea was his servant, and feared him instead of de feared of their power. And dey mighty skeered again; as feared of de spirit as de angry waves and roaring wind. Den de Saviour said, in voice softer dan angels whisper in heaven, 'Bo of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.' Den dey all calm again. But Peter he was allers putting himself ahead, and making out he was de smartest of all de company; and he wanted to walk on de tossing waves jes' like Jesus. But de dear bressed John, he jes' sat still in de boat, and was so happy because de good Lord had come, he did n't want to try no 'periments; not he. But Peter was going to show dem what he could do, and he walked right off de side of de boat into de water; but laws massen, chile, he could n't walk no more like Jesus dan dis poor Peter can. He did n't get one foot fore 'toddler, but sunk right down; and de bressed Lord he heard him cry, and he saved him. And dey all got into de boat together, and de angry waves and roaring wind heard de still, sweet voice, and hushed der noise to hear de music of his words, and dey all came safe to land, and saved themselves and all de fish in de boat."  
Peter always added that the cargo of fish was saved. He was very fond of fish, and he could n't bear to think that the fish were thrown overboard. The story calmed the child. Peter had a peculiarly soft, gentle manner, when he came to Jesus bidding the tempest cease, that seemed to charm Birdie.  
When the Doctor left, John Selden followed him to the door.  
"Doctor, tell me honestly, is my child in danger?"  
The doctor turned and looked earnestly at him. He had known him from a boy, and he understood something of his absorbing love for his child.  
"John," said he, "I must acknowledge that I would rather encounter most any disease than this. There is danger surely, but we will try. Watch her carefully to-night, and I will be here early in the morning. Send any hour if there should be a change for the worse."  
When Selden returned, Birdie was sleeping quietly in her crib. Peter was ordered to keep the horse and sleigh harnessed all night, ready to go for the doctor at any moment. All night long the father watched by the child's crib; he would not detain the others. The only request he made was that Mrs. Perry would remain in the house till morning.  
He watched while she slept, and when after a somewhat restless sleep she opened her eyes, gazed wildly about her, but in a moment recognized her father, and begged him to take her. He walked the room with her till she fell asleep again. The next day she seemed neither worse nor better, and the doctor said: "We will hope and work."  
Soon the throat began to show the most distressing symptoms of the disease, and Aunt Hannah, who had had much experience in sickness, dared not tell her fears to the anxious father. Again and again Birdie would call for Peter, and it was heartrending to see how the poor fellow would repress his tears, and tell stories to amuse her. Often she imagined herself in his room, and wanted the banjo; and Peter then would bring it and play his merriest tunes. Sometimes it was the Methodist hymns, and Peter sang them over and over till she fell asleep. At last there came a day when she neither asked for Peter, Nettie or Willie; when she lay in Mrs. Perry's lap perfectly indifferent to everything. But the kind-hearted doctor could hardly find it in his heart to tell John Selden how faint his hope now was of saving the little one.  
Doctor, the half of my fortune for your fee if you save the child," Selden said.  
"Ay, John, if I could save her I should want no fee."  
There was something in the doctor's manner which made John Selden shiver, as if an ice cold hand were laid upon his heart.  
Birdie awoke that day from her stupor, and became very wild and incoherent in her manner; wanted Willie to bring his playthings to her bedside, but weaned soon of them; sat awhile in Aunt Carrie's lap, and allowed her to smooth her tangled curls; then asked papa to carry her, and as if all these had failed, said, "Bring Peter, papa, Peter sing."  
Peter came, and she said "sing." Then after a moment's pause, she folded her little hands, and repeated the little prayer which Miss Gray had taught to her:  
"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light."  
Her eyes were very bright, and as she ceased she said:  
"Papa, take me; dear papa," and she stroked his hair with her little hands, as she was wont to do when well. Suddenly her head fell upon his breast; one struggle, and the spirit had flown to heaven. John Selden held only the lifeless body of his child. Mrs. Perry, who had been watching the little sufferer closely, said:  
"John, lay Birdie in my lap."  
He obeyed. One look at the now calm, beautiful features. "John, this is death."  
He turned toward her with a glance full of intense agony and fear, then again at Birdie. No guile, not a quivering of the eyelids, no breathing, no motion.  
"Yes, John," said the doctor, "our Birdie has found rest with God."  
He answered not a word, but passed out of the room to the library, where he was heard to lock the door. There he remained all night, for none dared approach him in this hour of agony.  
[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  
About our hearths, angels that cry to be,  
Or may be they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
LUCAS HOWE.

### COMPENSATION.

Does that heading sound quite like a sermon or essay? and do you feel inclined to turn away from these columns because you are sure you do not quite understand what Compensation means, but you are very sure that it is not a story? It is to me one of the very best words in the English language, and I like to hear it, because it expresses what I wish always to remember, and that is, for every evil there is equal good.

We sometimes wonder how that can be, and but few wise men or women are able to find what good comes from some evils. None of us think sickness a good; but how the spirit grows sometimes when the body suffers! What sweet patience has blossomed out of many hearts during hours of pain! How excellent become all the best things—the good and true things of this world, and how useless seem the foolish and vain things! How near does heaven come, and how tender seem the care of the angels!

I do not believe that a child could ever fully understand the self-sacrificing love of a mother, until he had been watched over and cared for in seasons of sickness and pain.

I remember that some one said to me many years ago, when I was very ill, "Why, I should be willing to be sick myself to have such a mother to care for me!" We do not think how great our blessings are until some one that has them not lets us know that we are all the time having rich compensations for all our trials.

But as I was not going to write a sermon, or weary you with a moral lesson, I must not repeat any more of my thoughts, but hasten to tell you another true story, and I hope you will pronounce it a beautiful one.

Carrie Ella Barney, whose name is familiar to you for some short poems published under her signature, has lived in short history that I think may gladden you to hear of. Her life was a favored and happy one, and its first years sped away like a summer's day. Perhaps there were no shadows over her young life, only such little ones as children find in disappointments and unanswered wishes.

But there came to Carrie an unlooked for trial. Little by little, almost unheeded, crept on a most trying and painful disease. She had loved most dearly the fun and frolic with other children, but now it gave to cause her great suffering, and she had to give up her sport. Then came weeks and months of terrible suffering. Those who loved her suffered almost as much as she; for it is terrible to see one we love, in anguish, when we cannot give relief.

It seemed as if Carrie's usefulness was forever destroyed, and that she must at last wear out under the great burdens that had been put upon her. Then came a time of greater agony than she had ever known. It seemed as if her young spirit could bear no more.

It was then that some beautiful, loving power gave to her a rare gift, as if to reward her for all her trials. She began to recite poetry. It flowed from her lips as easily as had the prattle among her schoolmates. She was only ten years old, but words seemed to be given to her to wind about into sweet rhymes, as if she had studied them. It was as if, in her child's play, she was gathering up flowers and binding into garlands.

Her helplessness now seemed far less terrible to bear. Her thoughts made her forget that she was lame, and perhaps could never run and jump again. Her spirit began to be filled with gladness and hope, and she had something to do that could rest her spirit, wearied with its long struggle with suffering.

Some of her verses have been copied, but she recites many that are not taken down. Thus her brain keeps at work if her body cannot, and she has before her a path which is bordered with many rich and rare flowers, and she can, by care and study, bless herself richly, and others also.

This is the compensation that the kind Providence of her life has given to her. It may be called a gift from heaven, yet all such gifts must be cared for to keep their beauty and fresh life. Every little plant put into the ground wants sun and dew and rain, that it may grow and yield, bud and blossom, and bear rich fruit.

So the gifts that are given to the spirit must not be left to wither. Pure, loving thoughts must be the sunshine to such gifts. Reading and study must be the rain; and the influences from the spirit-world must be the gentle dew. May our little friend give all, then, to her gift, and never be satisfied until it grows into luxuriant bud and bloom.

And now I will copy for you a poem of hers, written when she was ten years old. It shows a heart full of sympathy for those who suffer. The little plant found its sunshine in the loving thoughts that filled her mind:

#### AMY HALL.

The night was dark, the stars shone not,  
And rain in torrents poured;  
Sir Hurricane looked fiercely down  
And brandished his lightning sword.

When alone there was seen a child of twelve,  
Disfigured by cold and by wet;  
And weary he went on his way,  
Unheeded by all whom he met.

With feet all bare, clothes tattered and torn,  
Why to each house doth he roam?  
Follow him on through street and lane,  
To what he calleth his home.

Up rickety stairs that creaked at each step,  
Through a door all hingeless he came,  
To a blue-eyed child—ah! and was her fate,  
For dear little Amy was lame!

She had lain for days, and months, and years,  
On her couch of wearisome pain;  
Cheerful and sweet even when  
The pain was courting in every vein;

But ere he had come the little form  
Turned shuddering to the wall,  
For on the stairs his father's step—  
The step of dread to all.

With shuffling tread comes "Tipsey Bill,"  
And orders his wife to pass by,  
Out in the cold and dreary night,  
To pick up food or die.

With shuddering dread she pleads to stay,  
For wrappings she had none;  
But more she dreads to leave with him  
Her suffering child alone.

Out through the filthy lane she passed,  
Into the city's glare,  
Pleading in low and pitiful tones,  
"Have none a penny to spare?"

But none would heed her sorrowing look,  
None saw that sunken eye;  
With a heavy heart and hunger-pangs,  
She felt no aid was nigh.

The lights gleamed bright on the baker's shelf  
Where loaves were piled up high.  
"One, only one, for Amy dear!  
My darling shall not die!"

She saw the door stood slightly open'd  
With none to watch within.  
With trembling fears she grasped the bread,  
With hands so wan and thin.

"My Amy shall have one good meal!"  
She hid only time for this thought,  
When she fastened upon her arm,  
And knew that she was caught.

"Oh, let me go! oh, let me go!  
Or my darling of hunger will die!"  
But a scornful laugh and a mocking jeer  
Was the watchman's sole reply.

So into the prison she was thrust,  
Companioned by vice and crime;  
With wildest fears for Amy's fate,  
Left alone with the demon of wine.

Not long had the mother left the room  
Ere Jim came whistling in,  
With his basket of fragments on his arm.  
His face was haggard and thin.

He went to the window and his basket put down,  
And over its contents he pored,  
Choosing from thence the choicest bits  
Which for Amy he quickly stored.

Then for his supper a crust he found—  
Shivering with cold in each limb;  
But at his father's angry demand  
He handed the basket to him.

Ere long sleep came to the drunkard's eye.  
Then Jim, with step cautious and slow,  
Crept to the pallet where Amy lay,  
And, over her bending low,

Gave to the sick and famishing child  
The bits he had saved with such care;  
Then quickly disrobing of his coat and his vest,  
Laid them over the child so fair.

Then to the dying embers turned,  
Thrust hands and feet within,  
Hoping some little warmth to gain  
Where fire had lately been.

When the mother heard her sentence read,  
Her hopes fell in wild despair:  
"Two months on Blackwell's Island,  
Or costs!" and not a fath'ing to spare.

But, at this crisis, a friend was near,  
For a gentleman, good and kind,  
Said, "Go to thy home, the costs are paid;  
With this dollar buy bread for thine."

Thankful yet sad, she rushes home  
With many a tear in her eye,  
And sees that what has done its work,  
That her darling soon must die.

Now low and pleading tones she hears:  
"Dear brother, say again  
That you will never drink that cup  
Or give our mother pain."

"As here I stand, by heaven I swear  
That I will never drink  
From out that cup—the poison's cup,  
Nor 'neath its influence sink!"

But now the mother cried in grief:  
"Good God, it must not be!  
Thou could'st not take my child away,  
She's beautiful to me!"

These notes fall on the father's ear,  
As he wakes from his drunken sleep,  
And, with guilty conscience for each wrong,  
Toward the bed he creeps.

"Father, give up the mad'n'ing cup!  
It has wrought us bitter woe!  
Oh, may'st thou be a temperance man!  
Farewell, farewell, I go!"

Oh mother dear, thy cross to bear  
Has bitter been indeed;  
The cross of want and poverty,  
The cross of cold and need.

Remember that the heaviest cross  
Insures the brightest crown;  
That the whitest lily rears its head  
From the dark and loathsome pond."

She closed her eyes in sweetest sleep,  
Her head on her mother's breast;  
And the little soul to its Maker's frown,  
Where all is peace and rest.

The faults in this poem, I am sure, all will overlook,  
and admire its real excellences. In a short note to me, Carrie says:

"I am a little cripple.  
Ten years have o'er me flown,  
Such pain and bitter anguish  
But few have ever known."

I am sure this short history will raise up a host of friends for her, who will send her their warmest sympathy and pray that she keep her heart pure and simple, so that by-and-by the angels of love may touch the strings of her lute that she has tuned to the melody of love, and give to us all the music of heaven.

And now I wish to speak of another dear friend of mine, a beautiful, loving, sweet girl, and she, too, is a cripple. In her earliest childhood some fearful illness came to her, and it is with great difficulty that she can walk at all. But to her has come, also, a blessed compensation. It is not any particular gifts of mind, but beautiful heart-gifts. She is as cheerful as the singing birds of summer. Her heart is brimming over with gladness. It is not mere patience that she has gained, but a spirit in harmony with all good and beautiful things. From out her eyes gleams the sweet tenderness of love, and on her brow seems resting a perpetual peace.

Sad as seems her misfortune, yet I am sure she is more richly blessed than many a child who has a fretful and complaining spirit. We all long for some power that will restore to such the blessings of health and strength; but perhaps there is a power at work for them wiser than we know, and that their lives are more richly blessed than we could make them.

#### Transposition.

Veil' hetainsid weste of leit toy  
Hent neld a singult rea  
I laderly odog drichnel  
Heyt illym treah hwt heere  
Ireth seye era hyrtillb garnebnl  
Hetri saorth rae gya dan gith  
Ikel doglen nusheen gimnagel  
Hyet akme sse! wathyap grilbth.

#### Answer to Transposition in our last.

Little children, angels say,  
Love each other day by day.  
Be sweet and gentle, kind and true,  
Then angels bright will come to you.

#### Puzzle.

I am prominent in the United States. I am the head of the name of our greatest general, still I am leader in usury. I am not in love or fate, but fortune always smiles on me. You cannot be without me, for I am always in use. I am in the United States and in Europe, and yet I am not at home. I am, also, in all countries, but, wherever I go, I am not in peace. The world frowns on me and says I am of no use; but I assert that I always was in use and always will be.

J. H. PEABODY.

"Jim, I believe Sambo's got no truth in him."  
"You do n't know; dere's more truth in dat nigger dan all de rest on de plantation." How do you know dat? "Why, he never lats any out."

Spain has announced her intention to uphold the temporal power of the Pope after the French forces leave Rome.

### MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION.

#### THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING.

At Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 10, 11 and 12, 1866.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

THURSDAY, OCT. 11TH.

[Continued.]

Evening Session.—A largely increased audience was present at the hour of convening the Association. The meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, Dr. Lawrence sang his "Reform Army Song." The Affirmation of Principles, Constitution, and By Laws were read and new members admitted to the Association. According to the programme the Vice President introduced to the Convention Mr. Tooby, who, upon taking the platform said: As the presence and prominence of woman on the Spiritual platform has been made the occasion of complaint, I propose to inquire why she is here and what it signifies. Not that I wish or intend to placate the common places of conventionalism or apologize for her growing individuality, but that my subject may be fundamental and the issue educational.

Honor after this kind I know has been given to woman in all ages, and the relationships of wife, mother, sister and friend, she has had full value for what she received. From the home and the Church her voice has gone forth, and tears and lamentations have accompanied her utterance; but these phases belong to common history—the world's biography—and come not within the detail of present effort.

Spiritualism as I understand it is the science of life; the actual utterance and echo of life itself. It formulates the many phasic manifestations of Nature and makes Spirit pivotal to all things that live, move, and have a being. God and good are complements of the economy of life, that makes unity, love and Spiritual brotherhood natural possibilities. Distinctions and differences attend our conceptions of the normal and natural, as shadows wait upon substance; but in all and through all, human consciousness, reflects the uniformities of nature, finding wisdom in the active and passive developments of the divine economy. The positive and negative forces, with their elective affinities follow the law of order and the order of law, "as daylight follows the sun"; and spheres them to suitable uses. Man—woman—all things conform to the laws of individualization, growth and development. Death alone is exceptional—disorderly and out of place. In its presence common experience is at fault and nature seems a cheat. Humanity becomes confused and echoes its disorder in complaint; sorrowing hearts and bereaved affections intensifying the gloom of the hour. Life's golden thread is cut—its dream is broken—and tears and silence culminate in woe. Significant simplicity that will not be comforted, until it knows if death is the end all or the mend all! But satisfaction, is fragmentary, for experience and the uniformities of life, are valueless at the tomb. How can we reason but from what we know" exclaims Pope; and "how can we reason about death, until we know more of life," asks Bishop Butler, reflecting the consolations of ignorance. When ignorance is bliss, we can afford to dispense with intelligence, but when it is the parent of crime and misery, we would be without the consolations of positive knowledge? Some things "says Michelet runs in straight lines, others in curves"; but a larger generalization would make life a system of curves, with death for a culmination. Even then, the question, would still be natural—is "death" a curve or a full stop in the economy of nature? I ask and emphasize the question, for it is at this point that the mission and ministry of woman in Spiritualism begins. Here, when she seemingly is most at fault, is she best conditioned for her organic significance, sickness having intensified her organic nobility. Sickness, sorrow and suffering are but ground experiences to the mediumistic; and in disqualifying them for the normal office of physical life, condition and qualify them for Spirit and Spiritual impression. The medium may be man or woman—woman or man—but in either case, the characteristics will be feminine—negative and passive. The qualifications are constitutional, if not organic, and for the time, become fundamental—mere exsistence being of secondary significance. Thus nature complements herself—and out of seeming disorder, brings divinest order; out of physical weakness and mental darkness, immortal light!

Nemesius thus tells the story: Women in the nineteenth century, are physically sick, weak and declining. They are physically inactive, sedentary and non-manifestational. The functions depending upon force and muscle are weak, but the nerves are intensely sensitive. They dislike work, but love excitement, and culminate in weakness. They are nervous, sensitive, susceptible, impressionable, mediumistic, communicative, revelational! This abnormal experience educates the delicate to finer issues, with compensating them for physical limitations. They become eyes to the blind and informers of the unseen, unknown. They improve upon the limitations of the normal, as the telescope enlarges the function of the eye, giving a local habitation and a name to things dreamed of. Things seen by the normal become temporal, and things not seen by the normal become eternal and clayvane. Woman thus becomes a witness in her own right, and a witness to what she has seen, heard, for the benefit of others; and her first duty on the spiritual platform or circle, is to tell the truth, the whole truth—and if possible, nothing but the truth. In thus testifying, the points of look-out are various; but in every case the survey and report bring intelligence of "the better land;" "the morning land;" "the inner land;" the land of immortal life. Is she charged with weakness after this discharge of duty? The right of her ministrations, protest are here out in vindicating her truthfulness. She naturally enough, comes in conflict with the materialism of the age and the egotism that supports it. She is no longer the passive witness, but the protesting reformer. Nature and science are now at her command; for having become the servant and interpreter of life, all things work together for good. Somnambulism, magnetism, mesmerism and clairvoyance, with their many phasic experiences, help her with facts, furnish her with suggestions, her nearest and dearest sympathies goes out to the mother in her maternity. She speaks, as never before, of prenatation and the formation of character; of the relationship of the sensitive mother to the impressionability of the spheres—human and spiritual—demanding conditions worthy the mother and her child. She can interpret best the eccentricities, understanding the power of impression; and in thus conceiving of and delineating character, she is no longer a mere intellectualist, but an artist. All that is elevating in the religious and domestic life, is discriminating in intuition, combine in this conception of uses. But in elevating conjugal to the esthetic and the spiritual, she is compelled to point out the defects and superficialities of mere formal marriage.

Natural adaptation and the logic of events have made her comprehend the simplicity, beauty and harmony of the truly married; and in protesting against the shams, hypocrites and abuses of the social system, she is but vindicating the sacredness of womanhood, manhood and all that is good, better and best, in the possibilities of healthy, happy, spiritual conjugal life. It is the echo of a whole, and a holy nature insulating upon the refining power of consecration. She is now witness for the truth, protestor against abuse, reformer of the wrong, vindicator of the right, and artist in the ministry of the beautiful. Taste and delicacy have united with a love of the refined and spiritual, and the real and the ideal are one. She is a unit, mistress of herself, and the lover of every good and perfect gift. She is beautiful without a noble without conceit—bearing a charmed life. She is the actual of that ideal that charmed the poets and artists of all time; men and women gifted, beyond the power of prejudice to injure. Praise and prophecy they gave, to complement the sorrow and humiliation of the hour, knowing the day of transformation would come, if Greece and Italy, amid the corruptions of the past, gave us beautiful types and enchanting models as incentives to superior exertions, be it

our duty, as it should be our glory, to complement their genius by developing the spiritual. For then, and only then, will physical perfection come, being health, a sturdy, inspiration a possibility, and woman's organ, its temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

The future of America is thus identified with the development of the spiritual in woman—man, life, marriage, and society. The day of darkness in past, its era of triumph and power is to come when the medium and the abnormal will give place to the educated artist and the normal, the artist being the last and best expression of the spiritual evangel of a refined and a refining civilization. Then woman will be consecrated to sublime uses—a blessing to herself, a joy to all; her life and ministry a prolonged benediction. At the close of the Professor's remarks, the Vice President introduced Mrs. Lois Walsbrooke as the next regular speaker. Mrs. Walsbrooke was suffering from a somewhat severe indisposition, yet rather than disappoint the expectations raised at the announcement of the programme, she took her place before the audience.

Mrs. Walsbrooke began by saying she never could forget the days of girlhood, and prominent among them were memories of a way her mother had of making a good meal of the odds and ends left over from more regular occasions. She should attempt her mother's plan; those who had bread the table before her had done so with lavish hand; there were more than twelve baskets of fragments. Still she might not succeed as her mother had done with the material she had. Her theme, as with the stronger minds who had gone before her, was Woman; she had listened with close attention to the speech by Bro. Tooby, and could not but acknowledge the force and truth of his positions. She had blessed Bro. Wheeler for his noble, manly words, upon the same theme; the impulses of the heart that prompted such utterances would return in benedictions to bless the hearts from which they emanated. She accepted Bro. Wheeler's formula of woman's rights: that she had the right to prove her right by her ability. The obstacles in woman's pathway are not of man's creation. Woman is often woman's worst enemy. The tongue of aly slanderer magnifying some follie or weakness has often been the means of follie discredit upon some blameless one and crushing her life, not only hindering her from progress and happiness, but driving her into desperation, hunting her to ruin. One word is often enough—a gesture is sufficient—and way go the bounds of sensuality, only emulous of the honor of being first at the mangling of the victim. Of these are the voices that exult at the downfall of those who are better. It is worse than exile over the ruin of her sister and mocks her misdeeds! That which injures a woman's reputation, destroys her all. She perishes under reproach; her sensitive, mediumistic nature yields to censure, as the flower perishes before the flame. Man, more hardy, repels, attacks and defies criticism.

Mrs. Walsbrooke, in continuation, spoke of her sympathy with the objects of the Association, of the success of her itinerant labors, as an encouragement to those who wished success to the aims of the Convention. She was willing to work for the poor, but not for the stingy. She had gathered out of the pockets of the place, some times in schoolhouses. She spoke of the liberality of the different churches at the Centennial Meeting of the Methodists in the city of New York. Daniel Dean gave two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two friends, seventy-five thousand dollars, and others sums varying from five to thirty thousand dollars. The Church of the Advent, in its Boston meeting, in August, resolved to send missionaries throughout the South to preach to all classes; they devote themselves to the publication of tracts, and will their income in this State, by contributions, in a single week, has been nearly five hundred dollars, and that week not an exceptional one. Spiritualists will manifest the same liberality, when awakened to a sense of duty and shown a method of actions. We must be alive to the issues of the time; we must spread education and disseminate truth. Ignorance was the cause of the late political rebellion. Unless we educate the people upon Spiritualism there will be other rebellions. The bigotry of the churches was not extinct; there were good men in them to be sure—some of the best—but intolerance existed, and the spirit of persecution still slumbered; already the danger was felt and, unless we were wise, we should be called upon to pass through an era which would not only shock the sensitive, but waste and squander all with might save, by a man's refusal to help with out this means, the vastest of all causes, the spiritual education of the people. Spiritualism has that divine vitality which will triumph even through scenes of blood; it will surmount all opposition add harmonize all violence; bring in the era of light and peace with good will to all men.

Adjourned to next day.

#### "The Cause of Christ."

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—In a recent number of the Boston Journal, I noticed a report of the proceedings at a certain "revival" meeting in this vicinity, whereat one of our distinguished Senators appeared and made declaration of his interest in religious matters, and expressed his regret that he had not before given in his adhesion to the "Cause of Christ."

Now, as a warm friend and partisan follower of the Senator, I wish to inquire, through the BANNER, (which is probably the only paper in Boston that will admit of any discussion involving the infallibility of Orthodox creeds,) just what is meant, in this connection, by what the Journal reporter calls the "Cause of Christ." The Cause of Christ, as I understand it, is best advanced by those who follow the dictates and examples of Christ himself, which are summed up about as follows: Love thy neighbor as thyself; be merciful; kind to the poor; remove the heavy burdens from the oppressed; be temperate, humane, just and upright. He that embodies this in his life is a Christian, and is devoted to the Cause of Christ. Nay, whoever tries to live such a life, and, though often faltering aims to enact his highest convictions—though at times he smites his breast, or feels to say, "God have mercy on me sinner," or, "I feel I have done wrong, and will do my best to obey the laws of my being in future"—this person, I say, has the very warmest interest in the Cause of Christ, and is ever justified by any Christian ethics. Our Senator, it is reported, expressed his regret that though so often listening to the Gospel teachings of his minister, he had not given his heart to the good work of Christianity. You may be assured, Mr. Editor, that I am not unlike thousands of Mr. Wilson's constituents; but I declare that I never would have supported him for Senatorial honors, had I have once had the least suspicion that he was not a consistent Christian—that is, a man of justice, mercy, temperance, and above all, one whose aim was to raise up the lowly and remove the heavy burdens of those who are bound in the fetters of slavery. Will he say that he has not been all this—and what can he do or be more now that we are told he has professed "an interest in the cause of Christ?" I am a "plain, blunt man," and detest cant and circumlocution. Let our Senator show us what higher aims he has for humanity—what additional advantages he proposes for the artisan and laborers of this Commonwealth, that have been evolved by his new glimpse of the spiritual kingdom—and I will then acknowledge that the sectarian revivals of the day have some affinity with the "Cause of Christ," and may see some reason why I should go and do likewise. At present, I cannot see that the Cause of Christ has any connection with the loud noise and wordy protestations of a "revival meeting."

Some of my associates, recently took a girl from a vagrant street musician, clothed her and have sent her to the public schools. We understand that as a work in the cause of Christ; but we never got such instructions at revivals, and the case was not reported in the Boston Journal. J. W. E. Boston, October 21.

Written for the Banner of Light. TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY EFFIE BROOKE, MEDIUM.

When the twilight silvery mantle Round the west, by night, is thrown, When the day on wings of brightness To the mystic past has flown, When a peaceful calm is falling, Like a faintly murmured prayer, From the nightfall's unseen presence, Through the chambers of the air; When a spirit at the entrance Of the future, lingering, waits For some gleam of knowledge beaming Through the magic portaled gates, Listening for sweet words of welcome, Chanted from the other shore— Waiting for the white-winged angel To unbar the shining door— See I sometimes eyes of azure, Catch I a glimpse of golden hair, See I gleaming snowy plinths And the glittering robes they wear! Sometimes, too, I hear sweet music, Flashing like a ringdove's sigh, Ringing in silvery chorus Through the arches of the sky. Thus I muse, while twilight shadows Softly fall o'er hill and plain, And all things hushed in quiet, 'Neath its silent peaceful reign. When our earth seems nearer heaven, When all cares and toil depart, When blessed hope serenely nestles On the altar of the heart: Such the hour when angels hover— On their shining, stilly wings— Bringing from the loved and lost ones, Sweet and holy whisperings. Blessed twilight! holy twilight! Round us wrap thy mystic spell, When the nightfall spreads her plinths Over valley, hill and dell. When our lives approach the twilight, When the night of death draws near, May the shadows and its darkness To our spirits bring no fear. For we know that aught shall vanish, When the glorious day shall rise, In the land of the immortals, In the land of paradise! Felicity, Cleopatra Co., Ohio.

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.)

SECOND DAY—SATURDAY.

Morning Session.—Conference opened with musical improvisation by Mrs. Manchester. The President made some remarks on organization. He was followed by Charles W. Walker on the same subject, and by N. Randall, who moved the formation of a committee of five on organization. It was voted. How shall the five members be appointed? This question elicited remarks from Dr. Randall, Dr. Russell, of Rutland, J. M. Allyn, Thomas Middleton, D. P. Wilder, Mrs. Betsey M. Lamb, of West Randolph, G. W. Ripley.

Mrs. Brown being called to the Chair, Dr. Dutton spoke at considerable length in favor of an efficient, practical State Organization, which should be permanent, and empowered to receive and disburse funds like any other legalized body. He did not wish to "form matters," but thought that the next should be a delegate Convention.

A Committee of five was then raised by nomination, consisting of the following persons: Dr. Dutton, Charles W. Walker, D. P. Wilder, Mrs. S. A. Wiley and Mrs. S. A. Horton.

J. M. Allyn introduced the following: Whereas, In the language of the Declaration of Independence, Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; Resolved, That the Government of the United States of America, in compelling from more than one half of its subjects obedience to laws, in the making of which they have no voice, is guilty of a flagrant violation of the principles of justice upon which it claims to be based.

Resolved, That Spiritualists, recognizing the universal brotherhood and sisterhood of human kind, we declare to be the manifest duty of the United States Congress to remove all political disabilities from the colored races and the female sex in America.

Some remarks by H. C. Wright. Thomas Middleton: Fiat justitia, ruat cælum—Let justice be done, though the heavens fall. This is God's motto; let it be ours. There is no subject fraught with such stupendous interests as this of human rights. It devolves upon Spiritualists above all others, to adopt such principles as are embodied in these resolutions.

G. W. Ripley: I believe in universal freedom and universal suffrage. I am willing that every man and woman should have the privileges that I enjoy. I ask nothing for myself that I am unwilling to accord to every human being.

J. M. Allyn, entranced, spoke at some length, asserting the equality of human rights before God, and the angel world, and appealing to Spiritualists to do their duty in the present life.

Further remarks by Messrs. Middleton and Ripley. Daniel Tarbell: Talk about passing resolutions to make a black man white and a white man black! It is sectarianism of the deepest dye! It is the most consummate nonsense. The world will brand it as hypocrisy in the extreme.

Dean Clark spoke earnestly in behalf of human rights. We shall be false to those divine trusts committed to our hands, if we do not show to the world that we, as Spiritualists, stand firmly and unequivocally upon the side of justice. I am sorry any member of this Convention should have the hardihood to assert that God ever made any distinction in human rights.

At this juncture, Mrs. Manchester extemporized an eloquent freedom song, which thrilled the hearts of all present, and wet many an eye with the tear of sympathy and love for the downtrodden and oppressed.

After a few remarks by Dr. Smith, the resolutions were adopted with one dissenting voice—that of Mr. Tarbell, who desired that his vote should be recorded.

H. C. Wright introduced the following: Whereas, Man's character and destiny are determined mainly by the influences that bear upon him before and after birth; In the sacred privacy of home; therefore, Resolved, That the highest and most important mission of Spiritualism, is to secure men and women harmonious and happy homes.

It seems to me, said Mr. W., that this preamble and resolution are self-evidently true, and need no discussion. I therefore move their adoption. Seconded. George F. Baker made some very excellent remarks, illustrating by his affectionate manner, and his warm and practical sentiments, the blessed power of a congenial and happy home. He said we should always strive to make home the most pleasant, attractive and desirable of all places in the world. We should not forget to observe those little amenities and courtesies which so enhance the pleasures and joys of conjugal and domestic life. There is already no dearth of these before marriage! There should be none after. Home should be heaven—should be the most sacred spot of earth—should be consecrated to the holiest and divinest purposes of life and emotions of the soul. Many make home unpleasant by making confidants of those outside of the family circle; by unforgetting to them the thousand little matters which should be kept within the sacred precincts of home. There should be a oneness of feeling throughout the domestic circle; a mutual desire

to minister to the comfort and happiness of each other in every possible way. This life would be rendered pleasant, and every household become a heaven upon earth. Without such domestic heavens, the world never can be saved from its multitudinous ills.

Mr. Dodge, of Eden, spoke of the power of love to subdue all passions, pride and vice, and longed to see the time when this principle should rule the world.

The subject was continued by Mr. Cutter, of Lowell, Mass., Miss Bryant, and Mrs. Clavin, of Brookfield.

The regular address of the morning was given by Warren Chase. It was earnest, radical and characteristic. Having read a beautiful poem, he commenced his address by saying: "Now let us pray. Let us pray!" He then proceeded to speak of the four kinds of prayer offered up by mankind: first, praying by machinery, as in certain Pagan nations; second, praying with the lips, or "lip-service"; third, heart-prayer; fourth, praying with the hands and feet. He classed prayer in deeds of love for the good of the race, as the very highest type of prayer. If in my address this morning I present to you a web of cloth, I shall not attempt to cut it for you—you must fit it to your own dimensions. Nor make it—I cannot afford the trimmings. To me there has never been made a divine revelation by word of God. I have received no truth in that way. In the schools of this country no truths are taught which are revelations to the world from God in words.

The God that connects us in man, I have become satisfied that man's capacity does not permit him to hear the words of finite Gods. Communications are from finite to finite. Those who communicate may be visible or invisible. [He spoke of man as by nature a religious being, and as always having necessarily in every age and country some form of religion, and proceeded to show how the various types of worship and schemes of theology have illustrated the law of progression which runs through all departments of life. The Pagan has his God, who is the reach of his senses. Much of Paganism is still retained in Christianity. We have our holy things—holy days, holy book, holy mummy, rites and ceremonies, not very much unlike the Pagan. The lower forms of Christianity teach that the physical system will be restored to life at the "resurrection," regenerated by the soul at the "last trumpet." The Protestants have abandoned the old bones and other "holy relics" of the "saints," with their imagined wonderful healing power and miraculous saving virtue, and many other absurdities of the immaculate Panoply. Protestantism has its culmination in Universalism and Unitarianism. These are its divinest phases. They embrace a large portion of Spiritualism. There is but one step between the old and the new. The Bible as authority. At the present time, they (the progressive Universalist and Unitarian clergymen) read with all sanctimony a selection from the Bible, then shut the book, turn it round, and recognize and expatiate upon the beauties and laws of Nature—just as we do.] In the advancement of the race we naturalists, agnostics, Catholics and Protestants, and emerge into a higher and more advanced form of living religion. Christianity is a religion of the "heart." Spiritualism is a religion of the "head." Mere feeling is never reliable. Spiritualism demands no ceremonies save those which have a power for good upon the practical relations of life. Our mission is to lead nature to her true place—to elevate man to a rational system of life. Spiritualism tells me to transact business justly, to work with my hands, and to be justly, to discard no department of life, but would rationalize all. All who have reached that condition of individuality which cost Jesus his life, stand in conflict to-day with the prevalent doctrines and practices of the Church and the world.

During the Rebellion, the same Bible, the same creed, the same authority which permitted us here to fight for freedom, permitted them there to fight for slavery. We want a religion that has no North side and South side. I was better acquainted with Abraham Lincoln than with any person in this country. I shot instead of him, they would have "sent" me to endless perdition. And yet I know that his religion was identical with mine. But the sentiment of the country is above the churches and controls them; and the people said of the slain President, "He was a good man and we love him," and the churches assigned him a place accordingly. The soldier who tore up the Bible that was given him to wipe his razor on—but who fell by the bullet of the enemy, was sent by the clergy to heaven with Mr. Lincoln. The churches, the country, are ripe for Spiritualism, ripe for Universalism, for Unitarianism. And all is included in the term Rationalism. The speaker closed by urging to the subject of Organization. He saw nothing to fear in the organization of the church in its countless forms in rushing the masses throughout the world. It is for the very purpose of taking this oppression off; that we are to organize. In all the steps as yet taken we have been receptive to counsel from the angel world. We are working to bring the race above a soulless dogmatism, and organization will aid us.

At the close of the address, Father Spear feeling impressed that he should never meet the Convention in its mortal form, he invited to address the Convention. He spoke briefly, giving a narration of his religious experiences and present religious views.

Afternoon Session.—Music by Mrs. Manchester. J. M. Allyn read the following address on Panoplies: Attention is hereby called to the fact that, at the National Convention of Spiritualists recently held in Providence, R. I., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the present Alphabetic and Orthographic Systems of the world—by reason of their arbitrariness, unfitness, individual incompleteness, inconsistencies and absurdities, are hereby rejected, and in their stead, a system of preventing Universal Intelligence and Universal Harmony, therefore:

Resolved, That a Universal Philosophical Alphabet of Nature, based upon the law of correspondence between sound and sign, and an Orthography permitting no silent letters, and no changeableness in the sound of any given letter, are hereby demanded.

Resolved, That it is eminently fitting that Spiritualism—recognizing as it does the universal brotherhood of Man and the essential oneness of all things—be the channel for the transmission to the world of such an Alphabet and Orthography, and eminently fitting that Spiritualists, as lovers of the race, should encourage, and endeavor to establish so beneficent a System.

The new system of representing the sounds of human speech, called the "Panoplic Alphabet," or Universal Alphabet of Nature, is a bequest from the world of spirit, having been produced under the inspirational influence of pure disembodied spirits from the Spiritual Congress of Nations; and is presented to the Spiritualist public as the foundational element in the coming reconstruction of the scholastic systems of the world. It is at once apparent that something of the kind is needed at this stage of the world's history and progress. Spiritualism, incorporated within itself every reform calculated to benefit the human race, a universal, philosophical, and practical system, is the only channel for the process of education, and thus to remove ignorance—the parent of all human ills—and, also, to fraternize and harmonize the nations, by furnishing a connecting link between the various languages. It is the part of Spiritualists to enter into this reform, and by their combined efforts, to render it a success. Let them, both in their organized capacity and as individuals, declare that they will recognize, encourage, and endeavor to establish it, and this most beneficent bequest from the celestial investigators of the spiritual movement will soon become a fixed fact and a "power in the land." It can no longer be said that "Spiritualism has produced nothing practical." The Panoplic movement is not only practical but eminently practicable, and it is quite true that the Spiritualists of America at least, should express some practical sympathy with a beneficent and useful enterprise. Let it not be said that the American Spiritualists refused to aid or failed to comprehend so self-evidently needed and legitimate a reform. Rather let them prepare the way for the salvation of their children and their children's children, down to the remotest time, from the blighting effects of our present scholastic alphabets. Theology are preparing to drop forever from the souls of our children. Let us declare, also, that that other instrument of torture—the spelling-book—with its countless absurdities and horrible inconsistencies, which has prevented untold millions from acquiring aught but the very rudiments of an education, shall also disappear forever from the face of the earth. Thus shall the foundation be laid for a true and pure scholasticism which shall bless the ages.

Thomas Middleton: The legitimacy of the objects of the Panoplic movement is so self-evident that I shall not enter into any elaborate argument to prove to the Convention that it is our duty as a body, as it should be our pleasure, to give to our brother some tangible evidence of our sympathy with the cause in which he is engaged. After the remarks concerning the personal character of the author and the beauty and persistence manifested by him during a series of years, in thoroughly testing and applying to some thirty different languages the system entrusted to him, and in getting it into a form (in manuscript) presentable to the public, Bro. Middleton offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the movement now being inaugurated by our brother, J. Madison Allyn, and in furtherance of the establishment of a natural, philosophical and comprehensive system of representing human speech, has the hearty approval and earnest sympathy of this Convention.

Warren Chase remarked that he felt that there was a validity in the claims of this new system. He recognized it as one of a series of instrumentalities, projected in the guiding circles of spirit-life, for the elevation, education and harmonization of the world. Without further discussion the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Thomas Middleton: I understand that the author of the new system is in receipt of a very large number of letters and inquiries from all parts of the country, and he is desirous to be able to respond to such with printed matter. He desires to issue the system in a permanent form, that the people may judge more accurately of its merits. This will be attended with considerable expense. The people of Woodstock, Bridgewater and other parts of the State, feeling interested in the movement, have sympathized with the author; and it is proposed that a contribution be made by this Convention, as a more practical testimonial of our sympathy with the Phonic cause than mere words.

The suggestion was responded to by a collection amounting to twenty-one dollars.

Mrs. A. P. Brown narrated her experience as a medium.

Bro. Baker made some remarks on the blessedness of giving.

H. C. Wright, on the subject of home, made some very pertinent and excellent remarks. No household deserves the name of home where husband and wife are antagonistic. Under such conditions children cannot be harmonious; for discord begets discord, harmony harmony. The father's power is great, the mother's greater. The laws enacted by Congress are as nothing compared with those which the mother has written upon every nerve and fiber of her children. It is the law-giver of the race, the great teacher, the high priest, the Saviour. What can we do to secure harmonious homes to all? Of all the influences that ever bear upon us, those exerted before we are born are by far the most mighty. God pity the unwelcome child! It is born with murder in its heart, and met with frowns from those who should hail its advent with joyful hearts and open arms. It is a life of crime and misery, should we expect for such? Oh, the homes of the world! how sadly deficient in those elements without which heaven can never be realized upon earth and universal peace prevail!

Mr. Stoddard advocated the perfection of our present marriage system as the one essential means for the removal of prisons, almshouses and houses of ill-fame.

Address of Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith. The chaste and ornate style of sister Smith is doubtless familiar to most of the readers of the Banner. Her discourse was particularly beautiful, and says, some of which are the following: (Her introductory invocation was sweet pure an elevating). New emergencies teach new duties. Ideas cannot be weighed nor measured. The great lesson for us to learn is the lesson of controversy and differences. Truth is of no order and of no sect. No soil so poor but it has been consecrated by the blood of martyrs. Prayer, like every other virtue, is a matter of the soul, and is no more to be criticised by science and logic than they. The posts of every age have been educators of the people, because they have been exponents of the religion of the soul. Spiritualism is a St. John in the wilderness; it is a methodical school, through which the world must pass on its way to perfect wisdom. Great thoughts and great men belong to the world. Such political economists as Phillips and Garrison have contributed much toward bringing about the grand religion of humanity for which we aim. We stand shoulder to shoulder with such reformers. Our platform is theirs, and theirs ours. First make man sacred, then worship God. We need to cherish a spirit of trust, of faith and of confidence in our brother man. There is within the soul of man every thing that is beautiful, lovely and sublime. It only wants time to make an angel of us. Spiritualism, the religion of America, is slowly and surely working its way up to the highest places in the nation. We are enlisted in a cause magnificent and grand, deep as the everlasting foundations of the universe, and high as the heavens above us. The fountain of inspiration is inexhaustible. Nature is full of her grand beauties, thus revealing to the human soul, each star that glitters in the blue dome of heaven, time to make us its divine inspirations. The sublime and best thoughts of the soul are never uttered. Philanthropists should be willing to roll up their sleeves, and, like men, go out into this great world of oppression and work, that Truth and Righteousness may reign. Are we donning the robes of Jesus not associating ourselves to his spirit? If not, our religion is worth no more than the glitter of a diamond. Let us, therefore, by lifting a race, a people, or a friend, we lift ourselves. Spiritualism is a labor of love. We need more of the genial element. Until one gets out of himself, and divests himself of his narrow prejudices, he never is fully blest with that holy relationship with the divine forces of Nature which is the immortal Spiritualist's position in the world. There is no other class of people who can, or are able to occupy. The Lycæum of the Spiritualists is the most beautiful system of education which the world has ever seen; and if Spiritualism should accomplish no more than the establishment everywhere of Progressive Lycæums, it will have done a most potential work for the elevation of the race. In many places the Lycæum is going to take the place of our public schools, thus saving the State thousands of dollars. Such leading minds as Frothingham and Hepworth are with us, heart and soul. They are "building better than they know." The theology of the olden time has done its work, fulfilled its purpose, and is to-day a dead chain upon the limbs of the living.

Song by Mrs. Manchester. Mrs. S. A. Wiley, of Rockingham, gave an inspirational poem on Spirit-Communication.

A communication was received from Miss Huntley, in which allusion was made to a former visit. Report from Finance Committee, and collection.

Evening Session.—Committee on Organization presented the following report: Impressed by the fact that the cause of Spiritualism is rapidly advancing, and every year accumulating means for the accomplishment of beneficent objects; and believing that a Delegate Convention will facilitate business brought before it, and better represent the interests of the State of Vermont, we recommend and advise that the next call for an Annual State Convention be based as a call for a Delegate Convention, and that each Society within the State be requested to send two delegates for every twenty-five members; provided, also, that any Society whose members exceed five may send two delegates.

The report was discussed by Messrs. Ripley, Chase, Walker, Middleton, Russell, Baker, Dodge, Scott, Clark, Wright, 2d, Hertz, Dutton, Wilder, and Mrs. E. M. Horton, and (musically) Mrs. Manchester.

The motion to adopt was, by a close vote, lost. The following persons were appointed a Committee to locate and make arrangements for the next Annual Convention: Charles W. Walker, Wm. Parish, of Stowe; Wm. Mitchell, of Berlin. Corresponding Secretary—Geo. Dutton.

The regular address of the evening was given by Mrs. A. P. Brown and J. Madison Allyn. Mrs. Brown (entranced) discoursed upon the topic, "Give us something new." This (she said) is the universal demand. Man requires constantly new facts, new thoughts. The uplifting and commotion in the springtime upon the surface of Mother Earth herald a new growth from implanted germs. It is ever thus with spiritual growth. It brings forth new life, new vigor. Humanity is being prepared for vital, free and universal religion—religion of universal love. Spiritualists need opposition to call forth their powers.

J. M. Allyn spoke upon the mission of Spiritualism and the character and personality of those engaged in its behalf in spirit-life. The good, the wise and the powerful of all past times are co-operating with the earnest minds now emboldened for the in-ushering of the reign of universal Justice, Peace, Intelligence, Virtue and Happiness; and they will never cease their labors until the last character of the author and the beauty and persistence manifested by him during a series of years, in thoroughly testing and applying to some thirty different languages the system entrusted to him, and in getting it into a form (in manuscript) presentable to the public, Bro. Middleton offered the following resolution:

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remunerated, and all pledged themselves to attend the meetings, as a general thing, with their families, the meetings to be held in the Town House, which belongs to all. Numbers from one to fifty-two, representing the Sundays in a year, were put in a hat and drawn out, the person having control of the Sunday represented by the number drawn. By this plan the Spiritualists had the control of five Sundays. Bro. Wheeler has occupied the desk three days, and Miss Julia Hubbard one. Every person present—and the house was crowded—seemed to be harmonious. The choir performed beautiful music in a spirited and artistic manner—and by the way, there are two singers in the choir, viz., the Misses Gale, who would be jewels in any quartette choir, even in the "Hub of the universe." Miss H. then read from "A Lyric of the Golden Age," in a clear and free intonation of voice. Her invocation was: "If I go away I will send you the comforter." Her lecture was beautiful and eloquent, and listened to with the most earnest attention.

In the afternoon the house was still more crowded, and the greater attention was paid. Her controlling spirit was one who was not in this world; his motto: "If God is the author of all good, is he not also the author of all evil?" I would like to give your readers a synopsis of these very interesting lectures, but space forbids. But you may be assured that good seed was sown, and that much of it fell on good ground.

There are two excellent mediums in this town, viz., Mrs. K. and a speaking medium, and a daughter, who is a seining medium. Roll on the happy day when bigotry, fanaticism and superstition shall waste away before the great luminary of divine truth, like the dews of the atmosphere before the genial rays of the morning sun.

Yours in the bonds of Truth, A. C. B. Newton, N. H., Oct. 7, 1866.

A Minister on Spiritualism.

I herewith send you a copy of a letter, written to me by a friend in August last. Said friend is a resident of Phoenix, a flourishing little town of some three thousand inhabitants, situated in the county of Oswego, on the eastern bank of the Oswego River, in the State of New York. The people of said village congregated to hear a certain Parson of the Congregational order give his views on Spiritualism. The letter will show how well he succeeded in demolishing our beautiful fabric.

Ever thine, OUIS BARNES. Clay, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1866.

Bro. Barnes—It is with pleasure that I attempt to inform you that there has another spark of light emanated from within the Church. Last Sunday, Parson M. spoke on modern manifestations of spirits. He went on to prove by the Bible, that these things were so, and succeeded remarkably well; making his points so full of the same kind of manifestations, and he could not find any authority from God that they had or ever would cease. He believed spirit-manifestations ever had existed, more or less, from the birth of Adam. He said the Church had got so wise that it had not believed more than one-half of the Bible, for some hundred years past. He said: You take the spirit-manifestations from the Bible and you take its reason from it; it would then be a dead letter to man. After he had proved by the Bible and the experience he had in the investigation of the phenomena, to his satisfaction and most of those present, he said it was dangerous to meddle with it—asserting that Judge Edmonds published in a book that there were sometimes mistakes in spirit-communications. He rehearsed a case from a book written by one Cavern, of Auburn. There was a man to be hung at Auburn, and there was a medium there who thought he would enter the clairvoyant state and watch the process. When the drop was let loose, the medium fell and fainted. A few days after this the criminal's spirit took possession of the medium, choked her and for aught the Parson knew, would have made way with her, but for another medium, who was consulted by Paul; and, through the apostle's influence, the spirit was made to let the medium loose. (It seems the medium, was not afraid of this spirit, for it appears also used to converse with it after this.) Now, he says, if these modern spirits are of this caste, he thought it dangerous to deal with them, and it was best to let them alone and stick to the Bible.

He took the village of Phoenix for a standpoint to judge the world by. He thought if he had a large sum of money deposit he would not like to trust more than one-half the citizens with it, for he would stand two chances to one to be deceived.

I was told by one of the church ministers, who heard the Parson say last week, in one of his sermons, that he thought "this Spiritualism, might be the second coming of Christ, and it was not best to scorn or scorn it. He thought if he had a large sum of money deposit he would not like to trust more than one-half the citizens with it, for he would stand two chances to one to be deceived.

He told a minister that he had known church members backsliding and becoming atheists, who afterwards, by investigating Spiritualism, had become believers and returned to the church and made good members, when it looked as though there was no other way to reclaim them. I am told that the Parson had a talk with the early Welsh revivalist, Bro. Williams, on the subject of spirit-intercourse. She showed him a communication purporting to come from her daughter. She said it sounded very much like her, and wished to know of the Parson where he thought it came from. He said, "From your dear daughter, and you should receive it as such."

The Methodist minister told his Church that the Parson admitted too much! W. S. FECK. Phoenix, Aug., 1866.

BIBLE TRUTHS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

There are on the globe, in round numbers, one thousand millions of people, of whom three hundred millions, or about one-third, are professed Christians; the rest are Jews, Mahometans, Pagans, and heretics. A generation passes away every thirty-three years; or in other words, the entire population of the earth is swept away three times in each century. Now let Orthodox take these facts and figure out the probable aspect of their heaven and hell—the one a desert where a friendly or familiar face will not be seen once in ten thousand years; the other, the grand receptacle of more than nine-tenths of the entire human family, where suffering and misery will torment prevail forever and forever. This statement is sustained by the facts following:

1st. Out of the nominal Christians, not five in a hundred are fitted according to their own showing, to enter the kingdom of heaven, the balance must be consigned to the great lake of fire.

2d. There is no salvation except through Christ, and consequently those who know not of Christ or his seven hundred millions of outsiders, must all go to the same place.

3d. They make the road to glory and salvation so rough an I thorny, over steep hills and precipitous mountains, a pitfall here, a lion there, and a great giant on the other side of the way, to watch and belabor the poor pilgrim, and withal, the way so narrow and crooked that "but few there be that find it." While on the contrary the road to destruction is a broad, wide, declivity highway, without obstructions—about grand to let the multitude of God's children down to hell easy. It is possible, and we often ask the question, that intelligent men and women of this country, believe any such nonsense as this? What does all of our boasted intelligence amount to? What do we mean by progress, development, education, if we still blind ourselves down to the crude barbarous, ignorant, prejudiced and vicious theology of Moses and the Jews, of four thousand years ago.

It is the glorious mission of Spiritualism to crush these errors of ignorance and superstition, to place before the living mind of man the eternal truths of the Creator, and to show by facts and logical scientific conclusions, that God can, and does take care of all of his children; that heaven is a family, where suffering and misery shall here in this life on earth, as much as they will hereafter. That as man lives, so he makes his own heaven or hell, and carries them within his own soul, living, burning truths forever.

Believing that your numerous readers would be willing to spend a few moments in learning something of the status of Spiritualism in this religiously dark and benighted region, I devote a few moments in furnishing them with the means through your valuable and interesting periodical.

There are two, so-called, religious societies in this town, Newton, N. H., viz., the "Christian Baptist," presided over by Elder Day; and the "Hardshell Baptist," so-called, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Farley. Both of these gentlemen are very amiable, quiet, peaceable persons, but would not be regarded as being possessed of remarkably brilliant talents, in many places. There are but four persons in all the town who make any profession or knowledge of the great and inspiring truths of the progressive Philosophy we call Spiritualism, and we are looked upon as a kind of *tabula rasa* in their religious community. A lecture upon the great principles and progress of Spiritualism—that we know are eternal truths—was never pronounced by mortal either in a trance or normal condition. But this will not be the case much longer, as the quartette of the faithful are determined to have one here ere long.

But this is not the condition of things in East Kingston, a little town adjoining this, but of fewer inhabitants. They are very much split up in their religious notions, no one sect being strong enough to maintain regular preaching; but in order to have religious services on the first day of the week, about fifty men of all denominations met and agreed upon the following plan, to wit: each one was to employ a speaker for one Sunday, of whatever sect he pleased, to see that his day or her was on the spot, properly entertained and

The Davenport Seances.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—I was much surprised to read in the BANNER OF LIGHT the long discussion respecting dark seances generally, and the Davenport seances in particular. I was under the impression that these manifestations were fully endorsed by American Spiritualists; in fact that the Davenports came to this country accredited mediums. I little thought it would devolve upon English Spiritualists to defend their integrity and the genuineness of their manifestations from the attacks and suspicions of our American brethren. But such is the case; and I will now state, in a few plain words, what I know of the subject.

It will perhaps be well for me briefly to explain the circumstances that led to my connection with the Davenports. It is now about three years ago that I first became acquainted with Spiritualism, and I have since endeavored, in my humble way, to make its truths known to others. Here, by the way, we all act in our own individual capacity, there being no organized effort whatever to diffuse our principles. Cooperative effort is rather discouraged than otherwise. Why it should be I could never understand, since union is undoubtedly strength, and combination, for a variety of purposes, is one of the great characteristics of the ages. However, here we all act singly in spiritual matters; and I, in my individual capacity, have done what I could to make known to the world the great truth of Spiritualism. One of my greatest difficulties has been to afford evidence to inquirers. The cry has always been, "Show us these things of which you speak; it is all very well to tell us what you have seen; we want to see for ourselves." Now the only public medium for physical manifestations in this country is Mrs. Marshall; and to her I have been in the habit of referring persons, and she has doubtless been the means of convincing hundreds.

I halted, then, with pleasure the arrival of the Davenports, as auxiliaries, believing they would, from the fact of their manifestations being suitable for larger and promiscuous audiences, be the means of convincing the public, wholesale. They certainly made a great noise in the country, through the newspapers, and thousands were astonished at the accounts they read and heard of; but the focus at Liverpool and Huddersfield dispelled the effect that had been produced, and, with the exception of those who had become convinced by personal observation, the country at large set the whole thing down as an imposition, and the Davenports as arrant humbugs, and this impression the press has ever since done its best to foster; and yet it is said there is not a London newspaper of any importance but what has on its staff believers in the reality of the manifestations. On the return of the Davenports from France, where they were not very successful, they were, as might be expected, at a discount. They tried seances in London, but the public would not patronize them.

At this juncture, knowing from considerable experience that the manifestations were genuine, and feeling their importance as the only weapon to combat the hard-headed materialism of the age, rather than the Davenports should return to their own country, I took the responsibility of their seances on myself. I accompanied them to Ireland, where they exhibited for six weeks, producing an immense effect on the public mind. After passing a fortnight in Scotland, I accompanied them, at my own risk and with considerable inconvenience to myself, to Germany. This was at the time preparations were being made for the late war, and the public attention was greatly absorbed by it; nevertheless, the seances were tolerably successful and a good effect was produced; great courtesy was shown on all hands; and the king's private concert room, at Berlin, granted for their use. They next visited Hamburg, and then went to Belgium, where they exhibited in all the principal towns, producing an indelible impression. I left them last month at Antwerp, and they then went to Holland. They have just written the following effect: "Our success here has been all we expected; large and very appreciative audiences fill the hall every night, and we are receiving letters from all parts of Holland, asking us to visit them. We have several private seances engaged here, which we are obliged to give in the daytime; so you see there is considerable interest. We leave Amsterdam next Monday, and expect to be in this country two months longer."

From the above statement you will see I am in a position to speak with confidence, having had a better opportunity of judging of the matter than most people. I have been intimately associated with the Davenports for seven months. I have witnessed the manifestations under a variety of circumstances—in the dark and in the light, in public and in private—and I have never seen any indication whatever of the slightest approach to trickery. On the contrary, I have seen much to convince me of the absence of anything of the kind. For instance I have seen lights struck, contrary to regulations, when the instruments were sounding and floating in the air, but no one was discovered out of his place, the only result being the falling of the guitars to the ground.

At Brussels, at a seance before the first literary society of the town, blue paint was placed on the instruments unknown to any of us, but, though the instruments were all played on, no trace of the paint was found on the hands of the brothers. At Antwerp, at the conclusion of the cabinet seance, a gentleman exhibited his hand covered with some black composition of a greasy nature. He said he had caught hold of the hands that appeared at the cabinet window, and fully expected, when the Davenports came from the cabinet, to find their hands blackened, but, to his great surprise, such was not the case. I have also known black composition placed on the hands of the brothers during the dark seance, with the idea that the instruments would show traces of the pigment; but such was not the case. None of our party knew of these experiments being made till the termination of the seances.

It is needless for me to go into further particulars, or I could multiply proofs in favor of the genuineness of these manifestations. If they are not a reality, then all creation is a myth and our senses nothing worth. It is obviously impossible for any one to be with the Davenports, as I have been, and not discover fraud, if any existed. Indeed, I feel quite sure that if they were tricksters, they would be detected every week of their lives. To question the genuineness of the manifestations is to cast discredit on all connected with them, even on that great and estimable man, J. B. Ferguson, who accompanied them to England, and who must have known the true character of the exhibition he for several months conducted. Surely he is not deserving the imputation involved.

I may observe I have had evidence of spiritual presence, through the organization of each medium, nightly, and I have heard the spirits speak under the same circumstances. Speaking in audible voice is the usual method of communication adopted by the Davenport spirits, and I have frequently heard them and held long conversations with them. In this way they are in the

habit of commenting on the seances, when they will allude to any particular incident that has occurred. They also give directions as to future proceedings, and advise in times of doubt and difficulty, the Davenports generally acting on their instructions. When the incident of the blackened hand occurred at Antwerp, the spirit alluded to it, and said, "You must get that published." I said, "In what paper?" The reply was, "In the BANNER OF LIGHT."

In conclusion, I believe with Mr. Foss, who took part in the discussion in question, that the Davenports are instruments in the hands of the spirit-world, for giving evidences to humanity of a spiritual existence; and I agree, also, with that gentleman, that the like has never before been seen in the world's history.

Fraternally yours, ROBERT COOPER. London, Eng., Oct. 14, 1866.

Religious Intolerance in Chelsea.

The old Puritans who landed at Plymouth were a very good kind of folk, considering the times; we wish we could speak thus of the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay, who came after them, the latches of whose shoes they were unworthy to unloose. For verily, did they not persecute all who were not of them? Did not they give out the edict that it was illegal to fire a gun on the Lord's day except to shoot a wolf or an Indian? Yes, the Indian, who was never the first aggressor, and who did not raise his hand against these people until they had stolen their children for slaves, and cheated them of their lands, whilst they were made drunken by the strong waters of the pale stranger.

Did not the settlers drive off Roger Williams to seek shelter among the savages of Rhode Island, for being a Baptist? And were not men persecuted and driven off to strange places for the heinous sin of giving shelter to two Quakers, who were overtaken by a tempest in their journey? But enough of this. We could keep on, till we filled this paper many times; this must suffice. Now for Chelsea. The Spiritualists of this place were striving and growing on apace at their place of meeting, Library Hall, all to the disgust of some of the self-righteous in the Evangelical Churches, so called. We will turn them out, was the cry.

Now they did it.—Shades of St. Paul, who wrote that inimitable chapter on charity, the XIIIth of Corinthians, what think'st thou of these doings? They did it thus.—A society was created to celerate the Chelsea Young Men's Christian Society. It was made up by representatives of the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist Societies, leaving out the Catholics, Universalists, Unitarians and Spiritualists, of course. Stand back, for we are holier than thou! They then hired Library Hall exclusively, thereby turning out the poor Spiritualists in the cold, to hire another hall when and where they could.

Now there was not the least necessity of their hiring this hall, for every church in the place has an ample vestry, which is never used but two evenings in a week, and which they could meet, in, without money and without price. Therefore it is evident to all that their object was to "clean out" the Spiritualists from their local habitation, and scatter them, as did Joshua the heathen at Canaan.

But there is a good time coming; we see the bright edge on the cloud, which betokens the silver lining within; we see

"Dawnings of light and glimmerings of day;" this will arouse and awaken us to a sense of duty and action, and the day is not afar off that will dawn upon a house of our own, where we can meet and give out the bread of life to the hungry souls, who are longing for more light, and where none can molest us, or turn us out to hunt up a place where we can only precariously come together. S.

To the Workers.

Brothers and Sisters—I want from every city and ward, every town and neighborhood in Massachusetts, the name of one or two persons who are true Reformers. I want volunteers for the spiritual army—pioneers in the work of spiritual education. I have the documents published by the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists. I am directed to send copies of them throughout the State, and wish to place them in the hands of those who will use them.

Come, brothers! come, sisters! you who have waited to be useful! No matter where you are in the State, send me your names at once. I will return the documents whose contents will give you all needful directions. We shall be able to cooperate as never before, and soon spread the light of the science and religion of Spiritualism throughout the old Bay State.

Yours for love and labor, E. S. WHEELER, Cor. Sec., U. S. A. O. S. Address care BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Bold Assumptions.

What high opinions do some people, who vainly imagine themselves the especial elect of God's children, entertain for themselves. Stand back, ye of the world, worldly! say they, for I am holier than thou! I am of his especial providence.

We were abashed at the presumption and assurance of a Baptist divine, who, in a recent letter to the American Baptist paper of New York, from on board a ship, which had just weathered Cape of Good Hope in safety, breaks out in rhapsodies of praises and hosannas to the Almighty for giving him and his a pleasant and safe passage around the Cape—although it was at a bad season of the year, when even three other ships which had just preceded his, had been stripped to the hulk, with loss of life, etc., and three others were foundered entirely, losing almost all on board. Vain man! As if the Almighty and just ruler of the universe caused the winds and the waves to be still on account of your ship being freighted with a priest of the Baptist faith, and let slip the tempest at the other ships. It is too ridiculous, too contemptible to think of. When will the sons of men learn wisdom and humility, and know that "God acts not by partial, but by general law!"

If his ship had been wrecked, he would probably have come to the same conclusion as did the Southern Hardshell exhorter, who, when during the attack upon Fort Donelson, declared to his hearers that the Lord fought upon the side of the South, and Jehovah was encamped around about the Confederate army, saying that it was impossible for the invading Yankees to conquer them. Just at the close of one of these sentences, a man dashed up to the church door on horseback, and yelled out, "The Yankees have captured Fort Donelson, and are coming up the river!" "Then, my brethren," exclaimed the startled preacher, "save yourselves, for the Lord has got licked!" S.

Acknowledgment.

I beg leave to acknowledge, through your columns, the receipt, from Henry Miller, Esq., of one hundred dollars, in aid of Spiritualists who were sufferers by the fire of July 4th, in this city. Very truly yours, M. A. BLANCHARD. Portland, Me., Oct. 2, 1866.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. WM. WHITE, C. 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 Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

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

Instinctive Longings.

In a little fable in our last week's issue we undertook to illustrate our ideas of the instinctive aspirations in the breast of humanity toward continuous life, by comparing them to the sexual instincts in young men imagined to be brought up on a desert island in ignorance of the existence of a being of the female sex. The comparison, was, we think, a just one. Yet some men may reason in this wise: "We don't know what you mean by these instinctive aspirations and longings for a future life. We are not troubled by them. We believe them to be wholly artificial; notions grafted on the human imaginations by poets and enthusiasts. But sexualism is an altogether different matter. Every man understands that, just as he does hunger."

On the contrary the case of the Shakers and other ascetics, shows that there are some men and women who mortify and repress the sexual faculty from principle; and every physiologist is aware that there are other men and women who seem constitutionally deficient in those emotions which play so important a part in the life of most persons, and operate so powerfully in shaping their destinies and developing their social and domestic affections. The parallel which we made, therefore, holds good. There are some men constitutionally indifferent to a future life; and there are some who have argued themselves into indifference, or, who, by vicious lives, have accustomed themselves to hope that the doctrine of future retribution is false. But we cannot invalidate a great general truth by pointing to exceptions.

It is no answer to our reasoning, therefore, to say that because all men do not desire immortality, the argument drawn from instinctive aspirations does not hold. As well might it be said that the argument for the universality of sexualism does not hold, inasmuch as all persons are not affected by the sexual instinct in the same way.

In our article entitled "Is Beauty better than Ashes," we remarked as follows:

T. G. asserts that "Spiritualism is not twenty years old." If he had given a day's study to the subject, he would know that it is older than the pyramids; that our mediums have had their prototypes, evolving similar phenomena, throughout the ages. Yes, Spiritualism is as old as humanity itself, and as imperishable as the soul of man. Whatever his outside speculative faculty may say to the contrary, deep down in his inmost nature he knows that he shall continue to live; knows it even as the worm knows it shall become a chrysalis.

Here our meaning is, we believe, sufficiently obvious to every man who understands the grammatical laws of the English language; and yet Mr. "T. G." is either so heedless or so disingenuous as to misconstrue our language, and try to make the readers of the Investigator suppose that it was not to man in general, but to T. G. in particular, we had reference in remarking of the soul of MAN, that "deep down in his inmost nature he knows that he shall continue to live." This is the way in which T. G. attempts to twist our transparent meaning.

The Banner concludes its notice of me by saying, that "T. G. knows, deep down in his inmost nature, that he shall continue to live." This is as positive as it is presumptuous. "T. G." begs leave to say, that he does not know anything of the kind, &c., &c.

Now if the reader will glance at the passage from our article quoted above, he will see that T. G. has willfully misquoted us; that he has conjured up a phantom of his own to demolish, and that there is nothing in our words to justify him in charging its creation upon us. We were never guilty of attributing to him, individually, the knowledge he disclaims. We are quite willing to suppose that his is an exceptional nature, or that he is as yet undeveloped in the direction of that group of faculties where belief in God and immortality is born. The fact that T. G. is so constituted, operates no more against the great fact of the universality of the instinctive longing for immortality, than the credulities of the Shakers derogate from the great fact of sexualism.

Our friends of the Investigator, in their attempt to drive out of the human soul its aspirations to immortality, have undertaken a more Quixotic enterprise than they dream of; for they have not only the instincts of man, either astral or dormant in his inner spiritual organization to contend against, but they have the spirit-world in opposition. There is a host of spirits on the other side knocking against our surroundings like mosquitoes against a net, seeking some opening by which they can affect, for good or for evil, these mortal intelligences. This, we are aware, is all foolishness and moonshine to our "secular" friends; but the history of mankind and our own experiences abundantly confirm it, nevertheless. If there is any fact in physiology and psychology, which stands on an eternal basis, it is the great fact that there have been such persons as seers, prophets, clairvoyants, mediums, who have manifested a foreknowledge and a penetration, independent of the normal senses, and proclaiming powers such as we can attribute only to spirits. In dodging the great facts, capable of daily substantiation, illustrating this truth, our so-called "investigators" hardly justify their title.

In reference to one of our recent articles, the Investigator remarked of it: "There is no argument used. It is a mere rhapsody of words from beginning to end." And yet in that article we gave a reason, and a substantial one, why the position of those who denounce belief in a future state is unphilosophical and irrational. As the Investigator seems to have overlooked it, we will state it again:

Let the following important consideration be always borne in mind by inquirers after the truth on this subject: THE DENIAL OF THE CONTINUOUS LIFE OF MAN AFTER THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MATERIAL BODY, IS A NEGATION THAT NEVER ARISES FROM KNOWLEDGE! It is not the expression of any positive knowledge, but the mere dogmatic assertion that beyond the line of such knowledge there lies nothing more. This is why we regard as unphilosophical and irrational the position of those who teach dogmatically that

the phenomenon called death is the end of the conscious individuality of man. Such teaching is quite as arrogant and presumptuous as the confidence of that tropical monarch who declared that, such a thing as solidified water could not be.

If this objection be "a mere rhapsody of words," we would like to see the rhapsody answered. The truth is, the position is impregnable. The utmost the "secularist" or materialist can rationally say is, "I doubt a future life." If it requires spirit to reveal the fact of spirit, surely nothing less than spiritual authority is requisite to teach the fact of no-spirit. Thus the dogmatist against a future life is involved in a contradiction. To teach the matter confidently he ought to have an illumination, the possibility of which his theory utterly denies. No one but a seer has a right to say "There is no life for man beyond the grave;" and the seer's own seership would give the lie to his assertion. The Pyrrhonist may be a philosopher; but the teacher of annihilation is simply presumptuous and inconsistent.

The Spiritualist, on the contrary, having a knowledge of phenomena, mental and physical, proving to his satisfaction the existence of spiritual powers, would be false to his own highest convictions if he did not teach the great fact of immortality as a certainty, in view of which our mortal life ought to be shaped, and our thoughts and affections constantly refreshed by the sublime consciousness that death is a mere phenomenon which leaves the essential part of our being untouched; and that we shall survive to study the infinite works of the Creator in other worlds, and to commune with the loved ones gone before, and the great and good of all ages, in a progressive life, with which this rudimental state, and our discipline here, shall be found hereafter to have been in perfect harmony.

Death of Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D. D.

Rev. Sylvanus Cobb entered the spirit-world from his late residence in East Boston on the morning of Oct. 31st. He had been out of health for some time, but until within a few weeks was gradually recovering, when a relapse took place, and he passed away at eight o'clock. Mr. Cobb was born in Turner, Maine. He studied for the ministry with Rev. Sebastian Streeter. He became pastor of the Universalist Society at Malden thirty-eight years ago, remaining in that office ten years. In 1838 he started the Christian Freeman, and served as editor thirty years. His literary labors comprise, beside numerous pamphlets, "The Compend of Divinity," "Discussions," with Hudson and Adams, and a "Commentary on the Testament," a large octavo. He was for many years a leader in the Temperance cause, was identified with the anti-Slavery movement, and has long been considered as one of the ablest theologians of the Universalist faith. He was a Spiritualist at heart, although he did not publicly endorse our grand philosophy, from fear of injuring his popularity among his immediate associates, probably. He has gone to meet those of his personal friends who passed on before him, we trust to continue his labors with them in behalf of our common humanity. As a citizen he was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He was sixty-eight years old.

The State of Europe.

Looking to-day over the European field, one would pronounce it in a state of great uncertainty. Among the foremost minds there is certainly much anxiety for the immediate future. Austria and Russia are falling out. The Bismarck policy is being felt everywhere. Prussia and Sweden are thinking of cutting up and swallowing Denmark, that the former may have ports on the Baltic and North seas for the New Germany. Italy has absorbed Venetia. The Spanish throne is tottering over, and it is a matter of doubt whether Spain will swallow Portugal, or Portugal will belt Spain. France will naturally want Belgium, and so on up to the Rhine. Austria would of course push her way down the Danube, but is there opposed by Russian influence. Turkey must walk out of Europe, and the Czar covets and means to have the Bosphorus and Golden Horn. England meanwhile is beginning to rock with the throes of revolution, and a republic is not at all impossible on that island. In fact, Europe is in a state of fearful uncertainty.

An Obstinate Clergyman.

The Vicar of Sturminster Marshall, Eng., in the diocese of Salisbury, has been notified that proceedings are about to be instituted against him for omitting to read the Athanasian creed on the appointed days; for omitting to use the public prayer against the cattle-plague, and substituting one of his own composing; for substituting the Prayer Book collect against pestilence for the cholera prayer appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; for abbreviating the exhortation at morning and evening prayer; for not wearing his hood; for denying the doctrine of everlasting punishment; and for sympathizing with Bishop Colenso. Of course he will go overboard. But it is just such cases as these that are shaking the Church of England to its centre. Two things it is urged to do on peril of its life: cut loose its connection with the State, and let in the light of that liberal-mindedness which is the peculiar product and fruit of this age.

The Crops of the Country.

The Agricultural Department makes a report on the state of the crops. From this it appears that, in spite of what the frost has done at the West, the corn crop is by far the largest in bulk of any yet produced on our profligate soil. Over a thousand million bushels have been harvested. Wheat is perhaps a little less than an average, but that is made up for by its superior quality this year. Oats are a splendid yield, even at the South, where corn itself is a failure. The other grains fall into their places and rank well. It is too early as yet to form an estimate of the yield of cotton. We are raising a good crop of beef, and are promised lower prices soon from the butchers. We know that at wholesale it has fallen off nearly seventy per cent, and the diminution should be felt by consumers without further delay. On the whole, we need not entertain any fears of starving. There is enough, if it can be evenly distributed.

Mercantile Library Association Course of Lectures.

The twenty-fourth annual course of lectures before the Mercantile Library Association will commence at Music Hall, in this city, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7. A corps of talented and popular lecturers are engaged, and every thing indicates a successful season. Hon. George S. Boutwell delivers the first address. In the list we notice the names of Hon. W. D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Vincent, Esq., the eloquent English reformer, Bayard Taylor, Maj. Gen. John A. Logan, of Illinois, and John B. Gough, with a new lecture. The great organ will be played for half an hour each evening previous to the address.

Woman's Condition.

A country is now ranked as more or less civilized, in proportion as its women are treated according to the evident design of heaven—the equals and supporters of men, their best counselors, their closest sympathizers, their genuine inspirers, their steadfast friends. When we begin to treat the road backward to the Indian customs, or that of the whiter barbarians, we get out of the range of civilization altogether. Sala, the English traveler and writer, in speaking of what he saw in Austria by the road and elsewhere, describes the following scene which fell under his eye in Vienna:

"Alongside of that prodigious new opera house they are building, in the Kärnthnerstrasse, a new trench, lately, I counted one hundred and fifty women at work there—dreadful creatures who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and plied the pick and shovel, and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hated tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts lit-bucket boots, their features worn, furrowed and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

We do not wonder that the feelings excited by the sight were those of horror. A perfect sickness of horror would naturally come over any one of common sensibilities who should gaze on such a scene. Austria can never be other than she is now, except to retrograde rapidly, so long as she consents to a state of things like that. It is not without a demoralizing influence on all around, of both sexes and all conditions. There can be no genuine civilization where such things are the rule. As a people elevates the female sex, so does it elevate and establish itself.

To the Friends of Spiritual Progress and Free Thought in Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists has recently closed its Third Quarterly Convention. The object of the Association is the education of the people in all that pertains to a true knowledge of Spiritualism, scientifically, philosophically, and religiously. Its organization is perfected, its purpose defined, and it asks the cooperation of all.

The Corresponding Secretary will soon have ready documents which he is advised by the Executive Committee to distribute throughout the State, to those who are willing to help the ends and aims of the Association. The Secretary requests that from every neighborhood, every school district, from every city ward, there should be sent to him the names of some one or more, who, being competent and reliable, will earnestly join the angels in their work. He wants the name of some one, in every locality, who will receive the documents he has to send in the name of the State Association, and use them for the furtherance of its purposes, to spread our noble Gospel through every section of the State. In accordance with the plan definitely made known in the documents themselves, let those who have the Spiritual Philosophy at heart, volunteer for a few hours work. Send your names at once, for the next meeting is to be held the second Wednesday and Thursday in January, 1867, and all this work must be done before that meeting. The selection of L. S. Richards, Esq., as President of the Association is a guarantee of success. Mr. Richards is an energetic, whole-souled man, and will promptly carry out the designs of the Association, as far as it is in his power to do so. Spiritualists from all parts of the State, lend him and the Secretary your cooperative aid, and the work will go on successfully, with glorious results to the cause of Spiritual truth.

Postal Money Orders.

Not one in ten probably understand the workings of the new law in regard to making remittances under the postal money order system, and its advantages. We will cite a case which gives a clear idea. A clerk in a business house in New York was sent out recently to inquire the price of a draft of \$4800 on California. He ascertained that it would be three per cent, or \$144. His principal directed him to go to a well known banker to see if better rates could not be obtained. The clerk, mistaking the name given him, called on Postmaster Kelly, and was informed that his money could be sent by post office orders for \$24. This was an unexpected condition of affairs; money orders had not been thought of; but after due consideration the sum it was proposed to send to California was forwarded by means of these orders. The rate was just one-half one per cent. Four millions of dollars were transmitted through the mails by postal money-orders during the last fiscal year, as against one million three hundred thousand the year before, and the business of the money-order offices promises as steady an increase during the coming year.

More Indian War.

The New York Sun says, "It is a singular fact that ever since the Overland Mail contract was awarded to Ben Halliday, the Indian outrages begin at this season of the year; that is, at the season when the transportation of mails overland becomes unprofitable, owing to the scarcity of pasturage and the bad state of the roads." And the same paper adds: "It has also been noted as a little curious, that Indian hostilities cease at the opening of spring, the time when the grass begins to grow and it is no longer necessary to transport forage for the trains." Here are certain points that come together so ingeniously that it is worth while to consider them. It may appear, as it has in Davenport, Iowa, before, that there is far more white man in this business than there is Indian. There are as bad men as the worst of the Indians among the whites.

New Publications.

HASTE AND WASTE; HOPE AND HAVE. By Oliver Optic, Boston: Lee & Shepard. We have these two neat juveniles from an enterprising publishing house and a popular author, showing that the demand for Mr. Adams's stories and tales is without abatement. The one is a sketch, in the guise of fiction, of life on Lake Michigan, and the other, of the "Yankee troubles" of '63, in Minnesota. We need not say of these stories that they are the equal in interest and attractiveness of the previous books of Oliver who has long ago proved himself the friend and favorite of the healthy-minded boys of the country. These two handsome volumes will make a valuable addition to his series. All his books enjoy a wide sale, and ought to satisfy the pride and pocket of both author and publisher.

L. A. Farnsworth.

We have tested this gentleman's powers thoroughly, and have no hesitation in pronouncing him a capital medium, through whom invisible intelligences in the supramundane sphere of life are enabled to reach their friends in this. The work we have lately received are open to the inspection of any one. Mr. F. is located in Boston.





New Books.

NEW, LONDON EDITION. JUST RECEIVED. SUPRAMUNDANE FACTS IN THE LIFE OF Rev. Jesse Babcock Ferguson, A.M., LL.D., M.D.

TWENTY YEARS' OBSERVATION OF PRETERNATURAL PHENOMENA. BY T. L. NICHOLS, M.D. Author of "Forty Years of American Life," "Biography of the Brother Davenport," &c., &c.

EXTRACTS FROM PREFACE. "There can be nothing more important to man than the proof of his own immortality; and the value of this proof—the proof of a spiritual existence—remains substantially the same, whether it is given by high or low, angelic or demoniac, or by good or evil, by angels or devils. He who spent on the ground and anointed the eyes of the man who was blind, worked sublime miracles by the humblest means, and chose the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. A table rising from the floor may give as clear an evidence of supernatural power, as the most brilliant of the gods of antiquity, or the most powerful of the gods of the present. The terms, great and small, and vulgar, worthy and unworthy, do not properly apply to the facts of science. The microscope may be as important as the telescope, and an atom as worthy of investigation as a planet. The press of the statements of facts contained in this volume, I have thought best to present them partly in a natural order of relation, and partly in the order of their importance, so that the most important facts in single narrations which cannot well be divided, I have, however, endeavored to group together many of the most striking and important facts, so that the reader may have a complete view of the whole, and see the connection between the facts, and the laws which govern them. The facts which prove that invisible intelligences sometimes control the hands of passive mediums, and sometimes speak through the organs of speech to communicate with their friends, and convince them of their personal existence, and that the facts which speak languages which the passive mediums were wholly unacquainted with, or so act upon their whole muscular system as to make them do things which they had never seen, or all, as I think, as worthy of the attention of men of science and thought, as the most disputed sources of the life, or the most important facts of the world, when we find evidences of a watchful care exercised by invisible beings over mortals, protection from dangers, foretelling, clear predictions of future events, and providential guardianship; when we read of what may be considered as almost miracles of healing and other works of beneficence, we are compelled, at least to entertain the idea, or make them not be some important uses to be served in the communications between the visible and invisible worlds, even if we consider their value as being of a higher order than that of the world as quite unnecessary, and in view of the teachings of revealed religion, place no value upon direct testimony to the fact of immortality."

CONTENTS: Chapter I.—A Biographical Sketch of Rev. J. B. Ferguson. Chapter 2.—Early Observations of Physical and Spiritual Phenomena. Chapter 3.—Spiritual Communications, containing Proofs of Personal Identity. Chapter 4.—M. H. Chapman as a Medium; Indian Spirits and Spiritualism; Identity of Spirits; Modes of Spirit Influence. Chapter 5.—Spiritualism among the Shakers. Chapter 6.—Supernatural Facts connected with the Brothers Davenport and Mrs. Fay. Chapter 7.—Formation of Matter by Supramundane Power. Chapter 8.—Psychometry. Chapter 9.—Spiritual Intelligence; Sympathy and Trust. Chapter 10.—Supernatural Powers of Healing. Chapter 11.—Education by Supramundane Influences. Chapter 12.—Sympathy and Antipathy. Chapter 13.—Of Trances, and the Faculty of Governing. Chapter 14.—Prophecies of the Revolution. Chapter 15.—The Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse. Chapter 16.—The World of Spirits. Appendix.—Specimens of so-called Spiritual Communications, selected from Mr. Ferguson's "Records."

PRICE, \$2.50. Postage Free. For sale at this Office, 138 Washington Street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, (Room No. 6,) New York, Nov. 3.

JUST PUBLISHED. A NEW SCIENTIFIC WORK. THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, AS DISCOVERED IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE. THE SOLAR SYSTEM, LAWS AND METHODS OF ITS DEVELOPMENT; EARTH, HISTORY OF ITS DEVELOPMENT; BEING A COMPLETE EXPOSITION OF THE LAWS OF UNIVERSAL DEVELOPMENT, OF ORIGIN OF SYSTEMS, AND OF THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE UNIVERSE. ALSO, A HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF EARTH FROM THE PERIOD OF ITS FIRST FORMATION UNTIL THE PRESENT; ALSO, AN EXPOSITION OF THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE, GIVEN INSPIRATIONALLY BY MRS. MARIA J. KING.

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THE BOOK OF RELIGIONS; COMPRISING THE VIEWS, CREDITS, SENTIMENTS, OR OPINIONS, OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL RELIGIOUS SECTS IN THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY OF ALL CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA, AND OF THE HINDU, BUDDHIST, AND MISSIONARY STATISTICS, TOGETHER WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. BY JOHN HAYWARD. Author of the "New England Gazetteer," &c., &c. This work contains 438 pages, and, as a book of reference, is invaluable. For sale at this Office, 138 Washington Street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, (Room No. 6,) New York, Nov. 18.

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

Miss Mary L. Jordan, Muncie, Ind., and Physical Manifestations.

We hate imposture and loathe deception, as we do the slime that clings to serpents, and none shall outdo us in stripping the guise from charlatans, buffoons, and money-seeking pretenders to mediocrity.

We had heard of Miss Jordan before visiting Muncie; but with us, "hearsay" never determines merit or demerit. Knowledge, personal knowledge alone, can decide moral rectitude or faithlessness, in our estimation.

Giving a course of lectures upon the Harmonical Philosophy in the Universalist Church, Muncie, we met Miss Jordan, her father, her brother-in-law's family, and others that had known her intimately from childhood, and, uncollected, make the following statement: Miss Mary L. Jordan is a quiet, modest, unassuming young woman, in whose integrity and moral worth, community-saying nothing of Spiritualists—have the most perfect confidence.

She became in 1851, against her wish or will, a medium for spirit entrance, personation and physical manifestations. She gave free—"mark well"—free sances in her father's house, often thronged with strangers and company from different localities, as investigators, for twelve years, reducing the family to the brink of poverty.

As for ourself, we attended several of her circles. It was light—she holds no dark sciences. We witnessed wonderful manifestations; such as we believe absolutely impossible for any human being to accomplish, unaided by invisible powers and agencies pertaining to the spirit-world.

Before closing, we urge upon Spiritualists themselves the exercise of great discrimination and the most rigid scrutiny. Catechize, criticize, and closely investigate the claims of those "wandering mediums," who make their gifts a profession. No genuine medium will object to this. Truth and moral worth court criticism.

Spiritualists, when will you learn wisdom, and why will you give the least countenance to these money-making mountebanks, that the Spiritualist and secular press have warned you to shun? These impostors must very soon find their level. God, heaven, angels, will not always be mocked.

Every good, worthy medium shall receive our sympathy and most cordial support. At the same time we shall be exceedingly cautious to put no impediment in the way of impostors exposing themselves, and that right speedily.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Another truly good man, and genuine, practical Spiritualist, in the person of Elisha Smedley, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has passed from physical life to the blissful shores of the heavenly world. After a three weeks illness, termed "paralysis," with congestion of the brain, the crystal doors of immortality were opened, and upon the 13th of October, aged fifty-eight years and eleven months, he was welcomed among the loved ones gone before, leaving (only in the seeming), an excellent family, consisting of a wife and five children. Though conscious during his sickness, he was unable to converse but little; sufficient, however, to show an implicit and soul-sustaining faith in the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

dena, in Gasport, New York. His house was a lecturer's home, and the resting place for worthy mediums and teachers of the New Dispensation. It makes us sad to think that on earth we shall no more clasp his warm brotherly hand. Deeply do we sympathize with his family. Blessed the faith, the knowledge that sustains them in this time of trial.

We can truly say that he was a kind, honorable, upright man, universally esteemed by all that knew him. And those knowing him best, prized and loved him most. He was ever true to his principles, defending them in private and public, and what was more, he practically lived them; thus showing himself a reformer and benefactor of his race. May the richest blessings of the higher life, and the gentle watch-care of God's good angels descend upon and abide with our sister, the children, and all the family relations.

The Friends of Progress Yearly Meeting, in Richmond, Ind.

Friday, October 19th, being sixth day of the tenth month, the Friends of Progress, alias Spiritualists, of Richmond and vicinity, convened upon their twelfth anniversary occasion.

The meeting was organized, by placing Dr. Alexander, of Elkton, Ohio, temporarily in the Chair; after which Dr. J. L. Braflet was made permanent President, and Miss Lucretia M. Cook, Secretary.

Committees upon finance, business, resolutions, &c., were appointed after the customary methods. The meeting then resolved itself into a general conference, and abounded in various remarks and discussions, the principal theme being organization. With a single exception, all seemed to feel that the hour was ripe, for not merely local but for a State organization in Indiana.

Maxwell, Alexander, Adleman, Mrs. Cook, and ourself, partook in the debates upon this subject. We gave the regular address of the evening.

Saturday morning, the weather continuing fine, there was a large increase of attendance. Bro. Williams was invited to give a history of his plan for cooperative methods among reformers in fruit-raising, and other matters relating to social reform, on a tract of land purchased by him near the mouth of the Illinois River.

Resolutions were offered upon the state of the country, and specially discussed by Mrs. Wilhelm, Adleman, Bliss, Maxwell, ourself, and several others. It was a profitable session.

The regular lecture of the afternoon was delivered by ourself, from the text "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Mrs. A. Wilhelm was the speaker for the evening. The hall was densely crowded, all listening in breathless silence. Her lecture was an exceedingly happy combination of the philosophical and practical, the logical and the beautiful, the argumentative and the pathetic. All felt better, diviner, after listening thereto.

Sunday morning dawned fair and bright. The meeting was called to order, and opened in social conference, after which Bro. George Kates, of Dayton, O., addressed the audience to excellent acceptance. His subject, was the "Dawn of a New and Higher Era of Spiritualism." This brother should be kept continually in the field. Spiritualism took him from the clutches of Methodism.

The afternoon of Sunday was devoted exclusively to the Lyceum exercises; the children doing themselves great credit. At the close of the Lyceum session, Bro. Warren Smith gave an off-hand, pointed, pithy, scathing lecture, cutting the churches on the right, Spiritualists on the left, the chips flying in everybody's face. It was full of sound thought, and the audience enjoyed it, as Californians say, "hugely."

The evening was devoted to a very able and practical discourse from Mrs. A. Wilhelm. It was founded upon the words, "The spirit groaneth, being burdened." She dwelt upon ante-natal conditions, the transmission of tendencies to immortality, the falsity of fashions, the increase of impermanence, and many of the darling vices that scourge the age.

Miss Cook, the Secretary, presided at the piano, and Bro. John Bliss, a very estimable young man, conducted the music. On the whole, the meetings were excellent and spiritually profitable. Unity of action, warmth of soul, and a general feeling of harmony pervaded all the gatherings, with perhaps one knotty element. Hetchells are as necessary, however, in God's universe as harps. It is not pleasant to have one individual, "gag" a whole audience. Pools that poison neighborhoods may be "dried up," but self-conceited simpletons—who shall redeem such? We pray for the continuance of common sense enough never to force our talk upon congregations that do not wish to hear us. It is a one-man despotism, bordering on "devilishness!"

The Friends of Progress, not numerous in Richmond, are nevertheless united and determined. Complete success awaits them. May the richest blessings of the higher life descend and ever rest upon them.

Matters in Cincinnati.

Bro. Dean Clark addressed the Spiritualists of this city during October, to excellent acceptance. His fine social traits and high moral worth will secure him hosts of friends wherever he may dispense the words of life. Nellie L. Wiltse speaks during the month of November.

The season sociables commence the first week in November.

Bro. M. W. Cary, of the Reform College of the Lyceum, is one of our true and faithful workers, and most highly esteemed by the members of the Lyceum. Bro. A. W. Pugh is present conductor. Bro. G. W. Kates assistant, and also Secretary. These Lyceums are the nurseries of our Zion. They should be organized and supported vigorously.

The notice of A. B. Child's work, "Christ and the People," credited to the National Union of this city, should have been credited to the National Banner, Cincinnati. Mr. Quimby, Editor and proprietor of the Banner, sympathizes deeply with the spiritual philosophy and all liberal religious movements.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in Indiana.

At the yearly meeting of the friends of progress, held in Richmond, Ind., on October 19th to the 21st, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to confer with the local organizations, and the friends of free thought where no organizations exist, within our State, in regard to a State organization. We therefore cordially invite a free correspondence with our Chairman, in regard to time and place of holding a delegate and mass Convention for that purpose, at some early day. We desire the friends of each locality where they could accommodate the Convention, to state their means of doing so. We desire most earnestly, a response, hoping that our efforts to bring our great liberal movement into active workings, may be crowned with final success.

Samuel Maxwell, Chairman. A. G. Gardner, Fairmont, Ind.; A. L. Whitell, Attica; Mrs. Susan Greenough; William Lynn, Muncie; Hiram Gregg, Pennville; Mrs. E. A. Smith, Dublin; Jonathan Swan, Lotus, Richmond, Ind.

Resolutions.—Rev. S. Strick.

It gratifies us to behold "the sea give up its dead." This Brother, long buried in the grave of old, effete theology has come forth, putting off the "old man," the Church of the past, and putting on the living, inspirational Church of the present, founded upon the rock of eternal principles. We extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and welcome him into our blessed fraternity of faithful fellows. The Rockford Society of Spiritualists, after listening to his lectures, passed the following:

Resolved, That we welcome Bro. Strick to our number with pleasure, and commend him to the favorable consideration of Spiritualists, wherever he may chance to travel, as an able advocate and defender of our glorious teachings.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are due and are hereby tendered to Bro. Strick, for his able and instructive lectures, and should he again have occasion to travel this way, it will give us increased pleasure to welcome him to our homes and platform while sojourning with us.

Resolved, That the Officers of this Society furnish Bro. Strick a copy of these Resolutions and that the same be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for publication. L. B. Brown, Corr. Sec'y. STRICK PARK, Pres't. SOLOMON DWIGHT, Sec'y.

The above furnish the occasion for a few remarks. We always object having a Society pass resolutions commendatory of ourself.

In Lotus, Ind., the friends fairly flocked us, not even hinting at "resolutions" till after our departure; and Bro. S. Jones, in the kindness of his heart, published them in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The motive with him and the Indiana friends was high-purposed; but our Spiritualist papers can be filled with matter infinitely more interesting. Spiritualists want facts, philosophy and soul-culture.

In Bro. S. Strick's case, just entering the field, it is all very proper; but as a general thing these strings of resolutions are not worth the paper they spot.

Movements of N. B. Starr, Spirit Artist.

This brother, writing from Cynthiana, Ky., gives a very encouraging account of the condition of affairs relating to Spiritualism in his vicinity. He further informs us that he is engaged in painting a very large spirit picture, embodying such leading ideas of the Spiritual Philosophy as probation hereafter, and progress in all worlds. The scene is laid in those dark conditions that obtain in the world of spirits; the lover of which delight in the gratification of their former earthly loves. The miser grasps his gold, and sees it turn to ashes in his hands—the sporting man enjoys the excitement of the ring—the seducer is haunted by the fearful spectre of his former victim. Among these is one to whom has come yearnings of higher conditions—the divine spark begins to brighten—a new desire is begotten. Just at this crisis there stands before him a transcendently beautiful maiden, clothed in shining raiment, and beckons him to the higher influences of spirit-life. This is but a meagre sketch. When done, he proposes to travel through several of the Western States, exhibiting the same gratuitously, friends defraying his traveling expenses. On his way, he hopes to be able to take spirit portraits, and thus give tests and proofs of Heaven's ministering angels to earth. Those desiring him to visit their localities, should address him, Cynthiana, Ky.

To Correspondents.

All long articles, and others not especially designed for the Western Department, should be sent directly to the Boston office, 128 Washington street. We assume no responsibility; neither do we have any control over only such communications as are written by ourself.

R. S. S. AVOKA.—The reason we have not published your article, is simply this—we have found no time to put an idea into it, and suitably dress the same for the press.

MARIA.—Western New York. "Why does Christ come to see me so much?" We think you only see "psychologically." We do not "deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ," nor that of any other man.

E. L. M.—As to "good social letters," we should be happy to write you and many others whose faces are fresh in our memories. The want of time forbids—business first. Only yesterday there came into our hands twenty-three letters, relating to almost everything, from God down to "gossip." Most of these required immediate answers. Each day seems to bring increased labors and responsibilities.

SUCCESSFUL EDITORS.—An English writer says:

"A good editor, or competent newspaper conductor, is like a General or a poet, born not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. I can not state the name of the London Times, 'and any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper: he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters and combines; and to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another."

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in No. 43 Cornhill Row, first 2d. Evening meeting will commence at 7 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritual Society of Charlestown hold regular sessions, at Washington Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 P. M. Conducted by Rev. J. W. Gardner, Guardian. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. Macomber Wood.

THE INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charlestown, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square. Sent free. Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 P. M. in the City square, under the direction of Rev. J. W. Gardner. Speakers engaged—Susie A. Hutchinson during November; N. S. Greenleaf, Dec. 2 and 9; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Dec. 16, and 23.

CHelsea.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M., J. S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian. Speaker engaged—E. S. Wheeler, Nov. 4, 11 and 18; J. S. Dodge, Cor. Sec'y.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., in the City square, under the direction of Rev. J. W. Gardner. Speaker engaged—B. J. Finney during November.

HAMMILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Hammill, Mass., will meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., at the City square, under the direction of Rev. J. W. Gardner. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. D. Williams, M. D., during December. Conductor, Dr. W. W. Russell, Cor. Sec'y.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—The "Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternity" hold meetings in Lyden Hall, three-fourths the time. Conducted by Rev. J. W. Gardner. Speakers engaged—Mrs. J. H. E. Carter, Conductor; Mrs. J. W. Bartlett, Guardian. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. Wood, Dec. 2, 9 and 16.

SALEM, Mass.—Meetings will be resumed in October, in Lyceum Hall, and concluded regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, free to all. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Hyman during November.

WALTON, Mass.—Spiritual meetings are held in the Universalist Church, Walton, every other Sunday. Conference the third Sunday. Mediums and normal speakers wishing to make engagements will please address, John Puffer, South Haven, Me., or Rev. J. W. Gardner, Walton, Me.

WALTON, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Forest Hall every other Sunday at 1 1/2 P. M. Mrs. Yeaw, speaker.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall, Progressive Lyceum meet every Sunday at 11 A. M. Speaker engaged—Mrs. S. A. Horton, Nov. 4 and 11.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wednesday, Sunday, afternoons at 7 1/2 and 9 o'clock, and on Friday, Progressive Lyceum meets at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lyceum Conductor, L. K. Joslin; Guardian, Mrs. Abbie H. Potter. Speakers engaged—J. G. Fish during November; Fred. L. H. Whiting, January, 1867.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 1 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 1/2 in the forenoon.

HOVER AND FOXBORO, Me.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. A successful Sabbath school is in operation.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Bowdoin's Hall, 60 Broadway. Sent free.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday, morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall No. 55 West 33d street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock—Dr. D. H. Marks, Conductor. Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall should address—Mrs. F. O. Box No. 2, New York City. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during Nov.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street, services at 7 1/2 P. M.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Children's Progressive Lyceum holds public sessions every Sunday, at 2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Hayden, Conductor; Mrs. J. B. Butler, Guardian.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor; Mrs. L. Keith, Guardian.

SPRING CITY, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 241 York street. Lecture in the morning at 10 A. M., upon Natural Science and Philosophy as defined by Science, with scientific experiments and illustrations with philosophical apparatus. Lyceum in the afternoon. Lecture in the evening, at 7 o'clock, by volunteer speakers on the Science of Spiritual Philosophy.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Phoenix street every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Prof. J. R. Holt, Conductor.

The meetings formerly held at Sanson-street Hall, are now held at Washington Hall, corner of 6th and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. The morning lecture is presented by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock, the lecture commencing at 1 1/2 A. M. Evening lecture at 7 1/2 P. M. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Emma Hastings during Nov.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in the new hall every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds Sunday sessions at 1 o'clock P. M. Mrs. H. H. Allen, Conductor; Mrs. J. M. Eddy, Guardian.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., at Ellis Hall, Bellevue Avenue.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga street, corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at 11 o'clock, at the annual hours of worship. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will speak till further notice.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Hours of meeting 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Plancq, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plancq, Guardian.

QUINCY, Ill.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., in Hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular sessions every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 P. M., in Mechanics' Hall, 121 N. 2d. Conductor, Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Spiritualists," and have secured the use of a building of Music, north side of Fourth street, between Elm and Hume streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum regular Sunday sessions at 1 o'clock P. M. Mr. J. A. Lovell, Conductor; Mrs. D. A. Eddy, Guardian.

TOLEDO, O.—Mrs. Nellie L. Wiltse remains in Toledo during September, and will deliver a lecture at 10 1/2 A. M. and 8 P. M. on every Sunday during the month. Seats free. All are invited to attend. Hours of Lecture and Journal are for sale at the close of each lecture.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their meetings the first Sunday in November, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. in the Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th streets. Speakers engaged—A. B. Whittier, during Nov. and Dec.; N. Frank White during Jan. and Feb.; Charles A. Hayden during March and April; Nellie L. Wiltse during May.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Mrs. Laura Cuffy lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 P. M.

SACRAMENTO, Cal.—The Spiritualists hold regular Sunday meetings in Turn Verein Hall, at 11 o'clock A. M. Children's Lyceum at 10 1/2 A. M. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss O. A. Brewster, Leader of Groups.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

J. G. Fish, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, Pa. Miss FANNIE D. PATTON, Cache Creek, Colorado Territory. Mrs. J. FINNEY, of Andover, Mich., will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during November.

Rev. JAMES FRANKLIN, Manhattan, Minn. Dr. Wm. Fitzgerald will answer calls to lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy, as connected with the Physical Manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, Hillsdale, Pa.

Mrs. OLIVER A. FIELD will answer calls to lecture. Address, New York, N. Y. A. C. AGOSTINI, French, trance speaker, box 1833, Chicago, Ill. ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will lecture in Philadelphia, during November. Will make further engagements for the fall and winter anywhere the friends may desire. Address as above.

Mrs. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON's address is Denver City, Colorado Territory. N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Dr. D. A. GALLION will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control, upon diseases and the causes, and other subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dr. L. P. ORANGE, Evansville, Wis. Mrs. EMMA HINDS will lecture in Philadelphia during November, and in New York and St. Louis up to the end of December. Will accept engagements for the fall and winter at St. Louis. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. HENRY HOUGHTON will lecture in Mill Village, N. Y., during Nov. Will speak Sundays and week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. SUSAN A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Charleston, S. C., during November, in Oswego, N. Y., during December. Address as above.

CHARLES A. HAYES, 82 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture on the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

Dr. E. B. HOLDEN, No. Clarendon, Vt. Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt., will speak in Foxboro, Mass., November 11. Address as per appointment, of Brandon, Vt.

Miss JELIA J. HUBBARD will speak in East Kingston, N. H., Nov. 11 and 12; in Newton, N. H., Nov. 23. Address, Box 21, Maiden, Mass.

W. A. D. HUNN will lecture on Spiritualism and all progressive subjects. Address, 25 West 5th St., Cleveland, O. LYMAN C. HOWE, trance speaker, Clear Lake, N. Y. J. D. HARCALL, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin. Address, Waterloo, Wis.

Dr. H. HAMILTON lectures on Reconstruction and the True Life of Community, &c. Address, Hammond, N. J. Mrs. ANNA E. HILL, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Whitesboro', Oneida Co., N. Y.

Jos. J. HATFIELD, M. D., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings. Address, 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. LOTINA HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. MOSES HELL, Milwaukee, Wis. Dr. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Miss SUSIE M. JOHNSON, feeling, in common with others of her class, a strong Western impulse, proposes opening the closing year in that large field of labor, and solicits early applications for her services. Her services, had she any, as far as practicable, economize in travel. Permanent address, Milford, Mass. Will lecture in Portland, Me., during Nov.

Mrs. H. JOHNSON, Conductor, will answer calls to lecture in the new hall every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds Sunday sessions at 1 o'clock P. M. Mrs. H. H. Allen, Conductor; Mrs. J. M. Eddy, Guardian.

Dr. J. K. KELLOGG, lecturer, East Trumbull, Ashabola Co., Pa. will speak in Monroe Center the first Sunday of every month. Mrs. ANNA KEMBALL, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in New York City. Address, 52 Broadway, corner 12th street.

GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y. J. S. LOVELL will speak in Cleveland, O., during November. Address, 121 N. 2d street, New York, N. Y. Mrs. E. K. LADD, trance speaker, 113 Court street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. M. LAWRENCE, M. D., will answer calls to lecture. Address, 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. Mrs. MARY M. LYONS, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich. Mrs. H. T. LEONARD, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN will answer calls to awaken an interest in, and to cultivate the use of, the Progressive Lyceum. Present address, Salina, Onondaga Co., N. Y. Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 11, 18 and 23, and Dec. 2. Address, Box 72, Westport, Conn.

Mrs. SARAH HILLEN MATTHEWS. Address, East Westmoreland, N. H. Mrs. MARY A. MITCHELL, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism, Sundays and week evenings, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, during the fall and winter. Will attend Conventions and give lectures when desired. Address, care of box 221, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. JAMES MORRISON, lecturer, Melton, N. Y. Mr. & Mrs. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care W. B. Batch, Jr., 10 W. Monroe St., trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in New York City. Address, Boston, Mass. LORING MOODY, Maiden, Mass.

B. T. MUSE will lecture on Spiritualism within a reasonable distance. Address, Skaneateles, N. Y. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Ala. CHARLES S. MARSH, semi-trance speaker. Address, Westport, N. Y.

Prof. R. M. McCOON, Centralia, Ill. Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Beloit, Wis., during November. Address as above, or Aurora, Keokuk, Mo., Ill. A. L. E. NASH, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y.

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