

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XX.

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NO. 9.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## OUR CHRIST.

BY MARY A. WHITAKER.

Oh, thou divinest Teacher! Heart of Love!  
Thou consecrated Prophet of the Good,  
Whose holy life-thoughts inbreathed from above,  
Burst into deeds, as on the earth thou stood!  
Art thou not with us here, as when of old  
Thy blessing fell upon the thirsty soul,  
Like dew upon the flower, and to thy fold  
The wounded came, and thou didst make them whole?

We seem to lose thee in the dust and strife  
That stifles us to-day, and blind our eyes  
To all the grandeur of thy human life,  
And all the beauty that around it lies.  
The war of creeds, the deafening clash of words  
Heed not the simple music of thy name;  
Our trembling hands no longer strike the chords  
Of thy great soul-lyre, though it lives the same.

We listen! but thou art not; so we deem  
We only hear the echo of a sound,  
Like the dull, muffled bell-note of a dream,  
That tells of sepulchres and death around;  
A sound unearthly, coming from afar,  
A stranger to our sympathies and trust,  
While all our finer senses feel the jar,  
And yet we seek thee, Christ, because we must.

Ay, we must seek thee, for our human lot  
Is lonely and bereft without thee now;  
But oh! thy spirit-touch will reach us not,  
Unless we humbly to thy precepts bow.  
Then help us to obey those precepts clear—  
To love our brother, love the outcasts all,  
Defend the erring, never turn our ear  
From those in need, or who for mercy call.

May we remember that the pure and true  
Alone can see thee clearly as thou art,  
That thy sweet presence will our lives renew,  
But when from sense and sin we long to part;  
That they who strive for perfect righteousness,  
E'er find in thee a helper and a friend—  
For still thou livest to uphold and bless,  
And still thou lovest us unto the end.

Then turn we from the shadows men have made,  
To claim our worship as we speak thy name—  
Such are but mortal, and will surely fade  
With all the vestiges of mortal fame;  
A brighter form arises as we gaze  
Athwart the ages, to that distant hour  
When thou, dear Christ, didst wake in meek  
amazement  
To consciousness of thy celestial power.

There from thy glorious world of youthful dreams,  
Came forth the vision of a life divine,  
And drew thee upward, where the early beams  
Of heavenly light shone on thy work sublime;  
Then, as thy matin-hymn soared on the wing  
Of rosy dawn to greet the coming day,  
Fair angels, hovering round thee, sought to bring  
Most precious gifts to strew thy outward way.

Yes, in that hour of aspiration high,  
Thy young heart panting with its lofty aims,  
Thy thoughts all glowing into ecstasy,  
And strong of will to bear a martyr's pains,  
We see thee as thou wert, thou wondrous child!  
No common pilgrim at the shrine of good,  
No mourning wanderer through a desert wild,  
Repeating o'er life's ills in murmuring mood.

New hopes for them gush forth in richest tones,  
And at thy look the tempter swiftly flies.  
Into the heaven of thy pitying heart  
The sin-worn wanderers thou dost seek to bring,  
While they who bid them in their shame depart,  
Of thy just indignation feel the sting.

Oh Christ! our martyr, prophet, saint and sage!  
Thy life was, as thy death, an offering free,  
Recorded on the scroll of every age,  
In characters that live eternally.  
Thy cross of love is crowned with stars of light,  
Beside whose lustrous earthly glories pale;  
It sheds around our path a radiance bright,  
That almost shows the world beyond the veil.

Thy consecrated cross—we hold it dear!  
Para emblem of a true humanity,  
Memorial of the life unfolded here  
Into the flower of man's divinity,  
That we might own a world-wide brotherhood,  
And seek the full redemption of our race,  
Believe in one great destiny of good,  
And, through the Son, look on the Father's face.

Not as a slave, to crouch beneath his feet  
And talk of "wrath" and "price" and "scheme  
and "plan,"  
But with the freedman's heart that bounds to meet  
The grand ideal of a perfect man,  
Transformed to angel in that "better land,"  
Where all will dwell in joy and liberty,  
The strong support the weak, and hand in hand  
Progress to purer life and harmony.

Thus would we know thee, thus believe on thee,  
Blest Spirit of the Universe of Love!  
Thou dost, from thy high sphere, our conflict see,  
And thou wilt ever truth and mercy prove,  
By making lowly souls thy dwelling-place,  
And moving them, with inspiration's power,  
To live thy life, and, by thy quickening grace,  
Infuse thy past into their present hour.

So may we bring the Christ once more to man;  
Reflected in our lives his image bear;  
Make known his God-like ministry; and when  
Our cross grows heavy with its load of care,  
Look on that through devotion's martyr-tears,  
Unshrinking plant it where glad duty waits,  
Then, Jesus, thou wilt calm our faithless fears,  
And open for us the bright, immortal gates.

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Came forth the vision of a life divine,  
And drew thee upward, where the early beams  
Of heavenly light shone on thy work sublime;  
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We see thee as thou wert, thou wondrous child!  
No common pilgrim at the shrine of good,  
No mourning wanderer through a desert wild,  
Repeating o'er life's ills in murmuring mood.

shut up his sorrow in his own heart, and there  
was stagnation and moral death.  
Madam Homer had left Mrs. Perry, to remain  
with her daughter in her sorrow. Anna Selden  
never had loved her child as most mothers love,  
but her death had made a terrible void in the  
house. Silence and desolation reigned. Her little  
toys had been carefully gathered and put out  
of her father's sight, for Aunt Hannah had noticed  
the look of despair, and at times almost angry  
defiance, which overspread his face whenever  
any memento of the lost one met his gaze. The  
difference between the father and poor Peter in  
this respect was marked. There was no more  
sincere mourner than Peter. Born a slave, he  
had run away across the border and was pursued  
by his master. Judge Perry had purchased his  
freedom, and the boy had served the family from  
that time. He knew nothing of his family, save  
that his mother was dead and his father sold to a  
Southern planter. Peter had laid up a great part  
of his wages, and had now a handsome sum in  
the bank. There were few persons in Dalton  
who enjoyed life better than Peter after Birdie  
came, like a bright, tropical bird that she was,  
to make such joy and brightness for his lonely life.  
Now that she was gone, he cherished every mem-  
orial of her. The little throne, as he called it,  
where she used to sit, was kept carefully covered.  
A pair of shoes, half worn, were treasured in a  
box, and a dagger-shaped wreath of her was always on his  
table, and he never passed a day without shedding  
tears over it.

In the cemetery, it was Peter that kept fresh  
water in the vases, and carried fresh flowers  
every morning. The father never went to the  
grave—at least, no one ever saw him there. He  
ordered a rare and costly monument from Italy,  
but he avoided the little mound that marked her  
resting place. Let us look at him with the eyes  
of the little governess, who is a wonderfully close  
observer of men and things around her; but you  
would not think so, to see the demure, patient  
little body, always cheerful, but quiet and re-  
served, save when some warm, loving nature, like  
Mrs. Perry, draws her out, and when her heart is  
fairly carried. "It was wonderful," her friend  
said, "what rich treasures there are in the ar-  
senal."

February.—Our dear little Birdie has gone. How  
much I miss the little pattering feet that used to  
come to the school-room, and putting her little  
curly head into the door, would say, "Peace,  
Miss Gay, may I come; I be very good." And  
good she always was, and a great help to our  
passionate Willie, who would yield to her, when  
it was so hard to give up his will to parents and  
teachers. She was a sweet singer, and would sit  
in my lap when I sung, looking so like a little  
cherub, that I often felt as if she would take  
wings and fly to her home in the skies. How  
beautifully she looked when she laid in her casket!  
Of course there were flowers. Friends far and  
near sent white roses, and white camellias,  
&c., &c.; but what touched me most, was a crown  
of white immortelles, which Peter made himself,  
and placed about her head. Poor Peter! Strange  
to say, I pitied him that day more than the father  
or mother. Some allowances must be made for  
the warm, impulsive temperament of his race,  
but Birdie had been fond of Peter, and allowed to  
be with him; and having little else to love, he  
had almost worshipped the dear child. It was  
touching to hear him ask permission to walk be-  
side the carriage that contained the corpse; he  
could not drive that day. Mrs. Selden has wept  
herself sick; she talks incessantly of her loss.  
But the father; not one word escapes him, and no  
one has heard him mention Birdie's name since  
she died. Peter ventured one day to ask him  
how he wished the grounds prepared in the cem-  
etery. His reply was, "Peter, I wish you to see  
to it; you understand it. But consult Mrs. Perry  
and she will advise you. Say no more to me on  
the subject."

Mrs. Perry determined one day to make an  
effort to break this strange reticence. "John,"  
said she, "will you ride to the cemetery with me  
to-day? I wish your opinion about the space be-  
tween your mother's monument and the one you  
have ordered for Birdie."  
He looked at her a moment very kindly, she  
said, a softened expression chasing for an instant  
the dark shadow that now rests upon his face,  
then turned away without speaking and left the  
room.

Madam Homer is a professing Christian, and  
she very injudiciously undertook to lecture him  
upon want of submission to God's will.  
"It will never do, Mr. Selden, to take on in  
this way. God sends us trials for our good; you  
have sinned against him and he has chastened you.  
If you rebel under one trial, he may send you  
more."  
"I was never more frightened in my life," she  
said, "when he rose from his seat and came to-  
ward me, his face pale with passion, and his voice  
trembling; 'Madam, I have tolerated you in my  
house, because you were connected with my  
child; I would not willingly have given her one  
moment's pain; henceforth you will find some  
other home,' and he turned and went out."  
The old lady came over to Woodside, and talked  
and wept alternately all day. "I do not know  
what will come next," she said; "maybe Anna  
will be turned out, too." I do not much wonder  
that it has come to this, for I have some sym-  
pathy with Mr. Selden in his dislike of madam.  
She tries poor little Willie's temper sadly. He is  
a very timid child, afraid of the dark, and she  
makes sport of him, which mortifies the little fel-  
low exceedingly.

The Judge and his wife were spending a few  
days in Cincinnati last week, and she resolved,  
it seems, to cure Willie of his weakness in their  
absence. I was absent at a Musical Soirée, and  
did not return till between eleven and twelve at  
night. I went in, as was my custom in the ab-  
sence of Mrs. Perry, to see if the children were

warm and comfortable for the night. Willie's  
room joined Nettie's, but I found the door closed,  
which was not usual; as I opened it I saw by the  
light of the night lamp which I carried, that the  
sheet was drawn over his face, and there was a  
quick movement, as if he drew himself still fur-  
ther down. "Willie, dear, aren't you asleep  
yet?"  
He sprang up, looking very pale, and his eyes  
wild and staring. "Oh, Miss Jessie! I'm so glad  
you are come!" and he drew me down toward him-  
self, kissing me again and again. "Hark! don't  
you hear a strange noise in that closet? I read a  
story the other day about there being a skeleton  
in every man's closet, and I thought one had got  
into mine, and I could hear the old bones clatter-  
ing. Auntie said I must go to bed without a light,  
and not have the door open; that it was time I'd  
learned not to be such a baby; she said nothing  
would hurt good boys, but bad children must look  
out. Now, you know, Miss Jessie, I am not at-  
ways a good boy, I am sometimes very naughty,  
and I am afraid to go to sleep. Oh, Miss Jessie,  
please stay with me a little while. I have said  
my prayers over and over, but I can't get this  
line out of my mind, 'If I should die before I  
wake.' When you opened the door, I just got a  
peep at your long white night-dress and I thought  
it was a ghost, but when I heard your voice, I was  
so glad. I have been awake here ever since eight  
o'clock, trembling all over and trying to go to  
sleep. Auntie says I must go to bed every night  
till mother comes home, without a light, and the  
door must not be open between sister's room and  
mine."

"Come with me, Willie," I said. "Would you  
like to sleep in my room to-night?"  
"Wouldn't I, though! Oh! you are the dearest,  
bestest little teacher that ever a fellow had," and  
he sprang out of bed and took my hand. I led  
him into my room, where a fire was still burning  
on the hearth. I warmed his little hands and  
feet—for nothing is more chilling than fear—then  
I laid him in my own bed, and sat down by his  
side and read aloud that beautiful psalm, "The  
Lord is my shepherd." Before I had finished, the  
eyelids had drooped over the weary eyes, and I  
marked the sweep of the long dark eyelashes, so  
like those of his mother. Poor little fellow! how  
much he had suffered that long, cold evening. I  
determined it should not be so again. The next  
evening was a lecture which I always attended,  
and about seven o'clock madam gave Jim orders  
to harness the horse and sleigh and take me to  
the hall. I simply remarked that I should not  
go out, and kept on with my practicing. Soon  
Nettie came and asked if I would play a game of  
chess with her. We were in the midst of our  
game—we played very slowly, for Nettie was  
learning—when madam said:  
"Willie, the clock has just struck; you may go  
to bed."  
He looked very pleadingly at her. "Please,  
ma'am, may I have a light?"  
"No, Willie, you understand, I am doing this  
for your good; bid us good-night, and go."  
I watched the quivering lip and the palling  
cheek, then rose, lighted a lamp and said, "Come  
with me, Willie."  
"You need not interfere; I will manage the  
children in the absence of the father, Miss Gray."  
"That is my business," I said, "and I will be  
responsible to Judge Perry for my conduct.  
Come, Willie."  
I led him to his room; I listened to his evening  
prayer and then sung him to sleep; and when I  
had watched for a moment the sweet face in its  
calm, placid slumber, I descended to finish my  
game with Nettie. Madam was sitting looking  
very stately and stern; she had a habit, when  
angry, of holding her head high, which made the  
two great pupils of her turban seem larger; and  
her large, regular features almost masculine in  
their sternness.  
"It is no more than I expected, Miss Gray,  
when I undertook to superintend my brother's  
household in his absence. No persons are more  
insolent than hirelings who are too much in-  
dulged. I have warned my brother of the conse-  
quences of his kindness. You have made mis-  
chief enough in one family, you are ready to do  
it in another."  
"What did the woman mean? Her insults I  
could bear, but such insinuations were intoler-  
able. I was too angry to reply mildly, and there-  
fore I said nothing; but all the time I was play-  
ing the game a sad feeling was at my heart, a  
fear that this woman would make mischief for  
me."  
March 10. They are painting the wood-work of  
the parlor, and I give my lessons, and practice on  
the grand piano at Greenwood. I like this so  
much better than our own, that Mrs. Perry prom-  
ises to sell hers and buy one, the next time she  
goes east. I always bring over my old German  
pieces, my dear father's favorites, when I use this  
instrument.  
Last evening I was surprised to see Mr. Selden  
come in and seat himself on the lounge while I  
was playing. I had an instinctive feeling that  
he would prefer to have me take no notice of his  
presence. I therefore went on with my playing  
as if he were not there; no, not exactly that either,  
for I selected some of those grand old pieces that  
seem to me to purify and exalt. Then I sang; "I  
know that my Redeemer liveth." I had heard  
Jennie Lind sing it a number of times, and, while  
I well knew my singing could not compare with  
hers, yet father used to say that he was satisfied  
with my performance of it—and he is very criti-  
cal. I sang it slowly, I think with feeling, be-  
cause I always enjoy it so much myself. When I  
had finished it was too dark to see my notes, and  
I rose to go; but, as I did so, I saw Mr. Selden's  
hand was on the bell-ropes, just about to ring for  
lights. I passed out, he bowed. "I thank you,  
Miss Gray." I was wrong, perhaps, but I spoke  
upon the impulse of the moment: "Mr. Selden, I  
will come and sing for you whenever you wish."  
God knows my heart, that when I said this I

thought only of the stricken soul before me, alone  
in its bitter grief. "Come to-morrow evening  
then," he said, and went out with me, walking to  
the little arbor which was on the boundary line  
of the two gardens. I was sure that I heard a  
rustling in the thick lilac hedge upon the right of  
the summer-house, and had a passing thought  
that it was Rover after some game.  
"If you please, bring Mozart's Requiem to-mor-  
row evening, Miss Gray."  
"I will. Good-evening, sir."  
I went into the library, where we were sitting  
evenings now, while the parlor was being painted.  
The Judge and his wife were there; she was knit-  
ting a soft wool shawl of the finest worsteds—white  
and salmon color, while the Judge was reading  
aloud the last Atlantic. The fire burned bright-  
ly, but the lamp was shaded, so that there was  
just that soft, subdued light in the room which  
soothes the weary. I thought as I glanced at the  
beautiful face of the wife and the noble head of  
the Judge, now nearly bald, but showing all the  
better the lofty brow, what a contrast to the cheer-  
less, stern, sad man I had just left. The Judge  
paused a moment in his reading, and placed a  
chair for me near the light. Mrs. Perry, noticing  
my music, asked if I enjoyed the grand piano as  
much as ever.  
"Yes," I answered, "and Mr. Selden came in  
and listened, and I sang, 'I know that my Re-  
deemer liveth,' to him."  
"I am very glad," said the Judge. "I wish  
John would come in here; we might cheer him up  
a little. I have hoped and prayed that little  
Birdie might still be the means of making him a  
better man. Let him have your music, Miss Gray,  
if he will listen; he has a fine taste and a correct  
ear. Now we will go on with Gail Hamilton, or  
'Abigail,' as my wife calls her, and see, Miss Gray,  
if you can define the position of poor Hallema-  
nus. If she means her husband, my wife says  
she'll have no more of Abigail, and I am inclined  
to think myself that good old Milton and Abigail  
would be sadly at variance upon the rights of a  
husband; and as for St. Paul, if he were living, he  
would, no doubt, bring out a revised edition of  
his epistles to suit the writer."

While he was speaking Madam Homer entered  
the room and seated herself in a large arm-chair  
which stood vacant in the warm corner, and re-  
sumed the knitting which she seemed to have left  
only a short time before—for her knitting-basket  
was in the chair.  
April.—Eight weeks since I wrote in my diary!  
So long a time has never elapsed before without  
some record of my life, since I learned to write. I  
have had no heart to chronicle the trials that have  
fallen to my lot—the petty annoyances that are  
more trying to patience than severe afflictions. At  
one time I thought I must leave my pleasant  
home, my pupils and the friends who have made  
life so bright to me, and all through the malice of  
one bad woman. When I last wrote, I was practi-  
cing on the piano at Greenwood, and Nettie also  
took her lessons there. I generally went over  
soon after dinner, which was at four. It was the  
custom at Woodside to have tea sent into the li-  
brary at eight in the evening, and I managed to  
finish my practicing and be at home at that time.  
One day at dinner Mrs. Perry said to me:  
"I have a sonata which I wish you to play to  
Mr. Selden this evening; don't forget it, please,  
nor come away until he has heard it, even if you  
should be detained awhile. Who knows but you  
may do for this modern Saul what David did for  
the misanthropic King of Israel!"  
"I wish I might," I said, "give peace to that  
household."  
When I entered the library Mrs. Selden sat  
there reading. I asked, "Shall I interrupt?"  
"Oh no," said she, "I came on purpose to hear  
you."  
I proposed we should sing a duet together. She  
assented. She has a rich, sweet voice, needing  
only practice. I said this to her, and asked her  
to play that I might hear her. Here, also, I found  
that she had been well taught, and might be a pro-  
ficient if she would apply herself.  
"I have thought I would do so," she said, "but  
I have no heart for anything which requires effort,  
Miss Gray. Indeed, I do not care to live. I wish  
this day were my last."  
I felt great compassion for her, and I prayed in  
my heart, "Lord, teach me what to say to this  
stricken one." I thought then that the right words  
were given me, but I must have been mistaken,  
for they gave offence. "Your husband, Mrs. Sel-  
den, is very fond of music. I think if you would  
give it to him often, it might do him good; and I  
am sure it would help to chase away the sadness  
which oppresses him."  
"You are mistaken, Miss Gray; my husband  
wouldn't ask me to play if he knew I could make  
music like an angel."  
"I would not wait for him to ask me, Mrs. Sel-  
den. When people are as morbid as he now is  
they seldom ask for music. Give it to him when  
you find him here; after once hearing you he will  
enjoy it more and more."  
At this moment Mr. Selden entered; his wife  
was still at the instrument, and I whispered her  
to play something which I was sure he would  
like. She did so, but was evidently nervous and  
agitated, and did not perform as well as before he  
entered. No word of praise or blame escaped  
him. I proposed something else, but she refused  
and left the piano.  
"Have you brought the music you promised,  
Miss Gray?"  
"Yes," I said, and performed it.  
"There, that is music!" he said.  
"I felt sorry that I had played, for I thought his  
wife would be pained; but she was not there. I  
then played the piece Mrs. Perry had proposed,  
and rose to go."  
"Just a little longer," he entreated.  
But I told him that tea would be waiting, and  
"There is Willie," I said, "to call me."  
The little fellow had promised to come for me.  
As we went through the garden, we noticed Ma-

## Literary Department.

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## JESSIE GRAY.

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

### CHAPTER IV.

"There was a malicious smile of triumph upon the face of the fiend, for the young man had made a false move upon the chess board and lost his soul. And I beheld, and lo! the Guardian Angel turned away and was seen no more."—GAMES OF CHESS.

"If he would only speak, or weep, or manifest some emotion," said Mrs. Perry, "but this stern silence is terrible. Why, he don't seem to realize that his wife is almost broken hearted. Poor Anna! she mourns incessantly for her lost child." Such was Mrs. Perry's remark to Miss Gray, as they sat by the fire a few weeks after Birdie's death.  
"His grief is terrible, Mrs. Perry; I never saw the like before. There is no submission, no faith in God, and apparently no hope for the future." Alas! it was too true. John Selden's idol was broken, and earth had nothing to offer in return. Desolation was in his heart and home. But he was a proud man still, and reticent and cold; no human being had his confidence, none his love.  
As I write, I am reminded by the papers which lie before me of the startling crimes which have thrilled the community with horror during the last three months. The telegraph lines vibrate with the records, and with our tea comes our evening newspaper, so that we almost literally sup on horrors. We stop and wonder that men in high standing and of apparently pure life, should shock the world with a breach of morality or faith that sets God and man at defiance. So, too, are we startled when we hear of the first case of cholera in our street. "How has it come among us?" we ask. "How mysterious!" says another.

A moment's reflection convinces us that there is no mystery in the matter. Far away in the filthy quarters of some Eastern city, where the poor, wretched, half-starved outcasts of humanity herd together in damp, filthy cellars, the miasma is generated, the subtle poison concocted, and wave after wave of the vitiated air is borne onward, and we, who thought the filthy Egyptian and vile Turk separated from us by an impassable gulf, find, by the stricken victims in our midst, that there is in the human race a brotherhood of sin and suffering.

The pestilence never comes without a cause—no great sin ever comes alone. There are few great, solitary mountain peaks in this world, but ranges have their highest points; the Kings among the groups lift their crowned heads to heaven. No man becomes a great villain in a day. The sin which the newspapers chronicle, and which makes us hold our breath in awe, is but the ripened fruit of a tiny seed dropped long ago in a favorable soil. We know the result, but we know not of the long, secret germination. How many have been driven to desperation by the tyranny of the stronger, while others have been hardened by sorrow—the sorrow which should be like the rain of heaven, to beautify and make the soil bring forth fruit for the use of man, but which has only produced the rank growth of noxious weeds.

John Selden was becoming morbid. He had

clam Homer taking an evening promenade on the gravel walk. I forgot to add that when I left Mr. Selden said:

"Your music cheers me!" "Thank you, sir," I replied, "music is good for us," and I added, though my voice trembled, and I felt afraid when the words escaped me, "I sometimes think that our Birillo must be making sweet music now, she loved it so well here!"

He was evidently not angry, but he was taken by surprise; for so few had dared mention that name to him.

"I wish, Miss Gray, I could believe in a heaven! Good-evening."

He evidently wished to avoid conversation on that subject.

Whenever Mrs. Perry could, she went over with me, and she would persuade Mrs. Selden to stay in the library with us; but she did so reluctantly, and there seemed to be a deeper gulf than ever between husband and wife.

Our parlor was pronounced inhabitable in a fortnight, as usual, long after the time promised by the painters, and I again practiced in my old place. I heard and saw little of the Seldens. Mrs. Selden was over frequently, I believe, but always when I was in the school-room with my pupils. One evening, about this time, I was at a concert where I was to sing some solos. Just after finishing one, I had retired to a quiet little niche near the organ, where I thought I could rest unobserved. While there I heard two persons near me talking, to whom, however, I was indifferent until I heard my own name:

"Yes, most people like to hear her sing; for my part, I think she lacks power. Look! there is Selden down in that corner pew. The first time he has been into the church since his mother's death. I suppose you know what brings him here, don't you?"

"No. What, pray?" evidently with great curiosity.

"Why, the governess—Miss Gray—of course. People are not always so nice and sweet as they seem. They say Selden will be divorced from his wife this summer, and you may guess what will follow. Mrs. Hall told Mrs. Day, and Mrs. Day told me, that Madam Homer said that her eyes had been open for some months. She, Miss Gray, you know, has been in the habit of going in these evenings to sing to him, and has been waited upon her home—you know the gardens join—and a nice flirtation they have had of it! I was half a mind not to come and sing in the choir with her. This evening will be the last time."

"Miss Gray," said the manager of the concert, "we are ready for you. Will you give us that solo from Donizetti now?"

I was faint and sick. I think he must have noticed my paleness, for he said, "Drink this," pouring me a glass of something. I did not ask what it was, but drank it off quickly. It was some cordial, probably, for it revived me, and I sang to the satisfaction of the audience. I conclude, for there was loud applause, and I must return, the manager said. I did so, but my effort was mechanical. I knew not what nor how I sang. It was my last for the evening, and as soon as I had finished, I slipped out behind the organ, and down the gallery stairs into the cool, fresh air. I was a mile from home; the family were all in the church. It was a cold, drizzly, wet April day, the melting snow lying thick in the pathway. I had left my shawl and rubbers. The carriage was standing in the shed near by, but Jim had gone into the church to hear the music. One person, and one alone, probably had seen me go out. Peter had driven Mr. Selden to the concert; Mrs. Selden was not there. I had heard Nettie say that she had not left her room for a week, though she was not ill. I had taken little notice of the remark, for we had become accustomed to her peculiarities. As I was saying, one person had noticed my exit from the Church. Peter had been standing alone near the head of the stairs; whenever there was music, he always seemed to get as near it as possible. He saw my paleness, my hurried manner, and I had gone but few steps before he overtook me.

"Please, Miss Gray, stop a minute! I feel thought it was too much for your strength; but yet your song was so sweet of dem all. Oh, Miss Gray, I thought of Birillo all de time! 'pears like she was heading down to hear. Stop, please, Miss Gray, yer have no shawl! I'll have de horses out in one blessed minute!"

I stopped an instant; my thin shoes were already wet through, and the sudden change from the warm house to the chill night air had given me quite a shivering fit. At another time I should as soon have gone in the Greenwood carriage as the one from Hillside, but those terrible words were still ringing in my ears.

"No, Peter, thank you, I prefer to walk," and I hurried onward.

He evidently thought singing had deprived me of reason, for I heard him mutter:

"De blessed little soul! she'll catch de lung disease, and we'll have no more music."

I was walking on rapidly, eager for the privacy of my own room, when I was again stopped by Peter, who, out of breath, was running after me with a shawl which he had taken from the carriage.

"Dere, now, Miss Gray, let me put dis yero over yer shoulders. Master John will not miss it, and if he does, he rather yer'd have his coat, too, than catch cold, and never sing dem yero sweet songs no more."

Some one passed us that moment with a whip in his hand, a boy about fourteen years old—John Day. I knew him well. He had heard what Peter said, and gave a long, low whistle after he had passed. I threw the shawl back to Peter, and ran on, not stopping till I found myself in my own room. Once there, I threw myself upon my knees and burst into tears. Oh, my dear father, I must go to you! I must leave this place at once! What have I done that I should be the subject of such wicked gossip? And then I remembered Madam Homer's threats, and she that hid in the shrubbery the evening Mr. Selden asked me to come again and sing.

[To be continued.]

**SOLD—"DOG CHEAP."** An exchange paper says, "A great watchdog belonging to a Philadelphia dry goods warehouse, died recently, and the clerks could not readily get rid of the body. They finally put it in a packing case, nailed on the lid, and marked it 'A. T. Stewart & Co., New York,' left it over night on the sidewalk, first giving a hint to the watchman on that beat. That same night a furniture wagon, with the horse's feet muffled in pieces of carpet, drove up, two men jumped out, quickly and quietly put in the box, jumped in again and drove away. That was the last seen of the remains of that faithful animal."

**A BRUTE.**—A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they are afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to walk, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more risky than all the others put together."

### Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

#### THE FOUR GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Four little girls! they were playing in glee, Under the shade of the old arbor tree, When an angel swept down from the azure skies,

And the children looked up with wondering eyes. He blest them, and said in the tenderest voice, "It is mine, little blossoms, to give you a choice: So ask for the best which your wisdom may know, And mine is the pleasure and power to bestow."

Then she with the black eyes said, "Beauty for me,"

And she with the hazel said, "Wealthy I'd be;"

The one with the gray cried, "Ah! fame for my part,"

And she with the blue, "Give me goodness of heart."

Then the angel smiled sweetly, and said, "It shall be,"

And floated away in the deep airy sea.

The fleet years flew onward, and brought to the four

The answering gifts from the angelic shore; With each came the shadow attendant on bliss, For we cannot taste joy and its bitter side miss.

The beauty was dazzling, but guileless by mind, To her faults and her foibles lamentably blind; She lived like a butterfly blown by the wind Hither and thither the roses to find.

And she who chose riches more wealthy became Than Croesus of old; and I say, too, to her shame, That she wed with her hand, and no part of her heart.

And she saw, as her wealth grew, her joy-light depart.

The gray eyes were crowned with the laurels of fame, The great world grew hoarse as it shouted her name; But sad were the hours and o'erfreighted with pain, And furnished the reaper who garnered this grain.

But she who chose goodness, not only was blest, But found with that treasure she held all the rest! It made the form lovely, it gave every grace, And spread the veil Beautiful over the face.

It drew to her friendship and ferventest love; Her guardians were angels, most pure, from above. Her life was unblemished and worthy of fame, And the whole world delighted to honor her name.

Ah! ye who are wanting a magical art To make you most lovely, try goodness of heart.

(Original.)

#### CECILIA, THE PURE.

A little more than sixteen hundred years ago, there lived in Rome a noble family, who had a lovely daughter, Cecilia. Her parents clung to the old Pagan worship, and believed in many gods, whom they served for the sake of the good they hoped they would bestow on them. But Cecilia had heard of the truer and better faith that Jesus taught, and there was in her young heart a gleam of that light that Jesus made manifest to the world, and she accepted the Christian religion of those days with childlike trust.

This religion was very much like the Spiritualism of to-day, and Cecilia was a medium, talking with angels and beholding their faces. No wonder she believed with her whole heart, for she knew, as well as did Paul, that there was a power about her, and that her faith did not depend upon any imaginary beings, as did that of her father and mother.

Her parents loved her too well to oppose her religious beliefs, and she was left to act freely and to commune with heaven when and how she chose. Her guardian spirit was so distinctly seen by her, that she felt no fear by night or day. In her hours of seclusion she communed with him, and he directed her and encouraged her.

There led from Rome, at this time, a long track called the Appian Way. Its pavement was formed of masses of lava; and even now the tracks of the chariot wheels of the Romans, made more than two thousand years ago, may be distinctly traced. Along this famous Way were the monuments and sepulchres of the Roman families. These tombs extended fourteen miles on each side of the Way. Some of these sepulchres were formed like a tower; many were like a pyramid, and others like temples, with grave or elegant designs. Sometimes a single individual had a monument, and sometimes whole families. In some reposed the body, in others only the ashes, according to the later Roman custom.

Back from these tombs were the superb villas of the wealthy Romans, and they formed a strange contrast to these homes of the dead. Within the places was all the busy life that circulates always about a home. There, young men and maidens, rejoicing in the goodness of life, danced and sung and made merry; and just beyond, those quiet sleepers were always telling how all was to end by-and-by. Underneath the Appian Way the Christians had also excavated burial places, called the Catacombs, and these were often their hiding-places in times of persecution.

When Urban, one of the early Christian Fathers, was banished from Rome, he found a place of shelter in an old Roman temple on the Appian Way. He was thought to be one of the holiest of men, who had power to consecrate others to a holy life. Consequently very many Christians, mostly among the poor and despised, thronged the Way to receive his blessing.

Among those who had learned to love and reverence Urban was Cecilia. She was in the habit of going to him for counsel and sympathy. It was from him she learned how glorious is martyrdom for the sake of principle. She became so enthusiastic in her faith, that she conceived herself to live in close communion with Jesus, and she made a solemn vow that she would ever live the pure life of a maiden.

It is not strange that the Pagan ideas of her father and mother should have influenced her faith; and the holiness of a life devoted to purity was conceived to mean an unwedded life, in which no cares could draw the heart from heavenly thoughts.

But Cecilia's parents wished her to marry. And they chose for her husband a noble Roman by the name of Valerian. He was in every way worthy the beautiful Cecilia, and yielding to the wishes of her parents and the influence of her

guardian angel, she allowed the ceremony to be performed.

She was clothed in a tunic of white wool, and her hair was braided in six long tresses. A flame-colored veil floated over her whole figure. Thus she stood listening to the Pagan ceremonies, but keeping in her heart her holy vow.

According to the custom of those days, she was led from her own home to that of her husband. A procession of friends accompanied her, and torches lighted the way. The portico of her husband was decorated with white hangings and garlands of flowers and of green. When she had crossed the threshold they brought her water, as an emblem of a pure life; then a key, to signify that she had household duties to be performed—and that she was expected to prove a true wife in her care and devotion to the interests of her household. She was then seated on a fleece of unspan wool, to signify that she was expected to be industrious, and perform all the labors that devolved on a wife.

A choir of musicians then performed their finest music; but it was said that Cecilia kept chanting to herself and praying to God. After the supper was served she was conducted to the quiet of her own room, and they assembly departed.

When Cecilia was alone with Valerian, she said, "Dear friend, I have a secret. Will thou keep it?" Of course he assented. "Listen," she said; "an angel watches over me, and loves me, and keeps me from all harm, and he, too, will love thee, if thou wilt help me to keep my vow."

"But how do I know that it is an angel of God, when I cannot see him?" asked Valerian.

"If thou wilt believe in the one true God and be purified, then thou shalt see the angel," said Cecilia.

"But how can I be purified?" said Valerian, doubtfully.

Then Cecilia declared that down the Appian Way dwelt a holy old man, and that the poor Christian would conduct him to his presence, and through him he should be made able to see the angel.

Valerian loved his beautiful bride so well, that, at the first dawn of day, he went to Urban; and under his influence he believed, and put on the white robe worn by the Christians, and returned to his Cecilia. As he opened the door of her room he saw her kneeling, and near her stood the angel, his face radiant with heavenly light. The spirit held in his hands two crowns of flowers, one made of roses, the other of lilies; and one he placed on Valerian's head and the other on Cecilia's; and they both heard his voice:

"From the gardens of Paradise I bring these flowers," said the spirit. "They will never fade; their perfume will be ever fresh. None but the pure will ever be able to behold them. Now, Valerian, I am commissioned to grant thee one boon, because of thy willingness to devote thy bride to a holy life."

Valerian asked that his much loved brother, Tibartius, should receive the faith. The angel promised and departed, leaving behind an atmosphere of glory.

Tibartius just then entered, and he smelt the delicious fragrance of the unseen flowers, and he expressed his surprise. They both told him of the gifts of the angel, and exhorted him to believe. He, too, sought Urban, and was converted.

For a time, these three lived a peaceful life, filled with the enthusiasm of a faith so pure and inspiring. We are not told whether they communed often with angels, but we have reason to suppose they did. But Valerian and Tibartius were among those that sought to give burial to the martyred Christians, and for this they were arrested and brought before Almachius, who then executed the legal power in place of the Emperor Alexander Severus, who was absent from Rome on account of a war then waging.

Almachius hated the Christians, and determined to persecute them while he had the power. He tortured and killed, but the faith lived and glowed in the hearts of thousands whom no fear could terrify.

Valerian and Tibartius would not deny their faith to save their lives or to win favor. He ordered them to be carried down the Appian Way to a Pagan Temple, that they might burn incense to an idol; if they refused they were to be beheaded. They had no time to return to Cecilia to take leave of her, but it is said she was able to meet them on the way, and urged them to be steadfast in the faith. They refused to burn incense, and they were beheaded; but their bodies were buried by their friends, on the left side of the Appian Way.

Soon Cecilia was summoned to appear before the cruel ruler. She avowed her faith and trembled not. Fearing that he was exercising more power than would be agreeable to Severus when he should return, Almachius ordered Cecilia to be privately martyred. He ordered her to be shut up in her bath room, and a hot fire to be made in the hypocaust, which took the place of our stoves. It was supposed that in this air she would soon die; but an atmosphere was shed about her by her guardian angels that kept her from death, and she was found patiently waiting, when they thought to take her out dead.

Almachius then ordered that she be beheaded at once, but the executioner's arm seemed paralyzed. Three times he brandished his weapon and attempted to strike her, as she sat calmly waiting the stroke; but each time he failed to take her life. By law, no one was allowed to strike more than three blows; if the third was ineffectual, the victim was left to die. Thus Cecilia was left bleeding from her wounds but not dead. After the executioner had left her, her friends came to her, and a crowd of the poor that she had delighted to aid. She smiled sweetly on them, and bequeathed all her worldly goods to Urban, to be devoted still to the charities that she had always preferred to all selfish pleasure. She spoke hopeful, cheerful words, and not one of complaint. She lay on her right side, her arms drooping one over the other, and her head slightly bent down. Thus she died, and while all the things of earth faded from her vision, her angel appeared with more glory than ever; and there was no fear, as she gave up her earthly life for the more blessed one, to which Valerian and Tibartius had already gone, and from which they gave to her the strength and peace that she needed.

The history of her martyrdom, and her consecration to a holy life, soon made her sacred to the early Christians, and she was esteemed a saint, and was revered and even worshipped in after years. The day appointed for the commemoration of her festival, is the 22d of November. She is considered the patron saint of music, because of the sacred chants that she sang, while the musicians were sounding forth the gay music on her wedding-day.

It is said that several centuries after, when her tomb was opened for the second time, the sweet perfume of roses and lilies was distinctly perceived. It was as fresh as if the imperishable spiritual flowers bloomed there, an eternal testimony of the goodness and purity of her heart. There is something very beautiful in this history,

coming to us still fresh through the many centuries. It is sweet to know of a fair and lovely girl, thus forgetting all the pleasures that belonged to her noble life, for the sake of a faith that was dear to her, and for the sake of blessing the poor and suffering. We like, also, to know that spirits talked with beautiful maidens long ago, and that they beheld their faces, for in this way we understand more clearly the power that now is given again in as great measure. The blessed angels have never forsaken their holy work of ministering to and aiding the children of earth; but there have been but few in the past who, like St. Cecilia, could behold their faces and hear their words.

A great many young men and women of this day, have full faith in the power of the angels, but they are unwilling that others should know it. It was not so with Cecilia. As she went down the Appian Way, she went far from the fashionable haunts of her friends, and away from the popular crowd. She went among the poor and despised, and then as she carried to them gifts from her own abundance, she listened to the accounts they gave of spiritual vision, and recited her own experience.

Beautiful maiden, may thy influence still be felt in the hearts of our children, teaching them how blessed is the reward of a life consecrated to the pure, the true and the good.

(Original.)

#### HOW TO STILL TROUBLED WATERS.

It was noticed by a scientific man that there were spaces that were smooth on the surface of agitated water; that, although the rise and fall of the water was the same, yet there was no breaking of the water into waves. This led him to believe that these smooth spots were caused by oil on the surface of the water. Therefore he began to experiment, and found, if he emptied a vial of oil on the water, from a boat, even when there was quite a breeze and the waves high, that almost immediately the water about the boat was stilled.

Franklin once stilled the sea by stretching his cane over the side of the ship; but the cane had a vial of oil in the end of it. Some men of science, however, declare this to be only a poetical fancy; we hope it is not, for we like to think that, as the waters of the great deep are stilled by a little oil, so the great depths in the hearts of men, when stirred and lashed into foam by passion, may be stilled by the oil of human kindness. Pleasant as it would be to go out in a boat and pour the vials of oil on the waves and see them grow calm, there are experiments that are far more interesting, that we can all try almost any day.

Little children with the laughing eyes and sunny faces always have at hand a vial of oil, that is sweet with perfume, too. Try it, will you? Pour out that love and gentleness when some boy or girl is angry or ill-tempered, and see if the effect is not as great as when oil is poured upon the angry waters and they become calm.

In the fearful riot of New York, when it seemed as if the tempest of anger would destroy everything, a good, benevolent, large-hearted man stood up before the mob. He uncovered his head, white as the snow, and spoke words of brotherly feeling. On his face was a calm, hopeful smile, as if he could see something in that crowd of upturned faces besides the anger and hate and revenge that glowed there. Many thought he would be killed; but no; the rioters paused, listened and then quietly dispersed. He had poured oil on the waters, and they were calm.

Try the experiment. Try it in the street and at school, and, if need be, at home. You will find yourself greater than a magician or a philosopher.

#### Answer to Transposition in our last.

I've something sweet to tell you, Then lend a listening ear: I dearly love good children, They fill my heart with cheer. Their eyes are brightly beaming, Their hearts are gay and light, Like golden sunshine beaming, They make life's pathway bright.

#### Answer to Puzzle.

The letter U. Enigma, "Time," &c., is imperfect; it contains a grammatical blunder that spoils it.

#### THE POWER OF SPIRITS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

We have many tests of the power of spirits to handle material substances, and have known them to evince anger at any disturbance during "séances." We have also seen the evil influences thrown upon physical mediums—influences that seem to change their moral characters—until the taints of evil, foreign to their previous natures, mingled in the currents of their electrical and magnetic fluids, and the observers were made afraid to approach a promiscuous circle, or yield their organism to spirit-control. We have seen the happiness and worldly prospects of mediums become prostrated, treated with insults and coldness by their former friends, shunned by their ministers, ridiculed by his congregation, until those of delicate mind or feeble faith have resented the spirits and turned in despair from the new religion to seek safety in the old, where they could so easily shuffle off their sin upon the shoulders of an innocent Elder Brother—atoneament bought by washing in his blood.

Investigators and mediums forget that spirits return in just the condition they left the earth; that the process called death has not changed their natures, but expect to find purified, heavenly angels, in their communion; they are, therefore, disgusted when they behold the same views and feelings manifested in spirits that characterized them while on earth.

Much has been said upon the danger of yielding to the invisibles. Spirits do not create conditions; they have only power to cultivate the latent qualities they find in certain organizations. There must exist a rapport and affinity between spirits and mediums ere they can control for good or evil. Those who are sensual or mercenary, attract spirits of like natures, thereby bringing to light hidden talents or latent evil tendencies. Many mediums have displayed extravagant follies after development, where they exhibited innocence before—such as love of money and malice, unaccountable to themselves and others. Even this we are not prepared to say was caused by spirit-power. Other agencies may have developed the inharmonies, for the germs must have been planted and only waited for the proper time to mature.

But to thousands modern Spiritualism has brought light and divine truths; its teachings are of priceless value. "Take away my mediumship?" says a noted lecturer; "rather let me die for spirit-intercourse is my life, my earthly blessing."

The certainty of the soul's immortality, the knowledge that we shall again meet and recog-

nize our dear departed, is a divine revelation, a root from God. It leads us to aspire to a more perfect development and awakens faculties which discern a purer state of existence. Spirits have begun the mighty work of the social regeneration of the world. Their presence is manifested to us clearly; they whisper, in gentle tones, consolation for the present and hope for the future; they teach the doctrine of individual responsibility; that each one should stand forth in the majesty of true man and womanhood, to be against all slavery and unjust commerce, while makes the poor poorer, while it increases the wealth of their oppressors.

Progressed spirits teach us to do good to a man—enemies as well as friends—that just as we live here so we will appear in spirit-life; there is concealment can avail; clear eyes penetrate through every disguise, and the cloak of false religion will drop useless at the feet of the hypocrite; deceitful smiles cannot hide the cruel nature, for the soul is revealed in its purity or deformity.

Let us listen to the counsels of our spirit-guides who, by experience, can lead us up the ladder of progression, which they ascend and descend with messages of love, to prepare us for the change which none can avoid; giving us tidings by which we can assist each other in our pilgrimage. Those spirits who are still in darkness, who come to us for sympathy, we must receive kindly, soften their antagonism and aid their progress until they fraternize with us in aspirations after the beautiful and the good.

#### 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 Allen.)

#### THIRD DAY—SUNDAY.

Morning Session—Conference.—Mrs. A. P. Brown expressed a desire that a tribute of sympathy be paid to Bro. Tuttle, in condolence for the loss his dear partner.

Endorsed by Warren Chase in some appropriate remarks.

N. Randall felt deeply the appropriateness of the manner in which the conference was being opened.

Song by Mrs. Manchester.

Mrs. Tanner spoke poetically of the power of Spiritualism to sustain in all afflictions. It opens the door of heaven, and enables the loved departed to reënter the home made desolate, and soothe the sorrowing heart with the sweet breath of immortal affection.

Mrs. S. A. Horton paid a feeling tribute to a man of God, the late and much lamented Mr. Tuttle, some very earnest and touching words uttering Truly did the Convention realize at that moment a baptism of love, and the blessedness and satisfying power of that spirit communion, which binding up so many broken hearts all over land and the world.

Mrs. Rebecca G. Kimball, of Lebanon, N. H. an unconscious trance gave the following poem, for exquisite beauty, sweetness and comprehensiveness, has rarely been surpassed:

#### LIFE AND LOVE.

Out of itself, and into itself, the River of Life ever runs; As close to sea, or sea to cloud, all under the summer sun. Water is water in cloud or sea, and life is life in love; Creature is creature in every form, and God is God in all.

Out of itself and into itself ever runs the River of Love: From Man to Spirit, from Spirit to Man, from Spirit to God above; From God to Being, from Being to God, in whom the Universe lives; From the River of Life flows the River of Love, and it grows as it gives.

Out of itself and into itself, all that ye see or know Swims like a mighty medium, or a ceaseless ebb and flow. But over it all, and beyond it all, as the sun is beyond the Moon, Ye can but think there is something else, or all this would be done.

Out of themselves and into themselves run the Rivers of Love and Life; Mingled and flowing in the worlds below, and in all the worlds above.

The worlds of Matter in circles run, but Spirit moves in love; And sinks to fathomless depths, or soars to topless heights above.

And God, like an all-enclosing Globe, self-poised, uncluttered free; Holds all that ever was and is, and all that ever shall be. Not ite but in Him is the Universe, and His life is the life of all; And on His bosom of infinite love for Life and Love we fall.

It was proposed as a fitting sequel to the beautiful love thoughts and home influences of morning, that the resolution on Home, introduced by H. C. Wright on Saturday, should be adopted which was done, the whole Convention sighing with joy.

A collection was taken for the purpose of pressing practically to Mrs. Manchester the appreciation of her excellent harmonizing and inspiring musical improvisations.

The Secretary was instructed to present thanks of the Convention to the officers of the Unitarian Church, of Montpelier, for the use of their commodious and elegant edifice, and to present copies of the same to the press of Montpelier. Vote was taken the next Annual Convention held on the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday August.

Mr. Wright, 2d, remarked on the delightful character of the conference, and related a vision which he had recently had. He was promised that the vision should be interpreted something during the Convention.

Charles W. Walker said he had not designed to be present at this Convention; but a few days before the time arrived when he must start home, and he suddenly felt that he must attend; he was free to say that he had been ten thousand times repaid, if merely this morning's conference be considered, than which, he said, we have had a more harmonious and excellent one.

A few remarks by G. W. Ripley, warm and earnest as usual.

Mrs. Manchester gave a fine musical interpretation of Mr. Wright's vision.

Mrs. A. P. Brown then related another vision which she also, at once musically interpreted. The Convention adjourned till afternoon, a large portion of the members remaining to attend the Unitarian services.

Afternoon Session—Conference.—John Powell Woodstock, gave an interesting narration of personal religious experience and of the progress of Spiritualism in Woodstock, dwelling especially upon the obstacles and opposition with which the first pioneers of the cause in that place were contended. He was in early life a Unitarian; but faith; next a Universalist; then a Methodist; and finally a Baptist. The next Boston Convention thirteen years. While in this condition of skepticism—when all connected with death was and cheerless, and no hope was indulged of beyond—he visited Mrs. Kendall, the first spirit medium in the State of Vermont; and returned to his home he made the remark: "I had been to the place where God had put his foot in Vermont for the first time." The darkness and gloom were dispelled; his doubts and fears vanished; death was "swallowed up in life."

people has been, to a great degree, overcome, and Spiritualism is now respected by the best and most candid minds everywhere.

Julius H. Mott, of Washington, D. C., a young man of fine abilities and excellent heart, gave a spirited account of the condition and progress of our cause at the National Capital, and spoke, also, of the general tendency at the South and West to organize for great practical ends, and to believe in great work has been done as anywhere else in the nation.

Members of Congress and others who would hardly be expected, from their position, to have the moral courage to take part with us, are in almost constant attendance. The most sterling talent and unflinching integrity of the nation is sympathizing with us.

An illustration of the deep and powerful undercurrent of spirituality which is setting in at the Capital (as everywhere else) and remodeling the public sentiment of the nation, allow me to narrate an incident which occurred at the funeral, at Washington, of our late lamented Lincoln.

There was present on that occasion one whose name I am not permitted to mention—a resident divine—not a Spiritualist. This reverend gentleman told the Hon. G. W. Julian, M. C. from Indiana, a personal friend of mine, that he distinctly saw the spirit of the martyred President standing near the corpse.

Mr. Lincoln approached him, and with his peculiar benignant smile lighting up his features, used substantially these words: "Why, oh why all this needless parade over my body? It is not I which the people are beholding—I have flown. I am free. But my spirit is not beyond my earthly abode. I am here, and I can still operate upon the minds of the people, can mingle my thoughts with theirs; and I am confident that my influence will be greater than while inhabiting yonder clay. Our beloved country will emerge from all its difficulties, and become what God the founders, and all good spirits desire that it shall be: free, in every sense, and fully civilized."

This reverend gentleman is only one among many similar constantly occurring; all going to show that our spirit friends are ardent and deeply engaged in behalf of universal liberty, and reminding us that we should cooperate with them in every effort for the elevation of humanity. Let us, therefore, endeavor to make Spiritualism practical. Let us allow it to outwork its legitimate results in our daily lives.

Timothy Perkins, of Barnard, made some pertinent remarks on the subject of prayer. He said he had learned how to pray in such a way as to secure an answer, and illustrated his thought by the following anecdote: Last spring while "sugaring off" we were much hurried at one time, and built very hot fires. We then prayed that the liquid might not run over. But behold! the first we knew the pans were not large enough to contain the sugar. We then prayed, "Oh, Lord, I've prayed, but we did not catch." We then reached. But still it ran over. I seized the ladle and commenced stirring—our prayers were answered—the pans were large enough. I thus concluded that in order for prayer to be effectual, we must not only pray, but watch and pray, and—*talies*. (Laughter and applause.)

Warren Chase in some earnest remarks greatly lamented that the Spiritualists have as yet no school house, no academy, and no college; and that Vermont would send to the next National Convention the five delegates to which she is entitled, and that something at that time would be done worthy of the cause and adequate to the demands of the age.

Mr. Carroll, an aged gentleman, spoke of the deep well of Spiritualism and the "living waters" drawn therefrom, and gave an account of some striking tests he had received through Mr. Mansfield and others.

The closing addresses of the Convention were given by Eben Clark and Fannie Davis Smith. (They will appear next week, together with the informal proceedings of the evening.)

**Annual Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.**  
The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association held its Annual Meeting at Berlin, according to previous appointment, on Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of September, 1866.

The first business was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: For President, Col. A. B. Smedley; Secretary, J. P. Gallup.

Among the speakers present were W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mrs. S. E. Warner, Rev. Moses Hull, J. I. Rouse and M. C. Bent.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION.

THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING,

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

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

THIRD AND LAST DAY—OCTOBER 12.  
Forenoon Session.—The Convention was called to order by the President.

Dr. Lawrence sang the song E. Pluribus Unum. Mr. Tooley moved that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions in the name of the Convention, thinking the friends in Lawrence for their respective kindred, being the object of the Convention. Mr. Tooley's motion was seconded and became the will of the meeting, and Mr. Tooley, Mr. Wheeler and Mrs. Mayo, were selected to act in regard to the resolutions.

An invitation was given to all friends of the cause from any State, to express their views during the session.

Mr. Richardson desired information as to the time and place of the next meeting of the Executive Committee. It was reported from the Executive Committee, that it had been decided that the next meeting should be held in Boston, the second Wednesday and Thursday in January, 1867.

Mr. Tooley spoke in regard to the course required to commend Spiritualism to the intellectual and reflective. There must be perfect candor and respect to facts. He had been required to submit to criticism because he had known it to be a duty to criticize others. We should not succeed in commending our ideas and philosophy to the hard, sensible intellect of the age, unless by culture we are able to state our knowledge, according to the method of science and rule of order. There must not only be phenomena, but analysis also. The shaking and jumping, the gabblings and twittings of shut-eyed mediums, was not conclusive. We cannot move without careful, strict and close discrimination. We must exhaust the department of detail, then we can collate a system. We need vigorous, clear-headed thought, rather than trumpery manifestations of a character as varied as absurd.

Mr. Wheeler agreed with Bro. Tooley, as to the absolute necessity of thought and research, and he was aware that Bro. Tooley agreed with him in his idea of the intrinsic value of the manifestations which, occurring through "shut-eyed mediums," had convinced him and thousands of others of the fact of immortality, and the communion of the two hemispheres of life. Mediums are often ignorant, not always moral, and yet through even the ignorant and immoral spirits do manifest, and thus we come at the marrow of life, and are able to blast the spiritual and analyze the unseen. We often find that cures our ills in some common and neglected spot. He hoped in the Convention, to hear from others than regular speakers. There was fire among the people, and that was what moved the heart. The intellectualist was a machinist, who worked his iron cold. The inspirationalist was a blacksmith, who only worked it when red hot; both artisans were needed for a finished work.

Mr. Guild, of Lawrence, urged the claims of phrenology, as a part of the spiritual science. Mr. Tooley was sure phrenology would find its place as a part of the universal system which was indicated by Spiritualism.

Mr. Blunt, of Gloucester, spoke of the services science has rendered the cause of true religion. It has disabused the minds of men of superstition by dissipating ignorance, and has brought to an end all undue regard for the arbitrary and external forms of expression. Still, science is as yet fragmentary; it needs to be collated that we may discover the harmony of the whole. Spiritualism is needed by the scientific, while science is one of the needs of Spiritualism.

Dr. Allen, of Gloucester, said he had just been born into Spiritualism, and still belonged to the church. Spiritualism had been to him a means of liberation and elevation, and his freedom seemed to float around him, and his soul was uplifted to the divine. He felt it our duty to earnestly and energetically work, that the truth may be spread, and liberty and progressive life become the universal blessing. We must not be discouraged at the oppositions of bigotry. We must meet misstatement with facts, and superstition with truth, and realize opposition as Franklin overcame those who derided his theory of electricity, answering cavil by fact on fact. From Franklin's kite to the Atlantic Cable was a long way, yet the thing is done. Primitive Christianity and Spiritualism are one, and if we are faithful to it, we shall captivate the hearts of the world.

After some pertinent remarks by Mrs. N. J. Williams and Professor Tooley, the Convention adjourned till the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.—Convention called to order by the President. The Affirmation of Principles was read and new members admitted.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence and Mrs. M. B. Kenney were announced as the regular speakers.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence was introduced by the President, and took the platform, introducing his address by reading a set of Resolutions which he held in his hand as the basis of his discourse. The doctor gave a long address and spoke upon a number of matters connected with the theory of electricity. The reader will have to be content with a meagre report of many things referred to. The doctor assumed that too little attention was given by Spiritualists to the science of life. Hygiene was not enough considered as a measure of development. We cannot expect to succeed with the spiritual unless we can do justice to the physical. The communication we have with the spirit-world is not as perfect as we are apt to think, unless we are sensible and practical. We must investigate Nature and learn how to live, becoming pure and true. It is our duty to become reformers, and of ourselves first. The next step in reform is for our children, and here the education must be ante-natal at first. Few mothers comprehend their responsibility, or understand the fearful consequences of unfavorable and natal influences upon the life of the child. The mother's disorder are often the results of the mother's discipline to bear children. The little book, "Why Not," by Dr. Storer, says much, very much more could be said to reform these abuses which are so dreadful. All reforms link themselves together and supplement each other. We must have, as fundamental to improved conditions, the Land Reform; we must legislate effectually against the use of money, and we must have the commonwealth of evil. The doctor gave a great deal of information relating to the public lands, and called upon the working men to put a stop to the present management in regard to them. The doctor made a report of the public charities as a means of reform. He thought reform was needed in their methods of action before the best results would be forthcoming. Amusements, too, came in for notice. They were not only a source of being a moral influence themselves, but would supply the means for the most noble charities. The doctor's speech was long and full of matter; it was radical and suggestive, furnishing an abundance of food for thought.

to reform all this wrong; parents could and should privately educate their children. Then a man would no longer die through ignorance, nor would he be troubled by the ignorance of his sons.

Mr. Richardson made a plan for the Lyceum, urging that its function was true education for the children. "Out of the fullness of his heart came his words for it."

Mr. E. S. Wheeler, of Boston, and Mrs. Nellie Brigham, from Haverhill, were announced as the speakers for the evening, when an adjournment was carried.

Evening Session.—After the usual preliminary business, Mr. E. S. Wheeler was given the platform. He said, "We, Spiritualists, like discoverers newly come to a great and noble country; and we are dallying along in its pleasant valleys, and by refreshing springs, but it is time we rose from our rich and fruitful soil. We shall never know the riches of the land we have made our own until we push forward and climb its mountains, explore its forests, triangulate and survey its rivers, and learn its geography and topography, and thus, by grand and earnest work, prove ourselves worthy of our destiny. Spiritualism, at its first estimate, is but a chaos of phenomena. First, a manifestation, curiosity, observation. Then, inevitably, by mental process, we introduce method into our investigation, and observe system in our arrangement of the results obtained by research. This method is science, and it is the philosophy to which we are tending. Spiritualism is to be a Science inevitable, and then the student of all science shall find Spiritualism a torch whose clear light alone can guide him through the confused maze of materialism. Facts are not as truths. Becoming scientific, learning the relations of the things we know, collating, comparing, defining, by a spontaneous process we advance another step from knowledge, facts, and known relations, we infer laws and principles. This is philosophy. Thus far, then, we have Spiritualism a chaos, Spiritualism a science, and then Spiritualism a philosophy. But this is not the ultimate. "The ungodly astronomer is mad." That is not religion which quarrels with science, trammels research, or checks education and inquiry. That which does this is superstition. Religion is the knowledge of the relations of our natural relations to life—the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. These relations are unfolded to our perception by the teachings of science and the inferences of philosophy. By the power of perception we intellectually grasp truth. Our emotions are kindled by that which we see, and we are ravished by the beauties of natural religion, as the soul is entranced by the harmonies of music. The raptures of the celestial worship all possess the soul, whose universal birthright they are. Through the microscope, and through the telescope, we see God—ay, even as "our Father in heaven." Thus, at last, by the divine method of procedure, we have Spiritualism as a Fact, as a Science, as a Philosophy, and as a Religion—as a fact to astonish and comfort the masses, as a science to educate the world; as a philosophy to sanctify the world, and as a Religion to hallow the world.

Owing to the absence of Mrs. Brigham, Mr. Wheeler was allowed more than the usual time. Deep interest was manifested in his remarks, especially in his reference to the religion of Spiritualism. The lecture occupied nearly an hour; the report gives the outline of the argument.

Mr. Lane, of Lawrence, by invitation, took the stand, and made a most interesting and instructive address, in which he presented the general tendencies of Spiritualists in their methods of investigation. Though in sympathy with Spiritualism to a certain extent, at least, he maintained the position of independent individuality, and it is fitter to grow up ourselves than to seek to pull the heavens down.

Prof. Tooley, in rejoinder, sharply and scientifically called Mr. Lane to account, and the prospect was bright for an exhibition of intellectual gymnastics, and a close and amiable argument, but the lateness of the hour cut short the interesting discussion thus ably begun.

Prof. Tooley delivered the closing address, of which, having no notes, we shall attempt to report, other than to say it was fit and worthy of the time and occasion.

From the Committee on Resolutions, Mr. Tooley reported the following:  
Regarding in the occasion which brings us together in State Convention, we are thankful for the spiritual, intellectual and social strength it has developed, and as expressive of our enlarged convictions of usefulness, we send greetings of renewed fraternity to our co-laborers and sympathizers in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That every earnest survey of our experience as an Association, we find reasons to justify the organization of State effort, and rejoice ourselves to continued action to make it effective to the necessities of the people.

Resolved, That thanks are due to the friends of the enterprise in Lawrence, particularly Mrs. Flora W. Bowker and Mrs. M. B. Kenney, for their generous and self-sacrificing labors in procuring and preparing for the use of the City Hall for our first gathering; also to the friends who so cordially invited us to their city, and kindly entertained us during our stay.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee, making Boston the place of our next meeting (second Wednesday and Thursday in January, 1867), meet our hearty approval, and we pledge our power to make the occasion a pleasure and a profit to all who may attend the Convention.

Resolved, That we thank the officers of the Convention for their courteous and impartial ruling, and rejoice that we are able to report to our friends and the world that concord and unanimity have characterized our proceedings.

The resolutions being put to vote were unanimously adopted, when, with the usual formalities, the Convention was adjourned to meet at Boston, the second Wednesday and Thursday in January, 1867.

condition of that immortality, the endless progression of the soul—a grand truth, upon which all philosophy of the future life is predicated, and which was never so fully adopted before by any of the known philosophies or religions of the world; and it teaches that the soul, or spirit, can never die, but that which man calls death is only a change in the conditions of life, an entrance into a higher state, a continuation of the life commenced on earth, on a superior and more progressive plane of existence, there to exist, improve and advance forever.

It binds no soul in its faith or belief, teaching that the former is not a matter of volition, and the latter is a result of the convictions of the mind.

It trusts to the law of progress and the efforts of wise minds to lead all people to the acceptance of the highest truths that are known and taught in the world, and which are eternal.

We desire the harmonious action of all classes of reformers; and especially do we ask the cooperation of that respectable body of free thinkers and reformers who cannot now accept the spiritualistic view of immortality, not from an inherent opposition, but who have, thus far, failed to obtain satisfactory evidence, yet endorse the practical teachings of Spiritualism in regard to liberty, progress and equality of human rights; deeming it the part of wisdom to unite as far as practicable all reformers, to do intellectual battle against the Spiritualist error.

We regard Church and State reform positive necessities, so long as States are plentiful in politics with little morality, and Churches plentiful in piety with little practical righteousness. We claim the right of individual judgment, sacred on all subjects, and the right to express that judgment equally sacred, without regard to sex or color, by press or rostrum. The negative right to hearken, or not, is equally sacred. The most sacred right is that of being righteous!

Organization among Spiritualists and reformers is becoming an imperative necessity, bringing about an intelligent and natural union among the lovers of liberty, truth and order; but that organization should be so simple and clearly the endorsement of a principle, that it should not depart, like the departure of the vitality of the human body, decay makes the structure offensive, and the dead form is put out of sight.

We believe the right education of all the faculties, with chastity, charity, love, truth, honesty, temperance and forbearance, are the formations of all healthy progress; and the general recognition of the equality of the sexes to be the grand remedy for the unnumbered ills of the marriage relation, and positively necessary to the best development of the race. With this understanding, we advocate the strict obedience to and the support of all laws, the tendencies of which are to protect the human race in the individual enjoyment of those inherent rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The advocates of this progressive worship of God, to the millions of the most intellectual and benevolent spirits, male and female, of this and other countries. Believing the people of the State of New Jersey and the wide world would be greatly benefited and their happiness enhanced by a better understanding of the principles herein set forth, we thus present them to the public, and most earnestly appeal to all lovers of reform, in religion or politics, to assemble together in State Conventions, to discuss and disseminate these facts, and thereby help to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

Respectfully,  
L. K. COONLEY,  
U. B. CAMPBELL,  
DEBORAH L. BUTLER, } Committee.  
Will the Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy?

**INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.**  
Many of our readers will be interested in perusing the following correspondence. Mr. Danksin is a prominent Spiritualist, who, for his upright integrity and social qualities, is highly esteemed, but his position has not been rightly understood in some parts of the country:

COPY OF LETTER FROM SEWARD MITCHELL TO WASH. A. DANSKIN.  
Bro. DANSKIN—For several years I have been reading your communications in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and of late in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and as you seem to be deeply interested in Spiritualism, I have long felt a great interest to know whether you had reached the depth of it.

Now, brother, I wish to ask you a question. It is this: Do you know that there are living in your city and all over the Southern States, a large number of negroes? I presume you will answer in the negative; for you did, you would have spoken of written of their condition. Now I would not give a cent for a person's Spiritualism if it does not embrace abolitionism. A person who can live in a slave city—for Baltimore was, and, in fact, is (for the blacks have not the right to vote yet)—and write one letter without speaking of their condition, and speaking with feeling, too, has, in my opinion, something to learn. But then, I have long since learned that it does not require every nine trees to make a spiritualistic article of timber. Almost any stick will do—crooked, knotty or shaky; but if you want a tree to lew out an Abolitionist, it must be straight, sound, and perfectly free from knots.

The great test of the nineteenth century is the slave. He is the Christ of this age, and by him this nation must be saved. Behold, Bro. Danksin, your saviour when you meet him on your street.

It should be pleased to have an answer to this. Yours for the recognition of the whole human race as brothers,  
SEWARD MITCHELL.  
Cornville, Me., Aug. 12, 1866.

South as Florida, my knowledge of the condition of the colored race is based upon personal observation, and not upon the fictitious narratives of political or literary speculators. I would have graduated and taken the highest purely animal condition in which he dwelt on the shores of Africa, into a state of refinement and culture on the American continent. God never hastens nor hurries with his work; and whenever man, in ignorance of God's laws, attempts to anticipate nature, he only creates confusion, and, at last, finds himself impotent to interfere in the regular operations of the divine economy.

As a race, the progress of the colored people of Maryland, considering the point from which they started, has been as good as that of any other people of whom I have knowledge. I am personally acquainted with many individuals among them who would compare favorably in intellectual, moral or social development with the members of more northern communities. When worthy, they enjoy respect and consideration in a higher degree, I think, than others. They have not the privilege of voting, it is true; but if being denied that privilege constitutes slavery, then two-thirds of the most intelligent, honorable and worthy citizens of Maryland—slaves of the soil—are at this moment held in bondage by the very people or party to which they belong, and which professes to be the special champion of freedom.

You also say, "The Slave is the Christ of this age, and by him this nation must be saved. Behold, Bro. Danksin, your saviour when you meet him in your streets."

If I was a creed-bound sectarian, I would tell you that your language was awfully profane; but I am not. I am a Spiritualist. I am a Spiritualist Philosopher. I will say that, finding myself endowed with powers of observation and reason, I feel no need of a saviour, and recognize, in my own case, no necessity for a Christ—either white or colored, bond or free. My own direct relation to the infinite source of all power and intelligence is sufficient for all my personal needs. As I draw near unto that Divine Source by contemplation of his works, and there is in all Nature no such principle as will. There are two conditions—no ignorance, ever leading to fear and hate; the other of knowledge, ever lifting man above the petty antagonisms of the lower life.

The propagation of this soul-expanding Philosophy, my friend, is the end and aim of all that I have ever written for the BANNER OF LIGHT or the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I was not aware that other papers were devoted to the cause of sectional or party politics, but supposed the chief purpose of their publication was to disseminate knowledge of the laws that govern inter-course between the mundane and supra-mundane worlds; and consequently, when contributing to their columns, I have confined myself to the subject.

In the North and West I have been grossly misrepresented by those who have been prevented from prostituting the rostrum of Saratoga Hall to political partydom. I have, heretofore, deemed this of too little import to require correction, but will avail myself of this opportunity to state my true position.

It has never been a question in the First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore, of which I am the presiding officer, whether a speaker held out or another class of political opinions. The people who meet at Saratoga Hall believe themselves indubitably competent to determine the political problems arising under our system of government without advice or counsel from those whom we employ for a totally different purpose; we, therefore, apply no political tests to either speakers or members, but we do expect from our members, and the masses, in general, to profess to control them, that the audiences who gather in eager expectation of hearing an exposition of our Divine Philosophy, shall not have their ears offended by commonplace political harangues.

With the confident trust that all races and conditions of humanity will eventually reach the wisdom-plane of development, and there rest in harmony under the beneficence of the Great Central Power of the universe,  
I remain yours truly,  
WASH. A. DANSKIN.

**SPIRITUALISM: WHAT IS IT COMING TO?**  
BY D. W. ROGERS.

No doubt the future will answer much better than we can now, but when we are out upon the broad ocean it is well to look about us and see whether we are drifting.

Spiritualism is based upon the great fact of man's immortality and his ability to mingle, to a greater or less degree, with scenes of earth after the change called death. That fact has existed ever since man has existed, but it has been reserved for the men of the present century to see it demonstrated more fully than ever before. The rapid strides of Science, and the ascendancy of Reason, combined with these spiritual manifestations, have caused old customs and old ideas to lose their power over the more rational and thinking men. New thoughts and new ideas have been the result. These new thoughts and new ideas, combined with what we may call the Religion of Spiritualism, constitute what is now known as Spiritualism, for we can hardly call the religion of the soul ideas. It certainly is not opinion, or belief. It is the spontaneous outgushing of our spiritual natures to something above and beyond ourselves. It is our higher and better selves in communion with the Father Infinite. It is our spirituality in the ascendancy, guiding and controlling all our acts. That spirituality will be more exalted in proportion as our ideas are exalted and noble, but is not itself ideas. Perhaps those who embrace the ideas of Spiritualism without being inspired by its religion may be called Spiritualists, but they have got only the husks of Spiritualism.

What, then, is Spiritualism coming to? Is it to be a regenerator and redeemer of the race? Yes, if its ideas are not made paramount to its religion. Here lies the error of all the old theologies. They have made ideas superior to the religion of the soul. The churches ask of men opinions and beliefs. Some men they accept, and others they exclude accordingly. Some Spiritualists think the time has fully come when the world should know by what particular opinions and beliefs to judge them. By these they would be judged and judged others. By their universal acceptance they would become a power in the land. Is not that the New Theology running in the old track? What would I have? I would have all accept the ideas of Spiritualism who can do so, but I would not stop there. I would dig deeper, and find new and better ideas, if possible, that thereby the religion of the soul might be more exalted. I would denounce facts, ideas, opinions and beliefs of no worth only as they would serve to make men better, nobler and purer, by promoting the ascendancy and outgrowth of the spiritual in man to an approach nearer and still nearer the Divine. I would have Spiritualists know not by what they believe or know, but by the pure and noble lives they live.

Spiritualists of America! do not neglect the religion of Spiritualism! It is by this the world is to be redeemed. The ideas and forms of to-day may be swept away by the angel of change, but the religion of the soul cannot be swept away. It may grow broader and deeper by the acquisition of new ideas, and it will endure with you and us.

Let the domain of thought be free. Call no man brother the more because he thinks as you do, nor the less because he thinks differently. Let love unbounded and charity unfeeling prevail.  
Do not be party.  
Do not see confined,  
The truth, do good  
Love all, and be fair with all,  
Give the right,  
Though every man fall,  
Middle Granville, N. Y., 1866.

Correspondence in Brief.

Spiritualism in Oswego, N. Y.

As the Spiritualists of this city have again awakened to life from a sluggish inactivity of several years' duration, and are again, as far as possible, recipients and promulgators of "the great American religion," viz: Spiritualism, we thought we would like to have the fact noted in the BANNER, and thus present our compliments to the many excellent speakers who in former years have tarried with us, and say to them that we are again on the highway of progress, alive, active, and once more started in business.

During the month of October we have had J. S. Loveland with us, and the interest is on the increase. We consider him one of the best, if not the best speaker among our lecturers. His arguments are clear, lucid, and instructive. He has spent four Sundays with us, (and is to come again,) and discussed the following subjects, viz:

"Spiritualism a New Dispensation." "The Lyceum and the Benefits of the Necessities of the Times." "The Relation of Spiritualism to the Church." "The Moral Standard of the Church and Spiritualism Compared." "Duty of the Spiritualists to the World." "The Fact and Law of Progress." And in our opinion, if the above lectures were put in book form, (with some additional subjects to complete the argument,) it would give to the world the most concise and complete idea and correct statement of true Spiritualism extant. The lectures delivered by him here, was an unalloyed fund of information long to be remembered. The oratory was perfect. Without written notes, the language was pure and distinct, and grandly embellished with beautiful utterances. The ideas were replete with valuable suggestions, abounding in historic fact and literary merit, and all most gracefully represented by a master mind. He leaves here to spend a few months in the West, and we can assure our Western friends that we all they need ask for is a speaker. His audience never grows less, but increases; and every hearer finds something to ponder and reflect upon after listening to him. His enunciation of the principles of Spiritualism are sublime in their purity of sentiment. There is some noble object to be attained, some definite purpose aimed at to make men better. His work has been most beneficial to us, and hundreds of hearts and homes among us are ready to welcome him back again in many many times. He has established a Lyceum for us, and its progress, thus far, has been most auspicious, and all that could have been hoped for. Every Sunday new members are received, and unless our friends hereafter become apathetic, we shall again show you a most glorious record for the cause in Oswego. Please express these our sentiments for Bro. Loveland in the columns of the BANNER, and believe us your friends. From and for the Spiritualists of Oswego, Osego, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1866. J. L. POOL.

A Word from East Kingston, N. H.

We write you from your fullness of heart, asking but little space to claim our individuality, and let you and your broad circle of earnest readers see that our plenary assembly, here among the wooded hills of old New Hampshire, is alive to the new dispensation which angel bands are now so lavishly showering down about us.

Only a year ago we stood cold and resolute in the faith of Old Theology, with but one—an isolated, but brave old man—to persuade us differently. Now, thanks to his untiring efforts, and the unseen influences which have sprung up in our midst, our ranks can be numbered in scores, and still we are growing—the growth of our form has but just begun. Everywhere we feel the influx of the purer and higher life about us as we grow in the new truth; and each settling sun only adds to the rapidly swelling tide of advancement that makes us stronger and more brave!

Several lectures have already been given here, and more are in contemplation. For our first teacher we fortunately secured E. S. Wheeler, a man of deep and scientific soul, and who, in duty to his own country, did his work nobly. Being a constructor, not a deconstructor, he took his standpoint far above the common class of speakers and maintained it through the whole, building anew before he destroyed, and smiting theology with a blow of iron, left its supporters in fear and trembling, save to leave the old for the new and more beautiful retreat. Such we found to be the system of Mr. Wheeler, and for the benefit of the cause we would earnestly recommend that where lecturers are needed, such as he should be secured.

We were next astounded by having the great and lionized Miles Grant brought into our presence. What he says, and how he expounds his "fiery ideas," almost every one well knows, and so we will make no attempt to rehearse the "old told tale," but judge of the chagrin of his few co-workers, when "Mason Grundy" suddenly proclaimed, "Miles Grant did more for Spiritualism than for its destruction!" And this he really did; almost every one here will affirm the fact. And in other places, too, we have been informed, he has done the same—a lamb in the guise of a wolf—building up where he endeavored to destroy. Immediately after his exit, another lecturer came before us, who was soon followed by Miss Julia J. Hubbard. The hall was crowded to the utmost extent, with strangers from afar away, and we are told that several engagements have since been made for her to speak in the adjacent towns. And so you see Spiritualism spreading, other towns are grappling at the great truth, and other hills echoing back the glad refrain. Onward, still onward, is the watchword, and onward it goes! KEMPLEY.

From Maine.

We have for some time past been traveling and lecturing for the glorious cause of Spiritualism, and find our way slowly but surely fading away before the melting rays of truth. In Carmel we found a few warm friends of the cause; in Hampden many more, among whom were Bro. Peterson and wife, the Emersons, Bro. John Lowe, and Joseph Miller, of West Hampden, and many others too numerous to mention. In the thriving village of Monroe, we also found many friends. Bros. Colson and Chase are doing a good business in the healing art. The Spiritualists here have the lead there. I might mention many others who are engaged in the good work, had you space for them. In Camden we found a few strong and tried friends. Judge Allen, one of the wealthiest men in the place, has built a hall in which meetings are held; and often pays the speaker from his own purse. We spent two Sabbaths in Lincolnville, where we found many anxious to hear the truths of Spiritualism. In South Thomaston there are many friends of the cause. Here Bro. J. Sweetland has also built a hall in the attic of his fine house, where meetings are held. We spent one week in Union, and one in Waldoboro. The cause of Spiritualism is gaining in the last named place. We visited Newport, Plymouth and Troy; and in all those places our philosophy is gaining. We spent one week in Jefferson, where are a few friends. The opposition is very strong, yet the few believers in our spiritual gospel stand firm. From Jefferson we went to Windsor. There, too, we found a few friends to the cause of Spiritualism, and many anxious to hear its truths. We remained with them three weeks, and should have remained longer had we not been so long absent from home, and deemed it best to return and rest awhile. JAMES THASK.

Kenduskeag, Me., Oct. 31, 1866. P. S.—I am now at home, ready to answer calls to lecture.

Matters in Philadelphia.

I observe by the last BANNER, in the notice of the meetings held at Philadelphia, it is stated that there are "no services in the afternoon" of Sundays. This is a mistake, as we have conferences at three o'clock, the object of which is to elaborate and critically examine the lectures delivered at the regular meetings of the morning and evening. These meetings have been very interesting, and are well attended, besides being productive of good results. Having no funds to establish Spiritualists have a peculiar interest in developing the truth on all subjects, especially those treated by the regular lecturer before the public, and to this end the conferences are devoted.

We have also another spiritual institution here, denominated the Penetrator, the purpose of which is to cultivate and disseminate a knowledge of the scientific details of the general principles announced by those before the public as teachers. This institution has been in existence for some two or three years, and is attended by many of the best thinkers of our school. It is regarded as the foundation of a movement which will develop accurate knowledge more effectually than any other hitherto employed, since it not only treats scientific questions from the spiritual point of view, but illustrations by diagrams and experiment accompany the lectures. After the lectures, the points are submitted to the audience for examination and criticism.

The Penetrator meetings are held on Thursday evening of each week, at the hall southeast corner of 9th and Spring Garden streets, to which the friends visiting this city are always welcome. The institution is supported by subscription, and the meetings are free.

Yours truly, I. BEHN. Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 3, 1866.

Wisconsin State Convention.

Our State Convention came off on the 26th, 27th and 28th of October, in Milwaukee. It was a grand success. A State Society was organized, and its officers are: Col. A. B. Smedley, of Oshkosh, President, Miss Elvira Wheelock, of Janesville, Vice President, and Mr. L. B. Brown, of Milwaukee, Secretary, with a Finance Committee of five persons. Able speakers were present from various parts of the State, and some from Illinois. One of the marked features of the Convention was the freedom with which the "Woman question" was discussed. Able speeches were made upon the subject by speakers of both sexes, and some strong resolutions were passed. The Convention was characterized by its earnestness, and harmony of feeling and action, and presages great good to the cause of human freedom, and the emancipation of souls from the bondage of creeds, superstitions and religious bigotry, as well as from the galling chains of unequal laws and social formulas and fetters. Will send full report as soon as possible. L. B. BROWN.

Massachusetts State Association.

The following is the address, prepared by a Committee appointed at the recent session of the Association, setting forth some of its objects. This document, together with circulars detailing more minutely the workings of the Association, will be issued this week by the Secretary for circulation. As soon as the sum of \$500 is raised, lecturers will be sent forth into those parts of the State where no regular meetings of Spiritualists are now held. As we stated last week, the objects of this Association are worthy of the hearty cooperation of our friends all over the State. Donations of \$1 and upwards can be sent to the Secretary, Ed. S. Wheeler, Boston, care of this office.

TO SPIRITUALISTIC REFORMERS AND WORKERS FOR PROGRESS.

Friends—Rejoicing in the advent of modern Spiritualism and the great awakening it has occasioned, we greet you, in the fellowship of effort, as brothers in reform. The good accomplished, we are conscious, is but comparative when measured with what remains to be effected; but such as it is, we hold it with the highest esteem, as the forerunner of the grander possibilities and significant of the larger splendors which wait upon united and concentrated labors.

The inception of Spiritualism was modest, but the conception grows grand; and the reasonableness of its coming is surpassed only by the naturalness of the agencies it has called into being. The physical manifestations interested the matter-of-fact minds; and trance and inspirational speaking intensified the sentiment, while the ministry of the grander possibilities and significant of the larger splendors which wait upon united and concentrated labors.

Religion, this spiritual in idea and scientific in character, concerns the interests of mankind. It ought to attract to itself, and enlist the sympathies and secure the active cooperation of all progressive minds, since institutions founded and sustained for the benefit of society are successful only as they are based upon divine principles. These are constitutional to life and fundamental in natural religion. They never quarrel with reason, discard science, nor contempt Nature, as false theologues and superstitious priests do—the great hurt of progress and the disfigurement of humanity.

Scientific Investigation.

The following letter of Dr. I. G. Atwood, the well known healing medium, formerly of Lockport, N. Y., explains briefly the general purposes for which a committee was appointed by the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, of which Dr. Atwood is Chairman. It is hoped that this effort may prove the nucleus of an organized system of investigation, by which the varied phenomenal aspects of the healing power may be resolved into scientific order, and the philosophy of this department of Spiritualism be better understood.

As Chairman of the Committee on "The Sick and Indigent, and the Establishment of Healing Institutions," I would respectfully request through your columns, that every person now engaged in the healing art as healing mediums, clairvoyants or magnetic physicians, psychologists, &c., &c., would communicate to me, each giving me a brief account of themselves and their doings. I desire information on these particular points: The name, age and residence. How long they have practiced. Whether located permanently or otherwise. Their manner of healing. Under what phase of mediumship. How long been in practice, &c., &c. I particularly desire to know what success you have. Whether your powers seem to act in special cases, or in a general manner; and any other information that may be considered of value to the subject.

I desire each one to give their views as to the laws that govern them, together with their philosophy. In cases where the mediums are not able to write out their experience, will some one do it for them. I hope such an interest will be manifested in this matter, that will enable us to establish a firm basis and concert of action, whereby we may act knowingly and intelligently, thus enabling us to take that high and noble stand among men which will enhance our ability to do a vast amount of good. Committee: I. G. Atwood, J. E. Newton, T. C. Benning, Elizabeth Merwin, Mary F. Davis, J. P. Greaves, Mrs. Decker, Martin Lewis, William C. Hussey. I. G. ATWOOD. No. 1 St. Mark's Place, New York, Oct. 1866. [Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.]

VELOCITY OF SOUND—Sound moves more rapidly through water than through air. The velocity also increases as the temperature of the water increases.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

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

Deceptive Spirits.

A recent communication in the BANNER from Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, on the subject of "Lying Spirits and False Communications," has called forth several able answers from esteemed correspondents. It will be remembered that the conclusion at which the Judge arrived was, that "there is no medium who is not a victim of designing and deceiving spirits." "I cannot," he writes, "now point to a single medium—and I have known many—and say that he or she is perfectly reliable."

To which we might reply, perfect reliability implies perfect infallibility; and the Judge must seek for that, not among mediums, or spirits, or angels, or archangels, but of the Infinite God himself. But the Judge goes further. He is forced to the conclusion that all mediums "are unreliable; whether it is their fault or the fault of the spirits, or the fault of those who seek tests or communications through them." Then he quotes the notions of Swedenborg in regard to the peril of consulting spirits; and remarks that the Swedenborgians, while they "all admit that these spiritual manifestations of to-day do all occur as facts, yet they, having the truth from Swedenborg alone, put no faith or trust in them; and consider it dangerous to have anything to do with them."

Now since the great mass of unbelievers and skeptics in regard to a future existence would be entirely relieved of their unhappy doubts and unbelief, if it could be proved to them that there was anything like spiritual agency, good or bad, going on in the world (for the existence of the bad spirits would imply the existence of the good), would it not be more generous in our Swedenborgian friends, humbly and prayerfully, but boldly, to brave the perils which may come to them from spiritual investigations, and do what they can to help us place these wonderful phenomena, significant of the actuality of spirit, upon an impregnable scientific basis? For our own part, we are quite willing to run all the risks of being misled, juggled, duped, or even damned, by these false spirits, if we can be the instrument of conveying light and comfort to one poor human heart, struggling amid the mists of skepticism and unbelief on the great question of questions, which, from the time of Job to the present day, has clouded and exercised so many minds—this, namely, Does the conscious individualism of man terminate with the phenomenon called death?

We are glad that Judge Carter has brought up this subject of deceptive spirits, for it is one in regard to which many candid inquirers have been much puzzled. The assumptions which underlie our position on this question are two: First, we hold that few mediums can be entirely sure as to the identity of a spirit. Even in the high trance state, we doubt if the spiritual sense is always, and in all subjects, so fully developed as to qualify the medium to say infallibly, This is truly the spirit he represents himself to be. Spirits have unquestionably a plastic power of assuming different shapes. There are no doubt laws limiting this power and rendering their attempts at imposture abortive under certain conditions. Our own spiritual insight, purity and elevation will probably be the standard of our ability to detect spiritual humbugs. There have been many seers who have claimed infallibility; but this very claim is to our mind the greatest provocative of doubt. Swedenborg, it is well known, claims that while he sat eating in a tavern in London, the Infinite Jehovah came down to him, and talked quite familiarly to him, rebuking him for eating so much, etc. Now, with all deference to Swedenborgians, and with all our reverence for Swedenborg himself, we cannot but think it more probable that he was deceived, than that the ineffable One was really present in the form of a man to the Swedish seer.

The second assumption we make is this: it would be inconsistent with those laws of our being, making our moral and intellectual freedom the principle of all spiritual growth, for the Creator to allow spirits to communicate infallible directions for guidance to mortals. Lessing, the German poet, once said, that if God would give him the truth, he would decline the gift and prefer the labor of seeking it for himself. A noble saying, the offspring of a profound insight into God's spiritual laws! God gives us inklings of truth—yes, more than inklings in confirmation of the great truth of immortality—(what could we, who are acquainted with spiritual phenomena, reasonably ask for more in this life!)—and then by the great facts of life He says to us, Now exercise the faculties I have given you. Study, inquire, meditate, and find out the rest for yourself. The laws of your being require effort and will from yourself to raise and illumine your soul; and good spirits will not undertake to contravene those laws by making you a mere passive, inert instrument in their hands, and taking from you all freedom of choice between good and evil. Man is meant to do for himself; to think for himself; to seek light for himself, not only from his own innate powers, but from all good influences and from all good spirits, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh; and if he thinks to find spirits who will relieve him from this trouble of exercising his own powers of judgment and his own moral faculties, he must not complain if he comes to be the dupe of spirits unscrupulous, false, or fanciful.

We do not believe that it is a spectacle which the highest order of spirits smile on—that of a man dunning a spirit for information in regard to either temporal or spiritual concerns. No wonder the inquirer gets baffled, deceived, disgusted, and ill he is almost ready to exclaim with Macheth and Judge Carter— "And these juggling deeds no more believed, That palter with us in a double sense." The same complaints were made in the times of the ancient oracles; and when John tells his disciples to "try the spirits whether they are of God," he plainly knew that many of his hearers were misled by unreliable communications.

The truth is, that the highest order of communications do not come from impurity. "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," said Christ to the importuning Pharisees, who demanded when the great event should be. If when Judge Carter says that all mediums are unreliable, he means to say that all communications coming through them from supposed spirits are untruthful, he is greatly in error. We do not think he means this. We think he simply means, all mediums are fallible. There are on record an ample number of cases proving that truthful communications have been received.

The instances of truthful prevision, in which deaths, accidents, etc., have been foretold, are too numerous and well authenticated to require specification, as all persons who have given any study to the subject must testify. We are sure that the Judge will, on reflection, admit, therefore, that all he can fairly say is, that a certain proportion of the so-called spiritual communications are—especially when they refer to temporal and secular matters—untrue. Here we can probably meet on a common ground, and agree. It obviously would defeat the purpose of our disciplinary life in this world if perfectly reliable directions for our guidance in our business, our family affairs, our stock operations, or our political intrigues, could be had from spirits. Even when we seek information for an apparently good and disinterested object, we must still make our common sense the ultimate criterion. We think it is often as much the fault of the inquirer as it is either of the medium or the spirit, that lies are told. The answer is often just what the questioner deserves to get. Judge Carter will of course understand that in this we do not mean to impugn either his good sense or his good intentions. We think that there is a disposition among many persons to expect too much of the spirits; more than a profound meditation on spiritual and moral laws would justify.

Here let us introduce a note we have just received from Judge Carter, supplementary to his recent communication:

"DEAR BANNER—I desire room to say that in my article on 'Lying Spirits and False Communications,' published in your columns Oct. 20th, I did not design to cast any sort of reflection upon mediums, and certainly not upon Miss Lizzie Kellum, or illum-designated. How any such misconception could be possibly put upon my words, I am at a loss to understand. If there ever was a good medium, and a good woman, Miss Lizzie is one. She is well known, and respected wherever she is known for her truthful, womanly character. I do not believe that she would deceive in any particular; if experience is worth anything, I know she would not. It was for this reason especially—knowing the character of Miss Lizzie for her truth and veracity—that I wrote the published communication; for if the spirits speaking through her could not be relied upon, when and where can they?"

I was then 'after' the spirits, and not the mediums, many of whom, I doubt not, are much more sinned against than sinning. I sought especially to impress upon us all that through the most efficient, gifted and truthful mediums, unmitigated and voluntary lies will come from deceiving and lying spirits, and that no medium, however truthful, or of the normal character, could be entirely exempt from the imposition. Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER. Cincinnati, O., Oct. 25, 1866.

As the Judge here puts the case, we agree with him fully. The best and purest medium may be made the instrument of uttering mendacious or profane communications. One of the best women we know, and who is not a professional medium, repudiated her mediumship because of the profanity of the communications she was made to write. Similar instances are probably familiar to many of our readers. But this does not in the least militate against the fact that perfectly reliable communications from the spirit-world are given through the instrumentality of mediumistic persons. We have printed in the message department of this paper a large number of communications, the tenor of which we knew nothing of previous to publication, but afterwards tested, and found them to be truthful in every particular. We shall endeavor to elucidate this subject of inter-communication between the two worlds more fully hereafter, by what we consider conclusive evidence.

The following communication on the subject of this article bears date Oct. 18th, and is from Mr. London Engle, of Philadelphia: "I have just finished reading an article in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct. 20, by A. G. W. Carter, on 'Lying Spirits and False Communications,' and I think his conclusions very hasty. I have received, as well as he, the best of tests, as also the most untruthful, from such mediums as Charles H. Foster and Mrs. Robinson; but I am not disposed to reject all communications, or, as he says, 'to be afraid of these witches and gaw-wags of the spirit world,' because of those who are not. This seems to me to be about the way the subject stands in regard to communications: We receive a 'test,' through a medium, from a dear friend. There is nothing wanting. Identity in every respect is recognized. But, after a while, that element of doubt, that ever is a drawback to progression, even though it does finally culminate in belief, suggests to us the possibility of having something more satisfactory; suggests the notion that there was mind-reading, psychology, or any other thing, in the matter; and we conclude very so we seek the medium again with this disbelieving growing strongly upon us, for a better test. Well, what is our condition? Is it that receptive order to get a truth or a falsehood? Clearly the latter. We know mediums are very sensitive; they become in magnetic rapport with our condition directly, and spirits who have passed a life of deception as mortals, are swift to control the faculties that we have impressed or put in a condition for them, and to do as we are urged, shocked, filled with doubt, when we go away and find how lying the communications have been."

Now, it seems to me, Mr. Carter convicts himself by his own statement; for he says, 'Now, Mr. Fox, give us a great strong test, which, if it turn out true, for the good of Spiritualism, &c.' Was he not in the very condition I describe, full of doubting, and making opportunities of deception easy for the lying communication receiver? My own experience, at least, urges me to say he was."

Another communication, coming as it does from a medium, is worthy of consideration in reference to this interesting topic. It bears the signature of Henry Voorhees, of Lodi, N. Y.: "As Judge Carter, in giving his experience with deceptive spirits, seems to doubt any and all because some are deceiving ones, I wish to give some of my experience with that class, to show how conclusions entirely different can be deduced from the same premises. A few months ago I was developed as a medium, and I was first controlled by what appeared very rowdy, disorderly characters. They would curse and swear with great volubility, which I had never been in the habit of doing in my normal state. It was a new thing to me, and I became much interested. They gave what appeared to be tests; but before there was time to prove these, I was told that a higher class of spirits had taken control, and I must give up completely to their influence for a time. I consented; was told to go in a darkened room, and sit on a bed in a passive state. I did so. I soon felt a magnetic influence strong and stronger. It came with repeated charges, as from a battery, permeating every fibre of my being—so strong as seemingly almost to take my life away. I was thus in almost a helpless state of body for several days, when the charge of electricity was thrown off by the same unseen influence. But during this period my mind was constantly influenced, or controlled, by unseen intelligences; and these intelligences seemed composed of a kind of characters that we see among mortals here. For instance, what appeared a distinct character, would come and show me my sins of omission and commission; show me the way of a better life; and urge obedience to the purest and highest inspirations of our moral nature."

Next would come one and try to hoax me with some fictitious story, or give directions as to diet or business, that would be sure to run to some silly extreme or other. In short, all manner of tests before given proved now to be exactly contrary to the truth; so that at this time, when I recovered my strength, I was inclined to give the whole thing up as rather unprofitable. But since that, I have begun to see more wisdom and system in such a training of my mediumship. My health and tone of mind have been upon a higher basis. The spirits have now say to me: 'We are glad that lies have been told you to me; for the purpose of teaching you to be strong and self-reliant; to choose the good from the evil, and accept only that which accords with the higher intuition of your reason and judgment.' From the credulous tone of Judge Carter's article last May, in the BANNER, perhaps he, too, needed taking down a little. Many readers seemed to think so at the time. But let each judge for himself. H. V.

A subscriber writes us from Middlebury, Vt., blaming us for publishing Judge Carter's article, and remarking: "I supposed the BANNER was exclusively devoted to the interest of Spiritualism." To the interest of TRUTH, friend! And we are so convinced of the fundamental truth of Spiritualism, that we do not fear any kind of slighting it may undergo. Be sure that just in proportion to the depth of our convictions is the absence of all uneasiness as to what unbelievers may say or investigators suggest. We think that our friend T. P. will, on mature reflection, justify us in opening our columns to the frankest and most fearless discussions, so long as these are conducted philosophically and decently. Still another communication comes to us in reference to Judge Carter's remarks. It is signed "J. Kilbourn, Westley," and is evidently from the pen of one who has given much thought to the subject, and has had much experience with mediums. He testifies in the following terms to the "reliability" of one of the mediums of his acquaintance: "I resided with Lady some three years. She was an excellent clairvoyant physician. She was also a good test medium, although she did not practice sitting for tests. She was a truthful and more fortunate than Bro. Carter, inasmuch as I believe, a most conscientious woman, and tried to live up to her highest conceptions of right. In all the communications that I received through her organism, I never had an untruth told me." Another medium, as good a test medium as Mr. K. ever saw, would occasionally be controlled by spirits "that would tell any amount of lies." This woman, he found, "was untruthful, and would slander her best friends." Mr. K. remarks: "I believe they had lying spirits in old Bible times. We read, in the First of Kings, xxii, 22, about a lying spirit that said he would go forth and persuade Ahab to go up and Ramoth Gilad to battle, that he might fall; and the account says, he influenced all the prophets to lie, and the Lord told him to do so. There was one prophet, however, the lying spirit could not influence."

"Every one ought to use his own judgment in regard to all communications, and not take everything as sacred or true that may happen to come from a spirit out of the mortal form. I have been more fortunate than Bro. Carter, inasmuch as I have seen one truthful medium, and have had many excellent tests and much good advice given through her."

But why, says the unbeliever, are lying spirits allowed to manifest themselves? Is it to the credit of the Creator that such things should be? Alas! it is to the credit of the Creator that so many foolish, undeveloped creatures should exist on this little globe of ours? Years ago, long before the Rochester knockings were heard of, the dilettanti and the savans who put this same question, were thus answered by Justus Kerner, author of "The Seeress of Prevorst," which work was assailed even as our spiritual writings are now: "There they are—those wretched spirits! Beloved! there they are! However thou mayest, in thy notions of the Creator, consider them so unworthy of Him; however in thy intellectual wealth thou mayest struggle against them! There they are, contrary to the systems of all such learned, acute, and intellectual men! There they are, in truth, as real as the helpless caterpillars, out of which slowly the butterflies shall unfold themselves! There they are, and you cannot hinder them; cannot, perhaps, do otherwise than disbelieve in them—and, disbelieving, fight against them with all your dialectic arts, ready writings, wit and acuteness; but which, in fact, do not at all annihilate this spirit-world; but it goes on its way, troubling itself not in the least about all your intellectual skirmishing."

Let us remember that the life that now is, shapes the life that is to be; and that if we go out of this world a lying, undeveloped spirit, we shall probably continue such just so long as we willfully refuse to employ the opportunities which the infinite bounty of God will constantly vouchsafe to us, hereafter as well as here, for elevating ourselves in the scale of being, morally, mentally, spiritually.

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Another communication, coming as it does from a medium, is worthy of consideration in reference to this interesting topic. It bears the signature of Henry Voorhees, of Lodi, N. Y.: "As Judge Carter, in giving his experience with deceptive spirits, seems to doubt any and all because some are deceiving ones, I wish to give some of my experience with that class, to show how conclusions entirely different can be deduced from the same premises. A few months ago I was developed as a medium, and I was first controlled by what appeared very rowdy, disorderly characters. They would curse and swear with great volubility, which I had never been in the habit of doing in my normal state. It was a new thing to me, and I became much interested. They gave what appeared to be tests; but before there was time to prove these, I was told that a higher class of spirits had taken control, and I must give up completely to their influence for a time. I consented; was told to go in a darkened room, and sit on a bed in a passive state. I did so. I soon felt a magnetic influence strong and stronger. It came with repeated charges, as from a battery, permeating every fibre of my being—so strong as seemingly almost to take my life away. I was thus in almost a helpless state of body for several days, when the charge of electricity was thrown off by the same unseen influence. But during this period my mind was constantly influenced, or controlled, by unseen intelligences; and these intelligences seemed composed of a kind of characters that we see among mortals here. For instance, what appeared a distinct character, would come and show me my sins of omission and commission; show me the way of a better life; and urge obedience to the purest and highest inspirations of our moral nature."

Next would come one and try to hoax me with some fictitious story, or give directions as to diet or business, that would be sure to run to some silly extreme or other. In short, all manner of tests before given proved now to be exactly contrary to the truth; so that at this time, when I recovered my strength, I was inclined to give the whole thing up as rather unprofitable. But since that, I have begun to see more wisdom and system in such a training of my mediumship. My health and tone of mind have been upon a higher basis. The spirits have now say to me: 'We are glad that lies have been told you to me; for the purpose of teaching you to be strong and self-reliant; to choose the good from the evil, and accept only that which accords with the higher intuition of your reason and judgment.' From the credulous tone of Judge Carter's article last May, in the BANNER, perhaps he, too, needed taking down a little. Many readers seemed to think so at the time. But let each judge for himself. H. V.

A subscriber writes us from Middlebury, Vt., blaming us for publishing Judge Carter's article, and remarking: "I supposed the BANNER was exclusively devoted to the interest of Spiritualism." To the interest of TRUTH, friend! And we are so convinced of the fundamental truth of Spiritualism, that we do not fear any kind of slighting it may undergo. Be sure that just in proportion to the depth of our convictions is the absence of all uneasiness as to what unbelievers may say or investigators suggest. We think that our friend T. P. will, on mature reflection, justify us in opening our columns to the frankest and most fearless discussions, so long as these are conducted philosophically and decently. Still another communication comes to us in reference to Judge Carter's remarks. It is signed "J. Kilbourn, Westley," and is evidently from the pen of one who has given much thought to the subject, and has had much experience with mediums. He testifies in the following terms to the "reliability" of one of the mediums of his acquaintance: "I resided with Lady some three years. She was an excellent clairvoyant physician. She was also a good test medium, although she did not practice sitting for tests. She was a truthful and more fortunate than Bro. Carter, inasmuch as I believe, a most conscientious woman, and tried to live up to her highest conceptions of right. In all the communications that I received through her organism, I never had an untruth told me." Another medium, as good a test medium as Mr. K. ever saw, would occasionally be controlled by spirits "that would tell any amount of lies." This woman, he found, "was untruthful, and would slander her best friends." Mr. K. remarks: "I believe they had lying spirits in old Bible times. We read, in the First of Kings, xxii, 22, about a lying spirit that said he would go forth and persuade Ahab to go up and Ramoth Gilad to battle, that he might fall; and the account says, he influenced all the prophets to lie, and the Lord told him to do so. There was one prophet, however, the lying spirit could not influence."

"Every one ought to use his own judgment in regard to all communications, and not take everything as sacred or true that may happen to come from a spirit out of the mortal form. I have been more fortunate than Bro. Carter, inasmuch as I have seen one truthful medium, and have had many excellent tests and much good advice given through her."

The Western Rural.

This is probably the very best agricultural paper published in this country, as its unprecedented popularity fully attests. It has attained a large circulation in the West, and it deserves a like patronage in the East. Its editor is a man of talents and is every way capable of making his paper unsurpassed for the farm and the fields. Bro. Lewis is an energetic worker in our ranks, and is chairman of the spiritual meetings in Detroit, Mich. In another column will be found the prospectus of the Rural, which gives further particulars in regard to price, &c. We can assure our friends that they will not readily find a more interesting journal devoted to agricultural interests and free from all sectarian character.

English Reform.

John Bright makes steady headway with the Reform question in England, collecting monster audiences to hear him wherever he speaks. There is now a story abroad that the Derby government mean to take up the Reform scheme seriously, but in their own way; being in power, they are naturally averse to going out. This discussion is bound to go on until something results from it. Some pretend to think it is only on the surface, and not at all radical; but time will best settle that doubt. From present appearances we cannot ourselves conclude that there is either futility or farce in the movement. The English government will have to be popularized to suit the times.

The Mexican Mix.

Maximilian is finally leaving Mexico, and has made over his rule to Marshal Bazaine, the commander of the French forces. This ends the Empire in that quarter. Instead of taking away his troops by installments, Napoleon appears ready now to remove them all at once, and twenty new steamers are to leave France for Vera Cruz to effect that object forthwith. The young man and his wife who have been made fools of, that ambitious potentate may be aggrandized, furnish the world with a sad lesson to be learned. Maximilian is a fugitive, and Carlotta has lost her reason.







Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. PEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with the Department of the Banner of Light.

The Sanscrit, and Extracts Therefrom.

"Searching ancient records lately, In a dusty nook we found An old volume, grand and stately, Iron-clasped and parchment-bound."

Language is the vehicle of thought, and yet too cold, formal and non-expansive to fully express those deep convictions and grand ideas that are ever welling up from the fountain of being.

Languages are more numerous than is generally supposed. The eminent scholar and geographer, Rabbi, enumerated eight hundred and sixty, as entitled to be considered distinct languages, and five thousand which he regarded as dialects.

The translator, in his letter to the Earl of K—, dated Pekin, China, May 12, 1749, assures us that the "learned in China had long been of the opinion that in the archives of the grand Temple in Thibet, were very ancient books that had been concealed for many ages."

Let yonder standeth the "house of joy." The woman within walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root, so a river pourth its streams to the sea from whence it springs, so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning benefits received.

He forgetteth that the learned are humble, the Great, modest. Truth is but one. Thy doubts are of thine own making. He who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee the knowledge of their primacy.

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An Explanatory Note from H. H. Marsh. The premature publication of prospectus of the "Champion," which was copied in your issue of the 20th, with favorable notice, requires of me a few words by way of explanation.

It was shortly found that such organization could not be effected in time to commence operations with the coming year, when two or three parties alone decided to issue a monthly.

An indefinite postponement being inevitable, it is perhaps best that its future, or that of a similar enterprise under other and better auspices, should depend much upon the earnestness with which liberalists may demand a paper radical upon all questions, neutral in nothing, devoted to no party, seeking truth as the all in all, and, without compromise, in style as to common sense to the popular reader.

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Wm. H. Johnson, Corry, Pa. C. P. Fitzgibbon, lecturer, East Tremont, Ashtabula Co. Mrs. Anna Kimmel, trance speaker, will answer calls in lecture in New York.

George F. Kittredge, Buffalo, N. Y. J. S. Loveland, will speak in Cleveland, O., during Nov. Mrs. E. L. Ladd, trance lecturer, 179 Court street, Boston.

Mrs. E. L. Ladd, trance lecturer, 179 Court street, Boston. Mrs. M. Lawrence, M. D., will answer calls to lecture, in New York.

Mrs. M. Lawrence, M. D., will answer calls to lecture, in New York. Mrs. M. M. Lyons, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. M. M. Lyons, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich. Mrs. H. T. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.

Mrs. H. T. Leonard, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H. Mrs. F. A. Logan will answer calls to awaken an interest in the study of the Bible.

Mrs. F. A. Logan will answer calls to awaken an interest in the study of the Bible. Mrs. A. M. H. Lynde, trance speaker, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. H. Lynde, trance speaker, Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews, Address, East West 11th street, Cincinnati.

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Dr. E. C. Dunn.

This gifted brother, writing us from Canton, Ill., gives a very favorable account of the condition of things in the way of a growing desire to investigate the claims of Spiritualism.

N. Frank White.

We had the unexpected pleasure the other evening of grasping this good brother's hand, in Battle Creek, Mich., and listening to one of his highly inspired discourses, rich in argument, pathos and poetry.

Editor's Appointments.

Continually solicited by friends and committees to make monthly and even yearly engagements in the future, we wish to say, while thankful for the invitations, that we can make no further lecture engagements for the present.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D.

Heaven and earth combine to put into the lecture-field more such faithful and competent lecturers as Mrs. Wilhelm. She speaks in Beloit, Wis., during November, and in Detroit, Mich., through December.

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.)

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, Address, during November, North Middleboro, Mass. Will receive calls to lecture, at the following places:

C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Londonderry, Vt., Nov. 18 and 19, and Dec. 16, 23 and 24; in Ludlow, Dec. 2 and 9; in Weston during January. Address as above, or Middleboro, Vt.

Mrs. N. K. ANDROS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Geo. W. ATWOOD, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Mass. Dr. J. T. AMOS will answer calls to lecture upon Physiology and Spiritualism, Address, box 201, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNE will speak in Salem during November. Will make engagements for the winter. Address, 83 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN will speak in North Dana, Mass., every other Sunday until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass. Mrs. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 5815, Chicago, Ill. BELLE SCOGGALL BROWN, inspirational speaker, Quincy, Ill. J. H. BICKFORD, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. M. C. BENT, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Western States. Address, Berlin, Wis., care of J. Webster. Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BELLENE, 151 West 12th st., New York.

Rev. ADRIAN BALLOU, Hopkiss, Mass. A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

BANNER OF LIGHT

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