



### THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

BY GRACE LELAND.

My soul was wrapt in gloom;  
The wearying of every day,  
The weariness of heart and brain,  
And more—a constant, harrowing pain  
That plowed its worn and weary way  
Along my thoughts—had wrought their task,  
Till all that I could hope or ask  
Was rest—was only rest!

My past was like the tomb—  
A something bright and beautiful dead,  
An aching void, where joy once smiled,  
A fearful weight, where hope beguiled,  
A sense of rarest brightness sped—  
While, looking back upon my dead,  
My soul, half fearing, doubting, said,  
"Life is a mystery far too deep;  
Oh! could I close mine eyes in sleep,  
And wake no more on earth!"

Oh, dark and impious thought!  
My soul grew still with dread and fear,  
And shivered in the deepening gloom,  
Till the dim silence of the tomb  
Like some long-ferred, awaiting doom,  
Fell o'er it with a blight so drear,  
That I could find no thought to cheer,  
And only knew that hope was dead,  
That joy and light and peace had fled,  
And life had empty grown!

Then to my soul was brought  
A promise bright, a ray of hope,  
From solemn aisles so softly stealing,  
From organ tones so grandly pealing,  
A promise that would seem to ope  
The gates of Paradise to me,  
Where I could wander calm and free,  
And find the needed rest.

But—and it came at last!  
What was it? But a fervent dream;  
A closing in a troubled sleep  
Of eyes that could no longer weep;  
An opiate, whose power would seem  
To lull the soul to quietude,  
But never with a power to bless;  
And thus—and thus I slept!

That slumber held me fast—  
And yet its ministry was short;  
The sacred ritual that spoke  
So sweetly calm, no once awake  
The slumbering soul; and life was naught  
But a gasping, gasping dream—  
I thought I wrought my Father's will  
While I was loitering there!

A voice broke on my ear!  
It clare the mists that hung around,  
And shivering that dead silence then,  
It called me to myself again.  
So strong, so earnest was the sound,  
So rich the meaning that it brought—  
Of life's great battle to be fought,  
Of victory that must be won,  
Of toil, of work that must be done,  
Of glittering heights the soul must reach—  
Such glorious lessons did it teach,  
That from that well-nigh fatal sleep  
I sprang to waking life again,  
To bear its burden and its pain  
With stronger heart and calmer brain.  
No longer could I pause to weep,  
For life's great problem, vast and deep,  
I learned at last to solve.

I heard those words of cheer,  
Out from the sacred aisles I passed,  
Up from the valley dim and low,  
At first with footsteps weak and slow,  
Yet gaining strength and courage fast,  
Till up I climbed with right good will,  
Nor heeded rock nor thorn nor steep,  
Nor slippery path nor chasm deep;  
But climbing, toiling, struggling still,  
Not often thinking life was drear,  
Not often feeling it was weary,  
Oh, then, how rich, how full grew life!  
How bright with blessing all its strife!  
How radiant with good!

I climb and struggle on;  
Up toward the glittering peaks above,  
Where Truth's immortal blossoms grow,  
Where purest fountains ever flow  
From the great Source of light and love.  
Still clasping many a shadowy hand,  
I yet shall reach that Summer Land,  
And learn its lessons vast and grand;  
And weariness shall pass away  
In that all bright, eternal day.  
Thus pressing onward, upward still,  
I learn to love my Father's will,  
And trust Him evermore.

The victory shall be won!  
I will not pause as on I go;  
I will not fall, for well I know  
That through this painful, tireless strife,  
The soul may reach the heights of life,  
Whose glittering peaks, with glad surprise,  
Give answer to the bending skies;  
And downward thence forever flow  
Blessing and strength to all below.  
Yes, every wanderer in the vale  
Celestial voices yet shall hail,  
And climb the steep that pierce the skies,  
And through life's earnest sacrifice  
Enter the gates of Paradise,  
Redeemed and purified!

### MOEN.

Peeping through her purple bars,  
Down an endless street of stars,  
Melting all the foggy air,  
As her eyes more brightly shine,  
Morning in a crystal cup,  
Floats the bubble earth in wine.  
From the red lips of the sea,  
Out into immensity,  
Beats a tongue of green and gold,  
Soon to swarm with giddy flies,  
When the mighty landscape's rolled  
Further to the Western skies.  
Splendor now by splendor quaffed,  
Deeper grows at every draught,  
Till the monogram of fire—  
The round, red halo of the sun—  
Fills with flame the heavens entire,  
And sweeps all glories into one.

### Literary Department.

#### MARGARET LEONARD.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,  
by Evvie Barker.

##### CHAPTER I.

"Name—her—Margaret—for—me."  
These words came with labored distinctness from the lips of a dying mother, as she turned her fading gaze upon the face of her new-born babe, as it lay quietly sleeping in the arms of the nurse, who sat in a low rocking-chair by the bedside. Sweetly beautiful she looked, this young mother, as she lay so white and calm upon the pillows, the pallor of her cheeks rivaling the snowy whiteness of their linen drapings; one hand close clasped within her husband's, who sat watching the feeble motion of her pale lips with the agony which only those who have watched a loved one in the last moments of earth-life can know. Almost hearing the plash of the boatman's oars as the heavenly shallop draws nearer, nearer, nearer, the last thread of life slowly wearing away, each moment seeming an eternity of anguish, until, with one quick shudder, the silver cord is loosed and the pure soul gone; in the hushed stillness of the moment you fancy you hear the echoing strains from the eternal shore, wafted hither upon the breath of the eager angels who await her coming.

Thus passed from earth the guileless spirit of Margaret Leonard. The summer sun lay low in the West, bathing the landscape with unparalleled splendor, tinting the edges of the fleecy clouds with the most delicate hues; the song-birds winged their way homeward, softly chirping their good-nights as they sailed through the soft, balmy air; the workmen hurriedly wended their way toward their little cottages, to meet the little expectant faces crowding at the windows of the quiet homes. It had been a golden day; one of those luxuriant days which remind us of Keats's poems, so full of rich, yellow sunshine. The sun sank lower, leaving a long purple-gold pathway adown the sky, and the "audible stillness," of which Hawthorne writes in his diary, brooded over all.

All unmindful of these lovely surroundings sat Alfred Leonard, the husband of the dead woman, his head resting upon the bed, while his hand yet retained the clasp of those stiffening fingers within his own. Gazing at the sharpened features of her who had been to him a true, loving wife, what a tide of thought rushes over his heart! Could it be, oh, what it indeed true? Had she left him and the little one alone in the world? And, with one great groan wrested from him in his agony, he buried his face deeper in the pillow and wept long and free. Tears ease the aching heart; each tear that wells up from the heart by sorrow riven, washes away a little grief with it; there is no sure balm as weeping. For a long time he lay there, all unmindful of the world around him, until at length the attendant aroused him by saying, "The women are waiting to lay her out, sir, if you please." Yes, that was the sound which brought him back to earth again.

"If it must be done it must, I suppose. Oh, Margaret!" and with a look full of anguish he left the room. Need we ask our reader to dwell with us over the proceedings within that room? Heaven forbid! The unsympathizing hands busily preparing that dear form for its last resting-place is not a scene to which we would invite your attention; rather let me give you a description of the home of the motherless little one with whom our story has to do.

On a slight elevation of ground, with a long lane leading to the main street, stands a beautiful cottage. Its pure whiteness, the dark green of its blinds, the large, low windows and the vine-covered trellis over the door, bespeak artistic tastes and perfect harmony in their execution. Around the house are flowerbeds—a perfect mass of rich bloom and sweetest perfumes; here and there a tasteful frame supports some flowering vine—a scarlet creeper or climbing rose; and even the south window of the long parlor is filled with rare plants, presenting to the passer-by a lovely picture. Entering the front door we find ourselves in a large hall, running east and west, (the house faces the west,) from which opens the parlor on the left, a long, tastefully-furnished apartment, the walls supporting fine old paintings and statuary, and at the end a fine piano, closed for many long months.

Beyond this room is the library, a spacious apartment, whose long rows of well-filled bookshelves attest the literary character of the owner. Next in order comes the pleasant dining-room, then the kitchen and sheds. In the second story there are pleasant chambers overlooking the beautiful grounds, from whose windows you catch a glimpse of the village beyond. In the largest chamber—the one over the parlor—lies the form of Mrs. Leonard, now tastefully attired for her burial. The gently-falling shades of evening lend a softness to her features, and as the moon rises, clear and calm, like an answer of peace and comfort from Him who knoweth every sorrow, a soft halo of light rests upon her fair brow, and a silver glow bathes the room in its soft, trance like beauty.

A quiet is here; no sound save the cool gurgle of the distant brook winding through the tall meadow-grasses and the soft whispering of the leaves from the great maple trees, comes to break the hush. Entering the room at this moment, the stricken husband stood as one in a dream. The gentle purity of the scene spoke in silent tones to his bleeding heart, "Peace, be still!" He walked to the couch where lay the lifeless form, and seating himself on a low chair by its side, looked steadfastly upon the face of the dead. In the peaceful quiet which rested over the world he

could not repine; the murmuring tones were hushed within him. Sitting in the presence of God and the angels, all the tender words, all the gentle, loving acts of her life came silently before him. The pleasant, happy days of courtship, when her blushing cheek rested so softly on his shoulder; the marriage day, on which she left the friends of her childhood and trusted her happiness to him "for better or for worse, through all the numerous changes and vicissitudes of life"; happy years which had followed; the last months of her life, during which she grew weaker and weaker, each day slipping slowly from his loving clasp; the birth of their baby girl, and then, oh, then, he was alone with her child! Henceforth he would devote his life to that little one, his wee Margaret. All these thoughts came thick and fast in dreamful silence.

How long he had sat there he did not know, when a gentle touch was on his shoulder. He turned, but there was no one present. He rose. Surely no one was in the room; he must have been dreaming; he seated himself again, and again the same soft pressure, as of a hand upon his shoulder. Hark! what was that? Was it the rustling among the leaves? No; those soft, familiar tones, breathing in his ear—he listened to the words so softly cadenced, "Dear husband, do not grieve for me; do not think of me as gone from you; I am ever with you and around you, watching you and our little one; dry your tears, and know that Margaret will never leave you."

A soft pressure as of lips upon his forehead, and all was still again. The same moonlight lay upon the carpet, the same still form before him, yet that gentle presence had not flown, and he could not weep; the tears were sleeping in their channels. She whom he had lost was found again! And he thanked God "who doeth all things well."

The morning dawned clear and bright. A sky of cloudless blue lay like a sea of molting sapphires overhead. The little village of Willowdale was astir at an early hour. The two stores were opened; the rat-a-tat-tat of the cobbler's hammer came clicking along the morning breeze, from the little brown shop, where old Jim, the village shoemaker, made very faces, and mended boots and shoes from morn till night, only pausing to eat three meals, and bite a bit from his dearly loved tobacco, which lay upon the bench beside him, and on the hammered, chisel, and sawing his face into the worst possible shapes, talking to himself when no one else was with him. Hark! listen to the old man, as he sits pegging away on a torn shoe: "So she's gone, poor, pretty creature. Well, I s'pose we've all got to go sometime; that's what the good book tells us; but I should e'en a'most thought they might 'a' taken some poor old shack like me, what ain't worth no more nor this old shoe here, to 'a' gone in her place; but I s'pose the Lord wanted somebody 't' was used to the ways of 'a' angels, so he picked her—but it's mighty hard—mighty hard; and that poor little baby-gal too; what'll poor Alfred do? Poor creature! poor creature!" and a gathering moisture in Jim's eyes bespoke his sincerity.

In the two stores were gathered the men of the village, talking in subdued tones of Mrs. Leonard's decease. She had been a favorite with them; her pure artlessness won the hearts of all who knew her, and every one felt a share in the great sorrow that had fallen upon the bereaved home.

"Poor woman, she's gone and left us!" was the morning greeting of each neighbor. In the village-homes the women talked of her quiet, loving manners, her affection for her husband, her excellent housewifery, and the little wail left motherless so early. "And she would have taken so much comfort with the little thing. It does seem hard; but Parson Brown says the Lord knows what is for our good, and I s'pose it's the hand of Providence, though it does seem to bear heavily upon poor Mr. Leonard—how lonely he will be!"

Such were the general remarks, and then with usual womanly curiosity they fell to wondering, "Who would keep house," and "If he would keep the baby," and "would he marry again," and after this last question, came a rehearsal of the virtues of all the marriageable maids and widows within ten miles. Little cared Alfred Leonard, on this beautiful morning, about their wise conjectures. His calm self-possession was unaccountable to all. He moved like one in a dream; a quiet, saddened calm rested upon his countenance; and as the neighbors came and went, paying their last tributes of affection to her who had been a kind friend to them all, he received their words in tender sweetness. "Know that Margaret will never leave you," was still sounding in his heart. Holding the little one, for whom the dear one had given her life, close to his heart, he pressed his hand upon its little brow, murmuring the sweet name, "Margaret, my little Margaret," over and over again. Thus the day passed, and the next morning dawned, a counterpart of its predecessor.

"The old church bell struck a startling note  
And sent forth a solemn knelling,  
And every chord from its brazen throat  
Of a sundered life was telling."

Toll after toll, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, then twenty more, and the years of Mrs. Leonard's earth-life were numbered. The burial scene is too solemn to depict. I need not tell you of the rattling clouds, nor the lonely, aching heart with which the widowed father turned from the fresh grave, to return to his desolate home; nor of the long, lonely hours of silent night, when he realized that he had only the memories of the past—and little Margaret.

##### CHAPTER II.

Ten years previous to the time of which we now write, you might have seen, in the suburbs of a little town in Massachusetts, a brown cottage, where dwelt an old couple in peaceful content. The little stony farm on which they lived

afforded them what we New Englanders term "a living," and beyond this they felt no anxiety. Sufficient unto the day was the evil and good thereof. Joel Mortimer was a quiet, hard-working man, honest and upright in all his dealings, a devoted Christian and republican, who paid his pew rent and taxes without a murmur, and attended Church and "town meeting" regularly. No man could bring aught against him. His wife, a very Martha, in her quiet, well-ordered ways, was an echo of her husband. "Just as father says," was her invariable answer. Her only passion seemed to be the great love for their only child, Margaret. There was a wealth of affection in this mother's heart, into which every desire, every plan for the future, every pure and loving attribute of her nature poured their fullness. It was only when speaking of her daughter that her faded blue eyes shone with a youthful brightness, and a shadowy tenderness resembling a smile played for a moment around her thin lips. Not that she was not always kind, and mindful of the welfare of her household; but hers was one of those hearts to which sorrow has brought its banishment of smiles, where the sunlight has taken its departure from the life. She had seen one after another of her children go from earth, until nine little mounds lay above the surface of the village graveyard. These hours of mute suffering had well-nigh driven the last trace of joy from her chastened countenance.

Margaret alone was left to gladden the hearts of her parents. She was a gleam of pure sunshine, in their old brown cottage-home. Her nature was like a beautiful day, full of glorious light, over which hung a cloudless sky of serene beauty. At seventeen, she was the embodiment of purity. A cloudless life had been hers; living there in the little house where she was born, beloved by all who knew her, no deeper passion than the pure love for her parents had been stirred within her guileless heart. No foolish fancies of love and bridal ring had found their way into her young mind. Occupied through the quiet hours of the day with household duties, spending the long evenings in reading or sewing, she had little companionship with the outside world. She had one friend, dear to her girlish heart, to whom she confided every secret of her life, receding like a return. This friend was very unlike Margaret. Born of frivolous parents, Mary Walton had less depth of character. Possessed of a gay, laughing disposition, her presence was always exhilarating and amusing to the quiet, thoughtful Margaret. While the latter was tall, dark-eyed, and of grave mien, the former was short, chubby, fair-haired and blue-eyed; moving through life with the careless ease of one who has little anxiety about the future, so long as the present is enjoyable.

One pleasant afternoon in autumn, at the season of the year when a universal tinge of sober gold melted the landscape into a soft, dreamy haze; a day when dreams play over the young, inexperienced heart, weaving airy webs of beautiful impossibilities; leading the mind through nameless mazes of poetic thought—this golden afternoon in ripe October, Margaret Mortimer and Mary Walton sat together at the foot of a large tree, whose spreading, leafy branches hung caressingly over them, as if to protect the young girls from harm. Margaret's work lay idly in her lap, while her eyes were gazing far away—the graceful poise of her head, with its crown of massive braids, a model for an artist's pencil. Mary, little laughing Mary Walton, was engaged in the vain effort to entice a young squirrel near her.

"There, Margaret, he won't come; it's no use; he doesn't mind me in the least; just see how hateful he sits up there in that tree, the young rogue!"

"What were you saying, Mary? Really, I have n't been listening."

"No, I suppose not. You have been wandering up among the clouds as usual. I almost expect to see you take flight, and ascend like Elijah, in 'boddy raiment.'"

"How foolish you are, Mary! I do not think myself so ethereal as that; but if there is any immediate danger of a cloudy ascent, please hold me down."

"Never you fear. I'll do all that."

Thus they talked, after girlish fashion, until the sun sank behind the horizon and the white clouds lay dead and cold upon the breast of the sky. A dark cloud was rising rapidly in the west, heaping mountain upon mountain of ominous folds. Observing this, Margaret arose hastily and said to her companion:

"Come, Mary, we must hasten; that black cloud yonder will soon burst upon us full of rain. You had better go home with me, as it is so much nearer, and remain until after the shower."

"Well, I think I will," answered her friend, and on they hastened, through the field path, between the fringes of shrubs, over an old stone wall, where there yet remained relics of their earlier playhouses, with its little rock stove, to which Mary laughingly pointed as they passed.

They reached Margaret's home just as the cloud smote the hillside with rain and poured a readiness torrent upon the warm earth. Tea was already prepared, and Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer with the two girls soon gathered around the little square table in the long kitchen. Mr. Mortimer finished his supper first, and rising walked to the door, looked long and earnestly at the sky, then turning toward the table said:

"I guess you'll have to stay with Margaret to-night, Mary. There's going to be a tough storm, I'm afraid, and 't won't do for you to go home. Morse's hired man will pass this way before long, and I'll send word to your folks, so't they won't worry about you."

and Mr. Mortimer took the old-fashioned Bible from its shelf and read in solemn tones from its sacred pages; then, kneeling by his chair, he sent up a fervent petition to the Giver of all good gifts to bless the members of his household, especially the young friend who was with them for the night; to preserve them in safety, guard and guide through life, and at last gather them together, with the loved ones gone before, in the world without end. After this the girls retired to their little chamber, and in a short time Morphous reigned in silent majesty over the inmates of the little cottage.

A few weeks after this, as Margaret stood at her ironing table, Mary rushed into the long, sunny kitchen, scarcely entering the door ere she exclaimed:

"Oh, Margaret, such news! Stop ironing that dress and listen to me! You know my Aunt Clara who lives in Boston—no you don't either, but I do, and you had ought to know her—well, she is coming down to visit us day after to-morrow, and cousin Alfred, whom I have never seen since I was a little girl, is coming too. I expect I shall have to put on my best behavior while he is here, for he is just from college. But I shall run over here to you to be myself, very often. There, Margaret Mortimer, ain't that piece of news worth hearing?"

"Yes, dear, and I am very much pleased to hear that your friends are coming, for I know you will enjoy their society so much. But you must not allow them to keep you from me, will you, dear?"

"Keep me from you! Why, Margaret Mortimer, what an idea! I am going to bring Al Leonard down here every day, too. Who knows but you'll be my cousin yet? Eh, Margaret?"

"Hush your nonsense, Mary!"

"Well, we'll see," and off she ran, leaving her friend smiling at her gay prattle.

On the day mentioned—which was Saturday—the friends arrived, and as Margaret sat in the old-fashioned dining-seat the next morning, with the village choir, Mr. Walton's family walked up the aisle, accompanied by Mrs. Leonard and her son. Many were the eyes busily noting the dress of the young gentleman as he sat by his uncle's side in the high-backed pew. Tall, well proportioned, with black hair lying in graceful waves upon his broad, high forehead, beneath which there looked out upon you a pair of clear brown eyes, full of manly earnestness. Added to these a certain unmistakable air of ease and firm carriage, you see Alfred Leonard before you.

Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Walton's sister, was a well-looking woman of forty-five; a practical, common sense woman of the world, proud of her son and herself. Their advent made quite a stir in the little congregation, and they soon felt that they were "the observed of all observers." Margaret sat quietly scanning the countenance of the young gentleman and saying to herself, "No wonder that Mary is so proud of her cousin. How noble he looks, and how superior to the narrow foreheads around him. I wish I had a brother like him." Ah, Margaret, will it always be "a brother?"

The minister arose—the dear old silver-haired man,

"Familiar with celestial cadences,  
Informed of all he could receive, and sure  
Of all he understood."

He arose in the pulpit and read the morning hymn in measured tones. The "do-me-so!" came from the chorister's lips, the congregation rose, and the choir sang "Winchester," in clear voices. Clearer, more distinct than all, rose Margaret's voice, its sweet, silver tones filling the old church with pure, sweet melody. Alfred Leonard heard that voice and looked with undisguised admiration upon the beautiful girl, as she stood, all unconscious of his gaze, with heart and voice joined together in the praise of her Creator. Through the proxy sermon that followed, we fear the young man's mind turned oftener toward the young singer than to the words of the old minister. After the services, Mary introduced her friends to the Mortimer family, saying to her cousin:

"You must think Margaret is a cousin, too, Alfred, for she is like an own sister to me."

"It will give me great pleasure to call Miss Mortimer cousin, if she will allow me to do so," returned Alfred.

Ere Margaret could reply Mary exclaimed:

"Allow it! She will have to do just as I say. And you needn't say Miss Mortimer again; she is Margaret; so mind!"

The young man laughed heartily, while poor Margaret blushed rosy red at her friend's "foolishness" as she termed it. The older members of the two families rode home, as was their wont, while these three young people walked down the quiet country road, in pleasant conversation. Three weeks soon passed away—pleasant days, full of enjoyment. Many were the quiet walks through the woods and fields, during which two young hearts were weaving a web from which it would be difficult to extricate themselves. Often during these walks were the eyes of Alfred Leonard fixed upon Margaret's face with loving earnestness, but Mary was always by her side, and no word of love passed between them. He returned with his mother to Boston, and a vague sense of loneliness was felt in Margaret's life. Her thoughts were often straying through those pleasant walks, and even Mary's gay conversation had lost its entire charm for her.

The winter came whistling its chills from the icy northland, trailing its white robes over hill and valley, and the old routine of every-day life grew monotonous to Margaret; yet she persevered without a murmur, and performed her duties with wondrous nicety.

One day, near the close of winter, Mr. Mortimer started early in the morning, with his ox team, for a neighboring town. There had been a heavy snowstorm, and the roads were already badly drifted. As the day wore away the winds rose,

and hurrying clouds rode high above the earth. The two women in the little cottage consulted each other in regard to the weather, and looked with anxious faces down the road. The air became filled with the uncertain looking white mist which precedes a snowstorm. A few scattering flakes wavered down, faster, faster, until a thick storm was in full progress. The tall trees opposite the house grew ghostlike, and the window panes were dripping with melting snow. Margaret opened the outer door and stood with one hand over her eyes, as if to give clearness to her vision, looking anxiously down the road, straining her eyes in vain to see her father's well known team approaching.

"Mother, I'm really afraid father will have a hard journey home to-night. The snow is falling thick and fast, and with this wind blowing, the roads will soon be filled. I do wish he would come."

"Oh, do not be alarmed, child. Your father has traveled the road too many times for us to worry about his safety, and with those stout oxen too." But the hurried tones of her voice would have betrayed her anxiety to a less preoccupied mind than Margaret's. Hour after hour passed away, the old clock ticking in solemn numbers, until five o'clock arrived, and Margaret began preparations for the evening meal; ever and anon pausing to cast a wistful glance out of the window, and listening with a vague dread to the howling of the wind.

Meanwhile let us leave them, and see how fares it with the absent father. Many miles from home we find him, with his team slowly plowing through the snow, the patient oxen plunging bravely into the white mass, making difficult progress. The shades of evening lowered around him, and the wind rose higher, shrieking in mad glee as it threw the blinding snow into his face, which already smarted painfully from the cold and wet. With numbened fingers he plied the goad, urging the tired beasts onward, until worn out himself. He mounted the sled, and drawing his coat firmly around him, sat down, saying, "I'm afraid mother and the girls will worry about me. It's a hard night, worse 'n I've seen for many a year, but I guess we'll get home all safe by-and-by, old fellows," half addressing the oxen. The road was filled with light snow, and the cold grew more intense as darkness wore on. Mr. Mortimer was chilled through, and curled closer down in his great coat. In a short time he grew drowsy—ah! that fatal drowsiness, slow, but sure—and in a short time sank unconscious on the sled. In mounting one of the worst hills, so drifted that the sled nearly upset, Mr. Mortimer was thrown from the sled, and left in the deep snow, so nearly frozen as to be perfectly incapable of helping himself.

The oxen plodded along through the drifting snow, until they arrived at the little cottage door. Mrs. Mortimer was sitting by the window, and heard their approach, and going to the door, said, "Wait a minute, father, and I'll light the lantern for you."

Her voice went out into the heedless storm. Little did she imagine the terrible scene which the glare of the lighted lantern would reveal. Lantern in hand, she approached the door.

"You've had a cold night to ride, home, have n't you, father? We've been thinking about you, and wondering—Oh! Margaret!" and with a shrill shriek, which rent the darkness of the stormy night, the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand, shivering it to atoms, and Mrs. Mortimer fell fainting across the doorway.

CHAPTER III.

In a law office, in the city of Boston, sits Alfred Leonard, smoking a cigar, lazily blowing the smoke in long, curling wreaths from his moustached lips, and dreamily watching it waver through the air, then fade into nothingness. Let us be saucy enough to read his reverie as he leans back in the great arm chair.

"I wonder how my little friend Margaret is, now-a-days. I have n't heard a word from Mary for a long time. I would really like to know if the beautiful, dark-eyed girl has forgotten me. I can almost see her now, just as she looked singing in that old church, and he hummed softly the self-same air which he heard that memorable Sabbath morning. Rat-a-tat, came the post-boy's knock at the door. "Come in. Heigh oh! here's a letter from Cousin Mary, after all," exclaimed Alfred, as his portion of the morning mail was delivered to him. Tearing the envelope, he unfolded the sheet. Although it is not considered polite, yet we humbly crave Mrs. Grundy's pardon while we look over his shoulder, for we are very much interested in the affairs at Lynn just at present.

"DEAR COUSIN ALFRED—It has been a long time since I received your welcome letter, but even at this late day I can scarcely frame a letter to my dearest cousin. We are all plunged in the most terrible grief at the late death of Mr. Mortimer, and I fear my letter will be a gloomy one. You remember the terrible storm a few weeks since. Well, Mr. Mortimer went that morning of the storm, and very late at night the oxen came home without him. Mrs. Mortimer fainted away, and poor, dear Margaret was there all alone with her, and had to take care of her and everything. How she lived through that night is a mystery to us all. The next day the snow was so deep that they did not get the roads cleared up to the house until nearly noon, and no one knew anything about it until then. The whole town started, and about four miles below the village they found Mr. Mortimer, buried several feet beneath the snow, stone dead. But this is not all. The blow was so terrible in its effect upon Mrs. Mortimer, that she took her bed, and was buried yesterday. Poor Margaret is left alone now, with no one to care for her. I do not know what she will do. Of course she cannot live there alone on that farm. She says God will guard and guide her—bless her noble heart. But He has given her a bitter cup to drink, I think. I wish you were here, Alfred. Can't you come down soon and cheer her up? She will stay with me a while. But I have written a long and gloomy letter, and you must be impatient for the close. Father and mother send love, and here's a kiss

From COUSIN MARY.  
P. S.—Write or come soon, without fail.

"Poor Margaret! What a terrible blow! And to think what a night that must have been for the brave girl! Poor child! 'No one to care for her.' By the help of the powers above, I will care for her, if she will let me."

The next evening found him at Lynn. It is needless to carry our readers along through the settling of the estate, in which the legal services of the young lawyer were required, (and perhaps there was more business than usually pertains to the settling of a small estate to be transacted, for it took many long weeks), nor how in the correspondence that followed, they became mutually satisfied of each other's love, and when the summer roses opened their hearts to the golden sunshine, Margaret Mortimer became Margaret

Leonard, and the young couple removed to a distant village to reside in happiness. Their wedded bliss was short, as the reader already knows. And now let us return to the "wee bairnle," whom we have neglected shamefully, in order to tell you about her parentage.

The child, left to the care of its nurse—a kind and motherly old lady, who had reared a large family of her own in years ago—thrived under the excellent care bestowed upon it; and in the great love for his child, Mr. Leonard found much relief from the haunting sense of loneliness that everywhere filled the house. Little Margaret passed through the small age of infancy, like all other children, crying and "goo-goo-ing" in the usual manner of babies, and as the first ten years of a child's life are made up of uninteresting details, save to the family circle, let us pass over that period and commence our story when she shall have arrived at that age.

The sunny inner life of the mother shone through every winning grace and word of the child; all the pure joy and sunniness in the nature of the former, embodied in the latter. Should my readers desire to see a human face over which the sunbeams of innate joy play with a thousand shifting, ever-varying emotions, now dancing in smiles around her lips, then up, lighting the blue eyes with bewitching radiance, and so on, over brow, cheek and lip, each different in their emotional language, he should see the childlike countenance of our little heroine. Her graceful, lissom form, dancing its delicate feet around her father's chair, as he sits in the library, is a picture in itself. He cannot withstand her laughing eloquence, and laying his book aside, he clasps her to his loving heart, kissing her over and over again, in penalty for her mischievous pranks. The whole neighborhood predict a "spoil child," and the old housekeeper expresses much anxiety about her waywardness, often expostulating with her, and asking when she will learn to be a woman, to which she carelessly answers, "Oh, auntie, when I grow old like you and wear caps, I suppose. There's a time enough yet!"

Looking at her now, as she sits on her father's knee, we trace a resemblance to him, close-linked with her mother—the fair, open brow is like; the joyous smile and sunshine laying in dimpling ripples over her face, surely came from the mother; and the clear blue eyes—where? It is a strange freak of Nature which we sometimes see where the parents are both dark eyed and dark haired, that the offspring is entirely the reverse. So it was with little Margaret Leonard. Her sunny curls danced lither and thither, catching stray sunbeams in the summer breeze, and the eye "of heaven's own blue" twinkled merrily all the day through. She was ever a welcome guest among the villagers, but her favorite haunt was old Jim's shop, where she picked out the bright bits of blue and red morocco for her doll's shoes, and listened to his garrulous tongue. Many were the tales of fairy land and giants that were repeated to the willing little listener, through the long afternoons; and if he sometimes wore in a thread or two of his own, by way of embellishment, it was a pardonable sin, and one which we feel sure was never recorded against him. Often he told her of her mother, and it was amusing to see the little thing perched upon the old shambench by old Jim's side, with the gravest of grave faces, drinking in the praises of the mother whom she had never seen save in her dreams.

When she had nearly completed her tenth year, her father received a letter from his mother, informing him of her intention to pay him a visit, being desirous of consulting with him in regard to Margaret's future course. This letter was of course shared by the child, who shook her head dubiously and expressed much displeasure. "She did n't see, for her part, why Grandma Leonard could n't stay at home and let her alone; she guessed her papa knew as much about her 'future course' as grandma did, and if she thought she was going to come down and carry her away off to Boston she'd find herself mistaken, for she would n't go an inch—so there!" and at this juncture the tiny foot came down with a willful emphasis that argued little success in that direction. On the evening of her grandmother's arrival, the housekeeper dressed the child in clean, pure attire, and solemnly instructed her as to her manners during the visit. Doubtless all of our readers are past childhood, and will look back, as we do now, upon certain periods of their lives when similar advice has been given, when in clean dress they have received similar warnings, wishing (sotto voce) that there was no such thing as clean clothes; desiring no greater bliss than to run and make dirt-pies, or wade knee-deep, with those clean pantaloons rolled up so nicely, in the neighboring brook.

The evening train brought the expected visitor, and Mr. Leonard welcomed her to his house with all of a son's fondness, for worldly as she was there had ever existed a strong affection between them. Everything had been carefully arranged for her coming, and nothing had been omitted that could in any way add to her enjoyment.

"Where's Margaret, Mrs. Brown?" queried Mr. Leonard immediately after his mother's arrival.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure, but I'll go and find her."

"Up stairs, down stairs, in my lady's chamber."

She searched, but could find no trace of the child. At last she caught a glimpse of something white in the arched behind the house, and pursuing it found little miss quietly sleeping beneath the honeysuckle roof.

"Bless me, if she is n't fast asleep! Who ever saw the like? Wake up," and she shook the young sleeper! "Wake up, child! do n't you know your grandmother is here? you should n't do this way; come in and see her now."

"I don't want to see her; she's come down here to 'advise' with my papa, and that means to send me away to learn to be a woman; and I don't want to be a woman at all. I want to stay right here and be my papa's little girl, and I wish she'd stay at home and be a woman herself—that's what I do!" and she burst into tears.

"Oh, come now, Miss Margaret, what would your papa say to see you crying at this rate? He won't do anything to make you unhappy, child, you know that, so come in now, and wipe up your tears, and go in the parlor like a good girl." Thus persuaded, the impulsive child accompanied Mrs. Brown into the house and entered the parlor where sat her father and grandmother.

"Here's my little girl, mother," said Mr. Leonard.

The lady arose, and bending forward touched her lips to the child's brow, saying as she resumed herself upon the sofa:

"Why, Alfred, she has grown very rapidly, and you must certainly send her to school. It is very wrong and selfish in you to keep her here at home. She must be cultivated; and under Madame Strahlame's discipline, she will soon be an elegant young lady, and you will scarcely know her."

These words sunk heavily in the child's heart, and nothing could have more effectually closed it

against her grandmother. The great blue eyes filled with tears, and with quivering lip she sobbed forth, "I don't wa—ant to be—a lady, papa, I—wa—ant to stay w—with you."

Mr. Leonard choked back the rising tears as he took her in his lap, and pillowing her curly head on his breast, said:

"You must not do so, darling. In my great happiness I had forgotten that my little girl was growing up to womanhood without any knowledge of the modern accomplishments. I would gladly prefer a quiet, home education for you, dear, that I might keep my little daughter close by my side, but your grandmother knows better than myself, and has convinced me that it is for your best good to send you to a nice school in Boston; but I shall visit you very often, and we will appreciate each other all the more when you return."

The child made no answer, but curled closer to her father's heart and wept in silence.

The mother and son talked on, planning the child's future, and at length decided upon placing her under the instruction of the famous Madame Strahlame, as soon as possible. Meanwhile Margaret had sobbed herself to sleep, inwardly resolving to run away from school, hide from her grandmother, or something equally as desperate; and in an hour or two her father laid her tenderly upon her little bed, saying to Mrs. Brown:

"Unloose her dress fastenings without wakening her. Poor child! it does seem cruel to send her away from me. Oh how lonesome we shall be, both of us! but it is the wisest course, I suppose."

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be of it they will and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (LIONEL HEPP.)

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"This is the dearest place that can be found for our morning's talk," said Linnie. "Here's the wall for us to sit on to keep us from the damp ground, and there is the beautiful elm to shade us from the sun."

"Oh, I suppose you'll find twenty and one reasons for our stopping here, so that you may keep us from going into the wood where we want to go," said Loring.

"Linnie is right," said Uncle Oliver. "The woods are wet after the rain of last night, and we shall find more pleasure in the open fields. Besides, I like to have you sit under this tree, for I planted it with my own hands."

"Why, I thought it was a hundred years old," said Linnie. "Father says it has stood here ever since he can remember."

"So it has, I dare say. It is just fifty years since I put it out, a little tree. I remember the day when I set it; it was my fifteenth birthday, and my father said if everybody would try to do something to make the world a pleasanter place to live in we should soon find that we had left footsteps worth leaving on our march of life. So I set about thinking what I could do, but I could not think; boys are never very quick to think what needs to be done, if they are ever so quick to do. I had a sister younger than I, a dear little thing, and I went to her and asked her what I could do. 'Why, put out a tree,' said she, 'for you can't ever be ashamed of that if you live a hundred years.' And so I did. We went together and dug up this elm, and chose the place to plant it, and we took care of it and called it our tree. She died when it was only a little tree, but the first time the orioles built in it I felt as if she was glad."

"She could n't know it up in heaven," said Solomon.

"She could know how glad I was, and then she would be glad. If they do n't know our joy in heaven it must be a sorry place to live in. But I must have that oriole's nest. How can I get it?"

There were several volunteers to climb the tree, but no one could accomplish the feat but Seth, for what the boys call "shinning" the long trunk was no easy task. But he performed it to the admiration of the other boys, and succeeded in cutting down the deserted nest.

"The bird that built that nest is one of the handsomest creatures that you ever saw, and I see that the nest is a peculiarly fine one, for there is a great difference in the building capacity of birds of the same species."

"I supposed nests were all alike," said Solomon, "before I came to the country."

"They are about as much alike as men's houses, and no more; but the same species always build similar nests in form, and of similar materials, but some are much more expert workmen than others. See this wonderfully perfect little house, just adapted to the wants of the builder. The Baltimore oriole is called by several names. The naturalist calls it Oriolus Baltimore. The common people have descriptive names—the hang-bird, because of its yellow plumage, and the fire-bird, for the same reason. It takes its real name from its color, yellow and black, which were the colors of the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore, the former principal proprietor of Maryland, and for whom the city of Baltimore was named. I wonder which honor gives him most pleasure now."

"I should like to have a great city called for me," said Solomon.

"And I a pretty bird," said Linnie.

"Now look carefully," said Uncle Silver, "for I want you to see what wonderful skill is given to this little bird. Its nest is hung on to the extremity of a branch, between the forks of the twig. Here is the thread wound about in the tightest possible manner. I do believe that is some of Mrs. Silver's thread. They are great thieves—these little fellows. Just see how the nest is sewed through and through with horse-hair. The bottom is made of cow's hair, sewed with horse-hair. It looks like perfect cloth; and see what a pretty shape the nest is: the form of a cylinder, and then protected at the top by a covering, so that the opening is less than three inches."

I have seen these birds pick to pieces other birds' nests half finished, so eager were they to get the best materials, and they sometimes steal the tow that is wound about grafts, and even skeins of silk will be found in their nests. I always calculate to put out a plenty of twine and tow for them, but I do not always suit them. I have always noticed one thing: the builder uses the strongest material where it is needed, and I never knew a nest to blow down. They sway about in the summer wind and form the sweetest sort of a home.

Here the female bird puts five white eggs, with a little tint of flesh color, and with a few little purple dots on the large end, and here she sits rocked like a queen, until they break the shell. Then she feeds the young on caterpillars, beetles

and bugs. They are very affectionate birds when tamed. I once tamed one, raising it from a young bird. It had many very curious ways of expressing its love for me. When it wanted to be fed, it would tap on my finger with its bill. It proved to be quite capable of changing its tastes, and grew to be very fond of sponge cake. Mrs. Silver thought it a great waste of sugar and eggs; but I always said there's a plenty of sugar cane, and eggs enough, in the world, but of love not a bit to spare; but I gave the bird away at last, to a sorrowful man, who needed love more than I did. As I always think of him, when I am talking about orioles, supposing I tell you something of him.

"Oh do," said Esther; "I've been hoping there would a story pop out of that bird's nest."

"More like, it will pop out of Uncle Silver's head," said Linnie; "but we don't care where it comes from. I can remember about things a great deal better, when there is a story hung on to the end of it."

"I dare say the story is the nest, and all the rest I tell you only the tow strings that the story hangs by, but if I only get you to loving to learn about the birds and flowers and insects, I do n't care how big the story is, and how insignificant the natural history seems, you'll keep all together for pleasure and use."

OLD SIMON.

That's the name of the old fellow that lived and died up there by the mill. A prettier place to live in was never known. There was the brook flowing over the stones, making perpetual music; and on its bank grew the scarlet Cardinal flowers, and festoons of Clematis; and all kinds of birds loved the woods on the other side of the brook, and the speckled trout sported in the water, and luscious berries grew by the road-side and in the pastures. Who could help being happy in such a place?

I used to think nobody but Old Simon could; but it was very true that he succeeded in the most perfect manner. It seemed as if he must be blind to everything about him, or else he could have found some joy in life. To be sure, he had lost a great many things that it would have been pleasant for him to have kept. He lost the great farm that stretches down the meadow, and he lost his wood-lot, and he lost his sons and daughters, and his wife."

"I'm sure I do n't wonder he was sorrowful," said Linnie.

"Oh they did n't die, he lost them out of his heart, because his heart grew so small that he could n't keep anything but himself in it. After a while his children all married and had homes of their own, and his wife went to live with the daughters, because she liked a little peace and comfort, which she could never have with Simon. So he was left to himself, poor Old Simon, but nobody seemed to care, but thought it all just right for such a selfish old fellow."

But there grew up a little grandchild of his, Nanna, which means blossom. And a rare blossom she was, full of light and sunshine, a child of the heart, born to love everything, even Old Simon. She crept into his house, just as the sunshine did, so quietly that he hardly knew when she came. She brought him bunches of Violets in the spring, and Cardinals in the summer, and Golden Rod in the autumn, and she showered them on to his lap, and laughed such gleeful laughs that a little smile would creep over his face, and he would sit looking at her, much as he would have looked at a fairy.

"Come, grandpa, let's go down to the mill, and we'll go over the bridge and there is moss, and I'll make you a seat, and then you shall sit there till I get lots of flowers, and then I'll play you are the great Prince, and I am coming to bring you gifts."

"So I am, Nanna. They think I'm poor, but I've got lots of silver, all stored away. I shan't tell where, but I'll give it to nobody. I'll have it put in the ground with me; won't it make a nice pillow for me in my coffin, my child?"

"Look at this moss, grandpa; it's a great deal softer than silver dollars. There, see what a seat I've made."

"What a child! I should think she loved me; but nobody does, and I do n't want they should, that's the best of it."

"See, grandpa; here's a little velvet flower; let's play you was the Prince, and gave it to me for a dress; let's call it yards and yards long, and let's play I was ever so glad, and hugged you and kissed you, and said, 'Most noble Prince.'"

"What a child!" said Old Simon, gathering himself up to look a little more like a Prince, for he had got into the habit of bending over and looking to the ground, and he wore the meanest sort of clothes, as if he was a beggar.

"That's splendid, grandpa. Now I'll cover up your coat with leaves, and we'll call it a great mantle of satin; and there's a butterfly; let's play he was a messenger, come in great haste to tell us that there was a great famine over the water, and you must send a great load of nice things in a ship. Here's a piece of birch bark we'll make the ship of, and we'll call these stones all the gold, and these leaves all the grain that you sent. And now let's play that the people all came back to thank you, and call you the good Prince."

"What a child!" Old Simon would say, and then he would laugh, and look as pleased as if he had indeed been some such benevolent being. I heard them one day when I went to gather berries, and I thought it no more harm to listen than to listen to the singing of the birds. Nanna seemed like a bird. I thought of the golden oriole in a moment, and I said to myself, who knows but that little sweet heart will be a minister of salvation to poor old crabbed Simon?

So I let her preach away in her sweet artlessness through the summer, and then I wondered how she would get on in the winter. I thought I could n't do better than to give her the oriole that I had tamed, and then I took up carefully some plants that had not bloomed, and those I carried and put into Simon's window, with the excuse that they needed the sun, and that Mrs. Silver did n't like plants about, and I promised to pay him something, if they might stand and bloom there.

I shall never forget the day I carried them. Nanna was there, and she was looking a little sad because she could n't take her grandfather out—it was too cold.

"See, grandpa," she said, "now we can have the great kingdom here in the house. Here's the great Prince that loved you so much," pointing to a Geranium. "He loved you so he wanted to send you everything he had, but you would not let him, and told him to give the most to the poor."

And she called the oriole the fairy that made everybody good, and she began immediately to imagine what goodness her grandfather needed to have bestowed on him. I certainly thought the old man felt himself to be quite a hero. It seemed to me as if she had cracked the great ring of selfishness that had grown about his heart.

All that winter they lived much together, and Nanna carried on her imaginary play, coaxing in the prettiest way for pleasures that cost her

grandfather nothing. At last, so he told me, one day he thought he would show her his box of silver. And then she said he was a real Prince, and he must n't pretend to be what he was not. So he got him some new clothes and went to meeting with them. Then Nanna begged that her grandmother might come back and be the Princess, and after a time she came, and then the sons and daughters, and there was once more a home there, and Old Simon seemed to have gone back over twenty-five years, and to have forgotten his misery. I used to see him down by the brook gathering flowers; and do you remember the place where the Clematis grew over the bushes to form an arbor? Well, he twined it there for his Nanna years ago, and still it grows, a yearly testimony to the blossom that came into his heart and brightened it forever.

Nanna died one spring day. People said it was because she had lived too much with an old man, but it seemed to me as if she had done her work and was ready to go. The old man was half frantic, but after a time he said everything should be as Nanna wished, and so he called himself a Prince. People said he was crazy, but it was only the love of his heart at last breaking out. He opened his chest of silver and played the Prince in real earnest. He distributed it much after Nanna's fashion of showering the flowers. He loved to go among the poor and suddenly drop among them several silver dollars. "Crazy! crazy!" they would cry, with not a word of thanks, but he would laugh and look up to the sky, and bow and nod to the image he saw there, and murmur, "That was well done, was n't it, Nanna?" and then people would cry, "Poor old fool! he is daft;" but they all liked his gifts, and as he forgot no one, no one cared to stop him in his crazy acts.

He lived just long enough to scatter his silver, and when he was dying he looked up and said, "The great Prince wants me—Nanna told me so—and I am going."

"What became of the oriole?" said Linnie.

"Oh, I forgot that. After Nanna died, it seemed like a bird that had lost its mate, and one day it got away and was never seen more. I thought I saw it on this very elm, but I could not coax it down, and I thought it, too, had done its work for old selfish Simon. It had helped redeem him, and it ought to be free to enjoy the life of the woods and fields. But every spring I watched the golden visitors that came to my orchard and my elm, hoping that by some sign I could recognize my pet, but I was never sure that I knew him. You see, your Aunt Silver does not like to have birds around, or flowers; she says it's a clear waste of time to pet them and care for them. Now, generally speaking, that would be the greatest misfortune in the world to a man that loved birds and flowers as well as I. But it's pretty certain that things work for good to those that love to do good. I suppose I should have kept my oriole and my Geraniums if Mrs. Silver had n't said, 'Clear them out! clear them out! they're a clutter and a plague.' So you see it all worked just for the best. I did n't need them, and Old Simon and his Nanna did."

"Well," said Seth, "I'm glad I know one thing; that there is a difference in birds of the same species. I always said that your birds built better nests than other people's and sung sweeter songs."

"If they do," said Uncle Silver, "it is because they are not molested, and the birds return to build each year, so that I have experienced builders. It is the love of anything that makes it really beautiful or good to us, and I love the birds so well that they seem to me one of the great delights of life, and one that I could n't afford to spare even in heaven."

"I wonder if they were made just to please us," said Solomon.

"All that we have is made to elevate and purify us—to make us better and wiser. Nothing ever proved that more certainly than Old Simon. When he shut himself up from Nature, and was blind to the flowers, the trees, the running brook, he grew to be a selfish animal and almost lost his soul, or rather it got to be so small that nobody could find it but a little child. And that child could make it grow only by love. Do n't forget that, children. Love is the rain, the dew, the sunshine, the heat, the sky, the air, to every living soul. And God has put love enough into the heart of every child to save the world—to keep it fresh and pure, and true and good. That's Uncle Silver's doctrine."

Report of Indiana State Agent for August.

To L. D. Wilson, Secretary of Indiana State Spiritual Association:

DEAR BROTHER—As time is precious and space limited, you will expect me to report to you simply acquaint you with the results of my labors in the interest of the State Organization during the past month, without a minute statement of incidents and details connected therewith.

The first Sunday in August found me in Orland, Steuben County, where I have a large number of Spiritualists, intelligent and earnest, whom I organized into a body of co-operative, active workers. I gave four discourses there (one on a funeral occasion), to good audiences, and left them with a fair prospect for a free church edifice not far in the future, after which a Children's Progressive Lyceum is contemplated.

In Howard, Tipton and Grant Counties, I visited many places, lecturing evenings and Sundays where Spiritualism had never been heard of except through the reports of its enemies. In these places I have had good attendance, good interest, good entertainment, but poor pay. On more than one occasion have I been invited to partake the hospitalities of church members, and was surprised at the liberality of their opinions and the facility with which they gravitate to our soul-clearing philosophy. In all the towns in which I have spoken the people desire more lectures, and never have I seen so great a demand for tests, facts—something to demonstrate the doctrine which all desire to believe.

During the month ending Aug. 31, I have given seventeen lectures, variously distributed in the following places: Orland, Galveston, Kokomo, Bennett's Switch, Tipton, New London, Jackson's Mill, Jonesboro, and West Grove. Have formed Societies in Orland, Galveston, and Kokomo.

I acknowledge the following donations:

Judge Prentiss.....	\$1.00	Lemuel Darrow.....	\$1.00
Mr. Filmore.....	1.00	Wm. Burton, donation.....	75c
Russell Brown.....	1.00	Kokomo.....	1.25
John Hunter.....	1.00	Byron Reed, paid.....	6.00
Prof. Moore.....	1.00	Subscription.....	6.00
Mr. Vauhtous.....	1.00	Jackson's Mill, donation.....	2.00
Oliver Elston.....	1.00	Tipton, donation.....	2.00
Norris Bennett.....	1.00	New London, donation.....	2.00
Smiley Thompson.....	1.00	Jonesboro, donation.....	1.75
Chester Salsbury.....	1.00		

I expect to spend the month of September in the vicinity of Portland, Muncie, and Richmond, and it is requested that friends who desire the services of the Missionary will write the Secretary at Indianapolis, or the State Agent at his permanent abode in Clyde, O., at an early date, so that arrangements for meetings may be made and appointments published.

The State Agent will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light and Present Age.

Yours for Spiritual Progress,  
E. WATKINS.

CALIFORNIA OAKS.—Nature varies the oak-timber in California into a large range of forms, scrub-oaks, apple-tree oaks, grand masculine structures that hold out their branches properly at right angles, and superb, towering, spreading, arching forms that blend with the natural majesty of their stock the grace of the elm. But none of them have the fibre and muscle of the New England oaks. It is said there is no timber in the State hard enough to make a good ax-handle out of. The most stalwart looking of the structure I am speaking of, if cut down, would be so brittle to break asunder in half a dozen plies, that the shock of its fall. But the trees which they may be, they are glorious to look at, when every downward-curving branch is decked with delicate pendants of green-grey moss.—T. Starr King.

If a cause be good, the most violent attack of his enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defense of it by its friends.





Spiritualist Picnic at Lowe's Pond, N. Y.

From the Elmira (N. Y.) Daily Advertiser, of Sept. 3d, we learn that the followers of Spiritualism had a pleasant social gathering at Lowe's Pond, Big Flats, N. Y., on Wednesday, September 2d. The grove in which the meeting took place was owned by Mr. Palmer, one of the earliest advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy in the vicinity. Representatives were present from Wellsburg, Broomeport, Horseheads, Big Flats and Elmira, N. Y.; also from Ridgway and Troy, Pa. The assemblage represented the best of the agricultural population—men and women who were earnest in the faith they had espoused. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Palmer, who offered a few preliminary remarks. He was followed with singing by the Ridgway Juvenile Choir.

Prayer was offered by I. V. Mapes, after which Bro. Corwin, of Lansing, Tompkins Co., addressed the assembly. In his early days he had been a constant reader of the Bible. When he decided to investigate if the doctrines of the Bible militated against Spiritualism, he found all objections equally weighed against prophecy and revelation, as well as against Spiritualism. He was resolved therefore to let the objections influence people as they might, but for himself to accept this superior religion—this new light which had dawned on the world.

The juvenile choir closed the morning session with singing. After partaking of refreshments the meeting was called to order in the afternoon by Mr. Palmer. Mrs. Palmer, of Big Flats, was then introduced, and made some appropriate remarks, prefacing them with an invocation.

I. V. Mapes, of Webb's Mills, following, refuted some of the principal charges preferred against Spiritualism and its teachings by the sectarians. Evidence corroborating the fact of communion with the departed was scattered all through the Scriptures. Dr. Clarke had declared that the intercourse with spirits was a doctrine which could not be displaced. Spiritualism taught that man would be happy in the future in proportion to his spiritual development at the time of death; that in the life to come by the law of progression there was a constant advancement toward the higher and better; that in heaven we should all one day meet—an unbroken band—to join in the glories of that celestial realm.

Mr. Palmer said that the speakers of the occasion were giving forth the calm conclusions of judgment reached by deliberation and investigation.

The choir sang a selection—"The Love of Angels."

Mr. Radcliffe, of Webb's Mills, spoke of the beauty and importance of Spiritualism. By it the terrors of the grave were torn away and the soul of man quieted by the thought that the "loved and lost" were around him, guiding his footsteps to the port of peace. Spiritualism taught that none were to be excluded. It had no church, for the world was its church; it had no creed, except that men should love to the best of their knowledge—should live as Christ lived, and die as he died, considering him as a divine person—an exemplar.

The meeting concluded with singing from the choir and a benediction by I. V. Mapes.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. O. Barrett, of Sycamore, Ill., has just closed a month's vigorous labor in Coldwater, Mich., and vicinity. The Spiritualists there are moving in the matter of building a hall for their own use. Mr. Barrett assures us that "the people all through the country are waking up to practical work for permanent success. This fall and winter the great West will be electrified with the practical inspirations of Spiritualism."

J. Madison Allen lectures in Danielsonville, Ct., Sept. 27th and Oct. 4th and 11th. Will make further engagements in New England or elsewhere. Address East Bridgeover, Mass.

Moses Hull will speak in Kalamazoo, Mich., the first three weeks in September. He will be in attendance at the Minnesota State Convention, which convenes at Fairbault on the 26th inst. During October he speaks in Latuz and Richmond, Ind. In Chicago, during November. He will answer calls to speak West during December; after that he comes East in January, and will remain here till May.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is speaking at Grand Rapids, Mich., this month.

Wm. F. Wentworth writes that "Since May 1st we have spoken three times in Fall River, Mass., twice in Swanton, one Sunday in Hammon, N. J. and during July and August every Sabbath has found us employed in Western New York. Of the success of our labors we may not judge, but we trust they have not been in vain. We shall spend some months in the West, and hope to find plenty of work as a speaker. The field is broad and ripe for the harvest; the way may look dark; but, brothers, I know the morning cometh wherein we shall yet rejoice." His address is Pontiac, Mich., care of S. Brotherton.

Mrs. Mary E. Withee has been lecturing in Bradford, N. H., and vicinity recently, to appreciative audiences. She writes that "the avowed Spiritualists here are few in number, but staunch supporters of a cause they deem so true and useful. The waters of opposition have been considerably stirred, of late, by the development of a young girl, only seventeen years of age, as a speaker. She has held several public meetings in Bradford and vicinity, to excellent acceptance."

The San José Mercury, (Cal.) speaking of Mrs. Todd's lectures, (wife of Benjamin Todd, editor of the Banner of Progress,) says she is a lady of culture and ability.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will speak in Sandy Hill, N. Y., Saturday evening, September 26th, also in Glen's Falls, N. Y., Sunday, September 27th.

Music Hall Meetings—Season Tickets only \$3.

It has been decided to fix the price of season tickets for the course of lectures in Music Hall the coming season at three dollars, instead of five, as announced in a previous issue. Hundreds more, it is believed, will avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a seat at the reduced price—which is a third less than the single admission. It is hoped that not less than one thousand tickets will be taken at once. No one should hesitate to contribute so small a sum to sustain the best course of lectures ever given in Boston on the Spiritual Philosophy. The tickets will be for sale at the counter of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, on and after Wednesday, September 23. Those who held two or more tickets to the last course, can secure the same seats by leaving the number of ticket and name, as above, previous to the 23d.

The lectures will commence October 18th. An excellent quartette choir will sing some of the new spiritual hymns and chants, as well as some of the old favorites.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A CHOICE NUMBER.—The present issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Don't fail to read the Spiritual Story, on our first page; The Children's Department, on our second page; Original Essays, and other interesting matters, on our third page; together with a great variety of editorials, on the fourth, fifth and eighth pages. The sixth page is also filled with original matter from spirit-life on a great variety of subjects.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE is informed that the BANNER OF LIGHT is mailed regularly from this office. Why it has not reached its destination we are unable to tell. The post-office department must be at fault. Should the BANNER fail to reach our cotemporary in future, it will please notify us of the fact.

Thanks to those friends who so lavishly furnished beautiful floral gifts for the table, on Monday, at the reopening of our free circles.

Read the advertisement of Holmes & Co., concerning their planchets.

The "annual gathering" at Salisbury Beach, which occurs on Wednesday, the 10th, will be a grand affair should the weather prove propitious. Popular speakers have been engaged to harangue the "natives."

Charles H. Reed, physical medium, is still holding sances in this city and vicinity with marked success. He held one at Mr. Z. A. Willard's residence, 131 Tremont street, on Tuesday evening, 8th inst. A select audience was present, and every experiment was satisfactory. We shall give a full account of this sance in our next.

"They say" this, that and t'other. Very well, let them say. Truth is n't made out of falsehood. The thing can't possibly injure you. In the long run—and everything runs as long as it can—the good and true triumph. Gossip—small and large—never does any real injury except that its subjects take it up in earnest; and no true man or woman ever wants to wade in the filthy water. Don't let "they say" have the slightest influence over you.

The secret of happiness is in the ability to extract sunshine from whatever is around us.

Hon. F. W. Green, editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, has fallen heir to an estate of \$230,000, the legacy of a rich bachelor relative.

San Francisco has a matrimonial agency, "in charge of a lady of discretion, mature years, and conscientious Christian principles." Fee, five dollars!

After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth's exclaiming, "do n't be so unpeppably happy!"

Apples carried from Boston to China, packed in ice, sell at Hong Kong for \$2 per dozen, gold.

Attorney-General Everts has given an opinion that the United States government is bound to consider eight hours a day's work, and should not deduct anything from its workmen's wages because they do not work ten hours. This view is as conformable to sense as to law.

A barbarous price—Lerol, Eugenio's hair dresser, receives \$6000 per year.

A New York girl rowed from Cornwall to Newbury for a box of gloves.—Post.

Yes, and a Boston girl rode from Boston to Chelsea without the gloves.

The subscriptions for the shares of the French Atlantic Cable are being taken in Paris and London with great rapidity.

A witty woman, commenting upon Mormonism, exclaimed: "How absurd—four or five wives for one man; when the fact is, each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands—it would take about that number to support her as she would like."

Women are coming into position. Miss Blandina Conant, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a lady of uncommon culture and scholarship, has been appointed Professor of English Literature at Rutgers College.

Miss Susie Train (eldest daughter of George Francis) drives a very pretty basket phaeton, drawn by a shaggy little Shetland pony.

A cable telegram announces the death of the wife of Victor Hugo. The married life of Victor Hugo was one of great happiness.

OUR PLANET—ITS PAST AND FUTURE.—The above is the title of a very interesting little volume published by William Denton, Boston. It is a series of six lectures on geology, in the popular style now so much in vogue, and is well calculated to bring science down to the level of the masses. These lectures seem to do this very successfully. They abound in vivid description, and are, as far as may be, freed from the technical character of more extended works. The remarks of the author upon the climatic changes that have occurred within the historic period, and the remains of man in connection with those of extinct animals, are interesting and instructive. Although we cannot endorse all the inferences and opinions contained in the book, we believe it to be a meritorious contribution to popular scientific literature.—Scientific American.

Published and for sale at this office.

That was a witty compliment which Sheridan paid to Miss Payne:

"Is true I am ill; but I cannot complain. For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne."

The estate of Ira Aldrich, the black tragedian, amounts to about eighty thousand dollars. Among the property which he left were about eighty snuff-boxes, watches, diamond-rings, etc., which he received from European sovereigns and other admirers of his histrionic talents.

What torture can a toper best endure? Being brandied.

A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth another; "it looks like twenty-four carats."

"Come, husband" said the wife of a note-shaving Stock Exchange bear, "it is time for us to get up; the day is breaking." "Well, let it break; I don't hold any of its paper."

Study your own powers and inclinations, in order to judge in what manner your time and faculties may be most advantageously employed.

The oftener we do good actions, the greater happiness we receive from doing them.

There are five hundred and forty-three postal boxes in Paris, and there are seven delivered daily.

The Hutchinson Fund.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following sums in aid of Robert Hutchinson and his wife—both invalids, residing at No. 8 Salem street, Boston:

R. Falkenson, Boston..... \$200 Friend..... 12.00

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Very Large Assortment of Spiritualist Books. Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, three only paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 2nd edition, just out. Great Intimations, each complete—Physic, Teacher, Seer, Reformer, Mind-Thinker, Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrating Harbinger of Health, Anatomy, Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (22 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence, Harmonical Man, Free Thought, Concerning Religion, Health and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabia, or Divine Quest, and Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Part Two, just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$24; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Purgative Wife; American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine. In three volumes, price \$6; postage 90 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, Human Nature, edited by J. Burns, for \$2.00. The volume, which we have a few left, is being re-issued in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. Human Nature is a radical and well conducted monthly, and devoted to scientific and other sciences.

Send us five dollars, and we will send by mail Arabia, Stellar Key, Memoranda, and the large and elegant lithograph of the author, A. J. Davis, of which we have a few left. To secure this liberal discount you must send soon. "Young England" is sold, but we have another rare and remarkable English book, "The Principles of Political Economy," by Henry de Larosiere, showing every position of the human body, in two thousand figures (only one copy, price \$10, just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. A copy of this book, would find it of great value; but as a library book it is not valuable for reading, as its 164 large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

Awakening.

Those who know best assure us of an awakening among the people to the reality and importance of Spiritualism never before known. The demand for good reliable mediums, for books, papers and information, is certainly increasing, and the earnestness in the cause is intensifying. There is consciousness in the minds of many that the hour for more efficient action has come, that words may slacken and works increase. Fully imbued with this feeling, the late Convention at Rochester took practical steps to secure a legal organization, so that hereafter means may be collected and securely retained, till expended by proper authority, and to employ efficient laborers in the field to collect funds and spread the new gospel. It is probably a safe estimate to say we have eight millions of Spiritualists in this country. One-fourth of them at least ought to be able to join the American Association of Spiritualists, and pay in each five dollars. This would give us at once a fund to work with of ten millions of dollars, enable us to purchase or build a college and endow it, to secure a central publishing house and office for the Association and its officers, and secure a complete library of all the works on the subject from its first advent among us—a work very much needed, as the time will come when these early records will be valuable. Files of all the papers, and copies of all the books and pamphlets should be collected and preserved, and a board of competent persons appointed to examine the thousands of manuscripts already written, and approve and publish such as are worthy and deserving. Many of these manuscripts are in possession of mediums incompetent to decide upon their merits, and unable to have them printed. Some are printed that are worthless, and many valuable ones are stowed away in secret, and never get beyond a few confidential friends of the medium writers.

There is an immense amount of work in this cause now ready, and competent men and women are now ready to do it, but means to pay them must be raised and properly appropriated to that use. Such is the business of the directors, who will take early steps to legalize the organization, and properly secure all sums entrusted to their care, and see that they are faithfully employed to further the cause of Spiritualism, holding themselves accountable and responsible to the Spiritualists at large, through their Annual Conventions. A majority of the board being elected annually, and a minority holding over, will enable them to continue the business, subject to the direction each year of the Convention, and the restricted delegations (conferred to State organizations) will leave out most of the God-appointed delegates, and those that have heretofore prevented any practical results arising from the National Conventions, and given us the name of fanatics or insane persons. We were not annoyed by these or the self-righteous at Rochester, as we have been before, nor by the persistent opponents of organization, who tried for several years to destroy the National Organization by opening its doors to any and everybody, which of course made it only a mass meeting, and incompetent to transact the business devolving on an organic body.

The ship seems now to be fairly launched, and the awakening breeze competent to push it on its course.

Is God a "Barn-Burner"?

When young we were taught, as most children now are, that God caused the lightnings, the rainbows, eclipses, and all other remarkable natural phenomena; that it was his providence that saved us from the lightning's stroke, as if he was striking round carelessly and avoided hitting us by special effort, but let down the bolt on those for whom he had no especial regard or care. Therefore we should be thankful for the mercy, and praise him and believe his word, which seemed of doubtful veracity, and is still, to intelligent people, and which requires every effort of over thirty thousand priests in this country to keep the children and the ignorant adults in any considerable degree of belief, faith and fear. Hence every effort to subject the minds of children to the "fear of the Lord," as the "beginning of wisdom." We cannot expect priests or Christian parents to do much to enlighten children on the character of the Bible, or the natural causes of ordinary or extraordinary events, but we can and do expect some liberal minded people to arouse and quicken the intellects of those about them on these subjects, and help us throw off the enormous load of superstition with which the present generation is loaded from its childhood, and from which but few have wholly escaped.

Recently, several barns filled with grain and hay have been burned by lightning in Bucks county, Penn. The owners were not known to be wicked above their neighbors, and no visible cause for God's anger or carelessness was apparent in their cases. But the children are told that God knows the secrets of the heart and he can see causes we cannot see, and hence he can justify himself for all his judgments. The barns that escaped were providentially saved, and the direct agency of God burned those that were lost. By this theory God is a "barn-burner," and as there is no appeal from his authority, and all the cattle and hay and barns are his, and only leased verbally or without contract to the occupants, he has a right, without being questioned, to burn such as he pleases. There is, however, some

safety in lightning rods, which have proved of late a better protection than the old one of prayers, praises and belief, which a few years ago were the only assurance against lightning. Theology teaches strange ideas of God. A little girl, the other day, came home from a walk in which she passed a shoe store with a large wooden boot for a sign. Her mother asked her what she saw. "Oh, mother, I saw a great big boot—big enough for God." Whether she had in her mind the Jewish Jehovah God, or the Christian's Jesus God, we know not.

A Mining Adventure—Saved by a Cat.

Last week a man by the name of Mattox, who is engaged in mining near Foulton street on the bluff, met with the following adventure: He was standing at the mouth of the shaft, tending to the windlass, while his companion was down below winding an east and west drift. He was just on the point of going down himself, when a large cat came running toward him, and going to the mouth of the shaft gave an unearthly squall and vanished. This was repeated three times. Thinking that the fellow was mad, Mr. Mattox called to his companion, who came out of the shaft, and together they gave chase. Around yards, through back alleys and gardens, they pursued their tormentor, but the cat eluded them, and with a loud prolonged wail vanished from sight. On returning to the shaft and going down, what was the astonishment of the miners to find that the earth had caved in, completely filling up the drift. Had not the mine come up just as he did, he would certainly have met with a terrible death—a result which was averted by the timely squall of the cat. Will some one be kind enough to explain the strange conduct of the feline?—Dubuque (Iowa) Times.

Yes. The cat was obsessed by one of the "evil spirits" engaged in guarding the lives of mortals, and which so often manifest themselves and communicate of late, to the great annoyance of the clergy, who cannot lay them. The guardian spirit, finding the brain of its ward, the miner, too stupid to receive the impression, or too much muddled by tobacco and liquor and hardened by gross and coarse life, or fatigued and broken down by hard work and poor fare, to be reached by direct influence, and finding no human medium near, took the cat, the brain and nerves of which were more susceptible, and made it the instrument by which the "evil spirits" could effect the "providential escape" of the miner. We recommend some of our city editors to keep cats in their offices.

Mediums in the City.

Our mediums who have been absent from the city are returning to their posts. Mrs. L. F. Hyde, who does much to supply the place of Foster, is again on duty. Mrs. Murfey, of whom we always have good reports of success, has returned from the country, and Mrs. Jennie Waterman Danforth has returned from her western trip. These with many others in our city are carrying on the intelligent intercourse between the two worlds successfully all the time. We are almost daily notified of new and often remarkable mediums appearing where least suspected. Physical manifestations and open communications are on the increase, and it seems impossible for the clergy to much longer keep many of the people ignorant of the facts by sermons, falsehoods, fears or deceptions which they use so constantly to do it.

The Spiritual Harp.

The press continues to speak in favorable terms of this new music book.

From the Universalist:

"Three gentlemen, viz., J. M. Peebles, J. O. Barrett and E. H. Bailey, have compiled and edited a collection of vocal music for the choir, congregation and social circle, to which they give the title, 'The Spiritual Harp.' It is a large, handsome, well printed and bound volume, and embraces in its list of songs and hymns many of the best, especially of recent date. As to the music, we are, too poor judges to pronounce an opinion. Among the pieces we notice many that we presume to be original. And to be original under the lead of such men as we have named above, is to have access to inspiration and light not of the earth. Not a few of the hymns in this collection bear unmistakable evidence of an unearthly origin. Yet, in justice to the work and the workmen, we are bound to say that there is more of real poetry in the Spiritual Harp than we had supposed the compilers would be content to have in anything they could so easily fill with the insane rhapsodies of their seers. Much of what is here would be better omitted; but nearly the same thing may be said of every similar work. William White & Co. are gaining a deserved reputation for the neatness and elegance of the works that issue from their press."

From the Investigator:

"This is a new singing book, which has just made its appearance, and through most of the hymns is a harmonized and a strongly theatrical with angels, heaven, &c., yet some are practical and earthly—such as an Infidel may understand and appreciate. A more extensive infusion of the latter quality would have improved the book, doubtless; but, as a whole, it is a much better work than can be found in any of the churches, and the fact shows progress in music as well as in religion. 'The Spiritual Harp' is very handsomely got up, in the printing and binding, and another proof that in the material business of book-making our spiritual friends manifest a fine earthly taste."

From the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"The public are aware of the preparation of this highly valuable work of musical compositions and collections, and its appearance will be hailed by the spiritualistic public with pleasure and delight, as it fills a desideratum long and seriously felt. The work is got up in the most neat and artistic manner, embodies nearly three hundred pages, and must therefore have an extensive and rapid sale."

From the Boston Traveller:

"This is a good collection of songs, odes, etc., admirably adapted for the various services of the Spiritualists, by whom it will be largely patronized."

THE AMERICAN GOLF FELLOW for September contains eighty pages of good reading matter. Among the contents are the conclusion of the \$500 Prize Story, "The Unknown Friend," "An Old Fellow Around," "The Root of All Evil," "Western Sketches," "New York by Daylight and Gaslight," "The Sciences and Astronomy," "Position of Old Fellowship among Modern Schemes of Philanthropy," "Ladies' Olio," "Old Fancies," news from all parts of the jurisdiction of Old Fellowship, &c., &c. Published by J. W. Orr, New York, at \$2 a year.

Picnic.

The last Grand Union Picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, for 1868, will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, Sept. 15. All orderly people, whether Spiritualists or not, are cordially invited to join with us in the festivities of this autumnal gathering. Exercises to consist of speaking, dancing, boating, bowling, swinging, etc., etc. Refreshments in abundance and of the best quality to be obtained on the grounds at cheap prices. From all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, Plymouth and Hanson, Fall River and Bridgewater, Somerset and South Braintree, excursionists will take the regular trains to and from the Grove at one fare. A special train will leave the old Colony Depot, Boston, for the Grove at half past nine o'clock PRECISELY. Returning, arrive in Boston at six o'clock.

Price of tickets: Adults 80 cents; children 50 cents. N. B. NO TWELVE O'CLOCK TRAIN. H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Manager. Boston, Sept. 1, 1868.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.) G. L. D. ALBANY, N. Y.—Yours received. Thanks for your kind invitation. Will notify such mediums as you designate of your generous offer.

Business Matters.

Mrs. L. F. HYDE, Test Medium, 142 West 10th street, New York.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physicist, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.85.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS are for sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

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

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE (price 30 cents) and HUMAN NATURE (price 25 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

MISS M. K. GARNIER will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2.00, and 3 red stamps. Address, 24 Wickliffe st., Newark, N. J. \$12.2w

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. Aug. 29—4w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sunday. \$5.4w C. D. & I. H. PERRIN, Proprietors.

THE SPIRITUAL TRUSTEES A Monthly Magazine devoted to the Historical Philosophy, Moses Hull and W. F. Jackson, editors. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents single copy. August number now ready.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Those of our subscribers having occasion to change the destination of their papers, should, in order to save us trouble, and insure the requisite change, be very particular to name the State, County and Town to which the Banner is sent. Without this guide, it is a tedious labor for our clerks to hunt through the thousands of names upon our subscription books for the one to be changed, and perhaps then fail to find it.

Special Notices.

In theory beautiful, in practice perfect; NEGATIVE FOR CHILL or AGUE, POSITIVE FOR FEVER; hence Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders know no such thing as CHILLS AND FEVER, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTIVE CHILLS, and FEVER AND AGUE. Sept. 5—4w

MATHEWA A. McCORD, 513 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. Banner of Light always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Spiritual and Reform Books. MRS. E. M. BROWN, AND MRS. LOU, E. KIMBALL, 137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Thursdays.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

HOLMES'S MAGNETIC INSULATED WRITING PLANCHETTE.

Holmes's Alphabetic Planchette, MADE OF MATERIAL SUITED TO THE MAGNETIC CURRENTS OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM—GIVEN TO HIM FROM SPIRIT—WILL NEVER MENTAL OR UNWILLINGLY WRITE OR SPEAK THE ANSWERS. Any person can work them, even a little child. Every progressive mind should own one.

Manufactured and Sold by Holmes & Co., 149 Fulton street, New York. Either kind sent by express, securely packed, with full directions, on receipt of post-office order for \$1.50; or by mail, prepaid to any part of the United States, on receipt of post office order for \$2.00. Sept. 19.

INDELIBLE PENCILS,

For Marking Clothing, &c. Single, 50 cts.; 3 for \$1.10 per doz., \$2.75 per gross. Sent, freight paid, on receipt of price.

"More convenient than ink."—American Spectator. "Invaluable for marking linen."—Chicago Tribune. "Invaluable to the housekeeper."—Cady's Lady's Book. "Decorative, convenient and durable."—Springfield Rep. Manufactured and sold by the Indelible Pencil Co., NORTHAMPTON, Mass.

DR. J. R. NEWTON WILL HEAL THE SICK AT BANGOR, ME., On and after Sept. 10th, until further notice.

MRS. E. S. SMITH,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, No. 1 Grand street, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. During which time she will examine, advise and heal ill-afflicted of whatever disease can be cured. Females are particularly requested to test her powers. The public generally will be glad to know that there is a new medium through whom such works are performed as to prove they are beyond human agency, as well as prove the truth (did they need one) of their beautiful faith. Sept. 19—1w

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

MRS. L. A. SARGENT is very successful in the treatment of all nervous and inflammatory diseases. Patients visited at their homes if desired. No. 25 Bedford street, Boston. Sept. 19—3w

DR. J. CHEEVER.

OFFICE and residence 41 Hanover street, Boston, for the treatment of all chronic diseases and physical derangements. Fringes, Pupils, &c., carefully studied. Dr. C. has disposed of his interest in his former office at Charlestown. Sept. 19—4w

D. S. HAKER.

ELECTRIC and Spiritual Healer, treats the same, and cures all diseases curable. General Debility and Female Weakness are Specialties. Visits any part of the city, if desired. Office hours A. M. to 4 P. M. 31 Hudson street, Boston. 4w—Sept. 19.

PILES. CLAIRVOYANT Remedy for.

Never fails to cure. Send \$1.00 and stamp to Dr. Jocelyn, 80 Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill. Sept. 19—3w

MRS. R. L. MOORE'S Clairvoyant Prescriptions upon a superior plan of relief. Send \$1, 2 stamps and lock of hair, with age and sex of patient, care of WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, New York. 8w—Sept. 19.

ONE OF THE FOX SISTERS holds circles every Tuesday evening

Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

These Messages are published in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, while in an abnormal state of clairvoyance. These Messages indicate the spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to the beyond—whether for good or evil.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday.

Invocation.

Oh, Master of Life, whose greatness we may not comprehend, we would commune with thee through thy revelations in Nature; setting aside all doubt and fear, we would talk face to face with thee through thy works.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, we will now consider. Q.—How is it that Indian spirits can speak such good English, and yet always express what people generally understand to be Indian ideas?

A.—Clairaudience, certainly. Every spirit is clairaudient, notwithstanding the power may not be projected through its senses. Your spirit is at all times able to hear, able to answer every other spirit with whom it comes in rapport, disembodied or incarnate. It is not dependent upon sound or form of speech.

Q.—Are there not some cases, termed epilepsy by physicians, that are not epileptic, but merely some spiritual phase? A.—Very many. Very many. May 12.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We have received a question which perhaps it may not be amiss to give an answer to at this time. The question comes to us from a very honest church member, one who desires, no doubt, to walk in all godliness and truth.

I can only answer from my standpoint of reasoning. To me it is not one of God's commands, but quite the contrary. If the good religious friend desires an answer according to the Biblical standard, if he is willing to receive that authority, he has only to read the 43d, 44th, 45th and 46th verses of the 5th chapter of Matthew.

Oh I have tried so many times to come here, and have always been so unsuccessful till to-day. Perhaps I am wrong in coming here at all, but if I am, I hope for forgiveness, for surely I have no wish to do wrong. I have a child, a little girl, in this city. Is it Boston? [Yes.] In the Catholic institution, and I desire, by some means, to get into communication with her, or what is still better, with her father.

Alice Ryan.

You see, sir, I have a brother who is a medium, and my mother don't know what it means. I shall tell her through my brother, by the sounds, that I have spoken here, and tell her about it, so she will get your paper and know what to do.

Margaret Murray.

You see, sir, I have a brother who is a medium, and my mother don't know what it means. I shall tell her through my brother, by the sounds, that I have spoken here, and tell her about it, so she will get your paper and know what to do.

Benjamin Franklin Cutler.

Well, sir, I will have to introduce myself by name. I suppose I must give the whole name, though I was always called Frank. My name in full was Benjamin Franklin Cutler. Quite a name, you see. I don't know what I inherited any of the noble qualities of my illustrious namesake.

flower from the sod, not as a cabbage-head, but as myself, just as I was while in the body. Now my folks, some of them, have said they would give me the right to know how far I was mixed up in that forgery, just the real truth of the matter. Whenever they approached me on the subject, I always laughed them out of it; never would give them any satisfaction. But now if they have a mind to come and talk with me, I will give them entire satisfaction, and give them references here on the earth, so that they can ascertain for themselves, and make everything just as clear as they could wish.

I hail from Hartford, the old nutmeg State. But I am not a nutmeg by any means; not half so spicy as that. [Will you please give your age?] Twenty-seven; of the 2d Connecticut, Co. [At what place were you killed?] At Gettysburg; but I am all after all. By the way, how is old Andy now? Is he up, or is he down; just now? [I don't know. He is President, but some people don't think he understands really where he is.] Perhaps he understands more than they give him credit for. There's such a thing as being mistaken in a man. [Do you predict that he will keep his place?] I ain't in the habit of betting. I am out of that line. [I did n't ask you to bet.] Oh, to predict. Keep his place? Of course he will. Good-day, Captain-General.

Prayer by Theodore Parker; questions answered by Thomas Paine; letters answered by "Cousin Bonja."

Mighty Allah, thou who art the great spirit over all, whose shrine is everywhere and whose worshippers are many, we bring thee this hour an offering of the broken vows, the forgotten promises of these Christians, and we ask that thou wilt change them to better things; that thou wilt let the sun of thy truth shine upon them, so that these Christians may understand themselves and thee. We bring thee their sighs and their joys, and we ask thee to bless them. We bring thee their hopes and their fears, and we ask thee to make great their hopes and to take away their fears. We ask thee to show these Christians where thou hast laid the key by which they may enter the paradise of souls. We ask thee to send unto each soul its great ministering angel who shall lead it well. We ask thee to wash each one in the clear waters of thy truth and illumine each mind by the radiant sunbeams of thy wisdom.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—We believe in a future life, but what proof have we that such life is endless? A.—Judging from the past, bringing our evidence from the past, it becomes quite large enough in the present to extend to an unlimited future. We are prone to judge by the past, and we have most excellent evidence that the past stretches away almost into infinity. We do not know when human existence began. We cannot go back to a time when mind was not—when the various exhibitions of mind had no place of being anywhere. Now it is certainly reasonable to conclude that mind will continue to exist in the future, inasmuch as it has existed in the past.

Q.—May not our individuality be lost in the elements constituting the principle which we call God? A.—We are perpetually losing our individuality, and we are as perpetually forming new individualities. We throw off all that makes up our mind in the external, and we are constantly taking on from surrounding conditions that which is new to us as individuals. We do not think precisely to-day as we thought yesterday. There is a constant change in the slight, and as the soul's individuality consists in its thoughts, in its expressing its thoughts, so, then, that individuality is constantly changing, constantly being absorbed into the great infinite whole, and we are as constantly absorbing from that great infinite whole. It is give and take forever and forever.

Q.—If memory ever lives with us, may not it make the future life unpleasant or intolerable? A.—Yes, it certainly will, in many instances, but I believe it will be very pleasant. The man who has defrauded his neighbor in any sense, who has practiced the various kinds of injustice that are exhibited on the earth, who has committed errors against his own conscience, such a one cannot but expect to receive condemnation in consequence of remembering those acts in the spirit-world. We carry with us all the lights and shades of our being here to the spirit-world, and if the shade preponderates, why, certainly we cannot but be unhappy. Now then, see it that you do not carry the things to the spirit-world that, when you remember, will cause you regret. For if you do, you will carry your hell with you. Be sure of that.

Q.—Do we not gain a heavenly condition by our own efforts and aspirations, or are we aided by divine influences? A.—We gain it by both. Aside from our own aspirations, from our own desire to obtain the best that God has in store for us, we also have the help of the good spirits of the earth. All good is inseparably bound together. We make our own heaven and our own hell, but we find the law is augmented by outside conditions. Q.—Is there a distinction in the soul's future between sins of intention and of ignorance? A.—Certainly there is, so far as the individual is concerned. If you commit an error, and you know at the time you commit it that it is an error, that it is not the best way, when remorse for the fault does not carry the error away, it will be very much more regretful than if you had committed the error in ignorance. Q.—Is anything ever lost that is committed? A.—No, certainly not. Nothing was ever lost in the absolute. Q.—Will the most atrocious of criminals ever be restored in the spirit-world so as to be equal with the rest?

A.—Always, in my opinion. I have seen very many who were exceedingly low, and I see them making progress, therefore I expect that during some period of their existence they will have thrown off all that is evil in their nature, all the lesser good, and will have attained the highest good.

Q.—What are the powers of that restoration? A.—Infinite. Q.—What is infinite? A.—That which never had a beginning and will never have an ending. Q.—Eternity—God—anything that will express all that ever has been, is, or ever shall be. It matters not what name you give it. Q.—What is the agent by which God creates? A.—Everything—all of mind and all of matter. Q.—Can he create by matter? A.—Certainly; that is to say, according to the usual definition of the term creation. For my own part, I do not believe that anything was ever created, because to me a thing which is created is made out of nothing. Now such a belief is thoroughly absurd, but most people define creation as simply a changing of form, a making over. But to me, that which is created comes out of nothing; therefore I do not believe in creation, not in any sense.

Q.—It is said that in the beginning the heavens and the earth were created. Was it out of nothing? A.—A great many foolish things have been said. That is one of them. Q.—That is the point you adverted to. Q.—The point you adverted to. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; I know also, that record is the work of man, poor, fallible, weak, mistaken man, instead of being the word of God.

Q.—Do you believe there is such a thing as a miracle? A.—No, certainly not. All the exhibitions of mind or matter come within the sphere of law. A miracle is something that is done outside of law. There are no miracles. They only seem to be such because you are unacquainted with the law. Q.—You do not think the sun or moon ever stood still? A.—No, I do not. Q.—Or that a man was ever cast into the fire without being burned? A.—That would be more probable. Yes, I do believe in the latter case. I know that by taking advantage of certain chemical laws you can pass through the fire unharmed. But the standing still of the sun or moon is quite another thing.

Q.—Do you think there is any chemical process by which a man can be put into a furnace heated seven times hotter than ever it was before and not burn him? A.—Yes, I do. Q.—Do you consider it a miracle to open the eyes of the blind? A.—No, certainly not. Q.—Is it possible to restore a dead man to life after four days, as related in the Bible? A.—No, I do not believe it would be possible, not if the individual had really passed under another law. I do not believe that any law can be broken with impunity. Nature's laws are fixed, immutable. We cannot trample upon them as we may please to. By no means.

Q.—There is a law of life, and equally a law of corruption. Was Lazarus raised by the law of corruption? A.—No, certainly not. There is life in the ascendant and life in the descendant. It is all life, after all. We go down to the grave by virtue of the law of life, and we ascend as spirits by virtue of the same law. We perform all the operations of our being by the same law. We may think we break the law, but we certainly do not.

Q.—By what law was Lazarus raised from the dead? A.—I do not believe he was raised from the dead, not as the Christian would generally believe it. Q.—Is it possible for a spirit to rehabit the body after it has entirely departed from it? A.—Yes, certainly. But after it has, by virtue of a new law, been raised to the spirit, and it has become a longer, or used to the spirit, and all its magnetic and electric life have been used up by the spirit, then it would be a natural impossibility for the spirit to return, holding permanent control of the body. May 14.

James S. Haggerty. By the grace of the most high God I find myself able to manifest at this place, and I hope I may be able to do some good here. I have in this part of God's beautiful earth.

On the 14th day of last March I became aware that I was free from the body and enjoying the life of the great spirit-world of which we know so little while here. I had read during my life on earth much of the spiritual writings. I had informed myself in that way, so far as I was able to, and I made up my mind that when I entered the spirit-world, if I should find that the spiritual philosophy was true, I would return, thanking the Great Spirit, to my brother, who is in the way that has been opened, and that our work on earth's people was not done. The immediate cause of my change was hemorrhage of the lungs. I had suffered from four or five attacks before, and this last proved fatal. I was a priest of the Catholic order, living in accordance with the demands of the Catholic Church, and in full faith that the church on earth would be represented in the other life. 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LIST OF LECTUREES.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, changes of appointments, cancellations, etc. Should any change in this list of a party known to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is devoted exclusively to Lecturers.)

A. A. POND, Inspirational speaker, Rochester Depot, Lorain Co., Ohio.
Mrs. J. Puffer, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass.
J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, La Grange, Wis., care of E. A. Wilson.

Mediums in Boston.
LAURA HASTINGS HATCH, Inspirational Medium, will give Musical Seances every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, at 6 o'clock, at 85 Kiltree place, opposite 69 Friend St., Boston. Terms 25 cts. Sept. 19-20.

New York Advertisements.
THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, A POWER IN THE LAND.
MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.
The magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

Miscellaneous.
PROF. C. H. WOODHULL'S MAGNETIC AND HEALING INSTITUTE, AND CONSERVATORY OF METAPHYSICAL, MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL SCIENCES.
S. B. BRITTON, M. D., MEMBER OF THE New York Eclectic Medical Society.

Obituary.
Passed to spirit-life, Aug. 28th, John E. Russell, aged 21 years 3 months 19 days.

New Music.
FOUR ODES FOR MALE VOICES.
Music composed expressly for the use of the Fraternity of Odd Fellows, by M. Keller.

New Books.
A HARE BOOK!
JUST PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM WHITE & CO. of the Banner of Light Publishing House, THREE VOICES.

Dr. J. P. Bryant
Heals the Sick at his Residence, 395 WEST 34TH STREET, New York City.

EMERY N. MOORE & CO., Printers and Engravers, No. 6 Water street, Boston, Mass.

Western Department.

J. M. PEARLES, EDITOR. Individuals subscribing to the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail...

A Universalist Clergyman Calling for a Spirit Communication.

"Pray for me, dear brother. I am anxious to patiently and faithfully do the work that God has for me to do. Here I confess I am yet in the dark."

There, good reader, the above is a verbatim extract, written under date of August 16th, from a Universalist clergyman, in full fellowship with the denomination—his name appearing in the Universalist Register.

"Pray for me." How horribly shiftless that sounds! Would you not like to have us prepare your food, fan you to sleep, dust your pathway and carry your groceries?

Finally, we are just in receipt of an excellent letter from the Rev. Wm. Armstrong, a Universalist clergyman, of Wellsville, N. Y.

"I have always believed in the power of the spirits of the departed to communicate with us, and have often yearned for a tangible demonstration of it."

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under the control of a band of geological spirits. This clergyman does not object to the monthly two or three hundred dollar dividends received by each individual interested, yet thinks it "not only undignified, but absolutely unworthy of immortal spirits, to employ themselves in assisting mortals to discover oil-wells."

"At the same time spake the Lord to Isaiah, saying, Go and loose the sackcloth from off thy loins, and put off the shoe from thy foot; and he did so, walking naked and barefoot."—Isa. xx: 2.

"And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded."—Gen. xi: 5.

"And it came to pass, that in the morning-watch, the Lord took off their (the Egyptians) chariot wheels, that they drove them heavily."—Ex. xiv: 24-25.

"And Gideon said unto God, If thou wilt save Israel by my hand, behold I will put a fleece of wool in the floor; and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth besides, then shall I know that the Lord will save Israel by my hand."

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sional and psychometrical medium, also healing and locating diseases, but I am all alone and dare not begin. I want help. Do you not know of some one that will 'come over and help us? I am poor, but the glorious Banner of Light, liberty and truth, finds its way to my humble home every week, and I read and pass it around."

"Manistee is a flourishing village, full to the brim of enterprise, energy and industry, just the place for a good speaker or test medium."

"If you should give this a place in your paper, perhaps it might meet the eye of some one near here who would feel it a pleasure as well as a duty to come and help me make this wilderness blossom (for it has already budded) like the rose. The material is here in abundance to form a Society and Lyceum. Will some one please to come and help me?—Miss J. A. DRAKE, Manistee, Mich., Aug. 22, 1886.

Marriage of Dr. Brown and Mrs. Wood.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I enclose you a form of marriage ceremony that Mrs. Wood and myself adopted in taking the solemn vows at the house of Joseph Curtis, Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday night, Aug. 27th, 1886.

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Connecticut.

The Executive Board of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists, having engaged the services of W. H. Perry (Treasurer of the Association) as Financial Agent, and Miss E. Annie Hinman as Lecturing Agent, propose during the ensuing year to make a thorough canvass of the State and visit every Spiritualist within its borders.

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New Books.

JUST PUBLISHED. WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER, AT MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MASS., Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 27, 1887.

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