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Literary Department.

MARGARET LEONARD.

Written Expressly for the *Banner of Light*,
by *Ernie Barker*.

CHAPTER VII.

There are natures so entirely devoted to selfish enjoyment, that even great suffering of friends is tolerated only as a hindrance to their own personal pleasure, and endured with impatience; with whom sympathy is but an empty name, and self-denial a thing unknown. Such a nature was Laura Lancing's. Shallow, superficial and selfish, she was generous so far as it did not affect her own interests. Life was a gala day to her, a time in which to enjoy the present to its fullest extent, letting the future take care of itself. Little did she know of the earnest thoughts which thronged the avenues of a thinking mind. I say *thinking mind*, from the knowledge of minds. There are minds without real thought, as there are people without actual life. All around us we see minds, like stagnant pools, by which no one is benefited, as they have no outlet, and are not benefited themselves, having no tributary. Such minds grow covered with selfish purposes, and are useless in the great drama of life. Laura Lancing's mind was of this mold. She knew nothing of the dim conjectures in regard to the future; the fretting against the unrelenting law of necessity; the wavering shapes of thought that come like haunting shadows, flitting to and fro in the silent chambers of the soul. Homer's "Force of Reason" was a thing wholly unknown in her existence. Whatever her mind received must first be plainly presented, else she could not comprehend it. There was no subtle intuition, nothing of the suggestive, possible to her. Her only desire was to be admired and "kill time," as she expressed herself. To think of her winning a man like Alfred Leonard! His quick perception of motives and thorough reading of character had already sounded her shallow nature, and while he respected her as the friend of his daughter, he was thoroughly disgusted with her lack of affectionate regard for her little suffering friend.

Percy Manning was a young man of warm and generous impulses, the very reverse of Miss Lancing, and possessed of more sterling worth than a slight acquaintance with him declared. There are persons who grow into your affections by acquaintance, almost while you are unconscious of their approach, and in whom every day develops some new and pleasing trait. This was our young friend. "He had traveled considerably, and this, with a well balanced mind and intimate knowledge of the literature of the day, placed him far above the petty trivialities and shallow coquettishness of Miss Lancing. He was in that much-to-be-desired position where one can look through the person before him and be amused thereby.

His tender, almost brotherly devotion to the suffering child, endeared him to the father's heart. Through those long days of anxiety, the strained hopes almost breaking beneath the intense suspense, the young man was unflinching in his earnest endeavors to promote the comfort of his sick cousin, and strove by every word to cheer and encourage the drooping spirits of the watch-worn parent.

The crisis came at last, and as the two men stood by the bedside of the wan, emaciated girl, their speechless anxiety was betrayed only by the breathlessness with which they watched Dr. Mayhew.

At such moments how our hearts almost cease their pulsations, and with what clinging trust, so frail, do we note every varying expression of the physician's countenance, as if in his face was set the balance-wheel for life or death. And how many unvoiced prayers, trembling betwixt thanksgiving and reproach, are waited on our soft breathings to him who sits quietly working in the hearts of men. "Father, save my child," has been felt by thousands of aching hearts at just such moments as were passing over the heart of Mr. Leonard, as he stood leaning on Percy's shoulder, with his mute face, agonized in every line, awaiting the verdict from Dr. Mayhew.

"The crisis is past, sir! Your child will live, by careful nursing."

"I thank thee, oh God," came in low tones from the father's lips, while Percy wept like a child, in the fullness of his great joy.

And Miss Lancing? I think I heard my readers inquiring for her. She had accepted the invitation of a lady in the village to visit her, and with the exception of a daily message to the cottage, and an occasional call, had been absent for three weeks. Had nothing else broken her last remaining shadow of an influence over Mr. Leonard, her indifferent absence would have been effectual in doing so.

Long weeks of tenderest care succeeded the weeks of suspense, and when Margaret had so far recovered her strength as to enable her to sit at the table, wrapped in shawls and pillowed in the large arm-chair from the library, the three pale faces—two grown haggard from anxious watching—that gathered around the board were laughingly commented upon by each other.

Percy had grown dear to Mr. Leonard through these long weeks of sorrow, and he persuaded him to remain during the autumn to recuperate his wasted strength, saying:

"Your mother would scarcely give me credit for my costly kindness in allowing you to return to her so worn and thin."

It was no difficult matter to induce him to remain, and as Margaret was now convalescent, Miss Lancing returned, to the inward disgust both of Percy and Mr. Leonard, but they were all quite merry again.

We have not time, dear reader, to dwell longer

upon this pleasant visit. Like all things terrestrial it had an end, and the chill wintry winds sent Percy back to New York, without having offered his heart, hand and fortune to Miss Lancing, who shed many bitter tears of mortified pride and disappointment at the miserable failure of both her well-laid plans. Ah, Laura, "The best laid schemes of mice and men
Go gang agley."

The two girls returned to Madame Strachane's, leaving Mr. Leonard in solitude once more. The cottage home had never seemed more lonely—the merry voices no longer heard in hall or parlor, the chirping bird-laughter of Margaret only heard in memory—and he felt like a childless old man as he went back to his "dreary hearthstone," listening to the dull music of his own thoughts, and building airy castles as he smoked his morning cigar alone in the library.

Letters from Margaret and Percy were the sunbeams in the long weeks. The little sheets filled with affectionate messages and loving longings for the cottage fireside, were read and re-read by him during the quiet evenings. Those of my readers who reside in the city cannot understand our snow-bound winters in the country, nor the eager delight with which the mail stage is hailed. Far back from the busy hum of life, this mail is our only connecting link with the great outside world. Take this hint, then, oh correspondents, and write more frequent and longer letters to your news-loving friends. Margaret's letters were full of girlish chat about school affairs, interwoven with threads of loving endearment, while Percy's were manlike, of a more business nature, and told of an earnest endeavor to live in the honest, upright station of true manhood. Perhaps his letters caused an occasional smile to hover around Mr. Leonard's lips, by their enthusiasm, yet, withal, he felt that his young friend had entered the contest of life with the right principles and purposes, and would eventually become a successful man. The kind, careful advice of a man like Mr. Leonard was invaluable to Percy, and he heeded it as from a father.

Let us now pass over a period of five years. The cottage at Willowdale seems unchanged, and Mr. Leonard looks scarcely older than when we last saw him. Margaret, grown into a tall girl of fifteen, and "lovely as a poet's dream," is still at Madame's. Miss Lancing, now a brilliant, sparkling coquette of twenty-three, resides in Boston, boasting the number of hearts offered and refused; and Percy, our dear friend Percy, is a distinguished young lawyer in the city of New York. Margaret's rapid progress in her studies has won for her the esteem of her teachers and schoolmates, and her pure, sunny nature is all unchanged.

Looking upon her in her fresh youth, the tender morning dew as yet unexhaled by the glare of noonday life, and her young soul unperplexed by the cankering cares of practical life, it is not strange to my mind that poets sing so much of the bloom of youth. What purer vision is there to the lover of Nature, in her fresh loveliness, than the modest, rose-cheeked girl, just entering the door of womanhood? There seems to hang around her a rosy veil of morning loveliness, but ah! how quickly the harsh, strident world rends it, and dissolves the spell.

The fulfillment of her childhood's promise bade fair to be realized; the years of the future would surely develop a lovely woman. Another year of school life passed—another—and another, in the same even tenor, until Margaret was nearly eighteen, and the examination arrived. The graduating class, of which she was a member, were the "observed of all observers," during the day. A class of finger looking, more intelligent young ladies, could not have been found in the State.

Clad in pure white, each one wearing her distinguishing badge of blue ribbon over her right shoulder, gathered into a knot beneath the right arm, they attracted universal attention and admiration. One after another came forward and read her composition, and at last the teacher announced "Miss Margaret Leonard" as the reader of the valedictory.

A murmur of admiration preceded the applause with which she was greeted, and exclamations of "How lovely!" "so beautiful!" and others of like significance, were distinctly heard above the buzz of whispering voices.

Gracefully acknowledging their applause, she opened her manuscript and commenced reading in a clear, well-modulated voice.

Gail Hamilton has said that the female voices in this country are utterly wanting in music, that they are "cranky-yanky voices." She had never heard this voice, else she would not have written that criticism without an exception. Margaret's subject was addressed to the young ladies about to enter the broad field of life. In clear, concise sentences, devoid of any display of wit or sarcasm, dealing only with plain, simple truths, she pointed out the true purposes of life; the great, noble plan of woman's existence and mission; the purest instincts of her nature; how elevated and how perverted; the great need of her employing every talent for the elevation of humanity; holding her audience in close attention all the while. She deftly emptied the frail shells of flattery, deceits and false ambition; applying the keen scalpel of reason, exposing the fallacies of their pursuits, and lastly, addressing her graduating friends in loving words, she bade them all a tender adieu, and left the stage loudly applauded by the attentive listeners. Mr. Leonard's pride knew no bounds. His cultivated tastes and wonderful appreciative power shew to him the rare talent displayed in his daughter's address, and his heart glowed with parental fondness as he looked upon her.

Far back in the hall stood another eager listener, drinking in the words of the fair reader with more than a stranger's interest.

"Percy Manning! Why, you here?"
"How do you do, Mr. Leonard?" Of course I'm here. Do you think I'd let my little coz, whom I saved from a watery grave, display her talents here in this way without my presence? I was proud of her!" A laughing assent was the reply, as they entered the reception rooms together.

Those of my readers who have attended such receptions need no word from my pen to portray the beautiful assembly of young ladies who adorned the parlors of Madame Strachane's institute. The flashing eyes, the girlish glees, and many smiling faces, all a beautiful picture, were never more lovely than these. Many young gentlemen, dressed in the most exquisite manner, fluttering mothlike around the candle of love, were bowing hither and thither in all parts of the rooms. Many were the claimants upon Miss Leonard's attention during the early portion of the evening, and her artless manners—so unlike the artificial polish of young ladies in general—won the admiration of all present.

Mr. Leonard appeared in a short time with Percy. The surprised gladness which illumined Margaret's countenance at the unexpected sight of her cousin was noted by all, and various conjectures arose at once. "Is that her lover?" "Is she engaged to him?" was whispered through the parlors.

"Oh, Percy! I am so glad to see you."

"Not more delighted than myself, dear Margaret," and a deep tenderness pervaded the tone of the reply, causing Mr. Leonard to cast an inquiring glance toward the young gentleman.

Music and conversation passed away the evening, and while our little party stood together thinking of returning to the hotel where Mr. Leonard had engaged rooms, a tall, shrewdly dressed lady approached them, her jeweled fingers resting upon the arm of a red-faced, corpulent, middle-aged man, whose scanty yellow locks reminded Percy of "Old Uncle Ned's" unfortunate bald head.

"Why, my dear Margaret, and Mr. Leonard, and you also, Mr. Manning, how delighted I am to see you. Allow me to introduce my husband, Mr. Jenkins."

The aforesaid Mr. Jenkins bobbed his bald head, while our party could with difficulty acknowledge the introduction with becoming gravity. The lady, as our reader has already guessed, is Laura Lancing, now Mrs. Peter Jenkins, a leader of fashion, and grown shallower than ever.

The next day our friends returned to Willowdale, accompanied by Percy, who was easily persuaded to join them, and there in their little cottage home they talked long and earnestly of the changes which time had wrought; the past, the present, the future, were all discussed. How many dreams of future happiness floated around Percy's heart, as he sat in the little parlor during those sweet autumnal evenings, listening to Mr. Leonard's manly words, while his eyes wandered over toward Margaret, until catching her swift glance they were quickly withdrawn. Oh, Cupid! you sly rogue! The coy, quickly given glances, the delicate blush mantling the young cheeks, are unmistakable signs of your presence in the heart. Perhaps Mr. Leonard was not so blind as they thought him. These old hearts that have outlived the *coeur-de-rose* of youth, read the signs of love-fair sooner than the young lovers think. The practiced eyes seldom fail, and he was not greatly surprised, when, a short time after their return, Percy asked his blessing upon their betrothal.

"I do not ask you to give her to me now, sir. We are neither of us desirous of hastening our marriage, but we wish our engagement sanctioned by you, and then, let come what may, we shall feel that we belong to each other."

Mr. Leonard placed Margaret's hand within Percy's, and said in fervent tones, "God bless you, my children. May your lives be long and happy. You, my dear boy, have taken my only treasure on earth to your heart. I need not ask you to be kind to her. And you, my precious daughter, be true to your chosen husband through all coming time." And they fancied they heard a soft voice say, "God bless you, my children," and with what distinctness there came to Mr. Leonard's heart the same tones in the words, "Know that Margaret will never leave you." Thus their troth was plighted, blessed on earth and in heaven.

A few days of sweet happiness, and Percy returned to New York, bearing with him the pure, girlish heart of his betrothed wife. The first love is always full of fancies, vague, airy visions of beautiful idealities never realized in this practical world of ours. Of the innumerable dreams floating somewhere on the ocean of thought, how many have been fulfilled? The busy whirl and bustle of active life drown these sweet cloud-land hopes, and although you may sometimes recall them as you sit in the twilight of summer evenings, they will be as broken bubbles, too beautiful to endure. How many a sad-hearted woman sits to-night by her cottage window dreaming over the halcyon days, and wishing "it might have been." There is a more practical, and by far truer couplet than Whittier's—

"If of all sad words by tongue or pen
The saddest are these, it might have been,
Oh, sadder still when we daily see
That it is, but it had not ought to be."

CHAPTER VIII.

The winter passed rapidly away, knitting two loving hearts stronger and stronger as it went. The spring opened, and with it the civil war. The first sound of war throughout our land rang like a knell in the hearts of mothers, wives and sweethearts. It seemed to tell of sundered ties and lonely heartstobes, and with what prayers for peace was the throne of mercy besieged.

Percy Manning's impulsive nature was wrought into a white heat of patriotism, and dear Margaret in her quiet country home felt a fore-

boding in her heart, and earnestly dissuaded her lover from entering the ranks that were then forming. Her loving heart could not endure the thought, and her father, patriot though he was, advised him not to hasten any movement of the kind. All moved along quietly for a while, Margaret feeling relieved from anxiety, when the news of the attack upon Fort Sumter rang like a battle-cry from South to North, firing every patriot heart with zealous purposes and righteous revenge. Our very ponds and rivers seemed to seethe and boil in the confusion. One could almost apply Holmes's words—

"And all above was in a bowl,
And all below a clatter;
Our land was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter."

We who witnessed that day can never forget it, and it will live in history.

"While the name of a Christ to the fallen we cherish,
Till the hopes in the breast of humanity perish."

It flashed along the telegraph-wires to New York, and as the excited crowd caught the terrible tidings, Percy Manning sat in his office. The voices in the street reached his ear, and stepping forward, he raised the window, and soon heard the words, "Fort Sumter," "Attacked by rebels," "Anderson," &c. Hurrying from the window, he caught his hat, sprang down the steps, and in a few moments learned the awful truth. How his great heart bounded. The tidings maddened his very soul, and on the impulse of the moment, he placed his name among the New York Volunteers.

The day passed in unparalleled confusion. Thoughts of Margaret, Mr. Leonard, his mother and himself swam in his excited mind on the one hand, while the vision of the little starving hand at Sumter was maddening him on the other. The next evening's train carried these words to Willowdale:

"NEW YORK, April 18—"

DEAR MARGARET—You have doubtless heard of the dastardly attack upon Fort Sumter, and will not, I know, chide me for giving my aid to crush out this little rebellion. I have enlisted. God knows I feel it is my duty. Much as I love you, my promised wife, I feel that this is no time for personal matters. Our whole nation is at stake, and men must leave their wives and loved ones to fight for its life. Give me your blessing, my darling, and tell your father what I have done. I shall see you very soon, and until we meet, pray for
Your loving Percy.

Margaret sat in the library, with her father, as she read these words, and a low moan escaped her lips as she read "I have enlisted." Her father noted the pallor which overspread her face, and instinctively divined the cause.

"Has Percy enlisted?"

Her only answer was to place the letter in his hands. He read its contents slowly, and laying it upon the table addressed his daughter:

"I feared as much, my child. Percy has been very hasty, but the noble impulse that prompted the action should only raise him higher in your affections. Give him your blessing, as he desires, and nerve your heart to meet him calmly. Life is full of sorrows, my daughter, and we all have them. God grant your share may be light."

Here his voice choked with emotion, and bidding her retire and get a good night's rest, he left the room. She soon went to her chamber, but not to sleep. Hers was but one among the thousands of aching hearts that were called to give their dearest treasures to the common cause of liberty. The land was filled with wailing and prayer; but the time had come when women must pray, and men must fight. Oh! those days of weeping, those hours of bitter tears, when the air was thick with farewells! God grant we may never see them again.

The next morning Margaret arose, her eyes red and swollen from weeping, and her dejected air throughout the day was pitiful to behold. That day passed, and the next, she scarcely knew how, and the next evening a well known step was heard on the walk, and in a brief moment Percy stood before her, clad in the blue uniform of a Captain.

"Oh, Percy! how could you?" was all the poor girl could say, and she buried her head on his shoulder in violent sobs.

"Why Margaret, dear little Margaret, surely you are not going to be so weak and childish. Look up here and see how your lover looks in army blue," but the unnatural gaiety of his tones told the struggle to overcome his own emotion.

"Tut, tut, there, child," exclaimed Mr. Leonard, entering at this moment, "this is not the brave little woman you were to be. You have done a noble deed, my dear boy, and although I would not have advised it, I feel proud of you, and may God bless and preserve you to do your duty for our imperiled country. Was it not for Margaret I would go myself, to-morrow; but I must take care of the child in your absence."

"Thank you, Mr. Leonard, for your kind words. When I saw Margaret in tears, I feared I had been rash, but you will help me cheer her, I trust. Had not my love for my country, been stronger than all else, I could never have made this sacrifice. You can never know what it has cost me to leave all I hold dear on this earth to go into this war; but some one must go, and surely it is better for young men like me, than to have husbands and fathers leave wives and little ones who are dependent upon their daily labor, while we remain at home in luxury. I will return in three years, if I live, and the war is not sooner ended, and who knows, little one, but you'll be a General's wife yet!"

"You are a noble boy, Percy," said Mr. Leonard. "Dry your tears, Margaret. The sweet heart of a soldier like Percy must be heroic. Inspire him with fresh courage, child, and prove to him that you are worthy of his manly heart. I never felt prouder of him in my life."

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Margaret made

a great effort to appear calm, and swallowing back the great choking lumps that would arise in her throat, she joined in the conversation. They talked long of the future; the new and untried experiences of martial life; the terrors of war, and the common interests of the nation. "The 'war small hours' had stolen around them ere they realized, and another night, restless and filled with tears, passed in Margaret's lonely chamber. Hard indeed was the struggle between love and duty, but the battle was won at last, and when

"the rosy veil
Mantling the East, by Aurora's peering hand
Was lifted,"

the calm, resolute countenance was that of a woman ten years older than the weeping girl of the previous evening.

Grief wears deeper furrows than years—the hours of silent grief, when the soul feels the hand of a mighty power stirring the depths of the spirit, and thrilling every chord until they vibrate in the agony of despair; and then God's breath blows upon the heated heart, and he

"turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow,
And then we whisper, 'As God will,'
And in his hottest breath still."

Margaret had bowed submissively to the rod, and felt that she could "hold still" and bear her sorrow in patient silence. The grayish-white hue of her face, as she sat behind the coffee-urn the next morning, startled Percy as he entered the room, and even his untasted breakfast was but a companion to her own. His eyes were fixed steadily upon the woman whose life was dearer to him than his heart's blood, and he almost regretted the step he had taken; but then the thought of the little handful of men within the walls of that fort, with shot and shell rattling their music of death around them, made him stronger in his purpose.

The next day brought the parting. The tearless eyes of poor Margaret were fixed upon Percy, as he bade her "good-by," and her cold lips were scarcely able to murmur, "God bless you, and grant you may be spared to return to me. I will wait, Percy," and with one kiss he was gone, with her words ringing in his heart. The next morning the regiment left New York. Then came the long, dreary days—the days of anxiety that were old our New England wives and maidens. The anxious faces gathered around our little village post offices when the mails were distributed, told how their hearts panted for tidings from the dear ones.

A year passed away. Meanwhile, Percy had been at Willowdale on a short furlough, and for a few days, Margaret's heart beat light and joyous. Then he went away again, and the same dark shadows brooded over her life. The weeks wore into months, and, as we said, a year passed away.

One clear, cold morning in the month of April, Margaret sat in the parlor awaiting her father's return from the village. Her thoughts were with her "gallant soldier boy," and anxious thoughts were they.

Her father entered, and his face wore a grave, troubled expression as he handed her a letter, directed in an unknown hand. She tore it open—one glance—she fell fainting to the floor.

"Heaven help the poor child! what can it be?"

Hastily raising her haggard form from the floor and laying her upon the sofa, he chafed her forehead with his hand and applied harshness to her nostrils. She soon recovered from the swoon, and pointing to the letter said, "HE IS DEAD."

Not daring to reply, Mr. Leonard picked up the fatal letter and read the terrible lines:

"MISS MARGARET LEONARD—Dear Madame: It becomes my painful duty to inform you that Percy Manning, Capt. Co. B, Reg't N. Y. Vol., was shot dead while in battle yesterday. He died without a struggle, beloved by all who knew him. In his pocket we found letters from you, which I have carefully sealed and will send by to-morrow's mail, together with a lock of hair which I have severed from his head for you. In this terrible affliction, the company feel and tender you their heartfelt sympathy. Life is made up of joys and sorrows, and we must all have our share: We can only live and endure. May God give you strength to bear this sorrow.
I am, madame,
Very sincerely yours,
H. G. BEASTOW, Chaplain N. Y. Vols."

Mr. Leonard read the words one by one, and replacing the letter in its wrapper, buried his head in his hands for a few minutes. Rising, at length, he tottered, as if with age, toward his child, and taking her hands in his, said in a broken voice, "This is the hardest trial of my life, Margaret. I loved the boy as my own child, and my whole heart bleeds for you, my poor darling; but we must not break down. You remember his noble words: 'Some must go, and surely it is better for a young man like me.' The dear boy has gone to meet a better reward than you could have given him. Be calm, my child, and feel that yours is a common fate."

The unnatural, husky tones of her voice sounded mournfully strange, as she replied:

"I told him I would wait, father, and I shall do it. We shall meet in heaven, and until then I will try to do my duty as becomes a soldier's widow."

Reader, dear reader, ours has been a sad story, yet it is true to the experiences of thousands of our American women. All over our country there are empty chairs and aching hearts, made so by the late war. The long black veils that hang like pall over the pews in our churches, hold within their sable folds the tales of woe and death, in the dried tears that have been wept upon them. Margaret Leonard is but one. She still lives in the cottage with her father, their hearts bound together by the common affliction. They wait the coming of the angels for them, and often

In the still quiet of evening, they hear the soft rustling of angel garments around them, and with their hearts attuned by sorrow to the soft, gentle whispers of the immortals, receive the loving messages that come breathing out to them from the eternal shore. They see the beckoning angel fingers, among the shadows of the spirit-land, pointing to the home beyond the river, toward which their lonely hearts are ever yearning, and patiently they await the call to "come home" to the eternal Summer-Land, where the loved ones shall again be united, and

"They sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing the river and hill and shore,
They will one day stand by the waters cold,
And listen for the sound of the boatman's oar,"
that will bear them "over the river" to the loved
who stand waiting on the other shore.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address, No. 16 West 21st street, New York City.

We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are true,
Or may be they will, and we are true,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy day.

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"Let us stop in the orchard to-day," said Mr. Silver, "for those clouds threaten to return, and the rain may come upon us suddenly."
"I thought it had cleared off fairly," said Linnie. "I don't see how you can think that it will storm again."
"There are many signs in the heavens that people do not notice unless they give their attention to them. Look, now, and see how the clouds come drifting back from the south-east, and notice how heavy the lower edges of them are. They are too dense with moisture to let us think they will fly over without giving us a little sprinkling. Besides, I like the orchard. It is to the farm what the kitchen is to the house—a real home-like place, full of sweet and tender recollections."

"I always thought the kitchen was a horrid place," said Linnie. "It is full of the smell of cooking meat and soap-suds."

"You don't mean our country kitchen?"

"I did not know that you had one. Ours at home is a dark, lonesome place."

"Why, that long room, at one end of which we eat our breakfast and dinner, is Mrs. Silver's kitchen, and it is no better than all the kitchens in the old-fashioned farmhouses. The place for real comfort; the place that can't be hurt by a little dampness on the clothes or dust on the feet; the place where the boys can whistle and the girls wind garlands; the place that has its snug corner, where one can read the paper or consult the almanac without having to be dusted off two or three times—all this is the kitchen, and it is a great deal more up in the country here, where we do not care to show off our best things every day, and think a good deal of real comfort. And just about such a place is the orchard—full of friendly delights. Ah, children, if you could see my orchard when the apple trees are in bloom, I'd give a half a year of my life away. When the trees are white with their clusters of bloom, or pink tinted in their first opening, and the air full of a delicate perfume that Linnie never imagined, it is then I am just as sure of heaven and the eternal salvation of my soul, as if an angel had come down and told me of it. Oh God's goodness, that can show itself in an orchard in May, can never leave or forsake one of its children. I never feel as if I were ever twelve years old when I feel the delicate petals dropping, dropping, like the gifts of love the angels shed—" Uncle Silver stopped suddenly, as if he had said too much, and was half ashamed of so much feeling.

"How old are you, Uncle Silver?" said Esther.

"Well, when I think what I have enjoyed, and then see what my neighbors find for pleasure, I think I am about six hundred years old. I think we ought to measure our life by our blessings, and I have so many that I can't really reckon them. And then when I am out here with you children, I think I am about your age. Do you see that hole in the old apple tree? That tree is about as old as I am. One of my neighbors came to me with some young trees of Newton Pippins, and wanted I should have some set in the place of that old one, and Mrs. Silver was delighted with his descriptions of their good qualities, and she urged me to cut the old one down, but I was determined to save it."

"Why, Uncle Silver," said Linnie, "it looks very shabby to me."

"I will tell you by-and-by. There were reasons for its remaining besides what belong to its bloom and fruit. Well," said I to Mrs. Silver, "that is a *Pyrus Sylvestris*, and I am loth to part with it." "Of course not," said Mrs. Silver; "I thought it was only a crab tree." "I was not aware that there were any of that variety about here; keep it, by all means," said the man. You see, *Pyrus Sylvestris* is only the botanical name for wild apple. You must remember that the apple, like the plum, belongs to the natural order—*Rosaceae*. That is what we call the family of the plant. The genus is *Pyrus*, and the species of the common apple is *Malus*. I hope you will not forget all this, for if it seems rather dull now, it will be of great use to you hereafter if you spend any time in the country, for you can designate, with a little trouble, all the families of the vegetable kingdom. But I must not forget to tell you the principal reason why I would not have my tree cut down. Do you see that hole in that large limb? Well, a little bluebird lives there a great part of the spring—a dear little fellow, with the most beautiful of plumage, and with a sweet warble always delightful to hear. His ornithologic name is *Sylvia Sialis*."

"What a sweet name," said Loring. "There is a girl that goes to our school whose name is Sylvia, and she wears a blue dress, too."

"Many of the birds have names of classification that are very euphonious."

"What is euphonious?" asked Hitty.

"You are the bravest girl of the company," said Mr. Silver, "for you are not afraid to ask what you do not know. I don't have half questions enough. Euphonious means sweet sounding. If I had been so fortunate as to have twelve children to name, I should choose names from the birds and flowers. But let me hasten to tell you of the *Sylvia Sialis*. He is one of the most social of birds, and is one of the very first to come in the spring. If the weather is mild, you may hear his notes as soon as the last of February, but he disappears as suddenly as he comes, if the weather becomes cold. It has been surmised that he hides himself in some hole or sheltered place, but our best ornithologists tell us that he has never been found by woodmen in any such place of security, and I am quite sure that he does not hide in the warm, sequestered places about here. It has been ascertained that these birds can fly at the rate of a mile a minute."

"Why that's faster than the cars travel," said Solomon.

"Sixty miles an hour; then in the course of a day he could be six hundred miles away, and find a warmer region. But when he once comes among us, we don't choose to think that he will ever depart, and we feel all the gladness of the return of spring. About the middle of March, he may be seen with his mate, and he visits familiar places to choose his nesting place. Sometimes he chooses a hole in a stump, or in an old tree, and sometimes the box prepared for him. He is a devoted lover. There is no end of the fine things he tries to do to please his bride. He sits close by her and caresses her, and sings his sweetest songs. If he spies an insect that she is fond of, he takes it up and flies with it to her, spreads his wing over her, and puts it in her mouth. I can assure you it is a beautiful courtship or honeymoon."

If a rival makes his appearance, then there is great commotion. He quits his beloved one and drives the intruder from place to place, and in tones of great dislike drives him from his realm, and then returns with an air of triumph to warble beside his mate, and sing sweet tones none but an accepted lover could breathe forth. Then they select a spot and begin to build, but soon an intruder, who likes just such quarters—the warm, comfortable corner to himself. The female lays five and sometimes six pale blue eggs. Their food is principally insects, particularly a kind of large beetle, and they are fond of spiders. I must tell you of a pair that built in that old stump, near our south window. I was not well that spring, and had a plenty of time to watch whatever was going on out of doors. I saw the pretty couple come and consult about their future home, and was rejoiced when at last they chose a spot so near me that I could see the whole process. They cleaned out the old rubbish that was inside the stump, and then they went most gaily to work to construct their dwelling of sticks, straws, hairs, &c.

In process of time it was completed, and the mother bird was setting on her five pretty eggs, and the mate sung to her most delicious melodies. Everything promised well for the happy pair, but one morning some fly caught the mother bird, while she took the needed moment from her charge. The male bird was in great distress at his loss, and peered in to his eggs, already perhaps grown too cold. Something must be done, and that speedily. He was gone for a short time, and returned with another female bird. He immediately began the sweet songs of his honeymoon, and pointed out his home by flying into the stump, and out again, and each time saying by his motions that he had a charge for her. He sat on the fence by her, and sang sweet, warbling songs, and then returned to the nest.

At last he succeeded in prevailing on her to enter the stump, and then he perched himself on the top, and gave out the most thrilling melody, expressive of his great joy. It was triumphant praise. But his bliss was short-lived, for there soon appeared on the ground a new comer, and one evidently interested in the cage. It was another male bird, and the lover of the fair one that our attentive parent had endeavored to secure for his own family.

There was an immediate commotion. The two male birds began sharp altercations, their notes were shrill and warlike, and were soon followed by other demonstrations of ill-will. They flew at each other in passion, with outspread wings, and bills half opened. They drove each other about the garden; first one seemed to triumph, then the other. The unhappy cause of this commotion sat on the fence, looking on the very picture of woe. She seemed to say by her attitude, My fate is not in my own hands.

After about an hour of dispute and contention the first lover triumphed, and went off with his bride, and our poor nest was deserted. But what a proof that birds possess the same attributes that we do, of love, jealousy, selfishness! I was filled with a new wonder as I watched this scene. I was almost ready to believe in fairy stories, and that flowers and trees have some kind of feeling."

"That's a pretty story," said Linnie; "but I have been waiting for another that should help me remember that."

"So, ho! that's what you want of the story, is it? Well, 'once there was'—isn't that a good beginning?"

"Now do, Uncle Silver, tell us a story just as pretty as the bluebird," said Esther imploringly.

"The bluebirds make me think of children that come into my life with their sweet friendly ways, and their ringing, happy voices, and I remember summers long ago, when I had no silver threads in my hair and no dimness in my eyes, summers full of the sunshine of love. There lived opposite to me at one time a little, pale faced girl, as delicate as a lily from Sundown pond. Her mother would let her have no sunshine or fresh air, but kept her shut within doors all the sweet spring days."

My heart was full of pity for her, but I could do nothing, for her mother watched her every movement, and closed every door that chanced to be open. But I was as determined to save the child's life by fresh air and sunshine as I should be if I saw one drowning.

I built a box such as birds love to build in and raised it on a pole, and put it where those fair eyes could see it. In a few days the bluebirds began to build in it, and I saw little Ruth with her mother watching every movement of the birds. They worked in rain and wind so busily that it was a delight to see them, and I made it in my way to call and hear what they would say. Ruth's mother was a very pious woman, and loved all things religious, such as hymns and psalms and texts.

"How fortunate," I began, "that God loves birds so much better than children!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Silver? I do not like to hear you speak so."

"Why, my dear madame, the dear Father in heaven just suits the birds to the air and the sunshine and to all beautiful things, while little girls are not cared for at all in that respect, but have to lose all the beautiful things they might enjoy, because God did not care for them and provide for them as well as the birds."

I had offended the woman, and retired, but in an hour afterward I saw little Ruth playing out in the sunshine. To be sure, she was so wrapped up in that she could hardly move, but her face was full of a new life. I had accomplished what I wanted, and little Ruth's rosy cheeks that came before the young birds had flown from their nest paid me for all I had done."

"You did not really mean it, did you?" said Hitty, a little anxiously.

"Of course not. I wanted the mother to see that the Father in heaven was as good to her little girl as to the birds, and provided everything that was best for her, in the warm, bright sunshine and the pure air, and that we forget his care if we do not seek to use wisely all his bless-

ings. Ruth grew like a young partridge, and was as full of fresh, warm life as a bud. There came dark autumn days and dark days to my spirit. One that I loved had wrong my very soul in sorrow. I forgot everything but my grief, and I was a gloomy, disconsolate man. I shut myself in doors and brooded and brooded over my trouble, for it was a trouble that could not be got rid of."

One day I heard a little tap on my door, and opened it, and there stood Ruth in her little, scarlet riding-hood, and with her bright laughing eyes full of the gladness of life.

"I shay, Mr. Shiliver, why don't you come out?" "I can't, my birdie."

"Is it 'cause it shorn't? God is in the shorn't, and there can't anything hurt you."

"Who told you so?" said I.

"You, Mr. Shiliver, and mamma shays it over and over, and then let's me go out, and I'm shog glad."

"Oh, beautiful preacher," said I, "I will hear you, and never, never forget."

I had heard the words of my soul's strength, and God was in my sorrow as in my joy. Little Ruth had saved me. I could bless the Father's hand in all my troubles, and I put on a cheerful courage and began again a life of usefulness and joy.

And now, when I see the bluebirds, I remember the words of Ruth, and think I am taken care of and blessed by a Father in heaven whose love is in the cloud as in the sunshine, in the stormy wind as in the soft zephyr. Ah, children, if you would never forget it through all your lives!"

OUR BANNER.

BY WALTON TOWNSEND.

Freedom has two fair floating flags
Upon her heights unfurled,
Both lately given to guard and guide
This long benighted world.

One is the Banner of our Land—
God bless what it has brought!
The other Banner, no less dear,
Is liberty of thought.

The student of life's stormy sea:
Its struggles fierce and long;
The many bloody battles fought;
Between the right and wrong;

The midnight sky, so long that set
On every human hope,
With scarce the glimmer of a star
By which mankind could grope,

Appreciates the precious prize
To-day enjoyed by man,
And prunes God that truth at last
Is moving in the van.

Contrast this favored land and age
With what has gone before—
Thousands of years of every eve
Of stake, and rack, and war;

The false contending with the true;
The darkness with the light;
The march of progress measured by
The fierceness of the fight.

No truth has raised its humble head
And sought the race to save,
But what has been forever forced
To find a martyr's grave.

Thank God! the long, drear night is o'er,
The dawn is breaking clear;
Along the line of sea and sky
The spirit-worlds appear.

Humanity! thy stormiest voyage,
Thy darkest day, is done;
Henceforth thy body and thy soul
In freedom are as one.

Philadelphia, 1868.

Spiritualism in Washington.

Messrs. EDITORS—Permit me, a reader of your valuable paper, to account briefly the progress of Spiritualism in our city.

In the year 1863 a little band of men and women, inspired with the divine truth of Spiritualism, and promises of the loving assistance of the angel world, resolved to form an association for the advancement of spiritual knowledge in Washington.

They rented a small hall in a building on 9th street, where each Sunday they congregated to worship God in love, (not in fear,) and listen to the words of love and counsel that came from the angel world through the mediumship of T. Gales Forster and others. They little knew that in the brief period of five years they would leap forth from this small nucleus thus formed such beams of divine light as would roll back the dark cloud of theological errors and reveal to the enraptured gaze of thousands the Great Unknown Ruler of the Universe, in all his resplendent glory and infinitude of love.

Spiritualism, clothed in the armor of truth, with God for its centre, and science for its guide, stalks abroad in our midst, silently and lovingly sending forth its divine rays of light and beautiful truths, permeating and unfolding the spiritual faculties of thousands who have so long been enshrouded in the dark gloom and cold, cheerless atmosphere of theology.

This latter God-chosen band, undismayed by the slanders and denunciations of the sectarian churches, the stern refusals of the press to publish notices of their meetings, toiled on, keeping faithful watch over the divine flame they had so lovingly kindled, beholding it flamed by angel breath, until it leaped high and wide, attracting around the genial warmth of its centre soul and soul, melting away dark error and doubt, enlightening in each heart a spark of heavenly love and knowledge of eternal life. Their ranks swelled from tens into twenties, from twenties into hundreds, and finding their hall too small to hold the rapidly increasing multitude, they rented a larger and more convenient one on Pennsylvania Avenue, decorated it with beautiful paintings, evergreens and mottoes. But lo! still the multitude swelled. This spacious hall was soon far too small to contain the increasing numbers. Hundreds, anxiously thirsting after spiritual truth, unable to obtain standing room within the hall, were compelled to return to their homes in sorrow.

Filled with unspeakable joy at their wonderful success, a division was made in their ranks, another society formed, with T. Gales Forster as their standard-bearer and expounder of truth. This society has rented a convenient hall, corner of 8th and E streets, where each Sunday large and appreciative audiences drink in the words of love and truth that fall from the lips of their renowned lecturer.

Truly may it be said the clock of eternity has drawn back its ponderous hands once more, and sounded the welcome notes of eternal progression, reverberating through the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary halls of our great nation, unseating error and political oppression.

Five years have rolled by since the banner of progression was first unfurled in the capital of our nation. Few then were found bold and strong enough to stand beneath its bright folds and hurl back the foul slanders and denunciations of ignorance and superstition.

Now behold the change! Expounders of theological errors stand amazed at the onward march of Spiritualism. They are no longer heard in loud declamations of its holy truths; their voices are hushed to low, angry murmurings. The newspapers, ever watchful of their own interests, are hastening to pay respect to the great religious reformation, and occasionally fire a salute in compliment of its beautiful truths and healthy effect upon society. The Catholic and Protestant clergy are learning by experience that their bold, uncharitable attacks, and invoking the wrath of a revengeful God, tend to swell the ranks of the friends of progression.

The mighty army of invisible reformers are diligently at work in their midst, sending forth messages of love and wisdom, brushing aside the cobwebs of religion, laying bare to the gaze of thousands the errors and superstitions of popular theology—all pointing with the unerring finger of fact to the hand writing on the wall, "mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." Where we now behold gilded spires, and hear voices praying to an angry God, we soon appear schools of reform, and voices heard singing praises to an ever-loving and never angry Father.

Yours truly,
A. W. T.

Original Essays.

THE PROBLEM OF AGES.

The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. VII.

BY DYER D. LUM.

IV. The Theological Argument.

1. Granting the existence of an Infinite Power, abstract force or concrete Deity, a cause eternal, from whom all phenomena proceed, immortality must be conceded. It matters not whether you admit a God acting or once acted, living present or past, the argument is equally good. As Force never acts singly, but in conjunction with other forces or modes of action, and in their action always tending to produce some given purpose or particular result, we wisely infer a directive agency either *in* or *above* it. Whether upheld and directed by present conscious volition, or, having been originally so, it has passed into reflex action of Deity, constituting the fixed laws and order of Nature, is non-essential to the question we are now considering. In either case, a given purpose in all forms exists. Nature never produces anything in vain. For each manifestation of life there is an object. But if our consciousness, our mental personalities, reflecting divine attributes, are to perish, then, so far as we *individually* are concerned, their creation was in vain and an unmeaning mockery. The eloquent Dr. Alger has ably remarked:

"To make mere gifted with such transcendent largess of powers, wholly mortal to rot forever in the grave after life's swift day, were work far more unworthy of God than the task was to Michael Angelo—set him in mockery by Pietro, the 'tyrant' who succeeded Lorenzo, the magnificent, in the Dukedom of Florence—that he should scoop up the snow in the Via Larga, and with his highest art mold a statue from it, to dissolve ere night in the glow of the Italian sun."

Does there exist this amazing want of symmetry between our endowments and our opportunities?

"Can it be that Christ and Herod, Paul and Nero, Timour and Fénélon, drop through the blind trap of death into precisely the same condition of unawakened sleep? not if there be a God! The giant intellects of La Place and Newton, the lofty aspirations of Plato and Epictetus, the sympathetic souls of Howard and Grace Greenwood, and the genius of Shakespeare and Goethe, are they perished?"

"Would God a palace rear
For a frail being, with no nobler life
Than that which closes with the dying strife
A life that endeth here?"

Nay, the soul rejects the thought with a shudder, and looks within for a deeper significance.

"Man is not all of earth;
The growing brightness of bright Fancy's fires—
The boundlessness of all his soul's desires—
Prove him of heavenly birth."

"There is a vast incongruity between our faculties and the scope given them here. On all it seems below, the soul reads 'inadequate,' and rises dissatisfied from every feast, craving, with divine hunger, the ambrosia and nectar of a fetherless and immortal world."

2. Lumatrine says:

"If humanity were forced entirely to lose one of the two orders of truths—either all the mathematical or all the moral truths—it should not hesitate to sacrifice the mathematical, for though it is true if these were lost the world would suffer immense detriment, yet if we should lose a single one of the moral truths, what would man himself be? Humanity would be 'decomposed and perished'!"

And is not a mind that can grasp these laws and for whom these truths exist, as incapable of destruction? Would the Infinite Father relentlessly crush out a mind capable of beholding his handiwork in the gleaming orbs that lie so thickly studded in boundless space moving in their circuits with such harmony forever and ever, a mind capable of perceiving the truths of his moral universe, and of giving out aspirations for a higher and better life hereafter? What are worlds, or suns, or systems, or galaxies, to a mind reflecting his attributes and capable of measuring their distances and analyzing their substances?

"Is it not evident," to again quote the eloquent words of Dr. Alger, "that man's greatness keeps even pace along the scale of magnitude with the widening creation, since it is his mind that sees and comprehends how wondrous the dimensions of the universe are? When man has measured the distance and weighed the bulk of Sirius, it is more appropriate to kneel in amazement before the inscrutable mystery of his genius, the irrepressible soaring of his soul, than to sink in despair under the swaying of those lumps of dirt in their unapproachable spheres."

They (mankind) are fitted by their filial attributes to commune with him in praise and love. They know the prodigious and marvelous works of mechanical nature; mechanical nature knows nothing. Turning from the gleaming wilderness of star-land to the intellect and heart, is not one noble thought of truth, one holy emotion of love, one divine impulse to devotion, better than a whole planet of mud, a whole solar system of gas and dust? * * * To think the world is to be superior to the world."

To crush out of existence such a mind by the argument of ignorance, is to falsify God and Nature by denying the existence of a purpose in its evolution. Resting on these facts, we are led to concede immortality in view of the Fatherhood of God. The human mind bears in its constitution the image of its Father; it reflects his attributes and partakes of his nature. Consequently while orbs exist, the death of mind is impossible. No purpose is attained. His action was in vain if it can become as though it were not. As regards the individual, everything remains as though it had never been. Stars, suns and galaxies to exist and encircle God's Throne in their endless and harmonious march through his Temple of infinite Space, and the intellect of Newton that read their laws and pierced to the secret of their harmony; filled with unfaltering trust and abiding hope; calmly awaiting his Maker's bidding, to be forgotten or forsaken by him, and dissolve like an expiring candle-flame?

"Can it be so?"

Matter immortal, and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler shall the less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else survived,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man, be sown in barren ground?
Less privileged than the grain on which he feeds?"

Trust in the Infinite Father forbids such a thought as a reflection upon his knowledge and benevolence. Turning to him as the Father of our being, the source of our intelligence, we feel and realize in our immortal souls that when Sammel appears we shall not fall into

"The blind care of eternal night,"
but be drawn nearer to him.

Has he implanted hope in the breast? Has he given us souls so formed that death, extinction, is inconceivable? Is he our Father? Then our existence is not in vain, nor he a "mere drapery painter, nothing within the dress." Extinction is irreconcilable with the existence of a purpose in Nature, or

"The darkest of enigmas, human hopes,
Of all the darkest, if at death we die."

THE INDIANS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Almost every paper relates the doings of "the savage Indians." Seldom is there a word printed in their favor. Had any white man deserved praise, acted as nobly, commanded as bravely as the chief "Mitsamoot," or as he was called, "King Philip," all history would have immortalized his name, his kindness, his forbearance, and undaunted courage, while his success proved his ability to govern his people. Philip was born to be a ruler. Haughty in spirit, quick in action, he was the most formidable foe the whites had to encounter. He united different tribes, and formed them into a vast confederacy; and if all the heroic deeds were known that his powerful brain conceived, his strong arm accomplished, his sufferings with and for his people, Philip would indeed stand equal to any commander known in the history of America. The first cause of his ill will toward the English resulted from the cruel treatment of his brother Alexander, whom they imprisoned, thus violating all international right. After his brother's death, Philip commenced a war in behalf of the Wampanaggs. His fertile powers soon molded orders to obedience. His generous conduct toward his prisoners, fine feelings and strict honor, serve to place "Indians" in a favorable light. Capt. Church effected his death only by treachery; but ere this was accomplished, Philip was driven from his dwelling at Mount Hope, and mourned the capture of his wife and only child, and he died unconscious of their fate.

Of King Philip's return to earth as a spirit, I can bear witness—of his noble qualities, forgiveness of injuries, faithful care, his wisdom, love and protection. I thank God that he permits this good chief to return and control mediums. I ask his advice with the same reverence and confidence that I would an earthly parent, and obey him the same. No act or thought of mine escapes his watchful care. He sees what I need, and obtains it for me. Dear do I love the name he has bestowed upon me, "White Flower." As my chief controller I reverence him, but I do not love the legs other Indians who watch over me. It would be unjust to them to do so. I am deeply grateful to all my red brothers and sisters, and words could not express my love and gratitude to the "medicine man" who ever watches over me, the child of his adoption. Dear to me, also, are their spirit portraits, given through the mediumship of the spirit, W. P. Amerson, by his strange and wonderful power to transmit his visions to paper, and those pictures in my possession appear to me the finest I ever saw, both in expression and execution.

I would give any person a wide space between us who repudiates the control of Indian spirits. They have a horror of injustice, and are so honorable, kind and loving that I thank God every day for their control.

The Indians of the present day, if treated with kindness, would become civilized and industrious. Give them titles to the land, and they will improve it. Emulation and laudable pride accomplish more than threats and penalties. Teach them agriculture, help them to implements of labor, instead of giving them money by agents, and liquor will be scarce and too high in price for them to use when it is no longer given in exchange for "annuities." The treaty of 1854 thus provides for Indians: that they may reside in the country they now occupy, and sets apart certain tracts of land, which the United States are bound to survey. Each head of a family, or single man over twenty-one years of age, may select eighty acres, restricted only in the power of selling it. This ensures them the land, and encourages them to improve it.

Indians are capable of study, and make fine mechanics. At Grand Traverse they built and launched three schooners, doing all the work themselves. The captain and crew are all Indians, and navigate the vessels. The Onondas sustain schools and build churches, and live in houses. The Alleghenies have several schools, and instruct many youths. Tonawanda sustains schools, having one hundred and twenty pupils. The "Lake Superior Indians have adopted our style of living. Hole-in-the-Day had a large farm, and sold vegetables and other produce in large quantities to his neighbors. Turn their attention to industry and be patient with them, is far more Christian-like than seeking to exterminate them by starving or by war. Treat them as the sons of America, our brothers, and the children of the great Father.

Street Preaching in Milwaukee. Wis.

Editors *Banner of Light*—The time having arrived when the fossil shells of this city can no longer fill their churches with attentive hearers, an aggressive crusade has been organized, under the name of a Young Men's Christian Association, to go out upon the highways and byways, and force upon unwilling ears of passers by, doctrines repugnant to human reason and insulting to the Creator whom they profess to serve. At one moment we hear them proclaiming with a loud voice that God is a spirit; that he pervades the universe of mind and matter; that all things, visible and invisible, are the wonders and works of his almighty power, and in the next breath affirming with affected tears that this great all-pervading spirit of wisdom, love and eternal justice will, if men repent not and join their numbers, cast them off into eternal perdition. Is it any wonder that intelligent men and women turn away and find a deaf ear to such superstitious bigotry?

Here in Milwaukee there is great need of bold, fearless advocates of a higher philosophy that shall lead men up out of this mire of despair and hopelessness to a plane of joy and gladness, and where every soul that God hath created may bask in the sunlight of his loving kindness.

It seems to me that the real reason for the lack of action on the part of Spiritualists to send their mediums and missionaries to all parts of our fruitful country, and carry the tidings of great joy to all the people.

If it should require organization to accomplish this purpose, then let us organize, for the people are starving for light and truth.

It is true we have a Society of earnest, zealous Spiritualists, and a Lyceum; but why is their progress so tardy and unprogressive? But one answer has occurred to my mind: too much wrangling over dead issues, and unprofitable debating in regard to the teachings of the sectarian Bible.

We want the real, tangible evidence of spirit communion among the masses, so palpable and convincing that it shall excite an enthusiasm of joy and gladness in every desponding heart. Phenomenal Spiritualism has the tacit assent of millions who believe without ever having seen a motion produced by spirit power, or heard a simple rap.

How much more readily will they grasp the heavenly faith when our philosophy is demonstrated by the sense of hearing and of seeing.

H. L. BARNES.

A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker: "Does thee believe in France?" "Yes, for, though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or I have not seen?" "No, to be sure I won't." "Does thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

When was breakfast the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

lecture
ory.

FINANCIAL PROBLEMS.

SUMMER ONE.

It is sufficiently evident that the management of our affairs, as a nation, must be taken from the hands of mere politicians, who are notoriously governed by policy, and placed with those who are controlled by some fixed principles, and willing to do as they would that others should do unto them, or we shall cease to be a nation, such as has been predicted should rise up here and stand as a beacon-light for those across the ocean, hitherto crushed by the rule of the dominating few, who seem to feel and act as if they were really masters, and all others slaves.

Most assuredly, this destiny can never be wrought out as we desire and believe it should be, unless we can act with a more direct reference to the life hereafter, and therefore we are obliged to conclude that until the government comes into the hands of those who really believe in direct, open intercourse with those who have gone before us, and are willing to accept aid and counsel from them and act accordingly, there will be no real prosperity for our nation, or proper opportunity for our people to show, as sooner or later they must, what the race is capable of accomplishing, and thus lead all other nations into the paths of righteousness and peace.

There is abundant encouragement to believe that a change in the public mind is rapidly taking place, and that in all the churches, not excepting the Swedenborgian and the Catholic, there are multitudes of persons who are either themselves mediums of one class or another, or who have intimate, trusting friends who are so, and thus there is opportunity afforded to investigate and criticize this claim as to direct, open, orderly communications from the other world, which those who are known as Spiritualists put forth, and which they are conscious is well founded.

And these Spiritualists, it must be remembered, now count by millions in this country, and they are entitled to hold and exercise power, as they certainly will, when the occasion comes. At present, we are concerned to know how to act on certain grave questions when they arise, and as one of these has already been placed in our way, we propose to discuss that in its various bearings, affecting our material interests, leaving others until a future date, or, more likely, to those who by tastes and education are better qualified.

Our business now is with the financial problems, in relation to money, currency, banking, debts and taxes, and our aim will be to treat these in turn, and at the same time plainly, so that some, and (we hope many) will be interested and able hereafter to follow out the suggestions made, and deduce their own conclusions.

We shall first define what we mean by the term MONEY.

"Without going into any discussion as to the origin of this term, it is sufficient to say that it should be confined always to that which we use as a standard or measure by which to indicate the amount of service or commodities involved in our financial transactions, and it can only serve this purpose when it has some considerably uniform and well-known relation to labor by which its own cost is determined, as compared with other useful products.

No form of paper, or other comparatively valueless substance, can be used as money, though as substitutes, so long as convertible into coin, or commodities at specie price, they are eminently convenient and useful. But when we attempt to exchange paper, or other purely representative things, for that which has value, and costs labor, we shall find that if our paper is not measured by the proper standard, and convertible into products of labor upon the same terms, it will not answer our purpose.

It will be depreciated like the legal tenders, and the depreciation will be increased in proportion as our purpose to insure conversion or exchangeability becomes doubtful.

But let it be understood that the legal tenders have a certain gold price, and put them on interest at that price, and then instead of being in haste to get rid of them for something which has value, we shall be anxious to part with other things and obtain them in exchange. They would at once become more valuable and disappear, as currency, taking the form of permanent investments, waiting maturity, payment of interest, and convertibility into larger notes, on longer time.

But we insist that these notes, and all other paper which is used to represent our commercial transactions, shall be measured by the specie standard, and convertible when due into that, or whatever else we will, at specie prices, so that both debtor and creditor may know, at least approximately, what the promise made by the former really means. It is not necessary to suppose, as many do, that because a bank note or legal tender promises to pay so many dollars in specie, that this promise is to be literally fulfilled. On the contrary, we shall find all over the world, that the creditor does not desire gold or silver, so long as he can have paper, which is really convertible into commodities at the same rate he could purchase with the gold.

And we shall find further, that in proportion as our means of communication are improved and different peoples become better acquainted, there will be an increasing tendency to use paper in the form of notes, checks, drafts and bills of exchange, and discard coin, which is both too expensive and inconvenient to be used as currency.

This disposition to abandon the use of the precious metals, and substitute some form of paper, is so general that we find as a natural result large accumulations of specie in the banks of England and France, as well as at the great commercial centres, and it has become a grave question with our capitalists what shall be done with all this surplus so as to make it pay interest, which while it lies idle it cannot do.

Without at present attempting to solve that problem, as we shall in future, we only add now, that there is at least one thousand millions of dollars of gold and silver among the nations of the East, which, sooner or later, is to be liberated by the spread of true notions in relation to banking and currency, and added to the already excessive and increasing stock held here and in Europe.

We shall then see the result long since predicted by M. Chevalier, and some others, and be satisfied that even gold may become depreciated, and consequently all prices, as measured by that, proportionately increased at the expense of the creditor, just as they were by debasing our coinage during the administration of Andrew Jackson, and, worse still, by our inexcusable suspension of specie payment under Abraham Lincoln.

Nothing can be more injudicious, not to say dishonest, than for a government, which cannot be brought into the courts, to debase or abandon the existing monetary standard without at least providing that all contracts made prior to the date of change shall be paid according to the original agreement, and not in a coin or paper of less real value.

There can be no difference of opinion as to the term we should apply to an individual, who, act-

ing for himself or others, should attempt to carry on a great industrial enterprise by issuing his notes bearing no interest, and having no specific date for maturity.

If he obtained anything for such paper, it would be at a price more than he could well afford to pay, unless he had already determined that the notes were to be repudiated. And yet, as a great wealthy nation, with abundant means and skill, we have undertaken to carry on our war, which was really only a vast scheme of internal improvement, by resort to such questionable means. And not only have we done this—stupid and uncalled for as it was—but declared that all those who were creditors and amenable to our laws should be obliged to accept this paper, no matter how much depreciated, in place of coin or its equivalent, which was the only thing they had agreed to take.

In other words, Congress, under the lead of men who should have known better, passed an act in direct opposition to the provision of our Constitution, which expressly forbids any State to make laws tending to impair the validity of contracts, and thus wronged every creditor in the country, and threw all our business into confusion, from which there seems no chance for escape.

We repeat, that until the management of our affairs is placed in the hands of men who know better than to act thus, there will be no help from legislation. If we are not ruined, it will be in spite of legislation that we escape.

Let us insist upon returning to the old standard, simply providing, as we always should, that the change shall not prejudice contracts now existing, which are to be paid when due at what they are worth in gold at the time the change is made, so that both debtor and creditor may sustain the same relation one to the other as before, and neither be wronged, as most assuredly the debtor would be if we should oblige him to pay gold when he really owed only paper.

Make this provision, and then all debtors, who constitute the great majority in a young, enterprising, borrowing nation like our own, could consent to resumption, as they would readily perceive that they would not have their debts increased, nor their payment in any way hastened.

We should then only have to deal with the depreciation in gold already alluded to, as measured by the amount of labor required for its production, and the diminished demand consequent upon the substitution of paper in our commercial transactions both at home and abroad. This depreciation we can afford to meet, because it results from the action of natural laws which can in a measure be foreseen and provided for, rather than from the legislation of men; who are simply politicians or demagogues, and do not care for natural laws, or any principles which do not in some way promote their own personal purposes and secure the ascendancy of their own party.

We repeat, in conclusion, that all this must be changed, or we shall find when we reach the other world, for which we profess to be in preparation, we have made bad use of our time, and are not fitted for our position. Let Spiritualists and all well-disposed men and women look to it, and decide. D. W.

Inroads of Science.

DEAR BANNER—With much satisfaction I have just read the *Tribune* correspondent's report of the "British Science Association," convened at Norwich, England, Aug. 19th, 1868. The occasion was made memorable by the Inaugural Address of Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker, who succeeded the Duke of Buccleugh as President of the Association. The assembly was composed of English gentlemen and men, a large body of clergy-men, and many scientific people.

In face of this array, the brave President, first proving himself a scientific master, waxed eloquent in defence of Darwin and his theories; and then, quoting the sentence from Disraeli, that "Truth is the sovereign passion of mankind," he cited Herbert Spencer as one of our "deepest thinkers," and gave due praise to his writings and principles.

Dr. Hooker's propositions were of a nature to mightily rouse Old Theology from its fancied security. He said:

"Upon the vast sea of speculation man vainly questions his spiritual teachers. Science, it is true, may never sound the depths of that sea, may never touch its shallow, beyond its narrowest crecks, but she will still build on every wave-washed rock, nor will she deem her mission fulfilled till she has sounded its profoundest depths and reached its uttermost shore, or proved the one to be unfathomable and the other unsoundable, upon evidence not yet revealed to mankind. And if in her tracks he bears in mind that it is a common object of religion and of science to seek to understand the infancy of his existence, that the laws of mind are not yet segregated to the domain of teachers of mystical science, and that the laws of matter are not within the religious teacher's province, these may then work together in harmony and with good will. But if they would do this work in harmony, both parties must beware they force with that most dangerous of all two-edged weapons, Natural Theology, a science, falsely so-called, when, not content with trustfully accepting truths hostile to any presumptuous standard it may set up, it seeks to weigh the infinite in the balance of the finite, and shifts its ground to meet the requirements of every new fact that science establishes, and every old error that science exposes. Thus pursued, Natural Theology is to the scientific man a delusion, and to the religious man a snare, leading too often to disordered intellects and to atheism."

This courageous President closed his address by quoting F. T. Palgrave's

SONG OF SCIENCE.

"To matter or to force
The all is not confined;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind;
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain,
In unison at times,
And then apart again;
And both in one have brought us hither,
That we may know our whence and whither,
The sequences of law
We learn through mind alone;
We see but outward forms,
The soul the one thing known;
If so speak truth at all,
The voice must be true
That gives these visible things,
These laws, their honor due,
But tell of One who brought us hither,
And holds the keys of whence and whither.

He left his science plans
What no known laws foretell;
The wandering fires and fixed
Alike are miracle;
The common death of all,
The life renewed above,
Are both within the scheme
Of that all-sufficing law.
The seeming chaos that cast us hither
Accomplishes his whence and whither."

The correspondent informs us that "Dr. Hooker sat down amid astonishment, terror, wonder, gratitude, and applause, according to certain portions of his audience understood him." Prof. Huxley proposed a vote of thanks, and Prof. Tyndall followed, "adorning his speech by an apt quotation from Emerson." Truly, such a "voice," from one of the theological strongholds of the Motherland, is a most hope-giving sign of the times to those who pray and labor for the destruction of Error and the reign of Truth. MARY F. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J.

A country schoolmaster began one morning the duties of the day with prayer, as usual; but after prayer he went up and asked a little boy why he had not shut his eyes during the prayer, when the boy sharply responded, "We are instructed in the Bible to watch as well as pray."

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBESWELL, LONDON, ENG.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

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All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

The "American Association of Spiritualists."

Our readers are already aware of the important step taken by the Fifth National Convention in the formation of a distinct Society, to be known as the "American Association of Spiritualists," the objects of which are declared to be to co-operate with State and Local Organizations, in the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy and its teachings, and in the organization of Local and State Societies, where no State Association has been formed, and encourage the establishment of at least one National College, for the education of persons of both sexes on terms of equality, free from all sectarian dogmas, where our children may be educated in accordance with the progressive developments of the age. The details of the organization can be ascertained by referring to the Preamble and Constitution, which may be found in another column.

Two articles in reference to this movement appeared in the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 19th—one from the pen of Isaac Rehn, Esq., late President of the National Convention; the other from Hon. Warren Chase, editor of the New York Department of this paper—both of them conceived in a hopeful, sanguine spirit, such as characterized the action of the Convention in accepting the programme of the new Society.

The objects, methods and designs of the new Society, so far as they are outlined, are now before the Spiritualists of America, for adoption, modification or rejection, and they should receive the most careful, thorough and critical consideration, to the end that humanity may be benefited.

The readers of the *Banner* have perused our columns to little purpose if they have failed to discover that it has never been our ambition to lead or direct the methods of this great movement, but rather to be led and directed by it, with a teachable spirit, learning what was expected of us, and then seeking with our humble capacities to accomplish the work to which we are called. In this spirit, as we believe, every medium, whether an individual or an institution, must do its work. Time is an element in the spiritualization of humanity. All past history shows conclusively that every great revolution of ideas has been the result of slow growth. The operations of Nature, in all her grand, multifarious changes, amply demonstrate this. But we are all liable to be impatient of results, notwithstanding the lessons of the past, notwithstanding the admonitions of our invisible friends—who see clearer and analyze closer than mortals can possibly do because of their larger experience in both spheres of life—hence repeated failures have resulted, and we have been compelled to "bear the cross" for awhile longer.

Thus various premature efforts at organization have proved failures, to the mortification and disappointment of ambitious individuals. That efficient organizations among Spiritualists would at some time occur, we have never doubted; but as little have we believed that any organic form of effort could be adopted before there was unity of spirit and definiteness of purpose among us. There is an organizing principle in Nature, that we must respect, and in conformity with which we can alone be successful.

Entertaining these views, and in due deference to our brothers who have recorded their convictions otherwise, we must be pardoned for expressing the opinion that the action of the late Convention at Rochester was premature, and many of the best minds in our ranks coincide with us in this opinion. However, it is an open question, and we shall readily submit to the will of the majority.

We repeat, it is our honest opinion that the time has not yet come for the establishment of a Central Bureau, either for revising manuscripts, publishing books, collecting libraries, or even for the institution of a liberal college. There is not yet a pressing demand for any of these purposes. We shall probably grow to it; and when the great body of Spiritualists, locally organized and working actively and harmoniously in their own neighborhoods, shall feel their strength and a spontaneous overflow of zeal to expand on a grander scale, then will they send up delegates to a great American Association, competent not only to resolve that a college and a publishing house and a central bureau for cooperative practical humanitarian work ought to exist, but also competent to pledge the requisite funds for their permanent establishment. But until that auspicious epoch arrives, it is the paramount duty of every true Spiritualist in the land to sustain, exclusively, with their voices, their pens, and their funds, the local organizations.

In order to carry on successfully this work, the State Societies do not need the cooperation of an American Society, or its missionaries. They employ their own missionaries, competent to perform all the labor for which the State Societies exist, and they ask from the Spiritualists of each State all the funds they have to spare, after sustaining local meetings, to carry on the work successfully. At this very moment the State Societies need more funds—not reckoning in the spiritual papers that need more funds to place them on a permanent basis—funds which ought not to be diverted from the home work, for any other purpose whatever.

But the American Society says its object is to co-operate with local and State Societies, and aid in their organization where none exist." This is to be accomplished by sending out missionaries, who are to raise funds for the American Society, while they are employed in organizing State and local Societies. The funds thus raised are to be aggregated for the eventual purpose, as we are told by Bro. Chase, of enabling the American Association "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," etc., etc.

Now we ask, with all due respect, is this premature? As Bro. Rehn suggests, may it not be that "possibly, even now, the estimate of the state we have attained is a little too high"? He also suggests that "we must remember that the basis of this movement is in the local organizations; from them all strength and direction must come through their appointed channels." Let us consider. It is well known that there are at the present time but a very few prosperous local societies of Spiritualists in the United States. Successive failures have been the history of all attempts to organize permanent societies, particularly for lectures, and often for the Children's Lyceum. Lack of interest, lack of spiritual unity and lack of funds have been the prime causes of these failures.

Notwithstanding all this, State organizations have been formed, and for a purpose, and with a result, that does not interfere with local organizations already in existence. The work of the State Societies is very simple—being only to raise funds for sending missionaries into destitute and unenlightened districts, to promulgate the Spiritual Philosophy and its teachings," at the same time forming the nucleus of local societies where the elements already exist.

It is needless to say, in conclusion, that the *Banner of Light* favors every effort in the direction of human progress, and will always be glad to know that others are justified by the event in more sanguine expectations of what institutions and organizations can accomplish, than it is our privilege to anticipate.

Cambridge Divinity.

Some of our Universalist brethren betray a decided feeling of anxiety in relation to the state of the Cambridge Divinity School, one of their journals taking the whole concern seriously to task for its open tendencies to Rationalism. It feels aggrieved beyond measure to think that the young men who are graduated at that institution do not hold to a belief in the miraculous works of Jesus, nor in the superhuman nature which tradition and ecclesiastical superstition have ascribed to him, nor in his perfect power to "save" the whole world from its "sins" by the single circumstance of his ignominious death at the hands of the Jews. A neophyte from Cambridge, it seems, was fallen in with, on his way to preach in a little town in Maine, this summer, by a Universalist fellow-traveler; and inasmuch as he gave forth his views without the slightest prevarication on the subject of Christ and Redemption, the Universalist listener professed to be so horribly shocked that he could find no relief till he had gone home and written out a full account of it to his denominational paper. Whereat the "organ" in question devotes more than a column of extra serious comment to the case, lamenting the lapse of modern belief from the standard it held in old Puritan days, and prophesying all sorts of miseries and woes if this thing is suffered to go on as it has begun at Cambridge. We extend our sincere sympathy to our Universalist brethren in their present distress, but assure them that there is no "salvation" for them except in going straight forward and never looking behind.

Rationalism, so entitled, is one of those bugaboo names with which, like the cry of "mad dog" or "fire," or "bloody murder," the men who cling to the old superstitious beliefs of ecclesiasticism are fond of frightening those who are willing to listen in a proper nervous state. Once clear away the mists and malarial of the superstitious influence, however, and strengthen the nervous system with the tonic of healthy thought and clear perceptions, and the danger is all over at once. The ecclesiastics care a great deal more that the people should receive blindly their cooked up dogmas about the person and attributes of Christ than that the body of his sublime teachings should have their full and free effect. They do not oppose Rationalism because it tends to hurt the real Christ doctrine, but because it rejects the blind old beliefs which were invented for the mind of man in the childhood days of his history. There is precisely where all this trouble rests. Now have we come to that pass where faith in fables is to be held of more importance than the sincere acceptance of the living truths which lie under them? The party that stands for the former before the latter, convicts itself of preferring the backward to the forward movement. It may resist the march of free thought and the evidences of full investigation for a time, but it will find in the end that it has paid the penalty of it by being left without followers and supporters. Much of the actual advance of this age is made by simply clearing up what has overlaid it. Our Universalist brethren should not be frightened before they fairly comprehend what is going on.

The Spiritual Papers.

The first number of volume five of the RELIGIO-SPHISOPHICAL JOURNAL comes to us enlarged and much improved in its various literary departments. We hope, instead of Spiritualists putting their spare funds into a national college at this time, they will sustain the spiritual papers, where funds are needed most, and at once.

THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST is also on our table, and it gratifies us to know that this sheet, too, is to be sustained. Hudson Tuttle, one of Nature's noblemen, a good writer and a firm Spiritualist, has become one of its editors. Success to *The Ohio Spiritualist*.

THE PRESENT AGE comes to us filled with spiritual food of the very first quality, which is eagerly sought after by the multitudes who are hungering for the "bread of life." May its shadow never be less.

The San Francisco BANNER OF PROGRESS is received regularly, filled with a great variety of articles on the Spiritual Philosophy. Bros. Todd and Manning make an excellent paper, and should be well patronized by the friends of the cause on the Pacific slope.

Appointment.

The missionary labor in this State is of the utmost importance to the spiritual cause. Funds are needed to carry on the work successfully, and the more reliable agents that are put in the field for canvassing purposes, the better will it be for all concerned. With this idea fully in view, the Executive Officers of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association have appointed an additional agent, viz., Dr. H. B. Storer. A more reliable and efficient man or truer Spiritualist could not have been selected for the responsible duties to which he has been assigned; and it gives us great pleasure to state that he has accepted the appointment.

We have no doubt our friends in all parts of the State will welcome the Doctor among them, and respond to his calls for aid in spreading the Gospel of Truth—SPIRITUALISM—among those who are not yet sufficiently strong, numerically, to maintain societies themselves. Massachusetts has now in the field three missionaries: A. E. Carpenter, Dr. H. B. Storer, and Mrs. Agnes M. Davis. We only wish there were double this number, for there is enough work for a dozen.

Ecclesiastical Revolutions.

The same fundamental changes that are visibly making in civil affairs, both in this country and Europe, manifest themselves in the ecclesiastical arrangements also. The urgent question of the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland—that is, of the separation of that Church from the authority of the Crown, and leaving its support and fate to popular choice—threatens to enlist the interest of all parties in the issue, in spite of the protests of the Churchmen against raising it at this particular time. It is admitted that, if the ecclesiastical authority is removed from Ireland, and the relation of Church and State are thus dissolved, the same result will follow in England, where the disaster to the Establishment would be of a far wider character, involving the existence of the Church and probably the State, in its present form, along with it. This is the leading issue in the present canvass, and it is being pushed with all the earnestness, and even rancor, that marked many of the former contests with Popery.

The people, at this juncture, are more largely admitted to the privilege of the ballot than ever before, and consequently are called upon to deal directly with an institution with whose authority and fate they have long been profoundly interested. So warm have become the combatants already that the dangerous cry of former times—"No Popery"—has been raised, and that bodies no good to the peace of the realm. Of the narrow footing of the English Church in Ireland none need be assured. There is not a handful of its adherents in the country, and the priests notoriously minister to empty churches and empty parishes. Yet the people are forced by the Government to support the English Establishment, for all that. Gladstone, for party effect, of course, has precipitated the issue of the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, while Disraeli appeals to the old attachments and associations of the English people to put down so dangerous a proposal, threatening as it does the safety of the parent Church at home. For if the proposed divorce is effected in Ireland, the next step must inevitably be its divorce in England. And the belief of the Government party is, that to root out the Church Establishment from the State would be the virtual destruction of both. We do not presume to question that the success of the project would work the greatest and most radical revolution England has yet seen. Some of the leading men of the Church have already gone so far in the matter, prompted by their apprehensions and excited by their zeal, as to declare outright that if the schemes of these revolutionists should turn out successfully, they would take the Church over bodily to Romanism, and thus make the revolution complete. From these threats one may form some just idea of the critical state of matters at the present time in the English Church.

The daughter of the mother—the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country—is not less truly on the verge of events that promise to disturb her tranquility by provoking schisms and sects in her bosom. The question of Ritualism is one of decided interest to the internal peace of that church, particularly as a pastoral letter signed by a number of the Bishops condemning the practice of Ritualism has not sufficed to put an end to it. But that is not near so likely to create serious disturbance in the organization as the other question of parochial preaching; i. e., whether a minister really has territorial rights exclusively to himself, by virtue of being a pastor within the limits of a certain town or district. The canon of the church does certainly forbid a strange minister from preaching on the preserve of the settled one; but it has generally been regarded as a dead letter, and not until recently has it been attempted to revive its authority. The result has been fully as mischievous as its abettors could have either expected or desired. The ablest and most zealous ministers in the Church have taken sides on the question, which will be brought up before the triennial convention of the Church in New York next month. One minister has already been publicly reprimanded by the Bishop of his diocese for having presumed to defy the lifeless canon, and another is now on his trial, on the same charge, in Rhode Island. Profound feeling has been manifested on both sides, one contending for authority and the other for freedom.

It seems strange, when, if we are to believe the ecclesiastics, the world is perishing for such bread of life as they alone can brank for it, that they presume to set up and enforce rules under which even a single hungry soul is to continue in hunger, unless it consents to be fed at the hands of one particular shepherd, at his own appointed and convenient time. It is trifling with great things unparadoxically—according to their own standard, originally. One party in the Church is for modifying the canon so as to make it reasonably liberal, while the other is for clearing it off the book altogether. On this rock there now threatens to be a wide split in an ecclesiastical organization which has hitherto made a loud boast of its continued harmony.

Here are two great branches of Protestantism, then, to-day threatened with an internal convulsion amounting to revolution. The same principles and ideas of liberality and reform are working within them that are active in the structure of governments everywhere; and the sequel will show that they will operate evenly in both. The advancing spirit of the time is sure to impregnate all the institutions of man, civil and religious. What is dead and worthless will fall away and be forgotten; what is of any value will live so long as it may be of service. The day of trial comes for all things. None but the false fight against faith.

Almost Converted.

The serious side of this business of "converting" sinners, by a patent used by the ecclesiastical rulers exclusively, is so very close to the ludicrous side as to be scarcely distinguishable. John Allen, of the New York dance house, was thought to have been thoroughly made over; but just as he had been taken out into Connecticut to make his first attempt at lecturing, he got drunk and disappointed his patrons and his audience together. A clergyman of the right stamp announced at the next regular prayer meeting in his old den that "Johnny" was "almost converted," but not quite; he had only gone back a little, but would be sure to be all right in due time. Isn't this the height of mummery and tomfoolery? How would the same men, who look approvingly on such nonsense, cry out with affected indignation if the half of it was discovered lying at the door of Spiritualist practices!

The Work Goes Bravely On.

It will be seen by their notice in another column that the Spiritualists of Kansas are up and doing. Their State Association have called a Convention, to discuss matters of moment, which is to meet at Topeka on the 23th, 26th and 27th of October, a report of which we shall expect for the *Banner of Light*.

The "First Spiritualist Association of Boston."

This Society, whose meetings have been held during the past year in Mercantile Hall, in this city, have just published their Constitution and By-Laws, from which we learn that their "object is to maintain the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston." To this end they ask, and we hope will receive, the membership and cordial cooperation of the Spiritualists of this city. This is intended to be a working Society, striving not only for the self-improvement of its members in social meetings for the consideration of the principles of Spiritualism, but also making it their especial object to care for the education and progress of the dear children who may be entrusted to the discipline of the Progressive Lyceum.

Excellent harmony and a good degree of success has already attended their Lyceum meetings—and as their funds increase, a larger library and additional facilities for interesting the children will be procured.

Sunday lectures before this Society will not be resumed, as abundant provision for the public demand in that respect has been made by the Committee of the Music Hall meetings. It is, however, in contemplation to procure a suitable hall, whenever the means of the Society will admit, that shall satisfy that want which so many feel for an assembly room, where, on one or more evenings of the week, Spiritualists can enjoy social converse, literary exercises, or some form of profitable entertainment.

Any person, after being duly elected, may become a member of this Association by signing the Constitution and paying an annual fee of one dollar.

Here now is a chance for every true Spiritualist in Boston to assist in practical progressive work, and build up a Society that every member can profit by.

Missionary Work.

A. E. Carpenter proposes to lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, Oct. 4th; Pembroke, 6th; Hanson, 7th; Kingston, 8th; Plympton, 9th; North Bridgewater, Sunday, 10th; West Bridgewater, 11th; Bridgewater, 12th; Middleboro', 13th; Carver, 14th; Raynham, 15th; Taunton, Sunday, 17th.

H. B. Storor proposes to lecture in South Hingham, on Tuesday, September 29th; North Scituate, 30th; Greenfield, Sunday, October 4th; North Leverett, 5th; Orange, 6th; Athol, 7th; Baldwinville, 8th; and East Marshfield, Sunday, the 11th.

Mrs. A. M. Davis, in behalf of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, proposes to lecture in the following places: Leominster, Sunday, Oct. 4th; East Princeton, 5th; Clinton, 6th; Groton Junction, 7th; Littleton, 8th; Scituate, Sunday, 11th; Braintree, 12th; Bedford, 14th; Billerica, 15th.

A Regular Campaign.

We like to see people do good everywhere, and try to be as good as possible at the same time; but it is questionable if carrying religion into campaigning, as the Young Men's Christian Association are doing, is calculated to increase the respect for the profession or excite any more sincere zeal in the minds of the people. These Associations have given out publicly that they have taken the field for the cause of religion, just as the political parties have, and they intend to ply similar arts, or at least to go to work in a similar spirit, for the propagation of their schemes. This is aggressive, certainly; but whether it is a system that will ever result in doing more than making proselytes, instead of Christians, at this day admits of no question.

Particular Notice.

Subscribers who may have occasion to change the address of their papers, should invariably name the town, county and State to which they are sent, as well as the town, county and State to which they desire them forwarded, when they change their localities; otherwise, we must wait until they do so. A little care in this particular will save us a deal of perplexity in endeavoring to hunt up the names in our mailing machine, besides lessening the annoyance such subscribers subject themselves to in consequence of the non-receipt of their papers at the places they desire them sent, through negligence to conform to the necessities of the case.

Music Hall Meetings.

The course of lectures will commence Sunday afternoon, October 18th. Some of the ablest speakers have been engaged for the season: Dr. J. B. Ferguson, A. M., LL. D., of Tennessee, will be the first speaker. Season tickets, securing a seat, are put at the moderate sum of \$5; and can be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street. There is an active demand for them, and already twice the number sold last year have been taken. The earlier the application the better the seat.

A New Work on Mediumistic Development.

Mrs. Ferree, the psychometrist, of Washington, D. C., has a little work in press, giving directions in mediumistic development. We hope all who have been benefited by free letters from her, will not fail to procure a copy of her new book. It is intended chiefly for those to whom she has not time to write. Its title is "The Spirituelle, or Directions in Development."

The Ohio State Convention.

The second Convention of the Spiritualists of Ohio, convened at Garrett's Hall, Cleveland, the present month, was a very harmonious gathering. Speeches were made by A. B. French, President of the State Association, Cephas B. Lynn, Henry C. Wright, Hulse, Tuttle, Col. Fox, Mrs. Thompson, of Cleveland, and others.

Boston Athenaeum.

Strangers, and citizens also, should not fail to visit the Athenaeum gallery of paintings and statuary. A few hours spent in viewing the choice works of art to be seen there, cannot well be better improved.

Spain.

A very serious revolution has broken out in Spain, which threatens the overthrow of Queen Isabella's government. Fourteen thousand soldiers and eleven ships of war have joined the revolutionists.

Chas. H. Foster.

This distinguished test medium has just returned from San Francisco, Cal., and located at 29 West Fourth street, New York.

Concord, N. H.

James B. Morrison is engaged to speak in Concord, N. H., during October.

The Spiritualists of Vermont had a grand time at their Annual State Convention. The proceedings will be found in another column.

New Publications.

SMOKED GLASS, by Orphous C. Kerr, with Illustrative Anachronisms by Thomas Worth, is the last issue from the fertile pen of this witty satirist, and contains hits at social and political follies, taken as they fly, sparkling and epigrammatic sketches of men and things as seen by the author's observant optics, fearfully held rails into the realm of humor, specimens of broad fun and irresistible drollery, and altogether a jumble of bubbling, exuberant, contagious wisdom wrapped up in a clean napkin of literary trifling and rhetorical nonsense, which everybody who is addicted to "seeing the world," especially on its laughable side, will avail himself of perusing at the earliest possible day. The illustrations are consequently funny, and set off the text with a new distinctness and meaning. For sale by Leo & Shepard.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October has a good store of excellent articles, in the following order: Imbriate Asplenium, and a Visit to one; Petrolodum in Burnham; The Man and Brother; Part II: The Two Babblers; Kings' Crowns and Fools' Caps; St. Michael's Night; Part V; Edmund Brook; The Face in the Glass; Part II; Love's Queen; Bacon, I; Free Produce among the Quakers; The Finances of the United States; Pandora; Reviews and Literary Notices.

There are several single articles, particularly the first one, which give a special interest to the present number. The variety this month is likewise noticeable. Everything betrays the life of the day in it. The literary finish, too, may always be depended on in the *Atlantic*.

LEARN, OR THE PONSASSINS, is the title of a Jewish story from the press of Peterson Brothers, and for sale by Leo & Shepard in this city.

LORD REPUBLICANS from Blackwood is a very sprightly tale, entitled "GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT," which is most worthily included in the "Tables of the Day."

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October has all the latest fashion plates, with a treasury of patterns and receipts; while the reading matter is carefully selected and attractive, as usual. It is a brilliant number. For sale by Williams & Co.

THE LADY'S FRIEND offers, besides good letter-press from favorite pens, a complete reprint of the latest styles and fashions, along with suggestions of almost every sort in connection with patterns for embroidery and the like, and domestic receipts of current value. It is kept up with determined spirit, from month to month, in all its departments. For sale by Williams & Co.

THE GALAXY for October opens as fresh as a box of June strawberries, and is of equal value in point of its contents. The list runs as follows: Clapham; Victoria Column; Hazard; The History of Texas; An Autumn Song; John Lester Wallace (with portrait); A New World about Nerves; The Death of Hope; Boonchalo; Works and their Uses; Who's Hand? Is Labor a Curse? Tides; The Galaxy Miscellany; Drift-Wood; Literature and Art; Nihilism. The table is a remarkably attractive one, and the writers are of the popular stamp. We commend this number of the *Galaxy*.

ABOUT WOMEN, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE, is the title of an exceedingly interesting little volume, by Fred. Saunders, who is known to all readers and lovers of good books as the author of "Salad for the Solitary." The subject is ever new, but it is here treated most pleasantly and freshly. What can be said on its three distinct heads is said with point and grace, and many a happy allusion is worked in by the hand of no common literary joiner. The social heresies of the day are overhauled with quiet but merciless wit, and poetry and pathos illumine the theme all the way through. The book is a literary *dijon*, and will become permanently popular. For sale by Leo & Shepard.

Grove Meeting.

Agreeably to a notice in the *Banner of Light*, the Taunton, Foxboro' and Stoughton Lyceums met at Myrick's Grove, September 29th, in full, harmonious numbers. The grand old woods resounded with the happy, joyous shouts of children, and, borne through the breezes of the lofty swaying pines, were the utterances of deep inner thankfulness and consoling communication of parents and elders, conjoined in merriment, music and instruction. The spacious dance and dining halls, so roomy and convenient, the varied and ample swings, all served to render the place one of the pleasantest for such a reunion.

After an hour's exercise of the Lyceum in marching, etc., we adjourned to meet at the stand at one o'clock—the noon-time being devoted to the basket exercises of the day. At one o'clock a large audience gathered in front of the speakers' stand, and for an hour listened with eager attention to declamations, songs and recitations by the younger members of each Lyceum. "I need not particularize where all so well acquitted themselves. One recitation, however—"That little boy his me"—(from the Stoughton Lyceum) was especially satisfactory. Following these declamations we had inspirational and trance speaking by Mrs. Tabor, of New Bedford, and Miss Bassett, of Foxboro', and others.

The day was one of pleasure and profit to all, and at a seasonable hour the cars were filled for return, with cheerful hearts and bright faces bespeaking satisfaction to the fullest extent of appreciation. May we meet again.

Yours fraternally,
W. K. RIPLEY.

A Lecturer's Card.

Feeling a deep interest in the social reforms of the day, I write to say that I have written lectures on various subjects, that I will deliver under the direction and for the benefit of any spiritual society. Terms: my expenses, and as much more as they please. Any society desiring such lectures can learn full particulars by addressing the undersigned.
HENRY BARSTOV.
Duxbury, Mass.

The Hutchinson Fund.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in aid of the destitute invalids, Robert Hutchinson and wife:

A Friend, \$1.00
A. B. French, \$1.00
E. C. Philadelphia, Pa., \$1.00

THREE VOICES, by Warren Sumner Barlow, Boston: Wm. White & Co. New York: Banner of Light Branch Office, 1868.

This is a book of poems, of 184 pages, entitled "The Voice of Superstition," "The Voice of Nature," and "The Voice of a Pabbie." The first presents the conflict that many suppose exists between the Maker and an imaginary evil being. The second "is founded on the idea of"

One God, with one rockless plan,
Embracing every world and man;
That man should learn to comprehend
That all to good results doth tend.

The third "Voice" aims to teach the individuality of Matter and Mind, Eternal Charity and Love. The positions of the argument throughout are fortified by references to passages of the Old and New Testaments, in the form of foot-notes. In many places, in the midst of these voices, there are parenthetical interludes, in which the author questions the reader and the world in regard to the truth of various things which the voices have uttered. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and is a credit to the publishers—San Francisco *Banner of Progress*.

For sale at this office, and 544 Broadway, N. Y.

IMPROVEMENT IN CABINET ORGANS.—A new invention has just been brought out by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, which will attract much attention. It is an improvement upon what has been known to some extent as the 202 human, and produces a very rich and beautiful quality of tone, somewhat resembling that of the human voice. The same thing has been attempted before, but when partial success had been attained, the machinery was so complicated as to be constantly getting out of order. The improvement of Mason & Hamlin is ingenious, simple, and durable as the instrument itself, and exquisite in its effect.

The reputation of this Company for the best instruments of this class in the world is well established. They were winners of the first prize at the Paris Exposition.—*New York Tribune*.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

For new advertisements see Eighth Page.

The sweetly expressed poem from the spirit of "Birdie" (Anna Corna Wilson), to her parents, printed in our message department, is a gem. It has been beautifully clothed in original music by "Lottie," a spirit, and placed among the songs in the new *Spiritual Harp*, with the title of "Homeward Bound."

See an excellent review of "Extracts," in another column, written by a gentleman of culture.

The Call for a National Convention of the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceums will be found in another part of this paper.

Dr. Main has removed his medical establishment from No. 930 Harrison Avenue to No. 224 Harrison Avenue, Boston, where he may be found during the usual hours of business. Dr. M. is one of the oldest clairvoyants in the city.

Recently a woman in Edinburgh, Scotland, who had accumulated a large amount of money by keeping a brothel, was reformed, and at her death willed it all for the foundation of an institution for the elevation of fallen women. But the church refused to handle the money which had been the wages of sin, and so showed its narrowness. It is impossible to separate the money properly from that improperly obtained. And why is not the bequest of a penitent woman as fit for the Lord's treasury as that of a penitent gambler or debauchee?

There are many, very many people in this world who profess liberality, and who call themselves reformers, that the moment their schemes are not seconded or approved of, turn round and malign their best friends, even when those friends have been mainly instrumental in boosting them into positions of trust and honor.

In England there are over seven hundred co-operative associations, while Prussia has over fifteen hundred.

New York physicians prescribe the same remedies for cholera morbus and the "Grecian balm."

Dr. M. Henry Houghton has just closed a lecturing engagement in Troy, N. Y. He will accept calls for other places. Address him as above.

When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the spot, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

The Maine election resulted in an increased Republican majority.

"Isle of the Blest," a fine poem, original in the *Banner of Light*, was recently copied into the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* without the customary credit. But we have the charity to suppose that Bro. Jones omitted to acknowledge its paternity through inadvertence.

A. S. Hayward, healer, will visit the sick in Boston and vicinity. See advertisement.

Two thousand and eleven new buildings have been erected in St. Louis during the year.

Rev. Dr. Ginsburg, of Liverpool, England, is attempting for the Old Testament what Griesbach, Tischendorf and others have done for the New—to restore the correct text. He is examining all accessible manuscripts, and hopes to complete his work in about two years more, having already devoted much time to it for seven years.—*Springfield Republican*.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison says the church is proverbial for its dullness.

It is stated that Brigham Young has given orders to have every member of the Mormon Church excommunicated who deals with a Gentile, or purchases of an outsider. A good way to thin out his church.

An English writer says England is not, perhaps, the most drunken country in the world, but very few surpass it in proneness to the consumption of the most besetting stimulants. There is more intoxication to be seen in the course of one hour in London, Dublin, Liverpool or Glasgow, than two whole days would disclose in any of the great Atlantic cities.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.

A GOOD HIT.—We clip the following sharp hit from the San Francisco *Banner of Progress*:

"Does God's work need rounding off, smoothing and finishing up by man? If so, we hope the San Francisco Association of Spiritualists will continue to ordain all lecturers and expounders of liberal and progressive ideas who may seek a sojourn with them. If not, we trust they will hereafter seek advancement, and not make a retrograde movement. Let us tell humanity out of and above long established creeds and Ritualism."

The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

It is said of the late Mr. John Douglas Cook, editor of the *Saturday Review*, that he never wrote a single line in the journal he created and watched over incessantly till the day of his death.

DR. L. F. W. ANDREWS, of Americus, Ga., (formerly editor of the *Spiritualist*), has been quite sick of late, but we are happy to learn that he is now recovering. He is in his seventy-eighth year, and is usually very active and energetic. May he remain in the form many years longer and continue his good work for humanity.

An American Spiritualist-advertising a séance at Colar, Europe, and offering to establish a communication between persons in the place and their dead relatives, has been sent to jail for three days, and ordered to leave the city after the expiration of his sentence. This is the kind of bigotry that prevails in countries where there is little or no Liberalism.—*Boston Investigator*.

Yes, and this is the same kind of bigotry that hung a poor Quaker woman, on Boston Common, many years ago, for not believing in pretercarnal. Thanks to the liberality of the present generation, no such rascality is permitted, although the same disposition exists in the hearts of the bigots to-day that existed then. Truly, the world moves.

Rabbi M. Newman, of St. Petersburg, Russia, in view of the many fatal results from circumspection among the children of that city, has left the people of his district free to choose whether they will dispense with the rite.

Longfellow is soon to issue a new volume of poems.

A distinguished actress was lately introduced to a lawyer in New Orleans, who was not at all backward in sounding his own praise. "He is a very smart man," an acquaintance remarked soon afterward. "I know it," she replied; "he told me so himself."

The American Social Science Association will hold its next session in Boston in October.

John G. Whittier says: "Nothing that I have done has satisfied me; and I am painfully sensible of my defects as a writer; but I suppose no one comes up to his ever-eluding ideal."

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, in one cloth, three volumes paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 3rd edition, just out. 4 vols., Great Harmonia, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrating, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Bibliography of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritualism, Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Present Age and Future Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Araba, or Divine Quest, and Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, each two long bound, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a library, public or private. Four books by Warren Chase—Life Lines; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gift of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price 60c; postage 6c.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full complete monthly, and the large and elegant illustrated likeness of the author, A. J. Davis, of which we have a few yet left. Send us your order, and we will send you a copy of the new *Life Lines*, and a copy of the new *Arabia*, and a copy of the new *Stellar Key*, and a copy of the new *Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual*, and a copy of the new *Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker*, and a copy of the new *Magic Staff*, and a copy of the new *Penetrating*, and a copy of the new *Harbinger of Health*, and a copy of the new *Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions*, and a copy of the new *Morning Lectures*, and a copy of the new *History and Philosophy of Evil*, and a copy of the new *Bibliography of Spirit Intercourse*, and a copy of the new *Philosophy of Spiritualism*, and a copy of the new *Harmonical Man*, and a copy of the new *Free Thoughts Concerning Religion*, and a copy of the new *Present Age and Future Life*, and a copy of the new *Approaching Crisis*, and a copy of the new *Death and After Life*, and a copy of the new *Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual*, and a copy of the new *Araba, or Divine Quest*, and a copy of the new *Stellar Key to the Summer-Land*, and a copy of the new *Life Lines*, and a copy of the new *Fugitive Wife*, and a copy of the new *American Crisis*, and a copy of the new *Gift of Spiritualism*. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Answers to Questions.

A stranger in Hartford, Conn., wishes us to answer, through the *Banner of Light*, the following questions, and we do it for more than one inquirer:

1st. "How can I best, most easily and quickly, become a good and reliable medium?"

Ans.—By living a good and true life, in obedience to the laws of Nature; doing "whatsoever your hand findeth to do," faithfully and cheerfully, and using the talents you have to best advantage, that being faithful over few things more may be given you. Seek, but not with immoderate haste and restless impatience, for conditions that await you. You must go to them; do not expect them to come to you. When you are in harmony with yourself, with Nature and with your fellow beings, you will be all the medium you desire to be, and useful to the extent of your capacity. It is in this sense that all are mediums, and you can be.

2d. "By request, can any of our friends communicate to us through Mrs. Conant and thus through the *Banner of Light*, try my writing?"

A.—Not any—some can and some cannot. A greater variety communicate through Mrs. Conant than through any one we know, but they are mainly for public tests, in which our spirit friends open a wide door, to which the rush is often very great, and of many who cannot be accommodated, and some who could not communicate if opportunity were offered. Spirits are finite and fallible, as we are, and like us, cannot always do all they desire, or all we desire them to do. The fact is, fully established that they do communicate to our sphere of being. After that, especial messages to individuals are not of great public utility. To the Christian church all messages from God have ceased long ago, and yet the church hangs its whole faith on the old and very imperfect ones said to have been received long ago, and in a dark and barbarous age.

3d. "Kirby's Planchette will not write. If I send and get Holmes's will that write by sitting awhile?"

A.—No. None of the Planchettes write, but spirits do often use them, through mediums, to write messages, as a more convenient mode of communicating than by tipping tables. All forms of communication require mediums. Skeptics and rogues play with Planchette, and hundreds of families who repudiate Spiritualism get them, and, to their surprise, find mediums among their household, and are often astonished at the wonderful and mysterious knowledge of the little instrument. Some are vexed, some amused, some act wisely and get the true spiritual explanation, and some act foolishly and take the absurd explanation of the churches, and some ridicule the whole subject and try to cheat with it. The instrument is harmless, and worthless without a medium, and will not make mediums.

To the appended comments of our unknown sister we heartily respond, and with her deeply sympathize, but can assure her that the soul's fruition is sure, though it may seem distant and she may mourn the delay. The beautiful philosophy of the wise men of ancient times who saw in the dim distance the blessings and advantages of our time, we should all try to cultivate, and await with patience while we work, knowing there is "time enough for gladness," and that we shall have our fill to the measure of our capacities, and that the greatest work now for us is to enlarge our capacities by that exercise which strengthens our souls, as handling the hammer does the arm of the blacksmith. Work with the powers you have, sister, and more will be yours in good time. "Slowly moves the march of ages."

Try, try Again.

The editor of the *Evening Mail*, New York, feeling himself crowded as an editor to say something on the subject of Spiritualism, owing to the recent awakening caused by planchette, makes a terrible spluttering in the display of his ignorance of the history and present status of the subject. If he had stepped into our office, he might have gained in five minutes enough knowledge to have saved him from several egregious blunders, which he made in his paper of Sept. 16th. He evidently presumes on the ignorance of his readers, when he carps about Spiritualism dying hard and not quite dying at all, and its germ of underlying truth, &c. It is truly amusing to see the assumed wisdom and pretended knowledge with which some scribblers for the press presume to improve and instruct the people on subjects of which they are wholly ignorant, and this sagacious knight of the quill is no exception. He might and probably would be surprised to learn that the spiritual papers which he treats so cavalierly have vastly more, and more intelligent readers, than ever see the flippant quibbles of his pen and paper. He evidently does not know that three thousand copies of one spiritual paper, printed in a distant city, are lodged each week almost under his very nose, and all distributed and read, and that nearly every week in the year a new book is issued, and the demand constantly increasing. But we forbear, lest we enlighten him with knowledge his readers do not require at his hands. Not all the editors in New York are equally ignorant, or they do not at least presume as much on the ignorance of their readers on a subject of the most growing importance of any of our day.

The Great Issue to Come.

Of the many hindrances ever in the way of truth, none have caused more disaster to our kind than that *penchant*, peculiar to weak minds, for dictating morals each to the other, the supposed stronger party to the supposed weaker. The notion of a recognized authority in questions of moral propriety, whenever and wherever its origin appears to have grown with the growth of social order, and become completely ramified in the several departments of civilization, so that now few men are able to comprehend the idea of morally itself as anything distinct from the right of the many to overrule the few. In certain localities, men under the hallucination of a "morality" not only close their neighbors' doors at certain times, and control to some extent their family institutions, but are even now striving to engrain their peculiar notions of morality into that legal code supposed to be universal and supreme within our national limits. When will people understand that this propensity to dictate the representative trait of the mythic Anti-Christ? In the light of strict philosophy, the destruction of grain for the sake of drinking its spirit can be no more sinful than the destruction of animals for the sake of eating their flesh, yet those who see shocking immorality in the former, see nothing but holiness in the latter. Has education caused this bias? Perhaps a few vegetarian missionaries from among the Brahmins would find a welcome among us.

Christianity, in its simplest form, can hardly appear to the spiritual philosopher as aught else than a very severe lesson for weak mortals: to learn—a course of rigid discipline, unavoidable perhaps, through which the germ of the human mind must pass in its semi-voluntary migration from original animality to a final status of enfranchised intelligence.

The rendering of good, for evil, or of love for selfishness, not being consistent with any known theory of equitable order, must of course refer to a ulterior right. Equity, in one form or another, is assumed to be the ultimate of all religion whatever. Then, since we cannot reasonably assume that the Supreme Being derives any benefit from religious institutions, it is plain that finally the various forms of religion can amount to nothing more than so many formulas of mental discipline for the improvement of our kind; and further, since no two persons can be identical in their mental properties and wants, all notions of a "morality," of a "Second Advent," of a "New Jerusalem," of a "final judgment," &c., are simply matters of private opinion, and can have no known relation to certain localities or tribes, and are not to be determined according to calendar time. It does not look reasonable to assume "morality" in preference to equity between man and man.

The great issue which appears to be ripening, religiously, politically and scientifically, at least in this community, may be defined as the rights of private judgment. To what extent is it either expedient or moral that men shall legislate, each for the other, and all promiscuously, in reference to the domestic associations, the kinds and quantities of sustenance, the observance of days and the choice of occupation? What are our deductions of the supposed relations between the one and the many? If men cannot live in harmony here, how shall they harmonize anywhere?

R. E.

Call for a National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

At the Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists, held at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 25th to 29th, 1868, composed of delegates from fifteen States, the District of Columbia and Canada, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That we recommend to the Children's Progressive Lyceum to form State Associations, and from these a National Organization, to hold periodical sessions, and that a committee of five be appointed to carry out this matter. In pursuance of the objects of the above, the committee have decided to call the First National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, to be held at Horticultural Hall, (Broad street, above Spruce), in the city of Philadelphia, to commence on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1868, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session two days.

We therefore invite the Children's Progressive Lyceum on this continent to send two delegates, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members. And, in order for a more general representation, we invite each State Organization of Spiritualists to send as many delegates as they may have representatives in Congress. And where there are no State Organizations, we invite each local organization of Spiritualists to send two delegates. Let us come together and take counsel as brothers and sisters in this, the most important and practical work upon which we have entered—a work born of the Summer-Land, and destined in its fruition to bless the fairest portion of God's family—our children, as well as ourselves.

M. B. DREW, 14 South 2d street, Philadelphia; MARY E. DAVIS, Orange, N. J.; WARREN CHASE, 544 Broadway, N. Y.; A. E. CARPENTER, Boston, Mass.; H. E. M. BOWEN, Chicago, Ill.

The days will be devoted to business; the first evening, 26th inst., the Children's Progressive Lyceum will give a grand Exhibition, and upon the evening of the 27th a Social, the proceeds of which are to be devoted toward defraying the expenses of the Convention. Free return tickets will be furnished to all delegates who pay full fare in coming to this Convention on the Pennsylvania Central or the Philadelphia and Erie Railroads, good until the 5th of December.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)
L. B. S. DAYVILLE.—Send the poetry.

Business Matters.

THE FALL. The Fall, the glorious Fall, is nigh, When plenty decks the land, When hushed in sable sorrow's sigh, And quonched in misfortune

New York Advertisements.

POWER IN THE LAND.

WRITERS intend that the **Positive and Negative** POWERS shall sweep the country like a whirlwind of magnetic power. The **Positive** will be the **Power** that shall faint and die upon the swelling waves of religion that go up from the multitudes. **THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS ARE ALWAYS A POWER IN THE LAND.** Read columns of evidence in the **BANNER OF LIGHT**, the **AMERICAN FLAME**, the **PROGRESS AGE**, the **MASSACHUSETTS FLOUNDER**, the **BANNER OF FREEDOM**, the **HERALD OF JUSTICE**, the **SPIRITUAL REFORMER**, the **CONNECTICUT RANT**, and other papers. From this time forth, simultaneous of varied notices of the **GREAT SPIRIT-RECLAIMED** will, as speedily as possible, be put in the leading papers of the United States. Thus, in the course of an unseen power, and I intend to preach Spiritism, not through one paper but to spiritualists done **through one thousand papers**, and to all classes and denominations of readers.

Spence's Positive and Negative Powers are one of the things that never go backwards. The deed of them is immense, and it constantly increasing. Every box sold makes a call for a hundred more. Every year they are sold, because they are the only available, a real live, talking advertisement, and a actual, valuable witness of their wonderful work.

Every town, city, village and neighborhood in all of the **UNITED STATES, CANADA AND GLEND**, should have an **Agent** for the sale of **Mrs. J. C. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers**. No one can teach without being benefited—patients in health, agents in use.

On the terms to **AGENTS, DRUGGISTS AND PHYSICIANS** have been reduced to the lowest possible rate. Printed terms sent free, postpaid.

Address **PROF. PATON SPENCE, M. D.,**
Box 5817, NEW YORK CITY,
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Mrs. Jeannie Waterman Danforth,
2 EAST 3RD STREET, New York, gives correct DIAGNOSES of the most intricate cases. Miscellaneous, prescribes for all CURES acute and chronic diseases, under STRICT CONTROL. Consultation hours from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., April 12.

NO EXCUSE FOR DRUNKENNESS.
ALL MEN'S WORKS DISOLVING, a tried and untried remedy. Will sell for \$1 million from \$300. Call on

B. MRS. J. COTTON, Magnetic Healer,
431 43d avenue, near 33d street, New York City.
e. hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 22nd—Aug. 1.

INVOCERS legally obtained, desertion, drunk-
ness, etc., sufficient cause. No publicity, to charge
all charges obtained. **HOWES**, Attorney
Counselor at Law, 75 Nassau street, New York.
ug. 22nd—13th

RS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Me-
chanic, 1 Carroll Place, corner Bleeker and Lauret-
tine streets, New York. Hours from 9 A. M. and from 7
P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

RS. R. L. MOORE'S Clairvoyant Prescrip-
tion, 107 E. 12th universal collection. See Aug. 1.
hours and luck of half, with age and sex of patient, care
of **WILLIAM CHASE**, 54 Broadway, New York, **Nov-Sept. 19.**

ONE OF THE FOX-SISTERS holds circles
every week on Saturday evening, at the rooms of D.
Humboldt, 51 State Avenue, New York.
Sept. 19.

Miscellaneous.

BREAST-PINS AND CHARMS

FOR THE
SPIRITUALISTS,
PROGRESSIVE MINDS,
AND THE
CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE
LYCEUM.

No. 1.—Pin "For Spiritualists."	\$1.50
" 2.—" "Charms For Spiritualists."	1.50
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" 6.—" "Charms, with Glass, and Silver Band."	2.25
" 7.—" "Pin,"	2.25
" 8.—" "Charms."	2.25
" 9.—" "Pin, with Glass, and Gold Band."	3.00
" 10.—" "Charms, with Glass, and Gold Band."	3.00

For descriptive Circulars, or the Emblems, apply to the manufacturer, H. B. DIXIEY, 111 South 2d street, Philadelphia.

For sale at the MANAGER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 188 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

TO BE LET FOR A TERM OF YEARS.

The estate of the subscriber in Watertown, at the corner of Arsenal and Elm streets, consisting of a large house with sixteen rooms, including bath and main apartments, heated and hand built with all four floors. The whole in perfect order and repair. The house is "back cellar'd," and has a very fine garden, with fruit trees, and about one-half acre of land in the kitchen; a turn-out in the rear; the floor of which is laid in cement and the top celled. Gas pipes are carried into every room and out-let. There are two and a half acres of land well stocked with fruit and shade trees and various small fruits. The house is half a mile from the Brighton branch of the Fitchburg railroad, and about seven-eighths of a mile from the horse cars to Boston and the station of the crossing on the Watertown branch of the Fitchburg railroad. The estate can be viewed on application to the subscriber at his office, No. 30 Court street, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.

JESSE J. AYDIN.

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 Boston, Mass., 57 Ad. post.
 The undersigned would give notice that owing to the ill-
 ness of Mr. Marsh, he has decided to close up the Book-
 store and Publishing business heretofore carried on by Mr.
 Marsh, at 57 Broad Street. All books now on hand
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