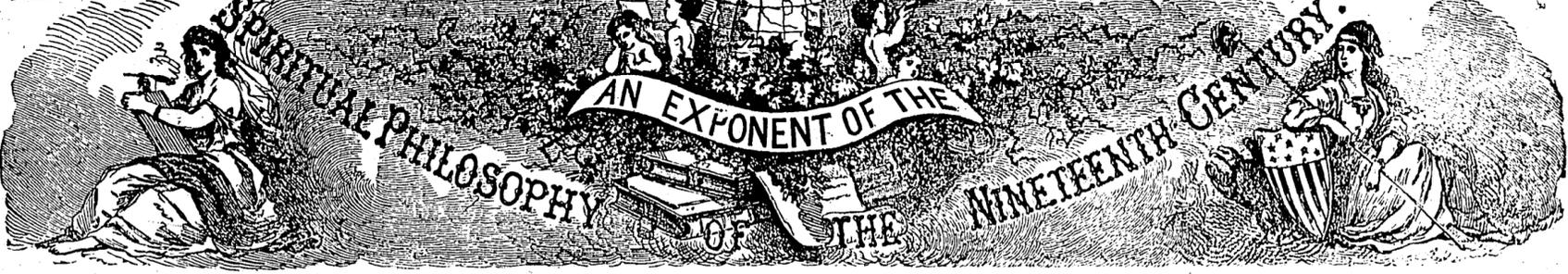


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For the Banner of Light.
THE REVIVALIST.
BY E. R. PLACE.

[From a manuscript poem, "The Gospel of Nature."
Come, view with me a picture of the day,
Where God, in person, meets with those that pray;
From his "white throne" steps promptly down at call,

Runs here or there, obedient as a thrall;
Sends dire disaster on our foes, but when?
He suffers—his "mysterious Providence" then!
Neglects he now the faithful preacher's toll,
Who long hath wrought upon a nigard soil,
Bugs God to march a mighty army down,
Ere Satan's horde has carried all the town?
Alas, no help; no signal of relief
Proclaims advancing succor from the chief;
Alone he's doimed the title of "sin" to stay,
Yet wonders daily God should keep away.

At length there bursts upon the drowsy fold
A hot revivalist, glib-tongued and bold.
Now deacons yawn; class-leaders stretch and shake,
As if aroused an early train to take.

Had come the news, that, in a neighboring town,
This new Elijah brought rare blessings down;
How skeptics knelt, and infidels were flogged,
As brethren prayed or Boanerges roared;
How smitten souls around the altar pressed,
And hell, impending, melted every breast.
Now start the brethren, shouting as they run:
"The elder's come! God's work will now be done,
Who always visits where his servant stays.
Our brother carries only three short days;
With our strong help he's sure 't will do. To-night
He'll reconnoitre for to-morrow's fight.
God will arrive on time—at least he should,
For skies and roads are passing fair and good.
He's apt, we know; to be somewhat behind;
Sometimes, indeed, doth fall the town to find.
We'll guide him hither with stentorian tones,
And haste his footsteps with our sighs and groans.
"Oh, God," they cried, "come down in mighty power;

Oh, do, Lord, come, though but for half an hour!"

Thus spoke their tongues, or felt their honest hearts;
I but translate, without the glazier's arts.
The elder opens; cool at first and clear,
Some common things in simple phrase appear;
Yet soon, as if displeased with common sense,
He springs to horse, and leaps o'er reason's fence.
A shower of metaphoric arrows came
Headforemost, or head after, all the same;
And wraps and figures thickly flew and fell,
Yet what was meant was more than you could tell.
He'd clinch a thesis with his foot, and smash
Your argument to flinters, with a crash.

All truths he finds, and finds them where he will;
Proves each assertion by assertion still.
Or, feels he on'nous trembling of his ground?
He louder roars, and glares in triumph round.
Kindly he tells you who'll be saved, and how,
Quite sure your only chance is here and now;
So well knows he whose name for heaven is booked,

He, doubtless, o'er the official list has looked.
His word to take, by bold besetting prayer,
God had been coaxed his secrets to declare;
While common folks, to gain celestial news,
To him must listen humbly in their pews;
Open your heart to catch some random good,
He'll hold you bound to swallow all as food.
Some merit grant him, and the virtue found,
Proves how complete within doth "grace" abound.
While sinners' virtuous sinners' hearts do harden,
The sign of saints a gracious God will pardon;
Yes, mal-adroit, to steal a last support,
Sponsors the witness he'd impeached in-court:
Appeals to reason, (up to reason's line),
And smiles on virtue, (but not yours, nor mine).
Right well knows he what secret cord to pull;
The man of sense what thought, what quirk the fool.

Requires, that all his artful plans may stand
As God's own work, too much for human hand.
His deep humility to prove, he plays
His guilty self for monstrous erring ways,
Till honest minds, unused to pious arts,
Suspect, reluctant, his a knave of hearts;
But soon his candor, if not sainthood, doubt,
As they observe no theft nor murder out;
Yet all alarms that fluttered in the breast
Of simple souls, are timely laid at rest;
This boasts they hear: "The vilest wretch on earth,
Atoning blood transformed to Christly worth."
Whoever else is saved or lost below,
That he's God's child, an orphan world shall know.

From bonds of error, cells of doubt or grief,
Great Nature's Gospel brings a glad relief.
The weary hearts, unmooed from galling creed,
Here find a joy full-measured to their need.
How rich with peace her truthful tidings are—
The break no chasm, and the shock no jar!

Deem'st thou my method too severely plain?
I would not cause one needless throb of pain.
When stubborn Error rules no more the day,
And calm-eyed Science hears a welcome sway;
When from the wrangle called "The State" shall rise

A social order, borrowed from the skies;
Enclosed below, the rapture of all ears
What sages heard—the Anthem of the Spheres—
Harmonious blending in the vast accord,
Will Worship's choir in Nature sing its Lord.
Till that fair morn hath broke millennial day,
Error and Truth must clash in many a fray.
These bold'rous times do rudely well attest—
A rough-cast vigor in the human breast,
Which ripen days with thoughtful joy will see
Wrought into lives of finer harmony;
As on thy farm, where rankest grow the weeds,
Through tillage wise a wholesome crop proceeds.

* A literal quotation from an actual prayer.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
EMMA LINDEN:
OR,
THE MOTHER'S TRUST.
A Mirror of Facts in the Robe of Fiction.

BY MRS. H. GREENE BUTTS,
Author of "Vine Cottage Stories."
CHAPTER I.

"Good evening, Emma; I'm so glad to see you,
for I have something important to relate."
"Have you, indeed?" said Emma. "Well, what is it?"

"You know, Emma, that our minister has been absent some time; he returned home last night. Now, I hope, we shall have preaching again."
"Preaching, Lucy! why, I thought the desk had been supplied during his absence."
"Nobody but Mr. A., replied Lucy, half contemptuously. "I do not like his preaching; he is too mystical to suit me. I want a speaker to explain things, and simplify a little more. It's too much like work to go to church, and be obliged to give your undivided attention to the preacher, or lose the whole thread of his discourse."

"Well, Lucy, I must disagree with you. I think Mr. A. is an interesting speaker. There is originality in his discourses, power of thought, imagery, and deep spirituality. Many of them touch upon scientific and progressive subjects, which, to me, are very important and instructive. Besides, he is called one of the most exemplary of men."

"I know," said Lucy, "that he is called a good man; but then he is not considered sound in the faith; and Deacon R. says he is all the more dangerous because of his goodness."
"Not sound in the faith! what do you mean, Lucy?"

"Why, Mr. A. does not believe in the Trinity. He does not think Sunday any more holy than other days, for he is in favor of opening the public library to all the people on that day. He is not quite certain but that the marriage institution was ordained of man rather than of God. He does not believe in 'disfellowshipping sinners,' but calls it Phariseism; and, worst of all, he is a confirmed Spiritualist, and believes that God has inspired prophets in all ages of the world."

"Indeed! those are rather serious charges—tried by Deacon R.'s standard; but I am not sound in the faith, Lucy. I agree with Mr. A. on all the points you have mentioned. Had you not better go back eighteen hundred years, and criticize some of the sayings of Jesus? I believe he fellowshipped 'sinners,' even went so far as to eat with them, which was very unlawful among the Jews. So I can defend Mr. A.'s position; his character needs no defence. He is not only a fine scholar, but a practical philanthropist, sympathizing with the poor and unfortunate, and not afraid to stoop down and lift up his fallen brother. I know he is not a favorite among creed-makers and law-makers, but he acknowledges the 'higher law,' and his voice will be heard though every church door may be closed against him. You cannot shut the mouths of God's prophets. In the hearts of the people they build their sanctuaries, and invest their capital in banks that never fail."

"Really, Emma, I had no idea of calling you out in this manner. You are eloquent in your eulogy of Mr. A. He would be flattered, no doubt, did he know that he had such a champion."
"Mr. A. is not easily flattered, Lucy. He seems to walk with dignity among his fellow-men, never deigning the lowliest and most depraved, or fawning to the highest."

"Well, you must acknowledge that Mr. A. is very eccentric; and I have heard some say that they considered him a little insane."
"Goodness as well as genius is quite apt to be called eccentric," said Emma. "It is a rare thing to see either of them personified. Even the 'Sermon on the Mount' was thought, by the Jews, to be the language of an eccentric impostor. I doubt not if the author of that sermon lived in these times, he would still be considered an impostor, and a little insane. He would find the doors of our popular religious sanctuaries closed against him. Let me say, then, that when you know more of Mr. A.'s personal history you will respect his many noble traits of character and honor him for his devotion to humanity."

"Well, Emma, I must say I am becoming quite interested in your friend. Who knows but I may one day become one of his converts? Then I could advocate the cause of temperance, woman's rights, and I do not know what else. Would not it be grand?"
"It might not be safe," replied Emma, "as Mr. A. is an unmarried man."
"Not safe for you, Emma. Ah! I begin to perceive the secret spring of your admiration for the noble Mr. A."

Emma smiled, and here the friends parted. She sat long after the departure of Lucy, communing with her own heart. "Perhaps I have been too earnest," she said, "in defending the position of Mr. A., or Lucretia Allston, as we shall hereafter call him. Emma was not aware, until his reputation was assailed, how high the comparative stranger stood in her own esteem. She had often met him in society; he was always genial and polite to her, but appeared thoughtful and reserved. She had heard him spoken of by her acquaintances as cold, stolid or intellectual, but deficient in sentiment and feeling.
But when a few weeks later she was conversing with him upon the new spiritual gospel, the magnificent eyes of her friend were fixed upon her. As she met her luminous radiance, and gazed into their dreamy depths, she felt constrained to say to herself: "Here is a world of

unwritten poetry, here are deep wells of sentiment, rivers of impassioned song wandering in the depths of their hallowed solitudes, yet unprofaned by the tread of irreverent feet; breaths of inspirational love floating round the base of mountains on whose invisible summits only the angels may freely congregate." She was fast losing her self-possession as these thoughts crossed her mind; her heart began to beat wildly. What was Lucretia Allston about to say to her? He surely could have no personal interest in her. Was he but trying to read her for his own amusement? "I will break the mystic spell," she exclaimed, mentally, and then said aloud:

"Mr. Allston, I once looked into the dark and dreary eyes of a friend, while my own seemed to grow dimmer and more doubtful as I gazed into their midnight. But recollecting myself, I said, 'I will break the spell!' Now it is broken, may I not place your name on my list of friends?"

Lucretia, who now perceived that Emma was really addressing herself in a third person, arose, and with a smile radiating his features, approached the chair where she was sitting. Taking her hand, he said:

"Miss Linden, I dare not claim to be your friend; there is so much meaning in that word. You know that when a thoughtful Frenchman introduces his life companion, he sometimes says, as the highest and holiest compliment he can give: 'This is my friend!'"

Emma was disconcerted, and almost overwhelmed in view of her timidity, and the response it brought forth. But commanding herself she said:

"But the personage to whom I referred is not a Frenchman!"

"Then he must have been alone in the world—most gloriously alone," said Lucretia.

"Alone, Mr. Allston! He had talents which the proudest might envy. He could command friends at his will, and yet he seemed to overlook Miss N. and many other misses, who, I am sure, would each have gladly become the ministering angel of his solitude."

"Yes, Emma; but these young women may have sought to flatter your friend, or may have admired him for his talents or reputation merely, or because he was a professor, or public speaker. A friend of yours would doubtless seek a higher companionship—a truer acquaintance—some congenial, free spirit, who could interpret the mysteries of his being, and abide in his love in spite of his numerous faults."

"Faut-il, Mr. Allston," exclaimed Emma, almost forgetting that she was talking in the third person singular, "Faut-il? Why, many deemed you—him—faultless; or if not quite faultless, yet superior to thousands who think themselves the 'elect of God.'"
"And this mistaken idea may have been very painful to him. It surely would have been so to me. Indeed it is so. I know the weak side of human nature, and hence I crave a soul companionship—the higher counterpart of myself."

"Higher, Lucretia?—and she clasped his hands in both palms of her own—"higher? you do not speak in irony in the presence of those who look up to you! There is Miss R., the organist; I know you would not despise her sincere and devoted friendship."

"I speak soberly, Miss Emma. I see no human being below me; and none, therefore, of whom I can speak in irony. I believe in the oneness—in the solidarity—in the divinity of the human race. Let irony, therefore, be exchanged for reverence, so that I can address you worthily—not, perhaps, as above me, but as certainly superior, by nature, to my faults. You ask me to place your name upon my list of friends. May I answer you by asking you to place my name upon your list? I have ever considered you my friend, because you are a friend of my friends—a friend of the friendless. You speak of Miss R.; I fear she could not understand such friendship—I will not say 'love!'"

Emma knew not how to answer Lucretia Allston. She felt that she was in the presence of a superior man—a man who had exalted views of woman's nature, and must know the value of true, unselfish love. She had looked upon him, as a benignant star, but never had allowed herself to suppose its peculiar brightness would ever illumine her shadowy pathway. Probably Lucretia said that Emma was somewhat disconcerted; and taking his hat he said, with a fascinating smile radiated his countenance—

"Emma, I have no desire to force a reply from you; answer me at your leisure, and with a slight inclination of his head, he left her to her own reflections.

Emma Linden meditated a long time in the dim twilight, upon the strange revelation which Lucretia had made. Half entranced by his magnetism, she felt herself surrounded by noble and harmonious beings from the heavenly spheres. Sweet musical voices whispered words of approbation, and besought her to cherish the flowers of joy which were soon to be scattered at her feet.

Several weeks more had passed away when Emma and Lucy again chanced to meet at the house of a friend. During this period Lucretia and Emma had mutually pledged their vows, and henceforth were to labor together in the cause of spiritual and human elevation—a cause that was dear to the hearts of both.

The occasion which brought Emma and Lucy again together, was the "Ladies' Aid Society," which met monthly for benevolent purposes. All will bear me witness, who have attended like gatherings, that the "latest news" is pretty generally discussed. Emma had not been seated long before she found that Lucretia Allston was the subject to be dissected on this occasion. Deeply interested in whatever related to him, she heard, with nervous anxiety, that he had lost his situation as Professor of Elocution in the Princeton Institute, a position which he had long filled with credit. It was said that the Trustees of the Institute had been informed, on good authority, that Mr. Allston was a radical reformer, and Spiritu-

alist. One of the ladies remarked that Deacon R. had said he favored the "Free Love" theory; and considering all these grave offences, she thought he ought no longer to be tolerated, notwithstanding his talents, as a fit person to move in a respectable and virtuous community! Much more was said, by the benevolent ladies, which we will not repeat. Emma had heard enough to satisfy her that the work of persecution and intolerance had commenced. She knew that Lucretia would receive no favor from her own father. He belonged to the old school of Presbyterians, and could see nothing but evil in the new Spiritual Philosophy.

From that hour Emma Linden's friends gave her no peace. They called her hallucinated, infatuated, and even hinted at insane asylums. But in spite of all such invectives she could not break the invisible chain which seemed to link her destiny with that of Lucretia Allston. In his absence his spirit seemed to be perpetually present—a spirit of such simplicity and purity that she could not for a moment regret the singular Providence which had indissolubly united her future happiness with that of her persecuted friend. The most tolerant of her acquaintances acknowledged that Mr. Allston had a disinterested life, that his character was above suspicion; yet, marvelous to say, for that very reason he might be all the more dangerous. So they generously cautioned Emma not to confide her happiness to his keeping. After all he might be a "wolf in sheep's clothing."

Poor Emma Linden! Dark and stormy clouds were fast looming up in the sky of her future, and the mournful winds whispered of the coming ill.

CHAPTER II.

The night was dark and stormy in the month of March. Weeping clouds canopied the heavens, and not a glittering star hung out its beacon light to guide the traveler on his lonely way. On such a night Lucretia had Emma a solemn good-by, and she felt that the cheerless storm was ominous of her unreal future. Her friend was more hopeful; yet he sat with folded arms and looked through mournful eyes into the pleasing face of his cherished companion, who sat by the window and seemed like one struggling with some momentous thought.

"Emma!" It was Lucretia's calm, magnetic voice which spoke. "Come and take a seat beside me. I wish to talk with you."

Emma needed no second invitation, but seated herself on a low ottoman at his feet, and confidently laid her trembling hand in his. Dreamy, love-lit eyes rested affectionately upon the weeping girl.

"Do you not know, dear Emma, that our Heavenly Father will shed his glorious light upon us in the darkest hours of our separation? Surely we can trust him, and not despair, resigning ourselves heroically to unavoidable privations. We must walk in separate paths for a season; I am to go; you are to remain. Nothing could have given me greater joy than to have had your society in the solitude of this great world of self-interest. But I can use no undue influence to break the tie which binds you to your childhood's home. I would not have you go with me till your father is reconciled. But we cannot conceal the fact that our love for each other is deep and reverential. We have opened the mysterious volumes of our hearts; we are irrevocably united, even while the stern hand of destiny marks out different paths for us to walk in. This separation will test the strength of our attachment. It will also try the power of that spirit of bigotry and intolerance which would drive me from the spot where I would gladly linger, or else compel me to retract principles which are dear to me."

"Lucretia!" It was now Emma's voice, musical and sad, that fell upon the ear of her friend: "I would go with you wherever fate might lead, had I not made a solemn promise to my mother, on her dying bed, that I would take charge of my younger sister until she arrived at an age when she could care for herself. Our part, Flora, is now but five years old. Oh, Lucretia, I could leave my father, who has over been a stern, unrelenting parent; but I must fulfill this duty to my darling little sister. Perhaps I need this discipline. I may lead me nearer to the door of the spirit-world—so near that perchance I may hear the voice of my ascended mother as she bends her seraphic form over my sleepless pillow, and blesses me for my care of her beloved Flora. Lucretia, my past life has been full of shadows. The spiritual gospel had not dawned upon me. When my mother died the earth seemed draped in deep mourning. But when you came light dawned upon me; your soul-cheering doctrine lifted the dark pall from my burdened spirit. I soon learned to love you with all the strength of a trusting heart; I had almost said my soul worshipped you for your eloquent pleadings in behalf of the poor and unlearned for. I shall ever bless you and pray that you may be guided by wisdom angels."

Thus closed the solemn meeting of Emma Linden and Lucretia Allston. There was apparently but little hope of a reunion in the mortal form. Resolute and alone, went forth the philanthropist to battle with the stern realities of life, without bitterness or repining—even blessing those who had, in their ignorance, persecuted their friend. In leaving Princeton he resolved to renounce his profession and devote his entire life to the cause of humanity. But he was little aware of the strength of his interest in Emma, until he was wholly deprived of her society. He sometimes sought to banish her from his memory; but her letters, filled with womanly love and heroic devotion, cheered many a weary hour, and dropped golden sunbeams into the welcome chambers of his lonely heart.

Two eventful years have passed away. The anti-slavery struggle, which began a mere speck of cloud in the political sky of the nation, had grown to such proportions that the entire heavens were darkened. Among the moral heroes who bore the odium of the pioneers in the struggle, and drew the lightnings of justice from the

impending cloud, was Lucretia Allston. But amid these stirring events he longed at times to behold the dear face of his absent Emma once more. In one of his letters to her he says:

"I am conscious that we sometimes communicate by impressions; but the heart is human, and I long to be held you again. I want to thank you, many times, for the new world of beauty and serenity your love has opened to me. We shall some time meet again, when all will be right. I desire much that our attachment may prove superior to all obstacles; that the real attractions may transcend the temporary prejudices which must inevitably attend, for a season, the pathway of all who would live and act divinely."

Dear Emma, may this sheet communicate to you the peace which passeth understanding, and bear on its wings a message of love. With the current of my soul-life responding to them, I must close this brief communication of inadequate words.

I have thought seriously of visiting the great Prairie Land, this season, lecturing as I go upon the cause of freedom and spiritual progress. This would lengthen the distance between us. How gladly would I see you before I leave. Yet, would it be best, under all circumstances, for me to visit you? Write me soon, and inform me of your wishes."

The painful reply of Emma to the above communication determined Lucretia's course Westward, and many were the subsequent weary months that passed before she again received a line from him. His fate was veiled in uncertainty. Life at Linden Mansion was growing more and more trying to the faithful guardian of little Flora. Mr. Linden was more cold and austere than formerly. The housekeeper—his maiden sister—was gloomy, bigoted and unlovable. She coincided with her brother in all his purposes, and commended him for the part he had acted toward Mr. Allston. Little Flora was the only genial friend that was left to cheer Emma in her lonely hours. Less and less frequent came letters from Lucretia, until she was left almost ignorant as to his welfare. At times his uncertain fate seemed to prostrate all her energies. She was often on the point of seeking him, regardless of consequence. But the helpless condition of Flora would intervene, and her course of action was shaken. The child was delicate and sensitive, and her sister alone understood how to unfold her powers of mind and heart. She knew that if Flora was harshly treated—if her warm, loving impulses were coldly repelled, serious consequences must inevitably ensue. Often, when the tiny arms of the child were wound lovingly around Emma's neck, and while the little head rested trustfully upon her sheltering bosom, did she artlessly exclaim:

"I do love you, sister Emma; and I will never make you cry, as papa does. I shall live with you, and be your good little girl, shall I?"

At other times she would pause suddenly and look up from the picture book she was reading, and ask when Mr. Allston was coming back. Then, in an animated voice, she would exclaim: "Oh, sister Emma! do you remember how he used to put his hand upon my head and call me his little sis? Why don't I come back, and play and sing to us again? I thought he loved us; I liked him, didn't you, sister?"

Emma Linden was glad that there was one being to whom she could talk of her absent lover without restraint.

Several weary months had passed away, when Mr. Linden wrote Lucretia Allston a letter in regard to his correspondence with Emma. He said that, he had observed that his daughter was more unhappy after receiving a message from him, and therefore he desired him to refrain from further correspondence with her. He had talked with her on the subject, she understood his wishes, and no doubt would comply with them.

It is true that Mr. Linden had forbidden Emma any longer to correspond with Lucretia Allston; but that she had promised not to do so was quite another matter. His genial letters, so long as they were received, had cleared many a desponding hour, and she felt it was her right, as well as her privilege, to silently commune with her revered friend. So she continued to write.

But Mr. Linden's letter affected Lucretia differently. He thought that Emma must be changed, if a single word he had ever written caused her pain. So he wrote but seldom, without explaining the cause. He supposed that Emma had condescended to her father's wishes, and his proud spirit would not allow him to interfere, though love eloquently pleaded for his right to do so. It was not often that he received any tidings from her. Her letters were now intercepted, as the father doubted, from his child's appearance, whether she intended to obey him.

As Mr. Allston was passing an artist's gallery one day, while stopping in Chicago, he said to himself: "It is not possible that Emma has forgotten me. I have been requested not to write her, but I have not been forbidden to send her a shadow of myself." And he remembered that in the very last letter he received from her, she entreated him to send her his likeness. So now he improved the opportunity, and the next day the picture was on its way to Linden Mansion. Emma's joy on receiving the picture may well be imagined. No letter came with it, but the dear image of Lucretia was before her. On the margin of the wrapper she found his address, and she knew there must be an unselfish cause for his long silence. In writing to him she said, concerning the picture:

"Your miniature is before me. It is, at the same time, a good likeness, and a beautiful picture! It precisely fills my ideal of what that style of face would be when truly represented. The eyes, so deep-set and earnest, have a world of poetic meaning in them. In expression they seem like those of Shelley, as I remember them in a portrait of him. As I will be alone in my chamber, at the mystic hour of midnight, and look up into the kind, soul-searching eyes of the

picture they seem fixed upon me, and in silence express more than the most powerful eloquence could do. Here, alone with the miniature, I can let my heart go out as I would in presence of the original. At this moment I realize that, in spiritual form, you are here beside me. This I feel most deeply. Oh, how solemn and mysterious are the relations of mind! How forcibly do such hours of night reveal the "Night Thoughts." Dear Emma, why are you so silent? Are you as self-possessed and serene as formerly? The time has been when I, too, thought you as cold as the Arctic regions. But many of your words seemed to rush from a warm heart, like those boiling springs of clear water in the far North, surrounded and concealed by perpetual ice, but warmed by the internal fires of the earth, and ever ready to impart their heat and warmth when the ice crust is penetrated! Hence, when first I knew you I did you great injustice. But you have pardoned all this long ago. When, oh when, shall we meet again? EMMA.

P. S.—I intend visiting Elm Dale to-morrow, and shall mail this at that place. Please write me soon, and direct at that Post-office.

Though still ignorant of the cause of Emma's illness, Emma grows more hopeful after receiving the image of her absent friend. Flora was the sunshine and pet of the near neighborhood, as well as that of her own home. One day, as she was strolling out of doors, she paused at the garden gate of a near residence, and looking through the lattice, an aged gardener at work among the flowers, she said, in an artless and half-comical way—

"What are you doing there?"

"The old man looked up, with mingled wonder and pleasure, as he caught sight of the little bright eyes and waving ringlets behind the epaulettes. As if apologizing for his intrusion, he said:—

"No, I ain't afraid of 'em; I ain't afraid of 'em!"

"Are you afraid of 'em?" said the old man.

"Have you got any little girls at your house?" asked Flora.

"No, my little girls are all big girls," said the gardener. "I wonder where this nice little girl lives."

"Why, don't you know? I live with sister Emma."

"And where does your sister Emma live?" said the old man.

"Oh, she lives with papa and Aunt Clarissa."

"Well, where do they live?"

"They live with 'em," said Flora, laughing roughly.

"Yes, but where do you all live?"

"Why, don't you know yet? We all live over there in that big house," pointing to a large, handsome dwelling, adorned by climbing roses, and enveloped by stately trees and shrubbery. "Won't you come and see us sometime? We are just some since Mr. Allston went away; I mean sister Emma and I."

"Mr. Allston? Mr. Allston? What Allston do you mean, little girl?"

"Why, don't you know? It's Emma—that is his name. What is your name?"

"My name's Robert Barton; but all the little boys and girls called me Uncle Robert, when I used to live."

"That's funny," said Flora. "Can I call you Uncle Robert?"

"Oh, yes; but I want you to tell me where Mr. Allston lives."

"I can't tell you, Uncle Robert; I don't know; I guess sister Emma knows. But I must go home now."

"Well, good-by, little girl. But wait; you have not told me your name yet."

"My name is Flora," said the child.

"Why, besides Flora? What Uncle Robert?"

"What Flora Adelaide Linden," said the child, as she slipped lightly through the flower-wreathed gate that led to the Linden mansion.

"Allston? Allston?" said Robert Barton to himself, after Flora left him. "It must be the name of the very man to whom I owe so much gratitude. But how came this child to know anything about that college chap, or rather how comes she to know anything about him? I guess I must inquire into this matter."

"Oh, Uncle Robert!" exclaimed Flora, a few days later, as she ran out to meet Mr. Barton, who was coming up the avenue that led to the mansion. She took hold of the old man's hand and led him to the presence of "Sister Emma," who sat upon the piazza, half concealed by the overhanging roses.

"This is Uncle Robert, sister Emma. Did not I tell you he would come and see us?"

"But you must not be rude," said Emma. "Oh, she's all right, Miss Linden; I like this little girl," said Uncle Robert, turning to Flora.

"Princess! In a little while, I'm coming up to this grand mansion without an invitation. But, you see, I want to inquire something about one Allston that I used to know."

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"Allston? Allston?" said Robert Barton to himself, after Flora left him. "It must be the name of the very man to whom I owe so much gratitude. But how came this child to know anything about that college chap, or rather how comes she to know anything about him? I guess I must inquire into this matter."

"Oh, Uncle Robert!" exclaimed Flora, a few days later, as she ran out to meet Mr. Barton, who was coming up the avenue that led to the mansion. She took hold of the old man's hand and led him to the presence of "Sister Emma," who sat upon the piazza, half concealed by the overhanging roses.

"This is Uncle Robert, sister Emma. Did not I tell you he would come and see us?"

"But you must not be rude," said Emma. "Oh, she's all right, Miss Linden; I like this little girl," said Uncle Robert, turning to Flora.

"Princess! In a little while, I'm coming up to this grand mansion without an invitation. But, you see, I want to inquire something about one Allston that I used to know."

"Allston? I said Emma, starting and coloring slightly. "Do you mean Prof. Lucretia Allston?"

"Yes; quite likely he's a professor or reverend by this time," said Uncle Robert. "But to come to the point, do you know anything about where he lives?"

"He was in Chicago a few weeks ago," replied Emma.

"How came he to stray away off there, I wonder?" said the old man, musingly.

"He is engaged in lecturing, I believe," said Emma, looking at the inquirer with surprise.

"Lecturing! What does he lecture about? I may seem inquisitive, but I have some reason for remembering that Allston."

"I hope you have good reasons for remembering him," spoke Emma, with a little tremor in her voice.

"That's too long a story to tell now; but you have not told me what he lectures about."

"Well, he sometimes lectures on Anti Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, and also on—"

"He never lectures on Spiritualism, I suppose; that you know, aunt popular."

"Yes, I have heard that he did sometimes," replied Emma. "I suppose you are not a Spiritualist, Mr. Barton."

"Well, I ain't anything else. I don't know whether it will do to say it here; but it's my opinion that's about all the religion that's good for much."

"I am glad, Mr. Barton, that you came to see me this morning. But tell me what you know of Lucretia—Mr. Allston."

"At this moment Flora came running up on the piazza, and said:—

"Uncle Robert, come with me into the garden and see my flowers; and then I want you to see my lamb and chickens. Did you know that we had ducks, bees, peacocks, rabbits and squirrels; and besides, we have two little ponies. Come; I can't wait any longer."

[To be continued in our next.]

Banner Correspondence.

Missionary Report.

To the Officers and Members of Merriam and Sullivan County Association:

Having received numerous letters from New Hampshire, inquiring why a report of my labors in your respective counties, during the spring months, as agent, had never been published, would inform you at the present, that you have failed to see the same in the columns of the Banner. Such a report was written some time since, and such a copy of it was forwarded to you, with other letters, to be posted; whether it was never mailed, or was mailed and failed to reach its destination, I am unable to say. And again I will say a few words, giving you a general idea of the work done in your vicinity. I held meetings three Sundays in Bradford, greeted by fair audiences. Lectured in C. Atwoodville three week day evenings, at a private house. Mine were the first regular lectures ever delivered upon Spiritualism in this locality. In fact, judging from the letters I received, they were the only ones that other speakers will come time receive a bearing there. I lectured in Sutton, Sunapee, Newport and Unity, one Sunday each; in Lempster, two Sundays; only three Sundays during the three months but what I lectured as agreed upon by contract. Rested over one Sunday on account of illness. My appointment at Newport, one Sunday's appointment postponed on account of illness, and the third Sunday gave up an appointment for the purpose of attending the Manchester Convention in April. How well or how poorly I performed the work entailed in last February remains for those acquainted with me to decide. I did not take the task upon me because I thought it an easy or enviable one; I did not engage myself to your committee because I thought, in a pecuniary sense, it would be profitable, but there are many things that repay us better than dollars and cents. The cause has been one of my life's work. Many times within a few years have I resolved I would settle into a quiet life, and let the many workers brave and true—those who have battled long, and those who are forming in rank—the whole work; but the great voice of humanity sends up its pleadings everywhere. More laborers are wanted, and yet do I feel I have done down the burden, which for nearly seventeen years, with the angels' help, I have borne. I am fearful, my dear friends, that the few weeks' "leave of absence" you have granted me will seem all too short. I am revisiting friends and places that have been dear to my soul these many years. Last month I lectured three Sundays in Lempster, and will be pleasant acquaintances that I trust never will be forgotten.

Two weeks ago I attended an entertainment, given by one of the Lyceums in this city, at Elliot Hall; the singing and speaking were very fine indeed. Much credit is due the noble conductor, whose soul I know is in heaven. I have not forgotten the "Free Circle" rooms since my journey here, and the gentle incoherence, the variety of communications, given through the instrumentality of our beloved sister, Mrs. Conant, are living evidences of the spirit's return. The truth is mighty, and will prevail—and how tenderly she leads poor tired souls from the darkness of night into the regions of light and peace. Amid home scenes and old friends, dear souls in New Hampshire, I do not forget you. Your pleasant homes live in my memory; your kind words have all been treasured up with the precious jewels of the past. My earnest petition arises to the angel world, your success. May you know as I do, that in the material I would be furnished as your loving sister.

Boston, May 29th, 1872. M. E. B. SAWYER.

Tennessee.

MEMPHIS.—J. G. S. writes, May 20th, as follows: It is with inexpressible feelings of pleasure that I attempt to convey to your readers an idea of the happy effects of the spiritual philosophy upon a large number of our good citizens, and the rapid spread of its truths in our midst. Bro. Moses Hull, during his stay with us last winter, organized a society, which, by mutual consent, named "The Young People's Spiritual Association of Memphis." This Society has been gradually gaining strength up to the present hour. The members have succeeded in leasing part of a building known as the "Webster Block," on Main street, where they meet twice a week, except on Sunday, for the transaction of business, and on Sunday for services, which are always conducted in the most dignified manner; having a choir composed of Spiritualists, which was organized under the hand of Bro. J. M. Peables, who, by the way, is remembered by many of our people with the warmest feelings of respect, admiration and affection. But the highest and longest step our society has made since its inception, is that of giving a "Grand Strawberry Festival" and social entertainment, which took place last week, continuing for three evenings, and closing Saturday night at 12 o'clock, with the clatter of music, keeping time to the

Spiritual Phenomena.

A SEANCE WITH DR. SLADE, BY WILLIAM DENTON.

DEAR BANNER—I remember an old English adage, "a fact is worth a cart-load of opinions." The various religious teachers in the care of their congregations, Sunday after Sunday, with their opinions on the subject of future life—many of them absurd enough. Allow me to present your readers with a fact relating to this subject, not a whit more remarkable than many that you have recorded, but worth more than all the mere opinions that were ever written.

I called, on Sunday morning last, upon Dr. Slade, at the residence of Mr. Gibbs, Springfield, Mass., and sat down with him in a room well-lighted—no other persons being present—near a plain parlor table, destitute of a cover. On the table lay a common school slate. I examined it and found it clear on both sides. After I had examined it the doctor immediately laid it on the table, placing at the same time three or four fragments of pencil under it, each about as large as a grain of wheat. The slate lay in full sight; no one touched it; we both sat at a distance of about three feet from it. In less than a minute I heard the sound of a pencil moving on the surface of the slate, and then two or three short raps, indicating that the writing was done. On turning the slate over I found the following note written upon it:

"My Old Friend—Meet you here, and shall meet you on our shore. E. S. DENTON."

The name signed being that of an old friend, who passed to the other side some years ago. Here is a fact for our Orthodox brethren to ponder. My friend Denton was a heretical Spiritualist, and according to Orthodoxy ought to be in a very hot place gnashing his teeth, instead of being in Springfield using his fingers.

This is a fact, too, for our Harvard professors, who circumnavigate the globe to find a new bug, or make the acquaintance of a strange crab, and allow such facts as these to go unnoticed, or sneer at the "credulity" of those who dare to tell what their eyes have seen and their ears heard. If they were not a set of miserable cowards, they would investigate such facts and then write an unprejudiced report concerning them.

This is a fact, too, for our "psychic" friends to consider. What a curious force, that must be that can write on the under surface of a slate in a space that could not have been more than a quarter of an inch deep, the slate in the meantime being held down with a power sufficient to prevent the slightest motion, during the time of the writing. One "psychic force" must have been thinking what to write, and that must have been an intelligent "psychic force" another "psychic force" must have placed upon the slate what the first thought, and that must also have been intelligent; while a third must have held the slate down to prevent its motion; and this must also have been intelligent, since it was governed by thought. Were there three intelligent "psychic forces," or was there one intelligent force, and these three forms of its manifestation? No explanation short of the spiritual one can explain these things. And this all thinkers must acknowledge before long.

Our materialist friends, who consider all Spiritualist dunces or rogues, would do well to consider this fact presented. Did I stand alone, they might consider me deranged, and demand my statement; but when thousands of credible witnesses declare the truth of facts just as wonderful, and just as demonstrative of spirit existence, it is time that we heard some other remark from these gentlemen than "pooh! pooh! but who has no doubt you think so, but you are deceived."

WILLIAM DENTON, June 14, 1872.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATION.

From the Religio Philosophical Journal.

BRO. S. S. JONES—I received the following from a brother in law of mine, who is not a Spiritualist, but who has been endeavoring to convert with my pen and the influence of your paper. He writes:

"Clarksville, Tenn., March 25, 1872. "We have had quite a spiritual phenomenon at our house, or rather in our family within the last seven days, the medium being our son Bennie, who is ten years old. To make a long story short, I will present to you the following: "On Monday, March 19th, about 5 o'clock A. M. Bennie was getting water at the cistern, he saw a boy about ten years old, and a little smaller than our Robert, dressed in a white suit, standing near the chicken house, and only about six or seven feet from him. He asked him what he wanted. He answered, "Nothing," and then disappeared.

"After bringing the water into the house, Bennie's mother noticed his agitation, he looking very pale, and on being asked the cause, he told her what he saw. She asked if he was afraid. He answered, "No."

"On Tuesday, March 19th, he saw the same apparition in the basement, near the upper window. Bennie was sitting on some shavings, but did not speak, and when he looked for it the second time it had gone.

"On Wednesday, March 20th, about 5 o'clock P. M. Bennie was sent by his mother to get the soap ball, which was hanging on the garden fence, below the side porch steps. While getting it down the boys appeared, and he asked him if he wanted to speak with him. When Bennie asked, "What about?" he said, "I saw you with a knife the other day. It is a dangerous thing for boys to handle. I ran down the hill with an open knife in my hand, and fell and killed myself; so you had better be careful." On being asked his name, he answered, "Charlie Roth." Bennie then went to the cistern, and he took the water, and returned to the house, and he told his mother that he had seen a boy, and that he had killed him (Bennie), because he did not curse or swear, which most boys do; also that when the weather gets warmer, he would come and play marbles with him. He disappeared soon after that.

"On Thursday, March 21st, he was stopped by the same boy, after leaving the school-house at noon, and starting home for dinner. The boy asked him if he had any marbles with him. Bennie said yes, and proceeded to loan him an agate. The boy said, "Come on, I will show you a good place." He selected a place near at hand, and played for half an hour. All of a sudden, he said, "Stop now, I must go." He then brought forth four new marbles which he gave Bennie, then shook hands, and promised to come and see him again, and then disappeared.

"The same evening he met him again. Bennie asked him to come down and play with Robert and Adolph, (my brothers), to which he answered, "No, because your father could not see him, or had not the gift of clairvoyant sight like him" (Bennie). "Sunday, March 23rd, Bennie saw him at Scott's hotel. The boy was sitting in a chair, with several persons around him, but it seems that none saw him but Bennie. A man was about to sit down in the same chair, when a boat whistled, and he (the man) walked away. On his return home the same apparition picked up a grain of corn which was left by the chickens, and shot it at Bennie's neck, laughing, and disappeared.

"He describes him as having light hair, black eyes, and a brown mole on the side of his face, and wearing a white suit, the corner of a pretty red silk handkerchief peeping out of one of his pockets. The description corresponds with that of Charles Roth, who killed himself by falling on an open knife in his hand. He (Bennie) never saw the (boy) apparition previous to his death.

"He also wrote other phenomena, such as money missing from locked drawers, and children finding corresponding amounts around the house or in the streets, also raps on the door, and on going there, finding nothing."

This phenomenon has made a Spiritualist out of him. Yours, D. J. DINGMAN, Louisville, Ky.

"UNDERTONES."

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

A young student, filled with a poetic idea, set about putting it into immortal verse; (the story is not now) he succeeded with two lines, which were excellent as far as they went; they read thus:

"The sun, at meridian height, Illumined the depths of the sea."

but that was an exhauster; no more poetry would come, would he ever so hard. Going forth into the open air for inspiration, he had left his lines exposed, and a gaggish chum, noticing them, and feeling poetical, or remembering that Coleridge had a partner in the composition of the "Ancient Mariner," perfected the stanza by adding as follows:

"And the fishes, beginning to sweat, Cried, 'Dum saunt' how hot we shall be!"

I have had a similar experience, but not quite in the same way.

The lines of poetry which follow these comments were published in the last "Commonwealth." They are nothing very extraordinary, as any one will see by reading them; but a fact connected in part with their execution may be worth noting. I was proposing to write a little sketch or fact in natural history, and in the way of decoration, I thought I would begin with a few lines of poetry. Not remembering any that appeared just suitable, I concluded to make some, and wrote with some effort at some length, expecting to select out of the lot a half dozen lines that would answer. I finally gave up the idea of the sketch in natural history, and concluded to print the lines of poetry that I had written instead, after a little polishing. It is usual with me to begin in the centre and work out to the beginning last, when I write an article. I did so in this case; and subalternally as printed below, with the exception of the six or eight lines at the commencement.

When all finished, but a respectable beginning, I was in the condition of the student who wrote the lines first quoted; he wanted an ending, I wanted a beginning; but, like him, I was stuck—nothing would come, and, after trying a spell, I laid the matter aside for better conditions. No fellow came along, however, to perfect it—it perfected itself. Let me tell how:

A few days after I had laid the matter aside, late on a Saturday evening I took up the subject and tried to finish it. I was in the same fix as before, but rather sleepy and nodding, so I took the hint and went to bed. Towards morning I found myself dreaming; I had paper and pencil, and had succeeded in producing some lines that suited me, as I read them in my sleep, I seemed also to be aware, in my sleep, that I was only dreaming, and I remembered saying to myself, "What a pity that I cannot remember this, which is just what I want, when I wake up! I'll try to do it." So, in my dream, I slowly read over the lines that I had written, or rather, dreamed that I had written, to make me remember them when I awoke. When I had done so I found myself awake; there seemed to have been no transition. I was aware it was morning, and my head was on my pillow, and the lines I had dreamed I had written were still before me, in my mind, and I could remember them. For fear I might lose them, I got up and wrote them down on a paper. The first six or eight lines of the poetry printed below are substantially the product of the dream. This is a trifle compared with other people's experiences, and less than a trifle in the result; but what was the intelligence that produced them while I slept? What was a wake while I slept and dreamed, that knew that I was dreaming, and that said to me, or made me unconscious, when reading those dreamed lines, that I was dreaming and was liable to wake up and not be able to recall them? There was something in me that was not asleep; the body was asleep; the intelligence was asleep, for that was dreaming, and yet had performed an intellectual trifle, but there was something awake in me that seemed more than either mind or body. What was it? Have we, or are we, in the ultimate, an over-soul? In this connection, I can only say, and then pause, that it strikes me that the lines, he they mine or not, are hardly of sufficient merit to require the apparent dismemberment of myself to have produced them, and yet there appeared to be an independent self-consciousness that was I and no one else, and distinct from the me that was dreaming. Perhaps the "undertone" that the thoughtful may perceive in the lines themselves may be suggestive of an answer.

The next day after this I saw Lizzie Doten in the Music Hall ante-room, who knew nothing of my efforts the night before, and she said, "Mr. Wetherbee, what have you been trying to do for Marion (one of her familiar spirits) came to me late last night, and said you were trying hard to write something and could not seem to succeed." "But he will," said Marion to her, "for there is a spirit near him who will put him through." I do not know as this has any connection with the other mentioned circumstances, but this remark of Miss Doten's was voluntary, and would seem to indicate, on the part of her guide, the knowledge of facts that hint at the "royal road." I will not lengthen this article—altogether too long for the matter in connection—but will leave it, only wishing the lines of poetry were extraordinary enough to equal the dynamics required to execute them.

I am not what I seem. Within me dwells An other entity. With it, at spells, I hold communion as with a star; A star within, whose light has traveled far. This strange companion sometimes tells me that forever we have been in company. With it, for many a year, I have communed. That says not of birth, but resurrection; Thus related, in sentiment at least. To worm and insect life, with bird and beast, I need not go to fairy page of old. To learn of talking birds, to children told, Ask Walden's hermit what the fishes said, When nibbling from his hand a piece of bread; Or what the secrets caudalled bipeds told; To Darwin of man's pedigree as old; If 't'op heard in faery or in speech The common sense "our poor relations" teach; Or whether Cower, turning from Rousseau, Obtained his light from nightgale or crow, Then told as fables what were really so; For beast and bird their social customs hold, "Pow-wow" like men, conventions have, and scold;

Comment on us, know foolish men from wise, Observe our acts, approve or criticize! How sweet it were if we could but translate Their sage reflections made on man's estate! And know the "clapper," they can secrets tell. A dog's sad howl, with master's falling breath, Becomes prophetic of approaching death; A stray black cat, once crouching at the door, Was "scat" 'ed at; she only crouched the more; So touched my sympathies, I let her stay; And made my house her home. Oh! but sticky day! Such cats are omens. This one proved to be. And luck the tribute which she brought to me. But, wailing all such mystic speculations, Of dogs and cats, whose hints are revelations, Who are so deaf who hear no undertone. Of thought in crickets' chirp or dove's low moan? Think you the coyotes, howling on the plain, No meaning have in their long mournful strain? I hear it like a sea-shell in my ear. A morotone of State street, long and clear, A scent of assets, or the cruel rats— The taste of blood or falling men's estate.

The boundary line of both is interblended; Wolf is but broken more or less extended. Not apex alone hold all of man's descent; Reversions show the wolf to some extent. I think, of all that live in wood or den, Wolves count the nearest to some of our men. To sense the footholds too far off to hear, Or tread of game, or fluids again the trail, Gaining no ledge where higher outlooks fall; So listening backward, animals will teach Deep lessons, inexorable in speech— More like a ground-swell in the soul. And then, I see in them the habit of men. Many contributions make up life's river, Its head is on, so it will flow forever.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

Followers of the spiritual faith will find a very readable volume for their perusal in "FLASHES OF LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND," just issued by William White & Co., publishers of the Banner of Light. The messages, which comprise a great part of the book, were obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, and are compiled by Allen Putnam. Of the nature of the contents it is unnecessary to speak critically. The Spiritualists have the same right to a respectful and friendly hearing that is claimed by every other religious sect. In these pages questions are asked and answered as they naturally occur. The book is full of instruction to those unacquainted with the principles of the faith. In a preface is given an account of the rise and progress of the Banner of Light, and the part which many well-known Spiritualists have played in founding this journal, and some of the recognized exponents of the faith, as well as the latest theories of our day, and many of them well known in Boston, where they passed their lives, are mentioned as speaking to their friends on earth through the Banner circles. Among them are Theodore Parker, Hosea Ballou, Starr King and others. The perfect sincerity with which the authors have written, and the honest recognition of the fact that they are not to be respected by those who differ from them. The idea of Theodore Parker and other deceased theologians speaking through a person now living will be ridiculed by their brother theologians now living, but the manner of communication is quite lucidly explained;—if one has sufficient faith to believe, quite as lucidly explained as could be. It is a rare treat from some of our pulpits.—Boston Sunday Times.

MENTAL DISORDERS; OR DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES, (William White & Co., Boston) gives the ideas of Andrew Jackson Davis on mania, insanity and crime, and on their treatment. It is a book that is worth a point of view obtainable by ordinary science, as Dr. Mendley's "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind," a critical notice of which we once published in the North American Review (January, 1868); but rather from the serene elevation of a seer to whom is granted the privilege of an insight into the common flesh and blood. Such a work we commend to every reader, and we therefore refer the curious reader to its pages for information.—The Index.

MAYVED BLOSSOMS, by Lois Walsbrooker, Boston: Wm. White & Co. This work contains more of the real life of its author than any other that has come from her pen. Many of the sketches and personal recollections are intensely interesting. About half the book is poetry; several of the poems are fine, by far the best one is the "Answer to Edgar A. Poe's Resurrection." The book concludes with a thrilling story entitled "Charity." The story is more intensely interesting, because founded on facts. The author's mother, a devoted Christian, died of Christian Charity, the kind that sends out heresy, and distributes tracts to the starving poor, and dying.

All of Mrs. Walsbrooker's books prove her intensely interesting as an author. A majority of her stories, if they have any fault, bring together too many improbable events; this however is not the case with this.—The Crucible.

THE MENTAL CURE; illustrating the influence of the mind on the body, both in health and disease, and the psychological method of treatment. By Rev. W. E. Evans, Boston: Wm. White & Co. This work proposes to explain the reciprocal action of soul and body in health and disease, and the value of the mental hygiene treatment in all the ills of life. It covers a field of inquiry, and nearly everything pertaining to man, and will be especially interesting to Spiritualists.

VITAL MAGNETIC CURE; an exposition of Vital Magnetism and its application to the treatment of mental and physical disease. By a Magnetic Physician. Boston: Wm. White & Co. The title of this book indicates that it aims to establish as a fact that Magnetism is a curative power, and, when properly applied, will disperse all morbid influences, and induce a healthy condition. The book is a compilation, but the general tone or language claims that magnetizers are onlookers with the "gift of healing" corresponding to that which the Christian Apostles exercised. Its influence will be beneficial upon that class which favor its general teachings.—Home and Health Magazine.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE. Wm. White & Co. This work is principally a compilation of facts, both for and against, the philosophy of Spiritualism, and such has been the author's regard for the whole unvarnished truth, that we find nothing distorted or misrepresented on either side, but an array of facts, so detailed as to form a very readable and attractive book, and as all heartily endorsing its general teachings.—American Spiritualist.

"IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE?"—We have received a pamphlet of some fifty pages bearing this title, from the publishers, Wm. White & Co., Boston. Wm. Dutton, the author, starts off at the commencement with the fact that a popular belief in any country, or in any age, is a fact, and that Spiritualism was once more popular than any other religion; and that the world-to-day would have been as flat as a table if the mere belief of a majority could have made it so. The quality of truth must of necessity comprise the soul of any doctrine in this age to give it power and force among intelligent thinkers, and that which does not possess this quality will be rejected by one out of a million believe it. The author, in his treatment of the question which forms the title of his work, brings forward a mass of well-established facts, by way of sustaining his position and argument, and whether the reader endorses or rejects his theory, he cannot but give the writer credit for the candor and fairness with which he presents the question. The price of the work is only fifteen cents, and it can be read with profit by all whose minds are open to conviction, no matter from what source it may come.—Haverhill Mass. Tri-Weekly Publisher.

Mr. Stebbins, of Detroit, has made a large collection of extracts from the spiritual and religious writings of many nations and ages. Many of these extracts are interesting from their originality—many from their intrinsic worth—and they are arranged in a convenient form for reference. Beginning with the Brahminism of Hindostan, he traces the course of religious thought through the writings of the Buddhists, through Confucius, Zoroaster (the learned man of Zaype), the inspired writers and singers of the Hebrews, through the Paganism of Greece and Rome, through Jesus and Paul and Mohammed to the present time. About sixty pages are given to the writers of Great Britain, who, as Mr. Stebbins thinks, have made valuable additions to the literature of morality and theology, and about one hundred and seventy pages to the authors of America. Here we find a curious collection of names and opinions. Modern Judaism is represented by Rabbis Wise and Lilienthal, of Cincinnati; Orthodoxy, by Dr. Bushnell; Unitarianism, by Mr. S. J. May, Starr King and William E. Channing; and the rest of the space is given chiefly to Spiritualists, Free Religionists, Sentimentalists, and all kinds of docters in every line. It is a mass of noble thought, and much of it is also worthless, and Mr. Stebbins risks his reputation as a prophet, when he puts such extracts

and such names into a book which he calls by the unpleasant and unpretentious title of Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. He explains that "the Bible of the Ages is the deepest thought, the highest inspiration, the clearest spiritual light and life of the whole human race," and he has certainly made a valuable book, not only for men, but for women who have no deep thought, no inspiration, and only a vague and misty spiritual light. But, in spite of these faults, the book will be valuable to all persons interested in the "sympathy of religions," and desiring to possess a commonplace book of the religious thoughts of men of different ages, faces and countries.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Three in a Bed," Gay little volent coats, One, two, three! Any homo thapper Could there be? Topsy and Johnny And sleepy Ned, Putting on their shoes, Three in a bed! Won't to the stupid motto "Three in a bed!" Old Mother Puss! Is on the lookout! Little cats, big cats, All must be fed, In the sky-parlor, Three in a bed! Mother's a gypsy puss; Often she moves, Thinking much travel, High-minded family, Never falling out, you see! Three in a bed! —George Cooper, in Our Young Folks.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The First Society of Spiritualists' meetings are held every Sunday at 10 A. M. at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Conant, 100 N. 3rd St., Albany, N. Y. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular meetings are held Sunday, at 10 A. M. at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Conant, 100 N. 3rd St., Albany, N. Y. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Association of Baltimore hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

BOSTON, MASS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings at 10 A. M. at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Conant, 100 N. 3rd St., Albany, N. Y. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Association of Buffalo hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The First Spiritualist Association of Chicago hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

CINCINNATI, OH.—The First Spiritualist Association of Cincinnati hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—The First Spiritualist Association of Clarksville hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Secretary, J. H. Conant, Treasurer, J. H. Conant, Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Conant.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was written by the spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life...

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Boston, at 7 o'clock on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons...

Invocation.

Thou Spirit of the Hour, in whom abideth the glory of the past and the present, we dedicate our thoughts and our utterances to thee...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer them.

QUEST.—(From a correspondent.) Does a family congress together in the spirit-land, and have there the same love and respect for each other there that they have in the earth-life?

ANS.—Yes, they do; but it should not be forgotten that there are more families that have no respect for each other, no love for each other here, than there are those who do.

QUEST.—(From Mrs. Barnard of Clay, N. Y.) Ask the controlling spirit if I am correct in my opinion that there is a subterranean river which passes from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico...

ANS.—Your correspondent has arrived at the outer limits of a truth; but he is not positively correct in believing in the existence of a subterranean river.

QUEST.—Do you assume that it comes from the Pacific Ocean?

ANS.—I do not assume anything; those who pretend to know, do.

QUEST.—One spirit said, through Mrs. Conant, "There are those in celestial life who never have been called to pass through matter, and we don't know that they ever will."

ANS.—It is impossible to convey to the human mind a just conception of what a soul is that never has been joined to matter; therefore it is impossible for us to clearly elucidate this subject.

QUEST.—The doctor said it was congestive chills—I don't know myself. [You have not given your name.]

ANS.—I was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt. [Tell something of your relatives.] I've got two brothers living, one with me, and one old maid sister.

QUEST.—I was said at Music Hall, yesterday, that man now possessed the power by which he could, if he knew how to use it, move material objects without contact with them.

ANS.—Yes, and it is being done every day. Spirit has an unlimited power over matter, and just so far as you understand the laws governing material things, in the material atoms which you wish to transport from one point to another...

QUEST.—I should first inform myself concerning the electric and magnetic conditions of my medium, as well as of her spiritual condition, and the relations existing between her spirit and her body.

ANS.—I found that I could extract certain powerful elements from her, that are necessary in moving all ponderable bodies, I should then know I could move the table, because I could extract these elements.

QUEST.—I have been gone most thirty-four years. My last words here were, "I'm at home in heaven."

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Church, thank God, and that's all there is about it, tell her. Good-day. March 11.

Esther Stevenson.

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was knocked down, and the dagger raised above his head, if he made no effort for his life?

ANS.—Equivalent to that, certainly. The law of self-preservation is planted within every human nature, and will spring to the rescue of that human nature. It is necessary for it, but it should always be under the guidance of reason.

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MEMORIAL HYMN.

In gardens and woodlands we garner, The roses and violets bring, And cover the graves of our heroes With all the sweet glories of Spring.

With all the glories of Spring, We gather with music and banners, And halo one day of the year To those whom a love of their country Made stronger than terror or fear.

Ah! well, if we only should nourish The virtues we glorize so, Our hearts would be as bold as seasons— Earth carry less burdens of woe.

Passed to Spirit-Life: On the 11th of February, 1872, our good brother, N. M. Hillman, passed from earth to his better home in the spirit-land.

From South Worthington, Mass., May 28th, Mrs. R. F. Hatch, aged 82, died on the 26th inst. She was a devoted Christian and a true friend to the cause of the oppressed.

From Peabody, Mass., May 23d, Warren, son of Daniel Buxton, aged 29 years. At his death the bereaved ones rejoiced in the beauty of their sympathies.

From Fitchburg, Mass., May 15th, Abbie S., wife of George Wreckless, aged 49 years. She leaves a large circle of friends to mourn the loss of her early presence.

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