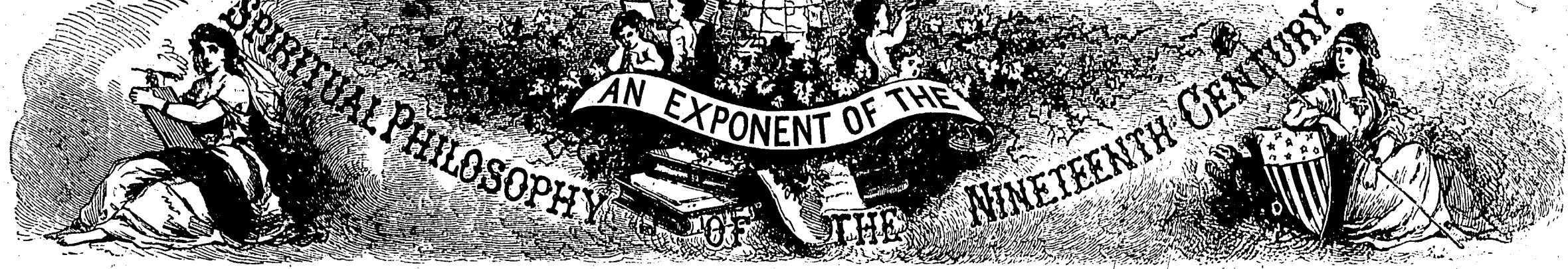


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Literary Department.

THE OLD ORGAN; OR, THE WHITE SWAN'S DYING SONG.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Moreover, something is so sweet,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.—TENNYSON.

Come, for the wild, free solitude is sweet,
And far below shall lie the world of care;
No sound of strife, no tramp of restless feet,
Can ever reach thee there.

Come, for each breath inspires some lofty thought,
When the pure mountain air thy spirit fills;
The lessons that the ancient sages taught
Were learned among the hills.

—SARAH DOUDNEY.

I little thought I should ever give it to the world—that rare experience of mine nine years ago. The choicest dreams of a June evening were floating on earth, in air, and on the starry heights. The perfection of that twilight hour was the grand finale of one of those day-poems of beauty which we can make our own in proportion as home pre-eminences the better home above, and the heart gives shelter to angel guests. I was spending some months with sister Edith in her happy home on the banks of the Housatonic—a home of beauty, hallowed by a perfect conjugal union existing between my sister and her husband; a union such as seldom exists on earth, but which we have reason to believe is one of the privileges of angelhood. In this sunny home, this miniature paradise, baby Ned, who had the honor of installing the relationship of grandparent, uncle and aunt in our family, formed an important part. Biddy, the little housemaid, with her simple heart and droll ways and skillful hands, was a treasure of her kind; and I filled my own niche in the household, the most contented "auntie" in the world, of, as I believed, the most wonderful baby in existence.

I had gone out upon the piazza to enjoy alone a little while that holy twilight hour. The air seemed of tremulous with the thoughts of angels. The benediction of heaven was resting upon the day, and it took its place in the great silent past. The landscape was growing dim around me. At my left rose a high hill, from whose summit could be seen the Catskills and the Hudson. In the valley between it and the hill from which I surveyed the scene, was a wild, romantic glen, through which meandered a stream whose labyrinthine windings I never wearied of tracing. Great willows dipped their branches into its surging eddies, or traced their image upon some smooth corner where its waters found a resting-place. Directly before me lay the village, with its queer specimens of rural architecture, taking its order somewhat from that of the early Dutch settlers, and a little beyond rushed the impetuous Housatonic, with its great falls uttering their tireless thunder over the giddy precipice. The mist which rose above them gleamed white in the dusk, almost as beautiful as the radiant bow which hung there in the day's sunlight. On the further shore I could just discern, in the waning light, the tiny, rude cabins of the Irish laborers, which gave a peculiar and varied beauty to the scene. There are some things in life, as you know, which possess a certain poetic beauty of their own when looked upon from a distance, but which lose all their enchantment when we take a closer view. So, in their own way, these cabins added picturesqueness to the landscape. Just beyond, directly before me, rose high and grand the range of hills called Canaan Mountain. And Canaan Mountain was my especial delight and study. It possessed as many moods as there were hours in the day. Now it seemed to palpitate in a golden mist of almost heavenly glory; now it took on deeper tints as beautiful; now it looked dense and dark as a magician's spell; now bathed in freshest green; now lying in slumberous blue; now resting in a violet haze; now dreaming in deep, royal purple. That mountain was like an inspiration, answering, it would seem, to every thought of the day-god as he poured his radiance along his daily course. Now it lay, slumberous and calm before me, filling my soul with its deep, strange, magnetic spell. At my right high hills stretched further in the distance, each stamped with its own individuality in outline and in color. The air was fragrant with roses and syringes, which, mingling with the beautiful home atmosphere of love, with the charms of the landscape before me, and with the deep tones of the Housatonic Falls, softened a little by distance, formed a spell of beauty which almost made a heaven on earth. The far-off hum of my city home was forgotten, but the loves of that distant home seemed to mingle with the magic of the present hour, till the beauty and wealth of life filled my soul, and I could only worship and love the Divine Source of all this good.

In all this beauty, was there room for more? Could this spell which bound my soul be deepened? Soft, yet strange and wild, crept upon the still air another far-off sound—beyond the dreamy hum of insects, beyond the rushing waters of the

Housatonic, beyond other hills and valleys and rivers—from some far, unknown spot, that shared in this same blessed baptism of love and beauty! From whence, I knew not; yet clear and sad, deep and thrilling, rose those wild, unearthly, yet strangely sweet strains, which my full heart expanded to receive. The keys of an organ seemed to be swept by fingers which could only have been moved by an inspiration not of earth. I listened—how long, I knew not. I could not tell whether it were moments or hours; for the music, though soft, and so far away, seemed to hold worlds of meaning, which I could half interpret, yet could not express in the grosser language of words. Its burden was Love—Love whose purity and depth and fullness I could feel, but no words could express. The sounds died away, but echoed strangely in my heart for many a day; and now, as I write, looking back through the vista of years between the Now and the Then, I catch again the baptism of those thrilling strains, and I know that such music never dies, but reverberates ever and ever through the arches of the eternities.

This was in 1863—nine years ago. I must give you one or two more facts as an introduction, before I pass on to my story.

A year and two months later, the sultry heats of August found me in another pleasant country home, in an inland town of the old Bay State. Laughing and chatting with young friends, my thoughts intent on a matter of needlework which just then was occupying my mind in an animated discussion, suddenly, like a flash, I was transported to the seashore. My actual surroundings vanished; and, instead of the company of laughing girls in that pleasant, old-fashioned parlor, I was alone, and the great ocean lay before me. I gazed on its vast expanse with feelings of awe and delight. I saw the breakers as they rolled up the beach and then slid quietly back, only to form again the foaming crest of a moment's duration. I heard the deep, mysterious voice of the sea; I discerned the white sails dotting its blue; I felt its cool breezes fanning my forehead, and the salt, pungent odor of its breath refreshed me. It was only a moment, and I was again with my friends, who, in their busy talk, had not observed my momentary absence in spirit. It was only a moment, and yet so full of reality and of joy that it never has slipped from my memory. I entered the date of that afternoon in my memorandum book, with the question, "Who is standing on the seashore?"

Again, in another loved sister's home, with the bleak December blasts sweeping over the fields. It was a home of beauty and of love, saddened only by suffering and disease. We had passed through hours such as write age upon the face, while in their stern discipline they bring out the hidden forces of the soul. The crisis was past; moments of leisure came. With my physical and mental strength seemingly spent in the nerving up of body and soul to meet the ordeal just past, and perform its duties, I went out to gain new strength from the cold, bracing air. I passed up the road and entered the field, so pleasant in summer, but now bleak and bare and cheerless. The view from the hill was a pleasant one, and the distant villages gleamed white in the clear atmosphere. I saw an old oak-tree, and it seemed to draw me to it with a resistless fascination. I stood beneath its broad branches, and listened to its whisperings as the wind toyed with its crisp, dead leaves. I placed my hand on its mossy trunk, and looked with streaming eyes up into its labyrinth of branches. The strong tree, thus braving so calmly the rude winter blasts, gave me of its strength, and I walked back calm and brave for the duties which awaited me. The old oak-tree had performed one of its missions well. It had infused its own strength, its own life, into a needy human soul.

Sometime, reader, I will give you a glimpse of my happy city home; but this story takes us away to another household; so we only enter a moment to see busy preparations for my departure thence to the home of my Uncle Joshua, up country, where I was to spend the summer months.

The old homestead, where my father's boyhood and youth were spent, had, owing to pecuniary reverses in the family, passed into other hands many years before. My father's success in business had at last enabled him to repurchase the property; and, not wishing to give up his business in Boston, he had caused Uncle Joshua, his eldest brother, to remove thither, where his talent for farming could find ample scope for action. I had often visited Uncle Joshua and his wife, Aunt Ruth, in their home in Vermont; but the old family homestead, of which I had heard so much, and which I had learned to love, I had never seen, for my uncle had lived there only one year. It was not strange, therefore, that I looked forward to this visit with more than my usual anticipation.

A pleasant June morning finds me ready. The large trunk has been sent to the station, the loving good-bys have been spoken, and, with my little traveling-bag on my arm, and parasol in hand, I hail a Neek car, and my sister Belle accompanies me to the Fitchburg station.

A street-car is a good place in which to study human nature. The real self there is often shown unconsciously. As we entered the car it was full, and some were standing. Soon a seat was vacated, and sister Belle, unselfish as always, obliged me to take it. Father Cleveland, that noble old patriarch, whose white locks were a glory to his years, whose serene face bore token of the pure Christian heart within, and of the true Christian life he had lived, and whose memory will live in many grateful hearts—old Father Cleveland was there, and noted the circumstance.

"I admire to see such politeness!" he said to my sister, in clear tones that drew the attention of those around him; and added, "True politeness will never go unrewarded." My sister, although unconscious of doing an act at all uncommon, yet appreciated gratefully the good old man's approval.

We stop and enter the new and spacious Fitchburg station. I get my baggage checked, we find

the right car, and enter. A few words more between us, and, at the first warning bell, my sister rises; one more "good-by," and she is gone. A few moments and we begin to move slowly. I give a parting look at the granite finger of Bunker Hill, pointing upward to the glorious home of its sainted heroes, and soon the busy town is left far behind.

"And now 'the conductor with a flower in his mouth' enters, and I still wonder, as I wondered years ago, what the story truly is of that mysterious flower. I am always glad to see his fine, manly face, and I rank him with those model conductors to whom we are so deeply indebted for their faithfulness and their many kindnesses. Truly we too seldom think of our dependence upon others, and they often strangers.

Now Wachusett's bold outline rises before me; I greet it with pleasure always, as the forerunner of great and good things awaiting me in the up-country whither I am hastening. On, on through pleasant towns, till we reach Fitchburg. Were you ever here, reader? It is a charming spot to me—this busy, thriving village, set in its beautiful casket of high, green hills. We have not time now to walk through its busy streets, nor roam over its romantic hills, for the train waits not.

On, still rushing on by the magic power of steam, till at Ashburnham we turn our seats, to the surprise of the few uninitiated, and the still greater amazement of little ones who wonder if they are going home already.

Thus far we come in company, reader. I cannot tell you now what train I take, only that we go northward, while the forests grow denser and the hills rise higher around us. If you can find your way with me through winding, wooded vales and towns whose names I shall now give all wrong to mislead you, I shall make the best of it, and bid you welcome to all you can discover. The stations become less frequent, and I gaze with delight on the noble hills which seem to be peering into the mysteries of the far blue ether; and now and then I almost clasp my hands with joy at the sight of the mountain hills as they dance over rock and steep and mossy bank. I saw so much I wish to tell you of, but it would make my story too long, and I wish you to hear the old organ.

I leave the train at Ashton, and the impatient locomotive speeds on with its freight of human life, and I single out from the several stages the one bound for Westbury, which passes through Bradford where my uncle lives. Mr. Newell is a model stage-driver, and his horses and carriage promise us a comfortable ride. Now his name is not Newell, but he would not wish his real name to appear in a story; neither should I wish to shock the sense of propriety of the inhabitants of Bradford, for whom I entertain the highest respect, by giving their true names and that of their native town.

I am thus cautious, too, in deference to the feelings of my good uncle and aunt; for, after reading my story, such would be the rush of the scientific and curious to their quiet domicile, as would greatly disturb the equanimity of my aunt's famous cheeses and stores of golden butter, and the quiet and orderly home arrangements generally. I will just whisper to you, however, that if you should chance, notwithstanding my precautions, to find your way to that charming little town nestled among the hills of the old Granite State, you can go quietly to my good aunt with your request, and, if you are careful not to disarrange in any way the quiet household-matters, you may yet be so favored as to hear a strain of wonderful harmony from the strange old organ.

As we pass through the few villages on our way I cannot fail to notice the appearance of true manliness and noble womanhood which characterizes almost every person we meet. There is a certain self-respect and a degree of culture in these quiet country-people which would surprise one from some sections of our land.

Now we turn up the mountain road, and the sturdy horses bravely climb the rugged steep. Dense forests on either side seem filled with a weird power of fascination, and I give myself up to their magic influence. Giant ferns and strange forest plants peer out from their shady retreat, and I would like to spend a day, in searching out the hidden treasures of these deep, dark woods. Now and then we emerge from the wood, and find ourselves high in air, while the valley below seems so full of rest! We catch no glimpse of the surging of that vast life-tide which never rests, but which ebbs and flows forever and forever. Proud Monadnock rears his lofty crest at the north of us, standing like the huge sentinel of this vast domain. At last we begin to descend, and a long, steep declivity is before us which would startle the nerves of sensitive persons unaccustomed to a hilly country. Now comes a harsh, grating shriek, which causes one or two ladies from "below"—who are for the first time among these hills—to start with terror. A word explains to them the precaution of our driver in applying brakes to his carriage for the safety of its occupants.

I have been watching for several miles the welcome form of Mr. Tamar as we approach, till at last we see the white spires and neat houses which cluster at its base, and soon we enter the quiet village of Bradford. As we stop, and the mail-bag is thrown out at the post-office, I can discern in the distance the cemetery where lie the earthly forms of my ancestors for many generations back. My place of destination lies beyond the village, and we move on. On through "the Gulf," as it is called, where the road winds around the base of the mountain, whose wooded sides seem to aspire to the very clouds. Beside the road dances the mountain stream which flows through the township, now this side, now that, ever murmuring sweet songs of its native forest home, and aspirations for the far home in the sea to which it is hastening—its eternally, as Heaven is ours! On the other side rises a range of high hills, so that in this deep ravine, or mountain pass, there is only room for the winding road and its busy compan-

ion, the brook, as they appear side by side. Finally we emerge, and a mile further on through fine farms and by pleasant houses, appears the dear old homestead. Yes, I know it from the description given of it by my father, and already I discern the tall, straight form of my uncle in the piazza; Aunt Ruth joins him; they are looking for "their girl," as they always call me now. They call me so, because the last of their six children five years ago went to the happier land beyond the sunset.

It is refreshing after a tiresome ride by rail and coach to receive such greetings as my good uncle and aunt give me as I emerge from the stage.

Now for three months of romping, racing, and a good time generally!

"I suppose, Florence," says Aunt Ruth, after a few mutual inquiries, "you want to go right up to your room, and get rid of some of this dust. I'll show you the way;" and passing across the great hall, and through a large room into a smaller hall, we ascend the old-fashioned, winding staircase.

I cannot refrain from clapping my hands, according to my old childish habit, as I enter the chamber.

"Oh, Aunt Ruth! this is charming! What a view! How grand Mt. Tamar looks from here! I must sketch it. That shall be my first attempt at sketching the natural beauties of Bradford. That old mill yonder, how picturesque! And those woods! Aunt, I start to-morrow morning, as soon as the dew is dried, for that gigantic forest! It holds wonderful secrets, I know, and shall yield me of its treasures."

"Yes, Florence, and I should not expect to see you from morning till night if I didn't know the horn for you at dinner-time. Well, I'll go down now, and when you get ready you'll find supper waiting. You must be hungry, child, after your long ride."

In a short time I find my way down stairs. It is nearly five, and already the table is spread for tea. I enjoy the quaint, homely style in which my uncle and aunt live, although I might tire of it after a while. They have always adhered to the primitive customs in which they were reared. The three substantial meals of the day are served promptly at seven, twelve, and five. There is little silver on the table, and the dessert at dinner appears with the meats; yet the steel of the knives and forks is of the finest quality, and is kept well-polished, and the table-cloth and napkins of home-spun linen are white as snow. I might descend on the light, white bread, the lumps of golden butter, the rich cream and fresh milk, all of which I duly appreciate, but I have other things to tell you of.

It seemed to me that never-day dawned so gloriously as on my first morning at the old homestead. I who could sleep in my city home undisturbed by the rattling of coaches and heavy teams over the pavements, and by the monotonous sound of horse-carriage wheels, was entered as if by magic from dream-land by the rushing melodies which filled the great elms and maples around the house. Surely the day must be beautiful and rich that is ushered into existence with so much pageantry and pomp as I saw displayed in the glowing east, and by such inimitable floods of music as those that greeted my ears.

I was down stairs ready for breakfast at seven. After breakfast I assisted my aunt in some household duties till the dew was dried. Then donning my hat I started out with a basket for the woods. Tiger, the old mastiff, went with me. I found the flowers and the mosses, and he found the woodchucks. I hardly know which of us was the prouder, as, in answer to the shrill notes of the dinner-horn, we hastened back—I, with my basket well-filled with forest treasures, or he, dragging with his strong teeth the unwary woodchuck which had fallen a victim to his canine skill.

My love of sport prompted me to suggest to my companion, in terms which he could understand, the propriety of his escort into the house; accordingly, we strode gravely side by side with our burdens through the great hall into the dining-room, where, as we filled the doorway, I suddenly discovered, to my dismay, a third person awaiting dinner. The three looked up at our approach, and I— notwithstanding my discomfiture at finding myself thus in the presence of a stranger—joined in the hearty laugh which made the old room ring. Poor Tiger would have laughed, too, if he had known how. He enjoyed the joke according to his limited capacity, and testified to his appreciation of it after the fashion of the canine race.

Then my aunt introduced the stranger. He was her nephew, Chester Lynne, an artist, who was to board with them through the summer for the purpose of sketching, and who had come a few days earlier than they had anticipated. She had not told me of his expected arrival. Indeed, it was after they had received my note accepting their invitation to pass the summer with them, that they had received by mail his application for board, as my aunt afterward told me.

I hastened to my room. A very hasty toilet sufficed, for I would not keep them waiting, and as I reentered the dining-room my aunt was giving her finishing touch to the dinner-table arrangements.

Had I been one of my besetting sins I should probably have been somewhat disconcerted at my flushed face and hastily arranged coiffure, in the presence of the elegant stranger opposite me, for a glance showed me that he was a gentleman of taste, refinement and culture; but I was never more at my ease. Somehow he did not seem like a stranger to me. I found myself wondering where I had seen him before. It seemed to me that we had known each other long.

I was surprised, that afternoon, to find myself, while arranging my flowers and mosses, chatting as gaily with him as I had been acquaintances of weeks instead of hours. He assisted me in arranging leaves and blossoms in my herbarium, and promised to assist me in sketching.

While wiping the dinner dishes for Aunt Ruth, previous to this, she had entertained me with such glowing accounts of her nephew, that I felt sure I might trust to my own natural perception of character, which had shown him to me as worthy of

my esteem. The afternoon passed pleasantly and rapidly in conversation with my aunt and Mr. Lynne. This was Wednesday. Saturday morning Mr. Lynne left, with the intention of returning after some days.

A week passed swiftly and delightfully. Each day I discovered some new treasure—a strange wild-flower or wonderful fern, a hidden spring of water, a new bird's-nest, or, if nothing more, a carefully-hidden hen's-nest, where some calculating fowl had thought to escape human eyes, that she might rear her young according to her own ideas of independence. Then there were dishes to wash, and rooms to sweep, and a thousand things that came up in the household economy, and I gladly took a share in them. My aunt was well and strong, and wished to have her work done in her own nice way; hence she did not trouble herself with servants, "who would be sure," she said, "to do the very way she did it wish them to." And my aunt was about right.

Letters from home came often, with their sweet words of love and remembrance; the pure mountain air was bringing a new and fresh color to my cheeks, while in my very gladness of soul I drew nearer to the great, palpitating heart of Nature, receiving thus a baptism which was fitting me for coming events. Those were bright days and busy days—days in which I was laying up treasures for future years. I knew not then how rich they were, though I knew they were very bright and sunny.

CHAPTER II.

What is this mystery? Methinks the air
A conscious dread doth in its bosom bear;
A nameless secret slithers through its dark
—It holds strange meanings that I vainly mark;
I feel its every atom move with fear;
It tells me so—oh! tell me—what is here?

I had planned for Saturday morning a new tramp in the woods with Tiger, my faithful companion, but as I awoke that morning, the rain-drops pattering against the windows seemed to say, "We'll keep you in to-day." I put aside the curtain. Mr. Tamar had vanished. Had Mother Earth in one of her strange freaks swallowed my old friend, and so easily, that her act of deglutition had not been perceived by us so near? Had Mr. Tamar been only a fancy, an optical illusion, and had I awakened from my world of ideas to one of reality? Or, rather, had she withdrawn for a little seclusion, and quiet meditation into her wrap of fog and cloud, of mist and rain, promising to come out with a brighter face and a greener robe to-morrow? I gave a nod toward the impenetrable mist, with, "Good-morning, friend Tamar, I wish you a pleasant nap, and shall be glad to see your old face again by-and-by." She did not condescend even to peep through her cloudy curtains, and I turned to the east window. Beyond the meadows lay the great forest, and it seemed to whisper roguishly, "I'll keep my treasures safely hidden from that lawless city girl to-day!"

As we cleared the breakfast-table, Aunt Ruth said, "Florence, I'm afraid you will be homesick to-day. You must entertain yourself the best way you can."

"Never fear, auntie, for me!" I rejoined, "You told me the other day to go all over the house, just as I pleased; so to-day I take a ramble, first of all, over this ancient mansion. The old gaffer has been calling to me with his mysterious voices ever since I came; but I resolutely reserved the pleasure of an exploration of its secrets till the first rainy day."

Before nine o'clock my portion of the morning household duties was finished, and I walked back and forth a few times through the great hall, pausing at each end to look out upon the storm. At the south, Mr. Tamar was still fast asleep in her cloud-wraps, and the piazza—"stoop," they call it—was wet with rain. The garden was at the north side of the house, and yet it was so situated as to get sunshine enough to make it quite thrifty. I looked out upon it through the rain, thinking how my father, in his boyhood had raised vegetables and fruits there by his own industry, and Aunt Mellicent, his artist sister, had cultivated her roses and phlox and pansies. Long ago she went to her home of beauty among the flowers of the Spirit-Land, but many of her pictures and pieces of fancy work of various kinds remain to remind us of her taste and skill.

I opened the door into the great parlor, which overlooks the garden, and which is seldom opened. There was something forbidding to my free nature. In its closed blinds and dropped curtains, its prim carpet, and chairs rather too stiffly arranged. I thought of our own sunny rooms at home, with their pictures and statues, their birds and flowers, and the contrast was striking. It is true that in this great house there must be some closed rooms. They cannot all be used. But may I never be one of the "company" who shall be destined to pass an afternoon in this still, inhospitable room. I passed out into the hall, and through the north room, which used to be my grandmother's parlor. The room seemed pleasant with its old-fashioned chairs and tables, and with no carpet on its shiny floor.

Passing into the smaller hall, on the east front of the house, I stopped to look through its windows on the marigolds and petunias which my aunt had planted, and which had started finely. Then into the other large square room, with its wee bedroom, which was once the "living-room" of my grandparents; out again into the large hall. I did not stop to ascend the front staircase, for it led only to my chamber and the one opposite, which I had already examined.

For the first time, I ascended the grand staircase from the main hall, which led up to the hall above without a turn. The first door from the upper hall opened into a pleasant bedroom which had formerly been used as a guest-chamber, but for some reason unknown to me, had not been occupied for many years. The next door was locked. I knew the room was directly over the parlor. Much surprised at finding it locked, I passed on. I next opened a door leading into a large hall or chamber, at each end of which stood an old-fashioned bed. In this room slept the hired men whom

[illegible]

A Salutatory Offering.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

To All Banner Brethren—Greeting!

An Oriental singer said: "He that goeth forth bearing sinners' souls, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Having been in the grainfields of the New Dispensation almost thirty years, since the first of December, 1843, it is my privilege and happiness to come again with rejoicing, to testify of a bountiful harvest, and to bring to you seven "sheaves," laden with the precious seed of both fulfillments and prophecies, concerning an era that is

"Sweet to the world and grateful to the skies."

Again I come to speak of a Dispensation, whose very "entrance with light," which, while leading me to "a rock that is higher than I," has lifted the reason of millions to a just and reverent contemplation of the admirable and the wonderful; a movement which has exalted the idea of education above the senseless round of materialism, which perpetually lures and dies forever among visible things; a revelation which has opened to the common understanding of mankind, the harmonious beauty and magnificence of the physical universe, and has bountifully brought to the whole world reliable knowledge concerning human life, both temporal and eternal.

My first sheaf. Under this new departure (which, in contradistinction to the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, might appropriately be styled "the first century of the Harmonical Epoch,") every individual becomes a free and independent sovereign. The direct and irresistible tendency is to drive every person out of dependencies, and into himself. Every mind is compelled to take upon itself the tremendous responsibility of personal being. Hitherto man has been secondary to his Master; an humble candle in the tabernacles of priestly authority; a modest part of some centralized organization of pride and money. But under the new epoch, every individual is sealed as an **ETERNAL FACT**. He is himself, she is herself, now and henceforth. "To be, not to belong," is the cardinal virtue. A man may be widely and justly known for "his many virtues;" just as a peddler's pack may be called "a bundle of excellent goods;" but a MAN, who has become a man, is the crowning wonder of the world. He is redeemed from the tyranny of things. The truth makes him free. He enters like a prince into the possession of a higher freedom; and the joy of being is realized in the spontaneity of a living soul. This is my first sheaf from the field.

My second sheaf. The new epoch is doing a mighty work as a **DISORGANIZER**. As a sect-maker it has neither wisdom nor ambition. It is conventional on the score of sentiment, fraternity, and universal good will; but, as an element in the world's progress, Spiritualism is an unconquerable foe to the harness of flesh and blood. It touches and fires the life of the individual. The end of its aspiration is beautiful and good. And in this proportion it withdraws from and declines all organized force. Its inspiration, its philosophy, its untrammelled ways, and its privileges, are boundless, and free alike to all. "Organized efforts for doing good" may be possible in a thousand excellent fields; but not in the unlimited, unfettered, fleshless field in which the new epoch exists and works for humanity. And this is my second sheaf.

My third sheaf. The new era, as an agitator, is radical and revolutionary. It meets fearlessly and unflinchingly with every question of the hour. In society, in manners, and customs, in codes and forms, in laws and politics, in religion and creeds, in the beginnings as well as in the endings of earthly careers, it enters without invitation, looks with both eyes, analyzes remorselessly, pronouncing judgment, either approving or condemning, and then proceeds to exercise the supreme functions of an executive power. "Behold the fowls of the air!" it exclaims, pointing to proud clergymen, who refuse to move forward; "they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns." Yet the heavenly blessing is not withheld from them! The bountiful harvests of the New Epoch are for all. The celestial hosts are cheerful givers. They fear not to "cast pearls before swine." They know that the swine cannot turn again and rend them. And so, elementally and radically, the new era enters into all earthly vessels, and either cracks and breaks them into pieces, or else enlarges them and washes them through and through for the universal good. And this is my third sheaf.

My fourth sheaf. Not only as an agitator, but merely as an elemental reformer, but as a downright image-breaker, the New Epoch is justly energetic and preeminently acceptable. To the fearful ones I quote Paul's counsel: "Take unto you the armor of God [truth], that you may be able to stand in the evil day." Where creeds begin to affirm, the New Era commences to deny. The infidelity of sectarianism is offset by the affirmations of scientific truth. Altars fall before the strong arm of this iconoclast. It rejects the "old bottles," which the churches kindly offer to give for the "new wine." It shatters the sanctuaries of error and overthrow the idols which have stood grinning idiotically for eighteen hundred years. It is no respecter of either persons or places—it treats and retreats, gives and takes, makes and breaks—because its two wings are built on justice; one to affirm, the other to deny—positive and negative, both swinging at once and with energy everywhere.

The clergymen are naturally everywhere angry, or alarmed; and they know not what to do or what to say. Professor Huxley has analyzed their present situation. "The clergy," he says, "are divided into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant, and speak out; a small proportion who know, and are silent; and a minute minority who know, and speak according to their knowledge." Among the clergymen of all denominations, this new epoch performs the ungracious dual functions of a policeman and a breaker of their sacred bargains. It is on the one hand a detective in the employ of ideas and the principles of truth; on the other, an iconoclast in the temples of popular superstition and error. And this is my fourth sheaf.

My fifth sheaf. In the new epoch, we have at last obtained a universal solvent, which like water runs everywhere into and through everything, liquidating respectable solids, and distributing the intrinsic element of growth wherever mankind exists with wants and needs. The established respectabilities of church and state, with all their partition walls and solid towers of defense, cannot withstand the incessant poundings of this rising and falling tide. Spiritualism is to such institutions what the mighty Atlantic is to mountains of sandy deposits. All around the old ship Zion rolls the dissolving tide of this universal solvent. In her story of the shipwrecked, Miss Jones, in musical measure, described what the passengers on Zion's ship might have said years ago:

"Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea,
None could stand, the vessel rose,
And sank, the wretched sea."

For, to all believers in old creeds, Spiritualism is a threatening storm in the religious world. To

those who dread it, to all honest souls wedded to fixed creeds and old habits of religious thought, it is a terrible cyclone of elemental conflict. It is filled with floods of rain, and with tempestuous wind currents. Nothing is quite certain of exemption from solution and change. Tables and chairs, pianos and pictures, prayer-books and bibles bound in leather and gold—not even human will and human muscle, not even private brain and our best blood—are beyond the disturbing energy and floating power of this New Dispensation. This celestial flood of influences, which is now rolling upon the human world, is laden with substantial truth and consolation for humanity. Human natures in the Summer-Land float out earth with new glories, which burst—

"From their overcharged hearts like blessed showers,
Which leave the skies they come from, bright and holy."

It is this essential impersonalism, this aerial presence and impalpable energy, which so stirs the solid systems of the world; and explains, at least to the thoughtful mind, why the phenomenal equality of the new era will neither take the shape of any leading mentality, nor conform to any authoritative code of organization. Its special truth may be caught and locked up in some cooperative movement; just as carbon is stored up in a diamond, or as sun-heat and light are locked up in vegetation and animal life; but all attempts to incarnate the living spirituality of this era, will result in mortifying the prime movers, and in the development of personal antagonisms among the most faithful and warm-hearted. And this is my fifth sheaf.

My sixth sheaf. The new epoch is emphatically a **giver of science**. First of all, it is a philosophical revelation of man to himself; and, second, it is a practical discovery and awakening of new mental powers. It has brought to light new spiritual attributes, to which, hitherto, all have alike been strangers and unbelievers. "And the dissolution of old beliefs," says Fr. Bartol, in *Radical Problems*, p. 206, "Spiritualism has rescued millions from the skeptical gulf into which, as by a reaction-wheel from irrational systems, they were plunged."

But how were these millions rescued? Our answer is, by exhibiting to them new powers of mind; by demonstrating to them the fact of seeing and hearing without the outward organs; and by bringing to them the manifestation of wisdom suddenly born in brains both ignorant and idle; thus demonstrating man's interior to be independent of bodily senses, and so establishing his existence as a personal spirit, here on earth, long before the death of the body. And what more rational than the belief that, once freed from the bodily organs by the death-process, the interior senses, being exactly like the visible organs, would come forth, together with all the better attributes of mind, in full-orbed development? "Oh, metaphysician!" exclaims the before-mentioned author, "are the Spiritualists coarse and you refined, or are they substantial and you vague in your speculations on the transcendental theme?"

In the gospel according to Matthew we read: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them that sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up?" And this is my sixth sheaf.

My seventh sheaf. The new epoch comes as a **consoler**—a sympathizing and intimate friend—a loving monitor, a revealer, a comforter, to all who sit in darkness, and to all who sorrow and mourn for their lot "in the region and shadow of death." It is natural and beautiful to indulge the spiritual emotions of sorrow; to mourn the departure of a friend or a darling child, in whom the sweetest affections are profoundly centered. But what can save your fond and loving heart from breaking? What can repeople the desolate home? What meet and destroy the king of terrors? There is something called "Christian hope," which thousands try in great trial; but "hope" does not fill the vacant place; it can at best only soften the blows imparted by the rod of affliction, which so many believe the hand of Providence is ever and anon holding over our heads and hearts.

Consolation, which can save mankind, comes over the paths of knowledge. The other world, so long a beautiful subject of speculation, so long an indecipherable object of faith, has opened itself upon our glad eyes; and death, so long a king of terrors over the world, so long whispering to the Christian's hope that the darling, departed is "asleep in Jesus," is now no longer the end, but the commencement of existence in a higher state of being. The sweet, sentimental poetry of the Christian believer has become wholesome solid prose; the red man's hunting-ground and beautiful rivers, the skies have been discovered; poets have for ages sung of the Elysian fields, and now their tenderest songs have become stubborn realities; sweet dreams of a celestial heaven, the home of saviors and angels, have turned into substantial facts before our very eyes; the spiritual ladder seen by the slumbering Jacob, on which angels were ascending and descending, has changed, as by the wand of a chemist, into a shining stairway for the feet of our little children, and the return of our beloved ones from the land of substantial existence in the spiritual universe. This is my seventh sheaf.

And now, good friends, tending you this brief account of the bountiful harvest, and hoping we may each be fed with the bread of life, and meet often at the true communion table loaded with good things, I remain, fraternally,

A. J. DAVIS.

Helpful Methods for the Psychopathic Retreat.—A Fair in Prospect.

Recent indications show a growing sympathy with the purposes of this institution, and a disposition to adopt practical plans to aid in its support. For this purpose some of the Boston ladies are projecting a fair; others are circulating subscription papers in their respective circles of acquaintance. A New York friend suggests the issue of a circular to be placed in the hands of lecturers and mediums, inviting them to become workers.

Cooperation is needed throughout the country, in order to achieve the highest success. Nearly nine-tenths of the afflicted ones, for whose admission application has been made, are either entirely destitute, or have but limited means, so as to be unable to pay more than the minimum rates charged by State institutions. With these we cannot compete.

A fund is needed wherewith to purchase a place and erect a building of our own, to be held in trust forever, freeing us from rent and taxes. Then the current expenses will be so much diminished that patients can be received at the lowest practicable boarding rates, and some altogether free. I am ready to aid by giving lectures on insanity, within a practicable distance, and devote the proceeds to that fund.

We solicit donations from the prosperous. What nobler deed can they do than to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted and restore to happiness and usefulness the victims of blighted intellects? The widow's mite is equally acceptable for its moral effect is potent in stimulating others to noble deeds. We are in earnest in this work, and design to agitate its claims through the length and breadth of the land, until success rewards our efforts.

EDWARD MEAD.

Contents of this Number of the Banner.
First Page: Story—"The Old Organ;" or, The White Swan's Flying Song," by Grace Leland. Second: Same continued: Poem—"True Lives," by Cora L. V. Tappan; "Napoleon the First," "Manifestations—R. M. Sherman, Medium," by A. Bailey; "Physical Manifestations," by Prof. E. Clark; "The Progressive Lyceum, or What?" by William Foster, Jr.; "Public Medium Changes," by T. A. White. Third: Banner Correspondence: New Jersey Quarterly Meeting; New York—Spiritualist Meeting; The Moravia Manifestations; "Mrs. Josephine Kelzwin," by Cephas B. Lynn; "Our Own Publications," List of Spiritualist Lecturers, Fourth and Fifth: "A Salutatory Offering," by Andrew Jackson Davis, editorials on current spiritual topics, etc., etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department: Poem—"An Improvisation," by Mrs. E. L. Watson; Public Meetings; Obituaries; Prospects; Advertisements. Eighth: Editorial Correspondence, by Warren Chase; "Wisconsin Pebbles," by J. O. Barrett; "San Francisco Calamities," by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; "From Geneva, O.," by W. F. Jamieson.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

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All letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper must—in order to receive prompt attention—be addressed to LUTHER COLLY, All First-Class Letters should be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

Volume Thirty-Two.

This number opens the Thirty-Second Volume of the Banner, a fact which entitles it to the name it enjoys of a veteran in the service of Spiritualism. We improve the occasion to proffer to all its readers and friends our sincere thanks and congratulations. It is with the profoundest satisfaction that we look back in review over the past of Spiritualism, since it began from notoriously humble beginnings to be a power in the land, and venture to speculate on its future as a revolutionary and reconstructive power in this country and the world. It is quite unnecessary for us to indulge in any remarks on the service which was allotted us by the invisibles from the first, and which we have undertaken to perform with such alacrity as is our gift. With that Spiritualists are sufficiently familiar. Their hearts likewise tell them best what the Banner has done for them. Every volume makes up its own faithful record, and upon it every reader frames and settles his own individual judgment. We may, however, speak with something of freedom of the cooperation which has been solicited and engaged in the past for the columns of the Banner, to which it is so largely indebted for its usefulness and the share of success it has enjoyed. Some of the finest and brightest minds of the country have expressed themselves from week to week on our pages, we believe to the edification and lasting profit of all readers. A mere list of our contributors would be a manifest of the wide and powerful influence, which the Spiritual Philosophy is today exercising over the common mind.

Though it is not always discreet to discount the future, yet in respect to a certain class and limit of promises, we feel assured that in our case it is perfectly safe; particularly, too, as it is the very topic on which readers generally are certain to manifest the most interest. In a recent number we set forth the plans we have in hand to increase the interest of the Banner and extend its usefulness and popularity. Volume thirty-two opens, as will be seen, with a fine poem by Cora L. V. Tappan, entitled "True Lives," the occasion of whose production was recounted previously. Mrs. Watson contributes "An Improvisation"—a worthy tribute to the glory of free thought. Andrew Jackson Davis is to make his appearance throughout this volume in a series of characteristic essays or letters, which no one whose soul has ever been opened to the reception of spiritual truths will be likely to miss. Their personal will unquestionably be associated in many minds with the volume they adorn and distinguish. The "Letters of Travel," by James M. Peebles; that thorough Spiritualist and philosopher and most accomplished man, will attract also a very large share of attention. Mr. Peebles enjoys, like Mr. Davis, a world-wide reputation. He has visited many foreign lands, in all of which he has gleaned faithfully and well. To peruse the matured observations of such a person is to become wise through his perceptions and intellectual sagacity. His future travels tend from San Francisco to Australia, when he goes around to England by way of India, Egypt and Palestine, Asia Minor and Central Europe. In addition to these, other names might be mentioned whose productions are to diversify our intellectual schemes.

We refer to the Message Department last, and really need say the least about it; for it is the substantial and enduring feature of the Banner which has carried conviction to tens of thousands of minds, and assuaged the grief and illuminated the pathway of multitudes of thankful souls. This is always the part of the Banner which a ribald secular press assails. The pulpits realize in a good degree its steady but silent power. The ceaseless verifications of our Messages preach truth in a far directer form than all the sermons that were ever sounded and pounded from the pulpits. This is indeed the "still small voice" that cannot be contradicted, for it is evidence of a faith that no prejudice can shake.

We need not allude to the other variety which these columns will contain, nor to the talent and industry which are engaged to keep them constantly supplied. If pains and enterprise, guided by singleness of devotion, and that knowledge which accompanies a long and varied experience, can avail to make the Banner more acceptable continually, they will be drawn upon with the utmost freedom for that purpose. We feel more than ever that it is a high mission which we seek to perform, and it is for that reason we appeal with all possible freedom and earnestness to the spiritual host of the United States to stand firm by the Banner of their faith, to strengthen our hands in the great work we seek to do through its columns, and to rally with us in upholding and advancing the undying truth of Spiritualism as a religion and a philosophy. We are sure our appeal will not be in vain. Sustain the Banner as the oldest exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy in the world, and as the voice of all who renew their lives daily in the very act of believing.

32-1.

We take the present occasion to say that those of our subscribers whose time expired with the last volume—as they were informed by the numbers 31-26 upon their papers—will receive from us No. 1, Vol. 32, as we desire them to perceive the excellence of matter and manner which will characterize the new volume, and hope they will thereby be induced to renew.

"Love One Another"—"Bear One Another's Burdens."

That is Scripture language, and sound spiritual doctrine. It is the essence of the law. Love overcometh all things. It includes all the virtues, for it begins with humility as its first condition, and ends with practical perfection of the human character. Whenever the Orthodox pulpits want to preach from this text, we are with them heart and soul. There never can be genuine love enough in the world. Where it does exist, how it illuminates everything around. How exalted appears the character of the individual who trusts to its influence. There can be no fighting, no falling out, no envying, no jealousy, no wrath, no unhappiness of any sort, where love is. It is the creator of blessings. It inspires to truth and purity, to charity, to good works, to happiness. Enmity itself is compelled to share in its blessings. Who can hate the person who in sincere kindness offers to bear a part of his burden for him? How singular that people do not more readily detect the secret of its power, if only by its effects, and at once fall to appropriating it as their own. It is the simplest of all recipes for happiness; and it is not a selfish happiness, either, for both giver and receiver feel the warmth of its blessed influence. Who that hates another, and shows it without ostentation, can possibly be wholly miserable?

The silent and steady practice of helping others to the full extent of our ability, always looking out for fresh objects of our beneficence, if it fails to be felt favorably by the recipients of our kindness, cannot fail to work in ourselves a change of character which we should theoretically deem impossible. It is an excellent discipline for the heart, and may at all times be had without any special effort in going far to seek for it. We might go so far as even to say, that, selfishly considered, a kind and sympathetic regard for others is the best thing for ourselves. Especially is this true in the case of enemies, that are better calculated than all others to make our charity steady, lasting and freighted it with what none others could. In fact, from the moment when we resolve to go out of ourselves to carry fresh and free gifts of our thoughts to others, we begin imperceptibly to expand and become exalted. The basis of it all being humility, that furnishes the reason for the desirable change. So that the Scripture has wholly the right of it in the matter, and has really taken hold of the very roots of the mystery. A persistent habit of beneficence implies humility; and when the human heart is content to lie low in the lap of creation, crucifying all self-seeking, all conceit, it has commenced a career that will end only in its largest exaltation. Love is the true solvent for all troubles and crosses. It makes men over anew sooner and surer than anything. It is a perpetual renewal of the spirit's youth.

In Commendation of our Course.

Dumont C. Daké, M. D., well-known to the public in his capacity as healing and analytical physician, writes us under a recent date, bearing witness of his appreciation of the work accomplished by the Banner of Light in the field of reform. From his letter we present several extracts, that our readers may perceive the views entertained upon the subject by the writer:

"You may remember me among the host of friends and supporters who look upon the dear old Banner as one of the most successful, unbiased and noblest exponents of truth the world ever beheld—the great medium for the free agitation of thought opening up its columns not only to the denizens of this earth, but also to the exalted inhabitants of the blessed Summer-Land. At its head are wise men looking well to the true interests of all."

After saying that those who carry on the publication and preparation of the Banner are aided through daily communion with the bright intellects of years gone by, he remarks:

"Thus highly and divinely favored, these wise men are not to be intimidated—can neither be bought nor sold. * * * I have never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the editors of the Banner, but have become advised concerning them psychometrically; and through their works, I am no great respecter of persons, and have but little veneration save for truth. Truth wears no mask; bows at no human shrine; seeks neither place nor applause. She only asks a hearing." By their fruits ye shall know them."

In concluding his communication, Dr. Daké counsels an exercise of charity among Spiritualists as one of the most necessary things for the benefit of their faith; for "faultry" he says is written upon the life-line of our very best mediums; perfection is not attainable in this crude, earth-life." Petty jealousies he would have banished among the brethren, that the great cause of humanity's best hope may be advanced by the united efforts of all.

The Brain of the Journalist.

Where there is any brain, and it is vitalized with energy, the events of the era so task it by their rapid and exciting succession that it is not to be wondered at that the cord snaps as suddenly and often as it does. The suicide of Prevost-Paradol is a good illustration of what we mean. He had worked twenty years continuously at the journalist's profession, and his mind must have been greatly strained by it. Such extreme and incessant tension could not always be endured. His position was a high and prominent one in his profession, and his views and opinions were sought after as those of a superior mind, whose penetration was equal to the topics that came under review. At the expiration of his score of years of work, he took office as a diplomatist, and came to this country as the representative of France. But it was the work of his profession—hard, unceasing and exacting, yet filled with the highest satisfactions—that absorbed his strength and exhausted his life.

The Banner Free Circles.

The circles for spiritual manifestations which have been held periodically at this office for many years, were resumed for the season on the second instant. There was a good attendance, and it was a noteworthy circumstance that many aged people were to be seen among the audience. The invocation by Theodore Parker was pertinent to the occasion. The answers to questions were terse and to the point. Seven different spirits subsequently communicated, and gave characteristic messages for publication. The audience seemed well pleased with the séance, and several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the establishment of these public circles was of the greatest importance to the world; and had no doubt they would be fully appreciated by mankind generally in the immediate future.

These circles will be continued regularly (except in case of sickness) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and are free to all.

The Banner having donated a new suit, starts off on its mission of love with renewed zeal. All it asks, in return for its great outlays, is the kindly aid—and assistance of the friends of the cause it advocates. It sends its blessings to all the peoples of earth, and prays that wisdom and truth may be its guiding star through the varied vicissitudes it may be called to pass in its future career.

Mr. Peebles in California.

August 25th, J. M. Peebles lectured in San Francisco, afternoon and evening, at the Mercantile Library Hall, to a large and respectable audience. The Daily Morning Call says:

"The afternoon lecture consisted of a general exposition of the principles of Spiritualism, and was sufficient to demonstrate that Mr. Peebles possessed no ordinary ability as a lecturer. His style was energetic, forcible, and earnest; his gestures effective; his command of voice good. He opened the proceedings by reading a poem, the subject of which was the 'progression of the soul,' and by offering up a short prayer, petitioning for communion with all that is 'noble and pure' in heaven or earth; thanking God for 'every vision and trance and spiritual manifestation' that had been granted them, and concluding in these words: 'And to God and the good angels everywhere will be ascribed the praise, amen.' He introduced his lecture by saying that it was twelve years since he had been in California. At that time he had been in very bad health and suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. Those who walk the sunny slopes of the 'summer-land' had told him that this climate would benefit his health, and he had come here in obedience to their desires. When he came here, he told him he could live but two years longer; instead of which he had lived twelve of the most active years of his life. Space prevents us from giving an extended report of Mr. Peebles' remarks, and, without that, justice could not be done them. They were eloquent and telling, the speaker frequently and vehemently testifying to his assurance that the spirits of the departed hovered around him and guided all his actions for good."

We also make a brief extract from The Call's report of the evening lecture:

"After a few preliminary remarks with regard to the Deity, Mr. Peebles proceeded to defend the doctrine of Spiritualism, upon the ground of the opposition experienced ever since the beginning of the world to all great truths; in fact, truth had always been and was up to the present time persecuted. To prove his point, the lecturer quoted many illustrations from ancient and modern history, being several times interrupted in his disquisition by bursts of applause from the large and intelligent audience that had assembled to hear him. Mr. Peebles stated, with regard to his own experience, to the doctrine that he, in conjunction with his brother ministers in religion, had done all in their power to combat the belief, but that, in spite of their earnest opposition and prayers, the great truth had triumphed, and that where believers in Spiritualism some few years ago could be counted by hundreds, they now numbered millions. He had men and women, members of his own congregation, grown up from the babies he had baptized, become mediums, and who, in his daily intercourse with them, had caused him to investigate the subject. No sooner did he do so than he became a fervent believer himself."

The Ninth National Convention of Spiritualists.

John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, will be on September 10th, 11th and 12th, the scene of the ninth annual assembling of the Spiritualist Association, and it is to be hoped also the birth-place of new resolves, coupled with acts, for the good of our heaven-sent cause. From various quarters information reaches us which seems to indicate that the present Convention will come together with an earnest desire to work for the right, and its delegates will represent the solid, practical men and women of their localities.

In an article headed "Retrospection," in a recent number of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Dr. H. T. Child sums up the history of the preceding convocations, as follows:

"There have been eight annual sessions of the National Association—few in numbers, yet in some degree representatives of Spiritualism in the various sections of our country. The American Association has never claimed to be an authoritative body. Its members realize that they are responsible for their acts and utterances. Having attended all except the first, which was a mass-meeting at Chicago, we are of opinion that there has been a progression with each year, and that the institution, without assuming any authority or dictatorship over any, is doing a work; and while those whose only knowledge of it is from hearsay may pronounce it a failure, and inform the world that 'it is dead,' it will move steadily on, and continue to do its work."

We earnestly hope, whatever may be the action of this Convention, as regards that sharp-drawn individuality which characterizes the spiritual movement, that in and through all, the golden thread of progress be held by Dr. Child in the past history of the movement may run, and that its members—even if involuntarily—may "drift toward the angel side."

The following delegates to this Convention were chosen Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 4th, at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, by the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association: Lyander S. Richards, Quincy; William Denton, Weymouth; I. C. Ray, New Bedford; Edwin Wilder, Hingham; A. E. Newton, Arlington; I. P. Greenleaf, Medford; Dr. H. B. Storer, John Wetherbee, A. E. Carpenter, Boston; A. C. Robinson, Lynn; W. W. Currier, Bradford; Calvin Haskell, Chelsea; Hebron Libby, Cambridge; Abbie K. T. Rousseau, Middleboro'.

Spiritualism in Troy.

We learn from the Troy Daily Times that Andrew Jackson Davis addressed a large audience in that city on Sunday morning last, at Lyceum Hall. Subject: "Religion from a Harmonical Standpoint." The editor says:

"The discourse was a description of the different stages of religion into which and through which people pass. The first stage, according to Mr. Davis, is spiritualism. In this the Christian first feels a love, devotion and idolatry of his religion, a reverence for his creator, and an aspiration to go higher in the spiritual scale. Second, manifestation; having formed a love for religion the subject desires some show and sign of power, some miracle or supernatural attestation, a proof that his belief is true. In this stage the speaker said too many were apt to content themselves; and for this he blamed Spiritualists, many of whom have no desire to pass beyond the stage, and where religion becomes a principle of life and is looked upon as a moral duty. The believer wishes to be doing as well as being, and he begets a universal love and kindness for mankind, with a desire to see exercised justice and mercy in all cases. In the evening Mr. Davis spoke on the subject, 'The New Dispensation of the Ages and the Millennium.' Mr. Davis is styled by Spiritualists as the father of Spiritualism, he being among the first to stand out boldly for that belief; and he is to-day one of the ablest speakers who uphold that doctrine. He will remain in this city until the first of October, speaking every Sunday at Lyceum Hall."

The Lake Walden Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

We are in receipt of a missive from Dr. A. H. Richardson, Charlestown, and James S. Dodge, Boston—Committee of Arrangements, under whose auspices the third yearly Spiritualist camp-meeting at this lake, near Concord, Mass., was so successfully carried out—in which they desire to tender their thanks to all who in any way aided them in their arduous labors, and to the Banner of Light for its services as a vehicle of information to the public concerning the enterprise. These gentlemen, in further proof of their appreciation of the services of this paper, forwarded us enclosed a donation of twenty dollars, which we have applied to the fund in aid of our public free circles, and for which we return them our grateful remembrances.

New and elegant seats, we understand, have been placed in Music Hall.

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