

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS  
Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.  
For Rev. Dr. CHAPIN's sermon of Sept. 4th, see third page.

## BERTHA LEE; OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,  
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER X. MY TEACHERS.

There were no playgrounds around the house; for in those days it was not thought necessary for girls to exercise in the open air, or to become physically strong; to run, climb a fence, shoot at a mark, harness a horse and drive him, or even to walk five miles, were all considered very unladylike feats; and the more delicately we were reared, the better fitted were we considered to be for the performance of all feminine duties.

The sterner sex, with the exception of a few who were in advance of the age, encouraged this mode of education, and no doubt found women more submissive to their unjust laws, and more contented to be mere ornaments and playthings, than now, when woman is learning that she has the same muscles that aid the sculptor when he fashions the marble bust, and as brilliant a fancy to conceive the ideal—that she too has mental power to understand the wonderful mechanism of the human body, and can administer a healing draught, or apply the lancet and the dissecting knife, as skillfully as those who have hitherto excluded her from that profession—and the time may come when the Augean stables of the law, reeking now with the corruptions of the dead Past, and full of all manner of unclean things, shall be purified, not by the strength of some Hercules, but by the subtle chemistry of woman's tact and skill. Then the single woman who inherits her father's fortune, because no sons were born to that house, need not be told that she must have some masculine guardian to defend her rights, because from choice or necessity she remains unmarried; and no lonely widow will have her sorrow aggravated by the taunting remarks from those learned in the subtleties of their own unjust laws, that she has neither the power nor the skill to protect her own rights and those of her fatherless children.

But this freedom for women must be brought about, not by assertion of rights, or loud denunciation of oppressive laws, but by a patient, thorough training of woman for that place in society, and for those duties which rightfully belong to her. We must prove ourselves worthy of freedom, by a patient, energetic struggle with the obstacles by which we are surrounded.

But poor little I had no such thoughts in those days. Alas! they are the *after thoughts*, now that the desert is passed. No one can discourse so eloquently of the horrors of slavery as he who, with a soul worthy of freedom, has felt the master's foot upon his neck, and the lash upon his quivering flesh; and no woman can fully understand and appreciate that equality which is woman's right, till her heart has lain crushed and bleeding at the feet of some tyrant, whose claim to power is only that he is of the masculine gender.

As I said, there were no playgrounds about the house, only a vegetable garden, running up to the kitchen, on the backside of the house—not even a door-yard or shade-trees in front—but a little gate, at one side, opened from the street into a row of cabbage-patches, and thither I entered, as the only escape from the public thoroughfare. These cabbage-patches were about the only vegetables that remained green; everything else was browned or withered by the cold winds and hard frosts. I ran hastily along over the withered herbage, seeking for some hiding place, when I stumbled over a basket of potatoes, and sent them rolling in all directions over the rough ground.

"That comes of disobeying rules!" said a voice near me, in no very pleasant tone; and looking up, I saw a queer-looking, little old man, bending over his hoe, and looking rather spitefully at me. "My back aches hard enough, now, without having the extra job of picking them potatoes up; but never mind—you'll get your pay for coming in here!"

I was alarmed, and asked him if the girls were not allowed to come into the garden.

"You must be a new one, not to know that. Why, if we let them harum-scarum critters come in here, I should never have a seed come up—they'd be worse than forty hens; and if some things did happen to grow, after all their tramping, there would n't be a tomato nor a cucumber to put on to the table, and I'm not sartin as there'd be a turnip, either—such master hands as gals are for eating raw trash—they're worse than a drove of sheep. But you can run away now, afore I pick the potatoes up, or you'll have them over again!"

"No, I'm going to pick them up myself," I said, and I went to work filling the basket.

"You move 'mazin' spry," said he; "and on the whole, seeing you knocked them over, you might as well pick 'em up; it's easier than for me, for the rheumatiz has took my back dreadfully, this raw day."

"I should think it would hurt you to dig potatoes, then."

"Well, may be it does."

"Then I would n't dig them."

"That's as much as you know about things!"

I filled the basket, and the old man still stood leaning on his hoe.

"Now," said I, "I can hoe potatoes almost as quick as I can pick them up; and if you will let me have your hoe, I'll work awhile, and you can sit down on the old log, and rest yourself a bit."

The old man laughed, not a pleasant laugh to hear, but a sort of mocking, bitter laugh, as if he did not believe me.

"Now, you see," I said, "it was only last week I helped out Joe, when my mother was gone to the Dorcas Society, and he and I dug two bushels of great, nice Jackson potatoes—a great deal better than these."

The old man let me take his hoe, but my last remark hurt his feelings evidently, for he said, after seating himself slowly and carefully, as rheumatic persons are apt to do—

"If these are n't nice it is not my fault, but the soil; it's dreadful light, dry soil. But the name of your potatoes is enough to spite 'em. I'd an Adams man, and I could n't stomach a potatoe with the name of Jackson."

"That's what Charlie Herbert is. He says, if he was only twenty-one, he'd vote for Adams; and he reads enough to know the right side."

I worked fast to show my skill, and the old man laughed to see the second basket filling up. I forgot that I had on my new merino frock, that was to serve for my Sunday dress all winter, and also my new chinchilla hat, with broad, blue ribbon-strings, bought only the day before. I forgot everything save the wish to fill my basket, and as the hills yielded well I thought I could do it very soon, for the basket only held a half bushel. I had got it even full, and was just about to heap it, when an Irish servant girl came running toward me.

"And are you the miss they're been seeking? They thought as you had started for home."

I threw down my hoe and stood irresolute what to do, while the girl burst into a merry laugh.

"Arrah, miss, ye can't be after seeing the mistress with that dirty face and hands!"

I looked at my hands—they bore witness to my work; and when I remembered that my face was wet with tears when I came into the garden, I could imagine how it must look with the dust of the potatoe hills well plastered on 'by the moisture on the cheeks.

"Will you let me go into the kitchen and wash myself?"

"That is contrary to the rules, miss," and both she and the old man laughed at my ignorance and perplexity, at which I began to weep. This touched the heart of the Irish girl.

"Now be quiet, darlint, and it's meself will bring ye some water, if ye'll wait a bit," and she ran into the house; but she had scarcely disappeared when the garden gate opened, and I saw approaching me a tall, dark woman, with a very solemn face and manner. She wore a mourning calico dress, with large, spreading figures upon it, made very high in the neck, with a broad, linen collar, ornamented with a black bow that almost touched her chin. Her hair was black and straight, and rolled on lead in two puffs, on each side of her face. I had ample time to examine her, as she made her way carefully through the cabbages and over the rough potatoe ground.

"Is this Miss Bertha Lee?" looking at my soiled frock and mud covered face, in surprise.

I was ashamed to acknowledge my name when I saw the expression of her face, and did not answer her directly, but looked eagerly for the Irish girl with the water.

She asked again:—"Are you the little girl that came from Oldbury this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," still looking for my water.

"Your mother is waiting for you. She was much surprised 'not to find you in the parlor, where she told you to remain."

"I'll come as soon as I have washed my face and hands. The girl will bring me some water."

"This is no place to make your toilet, and Bridget has other business than waiting on the scholars. You may come with me."

I was unwilling to go, and remained standing in my place, hoping for Bridget's appearance. Just then the kitchen door opened, and I saw the girl with a bowl and towel; but when she perceived who was with me, she threw her water away and went back into the house.

There was no alternative now but for me to follow the stranger, which I did very reluctantly.

The old man had, meantime, watched us in silence; but, as he saw my unwillingness to go, he said,

"You haint done nothing so very bad, miss, and I'm very much obliged to you. There aint many of the gals as would hoe a row for an old man like me."

"You are welcome, sir; and I would help you a little every day, if they will let me."

"Hoeing, Miss Lee! Have you been hoeing potatoes?" said the lady.

"Yes, only see there, I hoed all these!" pointing to the basket.

"Have you been in the habit of hoeing potatoe at home?"

"Oh, no! my father and mother don't know that I ever hoed any; but Joe works in the garden a great deal, and I help him when I can. When my mother goes away I stay with Joe. She goes to Sewing Society one day, to Missionary Society one day, to Mothers' Meeting one day, and to pray for the Jews another—that makes four afternoons in a

week, and so I get a good deal of time to be with Joe. He can sew as well as I can, and we change work."

"Joe? Pray, who is Joe? A hired man, I suppose."

"Who is Joe?" That was a puzzling question, and if she had not added the last clause I might have been a long while in answering it; but I was so indignant at her supposing him a hired man, that I said quickly:—"No, indeed, Joe is not hired at all; he works when he pleases, and does just as he wishes. He is n't my brother, really, but I love him as much as if he was."

"Well, I think you will have something else to do here than hoe potatoe. Mr. Madgett can take care of the garden, and we will find more suitable employment for a young lady."

We had walked on while we were talking, and before I was aware, we were at the parlor door, and my companion was leading me into the room, but I drew back, and was unwilling to enter. She laid her hand upon me, and was using a little force, when I resisted and said, "I must wash myself first."

My mother saw us, and coming hastily toward me, took me by the arm, and drew me in. Miss Garland was sitting very erect in her chair; the "licentiate" was lounging on the sofa, and the black-eyed woman, my guide, came in, and took a chair near him.

"There!" exclaimed my mother, as she drew me before the teacher, "you have ocular proof of the truth of my words."

The face of Miss Garland had seemed so winning to me at first sight, that I ventured a glance now, but to my great disappointment, a change had come over it; she looked sternly, and less cordial, and I felt at once that her first impressions of me were changed. Disappointment, mortification, and a sense of injury came over me, and I burst into tears.

"Your daughter had better go to her room now," said Miss Garland; "Miss Crooks here will be her room-mate, and you need have no fear but she will be in good hands, and under a moral influence which we hope will be beneficial."

"Miss Crooks, will you go with Bertha?"

As I turned to follow this lady, the licentiate rose and said:—"Bertha, I wish you to read this tract;" at the same time handing me one, the title of which was, "The Sinner Subdued." I shook my head and refused it, at which Miss Crooks gave a look of astonishment and pity.

"Bertha!" said my mother sternly; but my magnetic repulsion for the licentiate, if I might so call it, was too strong just then, to be overcome; and I did not raise my hand to take the tract, though he still held it.

"Will you take it, Miss Crooks," said he, "and read it to her?"

With a very gracious look and smile, that ought to have made good to him my deficiency, she took the paper and promised that I should hear it. I followed her up two flights of stairs to a narrow, oblong room, ten by fifteen feet in size, with but one small window. The furniture of the room consisted of two chairs, a toilet table, under an eight by nine mirror, a small writing-table, a washstand, and a bedstead, with a bed in which the feathers were not numerous. The bedquilt was of dark calico print, and the walls of the room were yellow washed. I went to the window; it looked out upon a narrow lane, bordered on each side with poison hemlock and alder bushes.

"This is our room," said Miss Crooks; "you may have your trunk in this corner, and you may put your books on this side of the table, and remember that I sleep on the front side of the bed;" to all of which I made no reply, but seeing that she laid the tract upon the table, on what she called my side, I took it up and tore it hastily into fifty pieces.

Her black eyes shot angry darts at me, as she exclaimed, "You wicked girl! how dare you do so?"

"Because I hate him, and I'll not listen to him any more, nor read any of his books."

"That shows that you are just the naughty girl your mother describes you to be."

"Has my mother been telling you that I am a naughty girl?" I asked.

She hesitated; she had gone a little too far.

"Why, of course, she would tell Miss Garland all about you."

My heart sunk within me. And so, I thought to myself, I am left here among strangers, with the impression of my character which my mother leaves. My heart was certainly growing hard and bitter toward others. I was glad to be left alone, to undress and bathe myself as well as I could in the small quantity of water which the ewer was capable of holding.

My basket of oranges was with my trunk, and I ate one, thinking, as I did so, of what my friend had said, "Bertha, remember that God is good to all his creatures."

I lay down on my side of the bed, and fell asleep. I had, perhaps, slept an hour, when I was awakened by my mother—"Bertha, wake; it is the tea hour."

"I don't wish for any."

"You must get up and dress, and go down with me. I shall leave immediately after tea, and wish to see you in your seat before I go."

It was not pleasant to go down stairs into a dining-room, where forty girls were assembled, all with eyes and ears open to criticize a new comer. My mother was so differently constituted that she could not understand this shrinking from observation, and made sport of my sensitiveness. She was a large, tall woman, quite imposing in her appearance, and I walked in under cover of her presence, as she sailed

along in her heavy brocade silk and high turban—much like a sail-boat in the wake of a man-of-war.

Miss Garland preceded us; and, on taking her own seat at the head of the table, turned and said:

"Mrs. Lee, young ladies, and her daughter—Miss Bertha Lee, Miss Bertha, you may take your seat beside Miss Lane; we always sit in alphabetical order. Miss Lane—a young lady in dark blue thibet and light brown curls—stepped out and kindly gave me a seat beside herself. When we were seated, there was silence a moment; when my room-mate, Miss Crooks, with an assumption of great dignity, ushered in the "licentiate," who took the vacant seat at Miss Garland's right hand. The girls touched each other's elbows, as girls are apt to do when a young gentleman makes his appearance among them, and a little plump, merry-eyed girl near me, whispered to her companion: "Miss Crooks ordered preserves for tea, because Mr. Calvin was coming—wish he'd come oftener."

After a blessing was asked by Mr. Calvin, each scholar repeated a passage of Scripture, a practice far preferable, it seemed to me, to listening to a chapter read by one person. The supper was good of its kind, consisting of bread and butter, crackers, and a plain tea-cake, out into extremely thin slices. The preserves were a compliment to Mr. Calvin, and, of course, the scholars were not expected to eat freely; and the little girl who expressed so much pleasure at their appearance, pouted her pretty lips when she saw that there was space to rent in her tiny sauce-plate.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered, "I do love raspberry jam, really, and I shan't get any more of mamma's for one year; she gives me a heap."

She was a Southerner, and thought our Yankee tables lacked the abundance of her own home. "You may have mine, Addie," said a young lady near me, whom I heard addressed as Miss Lincoln, and whose sweet, brave face I liked very much.

"May I?" said Addie, eagerly; "don't you really want it?"

"No, I never eat preserves."

Addie took them, and, looking roughly at her friend, said:

"You are so good, Miss Lincoln, you don't need food like other people; I suppose the ravens feed you as they did Elijah, or you find wild honey in this Rockford desert as St. John did in the desert of Judea."

The young lady addressed turned to Addie, and said in a low voice, not intended to be heard by others, but every syllable of which came to my quickened ear:

"I have meant to eat which you know not of, Addie; I wish I could persuade you to partake."

"There now, do n't," said Addie; "let us not be solemn, now; other good folks are n't like you at all. Just look—look quick; see what a heap of jam Miss Crooks has given to Mr. Calvin, and he is eating it as if it was nothing but nut-apple sauce. He's mighty fond of sweet things, and Miss Crooks thinks of course he'll swallow her; but don't you think that huge black bow will stick in his throat, to say nothing of those dear little puffs of false hair?"

Miss Lincoln did not smile, and tried to look displeased; but there was nothing forbidding in her look; that oval face, with its fair brow, on which the smooth brown hair, plainly parted, lay in glossy waves, looked so nun-like in its purity and repose, that I looked at her as I have upon some pictures of the Madonna, and wondered if anger or envy ever disturbed her peace.

When our simple meal was closed, Miss Garland turned to Mr. Calvin and asked him if he would like to say a word. He was just finishing the second plate of raspberry jam, at which Addie was quite indignant, saying that Miss Crooks had n't eaten a particle herself for fear there would n't be enough for Mr. Calvin.

"Poor thing!" said Addie, "she likes it well enough, I know; but she'd live on saw-dust bread and cold potatoes, if she could secure Mr. Calvin."

Miss Lincoln looked at Addie very gravely, at which the latter said:

"There, now, if it troubles you, I'll not say another word; only just let me nudge Abbie Clark here," a little, thin, sallow girl, who was still eating, though all the rest had finished. "Stop, now," said Addie, "you are eating more than your sixteen ounces; you'll have to give an account of it to-morrow."

"Oh, dear, I forgot," said the girl, laying her bread down; "but I'm hungry all the time."

"That's no reason you should eat more than the rules of health admit—sixteen ounces of solid food per day, and eight of liquid—that allows you for supper only one slice of bread and one cup of tea, with an infinitesimal dose of cake."

"How droll she is," I said to myself, little dreaming that there was no fun in her words.

"Hush," said Miss Lincoln, "Mr. Calvin is speaking."

Addie pursed up her mouth, which was small enough before, and, folding her hands upon her breast, looked as sedate as it was in her power; but I thought the suppressed mirth would burst her little, plump, red cheeks.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Calvin, "I am very happy to meet you all again, and as my stay is short, I wish that all who desire to be directed into the straight path and narrow way would meet me this evening in Miss Garland's parlor—all who would flee from the wrath to come."

There was a hush all through the room as the last sentence was spoken, and a shadow seemed to fall upon us as we rose from the table; no words

were spoken, and we passed out silently, and with little noise. The coach was waiting at the door for my mother, and she bade me a hasty farewell. I went up to my room and sat down by the window. I have said it was a cold grey November day, there was no fire in the room, and neither stove nor chimney to be seen. I sat shivering, and wishing that I could see Willie or Charlie, or even Joe, one minute.

Before long Miss Crooks came in to put on a fresh collar, arrange her hair, and perfume her handkerchief with cologne from a small bottle, which she locked carefully in her trunk after using a few drops.

She seemed in good humor with herself, and disposed to be sociable, and even enlisted my services in arranging her collar and black bow. The latter gave her some annoyance because her dress was so high—"It troubled me all the time I was eating," she said. I suggested a brooch—yes, she said, that would be nice, but she had none. I offered her one of the two which I possessed, and when she saw how much better it looked than the large bow, she said she would borrow it just for once.

"Why, poor child!" said she, "how cold your hands are, and no wonder; it is cold here. Come with me to the study-room, and I will give you your seat there."

I followed her down one flight of stairs into a long, wide hall; on the right hand side a door stood open, and revealed a large room carpeted with a neat, homespun carpet, and furnished with two oblong tables, each running the length of the room, leaving space only to pass around them. These tables were covered with green flannel, and divided into squares by green worsted tape. The chairs in the room corresponded to the number of these squares. There was no other furniture save a stove in the centre of the room. The room was vacant now, and Miss Crooks ran her eye along the numbers on the squares and stopped at No. 9.

"L," she said, "this is it; it comes directly behind the door, but it is a quiet, cosy place—perhaps you will like it all the better; here is a drawer for your books; and you can sit here whenever you choose, whether it is study hours or not."

It was warm and pleasant here, and books were lying about, so that I was very glad to sit down in my little corner, and get accustomed to it before the evening study hours.

Miss Crooks disappeared, and I was left alone. As I said, the door was open, and I was behind the door. The hall was heated by a stove that stood at one end, and near a large, deep window. A group of girls were on the window-seat and around the stove, as I passed down, and I supposed they must have seen me. Perhaps they did, but thought I could not hear them in the study-room, for Miss Crooks had scarcely left me, when one of them said—

"Well, girls, what do you think of the new scholar, Bertha Lee?"

"I hardly know what to think of her," said one; "she aint handsome, and you can't call her homely, but she looked half frightened to death."

"I like her frock," said one; "it's real French thibet, and made sweetly; and what a splendid looking woman her mother is! I guess she's somebody."

"Well, now girls, I guess I know more about her than all the rest of you," said the lively Addie; "come, listen to me and I'll tell you something, but you must all promise never to tell as long as you live!"

"Tell us! tell us!" they all exclaimed, "you may be sure we'll never tell!"

"Look round, girls, and see if anybody is coming." "Not a soul round," said one; "Miss Crooks is entertaining Mr. Calvin, and the other teachers are out walking, and the servants are all at supper, so tell on quick."

"You see, girls, I am to recite Arabia to-morrow in geography class, and the teacher told me that I must tell her all about the country, and all about Mahomet, who lived and died there. There is not much in the geography about it, and Miss Garland is so good about letting us read her books, that I thought I would ask her if I might examine her library. She said yes, and I went in there; you know it is a little bit of a room opening out of hers, and no other door but that. Well, I suppose she forgot I was there, for it was n't three minutes after I went in, that Mrs. Lee came into the room, and took a seat close by the library door, and as she moved her chair the door closed. I could n't see then to read a word, and I did n't like to go out, so I sat still, not caring a fig to hear what they said; but after awhile I heard Mrs. Lee say—

"You can't imagine, madam, what a trial I have with that girl; she has an indomitable will, and needs a great deal of curbing; her father is disposed to be altogether too indulgent to her faults, and it will be necessary to hold a tight rein."

"Is she fond of study?"

"Yes, she likes her books well enough, especially if there is anything else to be done; but she is no genius. Her tastes are low, and at home she spends a great deal of time with the washer-woman, and with a poor, half-witted boy, that is dependent upon my husband for bread. We have a neighbor, also—a poor widow, good enough in herself, but with no position in society, who has one son, a year or two older than Bertha. Now, this boy and Bertha are great friends; it is an intimacy that must be broken up. The boy is old enough to choose his employment for life, and now is the time to crush this foolish friendship. He may write to her; but if any letter should come directed to Bertha, in a gentleman's handwriting, I wish you would open it. I



will write once a fortnight; her father will write with me; and, to save trouble for you, I will direct the letters. Here is a specimen of Mrs. Herbert's handwriting, which I wish you would preserve, as her son may write under cover of her hand; she is one of those foolish, fond mothers, who do not know that severity with children is often true kindness."

Miss Garland took the paper, and remarked that Miss Bertha would find a correspondence with gentlemen difficult to carry on at Rockford Seminary; and, moreover, that she must learn perfect submission to the rules of school. While they were talking, Miss Crooks came in, and asked Mrs. Leo if it was her daughter that had gone into the garden, "for," said she, "there is a young girl hoeing potatoes with old Mudgett, and I thought it was the same one that came in the coach with yourself."

"Likely as not it is her," said Mrs. Leo, "she is always doing something that other girls would not dream of doing."

Mrs. Garland laughed her pleasant little laugh, and requested Miss Crooks to go for Bertha, and then the ladies talked about Mr. Calvin—and Miss Garland says—He is my nephew, and comes occasionally to see me, and is a great help in making out bills, and posting my books. He is very zealous, as you perceive, and bids fair to be a powerful preacher; he always holds meetings when here, and by his pungent, powerful appeals to the conscience, is very effective in rousing the stupid."

"Yes, I see he is, for all the stubbornness and pride of Bertha's heart manifested itself when he was faithful to her. I hope it will not frighten him from his duty."

"No danger of that," said Miss Garland, "but come, we will adjourn to the parlor, where he will be happy to converse with you."

They both went out, and I had a chance to escape from my hiding-place; but I was so curious to see this little wicked imp, that I curled myself up on the window-seat, and watched for her and Miss Crooks to come in.

I did not have long to wait, for peeping over the stair railing, who should I see but the child herself, with face and hands dirty as a pig's nose and feet, following Miss Crooks to her room. She was weeping, and the tears made channels in her dirty face; I had to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth till they were out of hearing, it was so dull—but, poor thing, they do say she is to room with Crooks, a terrible punishment for all her misdeeds, is it not?"

"I shall have nothing to do with her," said one, "if she has such a low taste as to enjoy hoeing potatoes."

"I shall cut her decidedly," said another, "if she associates with washerwomen."

"If she is willful with her mother, she will be no company for me," said a prim little girl in the corner.

"I shall feel sorry for her," said Addie, "when she finds no letters for her from her boy-lover—poor girl, I know all about that, for Ned Wise, that lives at Green Hill, joining pa's plantation, said he reckoned he wrote me forty letters last year, and I never received one of them!"

During this conversation there was a pale girl, with light hair, dressed in a French calico frock, and seated on a stool, leaning her head against the wall, that had not spoken during the conversation. I could see her through the large crack in the door, and felt sorry for her, because she looked ill and sad.

"Girls," said she, and her voice was low and clear, and attracted the attention of the whole group, "has it occurred to you, that Mrs. Leo may not be Bertha's own mother? I was brought here by my step-mother, and it required a year of hard study, and of forbearance and long suffering to live down the prejudice excited by her remarks. I was a thoughtless child, full of faults, it is true, but faults over which an own mother would have spread the mantle of love, and veiled from stranger eyes. It may be so with Miss Leo—I thought as I looked into her eyes that I saw traces of similar suffering to that which I have known, and my heart warmed toward her."

[And here let me pause and address you, my dear friend, at whose request I have written this record of my school life. You can recognize yourself here, and recall the remark, but you never knew how soothingly it fell upon the poor, little bruised heart, that was yearning so much for sympathy. It was the confidence inspired then that has made me willing to open my heart to you in later years.]

School girls are swayed by the opinions of others, as the tender herbage is moved by the wind; and those words turned the current of feeling at once.

To myself I had felt hard and bitter while they were talking. Stung by a sense of injustice, seeing my false position, I was hopeless, despairing, and in a fair way to become very reckless; but those words touched me tenderly, and I laid my head on the table and wept.

"There, now!" said the impulsive Addie, "I wonder I did not think of that; how stupid! And I have no mother, either," and she choked, and sobbed, and laid her head on the shoulder of her companion and wept.

"I'll tell you what, girls, we will do; in the first place, find out if Mrs. Leo is Bertha's step-mother, and if so, we'll treat her kindly, and invite her to join our Secret Club, and if she is n't worthy, we can turn her out afterwards."

"And you, Anna, must find out for us."

To this they all agreed. Just then one of the girls, leaving her companions, came into the study-room for a book. I heard her step; I felt that she came near me, and then glided away; but I did not raise my head. A moment after, and there was a busy whispering in the hall, evidently a hurried consultation, which was interrupted by the sound of the gong, a noise which made me jump to my feet, and look around to see if the walls were falling down. But nothing occurred, save a gathering of girls in the study-room, and an orderly taking of the seats, until more than half of them were filled. The rest, I heard some one say, were gone to Mr. Calvin's meeting.

I was not required to learn lessons that first night, and staid in the study-room only a short time, enough to learn that we were seated here, as at table, and that the same girls were near me. There was Miss Lincoln with her serene face, the roguish Addie, my seatmate, Miss Lane, and one or two vacant seats which would be filled by those whom I had seen in the chairs of the same number at table.

I liked the quiet of the study-room; no one was allowed to whisper until the recess at eight o'clock. I took good care to go to my room before that time. I was weary with excitement, and very willingly retired to bed.

I must have slept an hour or more, when I was roused from my slumbers by the clock striking ten, and saw a light on the table, and my room-mate, Miss Crooks, sitting near and carefully gathering the torn fragments of Mr. Calvin's tract, which she wrapped in a paper and put in her trunk.

I did not wish her to think I was asleep, as I would not like her to deceive me in that way, and I asked her what time the girls retired.

"Every one is in bed by ten," said she, "and there must be no talking after you have lain down."

Of course I was left to my own thoughts.

#### CHAPTER XI. GETTING ACQUAINTED.

I shrunk from making my appearance at the breakfast table next morning. Little favor was to be expected from Miss Garland, already prepossessed against me; and I had no doubt that Addie's story had circulated by this time, through the house, notwithstanding her solemn charge, "Now, girls, do n't you tell, as long as you live!" School girls' promises to secrecy are like many promises to pay, at the present time—not very good negotiable paper.

The gong, that tremendous instrument of torture, (invented by the Chinese, it is said—a nation that sometimes punishes its criminals by noise, and terrible sounds, till insanity is produced,) called us all to the study-room, where Miss Garland read prayers, and from there we went to breakfast. As I passed out of the door, a young girl, the same who defended me the previous evening, came and drew my arm within hers, and said kindly—

"Miss Leo, as you are rooming with one of the teachers, you will have no one to walk with you in the morning; we are allowed a half-hour to walk, and if you will take me for a companion I shall be happy to go with you."

I was only too grateful to accept such an offer, and would have said more to her than the simple, "I would like to go with you," but at that moment I saw Mr. Calvin coming toward us, and I hastened to my seat before he came near enough to speak.

Anna looked a little surprised, and I was afraid she would think me rude; but I was more afraid that Mr. Calvin would ask me if I had listened to his tract.

We had griddle cakes for breakfast, an unusual treat, it would seem, from Addie's remark, "Oh dear, girls, aint you sorry Mr. Calvin is going this morning? we must eat dry bread to-morrow. See, see," she said, nudging her nearest neighbor—"what a heap of sugar and butter on the dish nearest Miss Crooks—you know who'll have those. Would n't Mr. Calvin like to eat mamma's cakes? she has heaps of cream and sugar. There now, it is too bad, there's no sugar on mine, only just on the top cake—never mind, I am provided," and she took from her pocket a huge lump of white sugar, which soon dissolved by the heat of her cakes. "I bought a pound yesterday," she said, "on purpose for Miss Crooks; poor soul, only look at her, she is eating crackers; she's afraid the cakes will not hold out. Such self-denial is worthy a greater reward. He takes all her good things as a matter of course, esteeming himself infinitely worthy."

While she was talking, her friend Miss Lincoln endeavored to catch her eye, but Addie rattled on very thoughtlessly, till she was brought to a sudden pause by the tinkle of a little bell, and Miss Garland said—"There is too much whispering at Miss Lincoln's table. I think I hear your voice altogether too often, Miss Addie Harper; you may exchange seats for to-day with Miss Crooks, and if there is not more quiet we must make the arrangement permanently."

Miss Lincoln looked grieved and mortified; she was an "assistant pupil," in other words a teacher without pay, receiving simply her board for a great deal of labor. Addie's bright eyes were full of roguery, as she rose to change her seat, and we knew Mr. Calvin's nice cakes would find more than one customer. As for Miss Crooks, her black eyes snapped angrily at Addie, and when she took her seat, it was like a cloud concealing a bright little star. We had a very silent meal, but I was much amused as I glanced now and then at Addie, to see how much she was enjoying the cakes which had been so nicely prepared for Mr. Calvin. Twice I heard her say, "I thank you for some more of those cakes," and Miss Crooks heard too, and looked unutterable things. At the close of the meal, Mr. Calvin made an exhortation upon these words—"A knowing the terrors of the law." His words had a strange power over me, and when he drew his pictures of suffering and torture, I trembled and could hardly refrain from groaning aloud.

I was glad to get out in the fresh, clear air of a bright frosty morning. My place was in the junior class, the same to which Addie Harper, my newly found friend Anna, and the group which had made me the subject of their remarks, belonged. We were under the special charge of Miss Lincoln, and took our walks under her superintendence.

I had put on my bonnet and shawl, and was waiting in the hall by the stove, for Miss Lincoln and the girls, when Miss Crooks came to me and said that I was wanted in Miss Garland's room. I obeyed reluctantly, and found Miss Garland and Mr. Calvin conversing together.

"I send for you at Mr. Calvin's request," Miss Garland said; "he wishes to converse with you upon the great interests of your soul."

I did not raise my eyes from the carpet after Mr. Calvin began to talk. I would not for worlds have caught his eye.

"I am going away," he said, "for some weeks; and I cannot leave one so obstinate in sin, so bound in the chains of Satan, without an exhortation to repentance. I promised your mother (a most rare and godly woman, who seeks your good,) that I would be faithful to you. You did not come to my meeting last evening, which shows that you are still hardened and rebellious, and to such I have no words of peace. There is no peace to the wicked till they turn from their evil ways and repent. With such a faithful monitor as your mother, your case will be harder than many others, and your punishment, like those of whom it was said, 'It will be better for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for you.' You are without excuse."

As he spoke I trembled so that I could hardly stand. I began to feel that I was doomed to eternal misery, and I saw no way of escape; but this feeling was mitigated a little by the remark which followed.

"Go on," he said, "and when the day of reckoning comes, you must be separated from your mother, your teachers, and those who, like myself, have warned you of coming wrath."

It was wrong, perhaps, but the idea of such separation carried some comfort with it.

"Now kneel," he said, "and I will pray for you." I did not move from my position, nor raise my eyes from the floor.

"Come here, my child," said Miss Garland, in a pleasant, persuasive voice; "kneel down here by me, and let Mr. Calvin pray for you. He is one of God's faithful ambassadors; you must not reject him." I obeyed her; but the prayer was lost in the tumult of my own feelings, and I must confess that I was regretting extremely the loss of my walk.

When Mr. Calvin had finished his prayer, he offered his hand, but with a strange perversity I did not give mine in return; it seemed to me, that our natures were so repellant that I could not return his apparent interest for my good. Opposites, I know in chemistry, often combine, but contraries repel, and as soda and acid cannot unite without effervescence, so I found my whole soul in commotion whenever this man came near me.

"My dear, Mr. Calvin wishes to bid you good-by; shake hands with him," said Miss Garland.

I must obey, but my little, cold hand lay very passively in his, as he held it, and said—

"When we meet again, I shall hope to find you a meek, submissive Christian."

I said nothing; but, as soon as released, sought my friends. They had all gone but Anna, who sat on the window-seat, reading the Pilgrim's Progress.

"They could n't wait for you," said she, "because they have only a half hour for walking, but we will go after school this afternoon; it will be warmer then. Come with me to my room—there are five minutes before the gong strikes for study-hours. Anna's room was very pleasant, being on the corner of the house, and lighted by two windows. She gave me a little rocking-chair, and took off my shawl."

"You look warm and flushed," said she, "and if Mr. Calvin has been talking to you, I can understand your feelings; here, let me bathe your head in cologne; I know it aches, it is so hot. Miss Lincoln says that Mr. Calvin is terribly in earnest in his religion; he is a good man, she says, but I think she is quite as earnest a Christian, only in a different way. You must get acquainted with her, and she will lead you to go good, in a gentle, loving way—don't drive you with goad and spur, like Mr. Calvin. Everybody loves Miss Lincoln, and I guess—but you must n't tell any body—that Mr. Calvin would give all he has in the world if she would only love him. He has written and written, and got down on his knees to her, but though she has shed gallons of tears about it, she'll never marry him in this world. She is my room-mate, but though she never talks about it, I guess out a great deal. Miss Garland does not like it very well, because Miss Lincoln refuses Mr. Calvin. He is her nephew, and she almost worships him, and poor Miss Lincoln is n't quite as much in favor with the Principal as she deserves to be. Do you know, Bertha, (I may call you Bertha, may I not?) that you look like Miss Lincoln?"

"Me look like her! You are making fun of me; she is so lovely in face and manner."

"Nevertheless, you would be like her very much, if you could only look calm and peaceful like her."

"But my step-mother always told me that I was very plain, and had no claim to beauty."

"Your step-mother! Ha! ha! Just as I said, and so Mrs. Leo is n't your own mother?"

"No, my own mother is in the grave," and here I broke down, and burst into tears; at which Anna said, "And so is mine," and she drew my head toward her till it rested upon her shoulder, and we wept together.

The school bell rung, and the long dreaded hour had come when I must make my appearance in the large hall, before all the school; but it seemed easier; a great mountain was removed out of the way now that I had a friend to go with me. The seminary building was situated a short distance from the boarding-house; and, as we went out of the door, we were joined by Addie, Miss Lane, and our teacher, Miss Lincoln. The term had commenced only a few days before, and the school was not yet full; and as new-comers arrived daily, there were a few minutes devoted each morning to recording their names. We had to go to the teacher's desk, record our names, while she read them aloud to the school.

It was not very pleasant to do so, especially as my seat was at some distance from the desk; and I felt my cheeks burn as I walked back, every eye turned upon me, and those words ringing in my ears, "Miss Bertha Leo, Oldbury, Mass." But Anna took my hand as I seated myself beside her, and I soon recovered from the shock. Then, after prayers, followed an exercise which amused and puzzled me exceedingly. "You may all rise," said the teacher. In a second all were on their feet. "Those who were in bed by ten o'clock last night, and had their light extinguished, may take their seats." Nearly all seated themselves, and the few that stood were called to the desk, where a private explanation took place. Again they were required to rise. "Those who were up and dressed by five o'clock this morning may take their seats." Again a few stood, and an explanation was demanded.

All rose again, as required. "Those who have not spoken evil of any person since yesterday morning may take their seats." A few stood—among the rest our friend Addie, who went to the teacher, and not having secretiveness largely developed, spoke in a whisper so loud that she was heard all over the room: "I said she was a greedy thing to eat so many sweetmeats and griddle-cakes." There was a smile on almost every face, which was only renewed as Miss Garland replied, "You must take care, my dear; we are very apt to see these faults in others of which we are most guilty ourselves."

Poor Addie's face was scarlet, and her pretty lips were in a full pout as she made her way back to her seat.

Again the school was up; and this time poor little Addie Clark's expression, "I am hungry all the time," was made plain.

"Those who have not eaten more than sixteen ounces of solid food, or drank more than twenty-four of liquid, may take their seats."

A few stood; and one, a fine-looking girl, some twenty years of age, with a form round and full as a Hebe, and a fair, bright face, walked to the desk, and she, too, like Addie, seemed to dislike the secrecy, and spoke in an audible whisper:—"I ate, ma'am, because I was hungry, and it is possible I ate more than sixteen ounces. I did not stop to reckon, and I do not like to do it. I eat what I wish, and never think of my food before or after a meal. If I did, I am sure I should not be as healthy as I am. I would like to be excused from the arrangement which requires us to calculate and measure our food!"

I could see that astonishment was depicted on the face of nearly every scholar at the audacity of Miss Brooks, and they waited almost breathlessly for the answer; but we were all unable to hear it, though it lasted some five minutes.

There was a slight flush on the cheeks of Miss Brooks as she returned to her seat, but a quiet dignity in her manner, as of one who would yield her opinion only for good and sufficient cause. There was nothing more said, and we passed on to other rules, till one hour was consumed in taking the record, and then division into classes followed. Now, for the first time, I began to feel reconciled to my lot and to my banishment from home.

Miss Lincoln was to be my teacher in a number of studies. Miss Crooks only in one—Arithmetic; the dry technicalities of which were very pleasing to her, and I had no doubt she would be very thorough in that, and in its sister study, Geometry, by the way she arranged matters in our room. Everything must be in straight lines. Hogarth's line of beauty was entirely unappreciated by her, and if a chair was left in any other position than with its back to the wall, it was very annoying to her sense of order. She did not like flowers in the room, because they made "litter," she said; nor boxes nor ornaments of any kind on shelf or table, for it took so much time to dust them.

My father sent me a little table with drawers, and a large bag attached to it, so that I gave up the other entirely to Miss Crooks, and the use of one of my drawers, on condition that I might have my work-box and other little keepsakes on my own table. My basket of oranges I shared with her; but I noticed that they disappeared just after breakfast, and I was confident that I saw something round and yellow peeping out of Mr. Calvin's coat pocket, when he knelt to pray in Miss Garland's room.

"What did Miss Garland say? What did she say?" "How dared you stand up all alone?" were the exclamations of a number of girls that grouped themselves round Miss Brooks at recess. Miss Brooks's pretty lip curled a little at the expression, "How dare you," and she replied, "Would I dare sit in such a case?"

"I have no objection," she added, "to telling you what Miss Garland said. It was simply that she was trying an experiment, and that she was very doubtful herself as to the propriety of it; but she hoped that I, being one of the older scholars, would not throw my influence in opposition to the teachers. She thought the general good required the experiment, and she had no doubt I would consult my own happiness by yielding for a few days, at least. Now, my own mind is made up upon the subject, and I do not approve of this experiment; but, for Miss Garland's sake, I will submit to it; and, therefore, to-morrow morning you will see me giving due account of the ounces of food I eat, and it shall not exceed sixteen, for I will have it carefully weighed by scales."

"That isn't at all necessary," said one of the girls; "we have had all the different kinds of food weighed, and we know now that we can eat two small biscuits and one cup of coffee for breakfast, a wee piece of meat, one large potatoe, and a half slice of bread, with a segment of boarding-house pie, which segment may be measured by the arc of a small circle—supper must be light."

"Thank you for your directions," said Miss Brooks, "but I shall use scales, and shall only be thankful if the experiment does not bring on the dyspepsia. I have a bachelor uncle, who being well, wanted to be better, and so went to dieting and measuring his food, and after every meal, he would sit down in a corner of the room away from any one, and would allow no one to speak to him, even on urgent business for half an hour, because he was digesting his food, he said. Poor man! he has lost health and peace of mind. But come, girls, let us have a game of ball!"

No one wanted to play ball, it was too hoydenish, they would rather sit and talk. Addie would like ball well enough, if it were not too hard work.

We were in school seven hours per day—from eight to twelve in the morning, and from two to five in the afternoon. At seven we entered the study room, and remained, with a short recess, until half past nine, and at ten we were all in bed. We were required also to study one hour before going to school in the morning. This made ten hours of mental labor every day, varied by the exercise of calisthenics, a few minutes, each daily session, and the privilege of a short walk either in the morning or evening.

The discipline was uniform and rigid, but the gentle, persuasive manners of Miss Garland were very effectual in bringing any refractory pupil to her way of thinking; but they were in fact the velvet glove and iron hand.

The second day was rainy, but the succeeding one was bright and sunny, one of those days that sometimes occur in November, making us half believe that summer has relented and come back to linger awhile longer. Addie, Anna and myself walked together after school hours up Heartbreak hill, and sitting down on a huge stone to watch the sunset, began to talk with all the freedom of school-girls. Addie told of her beautiful mother that died the year before, and how desolate her Southern home had been ever since. Her father had closed up all the rooms which she had frequented, sent Addie North to school, and was now himself in Europe.

"Mamma's" is the only one on the plantation that I care very much to see. The poor soul misses my mother and myself sadly—you dear child, she says when I came away, 'who will make honey cakes and rusk for you? You'll jes pine away in that ar cold country, and your poor old mamma will go to the grave mourning.'

I used to read the Bible to her every day, and that morning she asked me to read the story of Joseph to her. My father came in while I was reading, and I can see the dear, good, fat creature now, sitting in her arm chair, and looking up to my father, her hands clasped—Oh! Massa James, Joseph's not, and will ye take Benjamin also?"

Pa stopped—the tears came into his eyes; he too was going away that morning with me, not to return for some years. 'Mamma' had been his nurse in his infancy, and was very dear to him. 'Will you not miss me too, mamma?'

"Oh, Massa James, you know you're the light of my eyes, and when you're gone poor mamma walks darkly, but you're not like the poor lamb that has lost its mother, but God will bless you, honey," she said, "for the sake of my dear young missus in heaven, and let Mamma June bless you too." I knelt down and she put her hand on my head, and said, "God bless you, honey, and keep the dear child in all his good ways."

"Will you bless me too, mamma?" said my father.

er, and he knelt down at her side, while she laid her old withered hands on his head, and said, "God in heaven bless my dear young master, and make him like Abraham in the holy book, that served God with all his household, and had a posterity like the sands of the sea."

I never loved my father," said Addie, "so well as when I saw him kneeling there. I wish you could see him, girls; he is the handsomest man in Sullivan county—here is his picture, but it isn't half as handsome as he is, and she drew a miniature from her bosom and showed to us. It was a beautiful head, crowned with brown curly hair, and the face was handsome, though the lines around the mouth indicated the least bit of a tendency to indolent ease. "Sad as pa felt," said she, there was a little quiver of his mouth, and a deeper dimple in his cheek when mamma wished his posterity might be like the sands of the sea. Poor little I am his only child, but mamma has thirty or forty grandchildren, and she is very proud of her posterity. Oh girls! how I wish we had mamma here to make goodies for us!"

When Addie stopped talking to take breath, Anna asked me to tell her about my mother, which I did, only regretting that I could not tell more.

"And about that half-witted boy that your mother told Miss Garland about," said Addie.

I told them all Joe's story, just as Auntie Towle had related to me, and the girls could n't help weeping when I came to the part where Pine Hilgins abused the little boy.

"The poor, dear soul!" said Addie, "I wish I could see him—how mamma would pet him."

"Don't forget to tell us about the widow's son," said Anna, "that you like so well, and that your mother thinks so unworthy of you as a companion."

Addie's eyes sparkled, and her round plump face was full of fun when I told of reading his notes during my confinement to my room, and told her of his hiding behind the chimney.

"You must not let him come here, Bertha, or I shall certainly steal him from you. Heigho! he's the man for me! But how will you live without his promised letters? Our Secret Club must take this matter under consideration, Anna."

We all yearn for sympathy, and perhaps none more so than young girls sent from home to a large boarding school. The associations formed there affect the character for life, and mothers should beware how they trust their loved ones in such a miscellaneous gathering.

It was fortunate for me, perhaps, that Rockford Seminary was so well governed by rigid but conscientious teachers. It was a great alleviation to my home-sickness to find sympathy and friendship—at least, what school-girls call friendship—which is generally a sudden falling in love, and sometimes as sudden a falling out of it.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

CASPER HAUSER.

BY G. L. BURNESIDE.

On the still lake of Averno sleep and dream,  
My dearest love—I come to thy embrace;  
The arched swans have left their silent stream,  
And seek the beauty of this sunlit place.  
His castle crowns the summit of the hill,  
Who spent his early years in dungeon's gloom—  
Poor Casper Hauser! let him have his fill  
Of all he sighed for in his living tomb.

By the sweet lake of Averno dream in sleep,  
And I will come in more than dreams to thee;  
For I have found an alchemy so deep  
That all the solid spheres will part and flee.  
Our love will not disturb the silent swan  
That swims on rippled Averno in her grace;  
And Casper Hauser will look out upon  
The beauty that surrounds his dwelling place.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE STORM-SPIRIT.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

BY OLIVER C. COOPER.

As pretty a little craft as ever danced over blue water, was the bark Arrow; and besides being of faultless proportions with regard to structure, she was a capital "sea-bat," and a fast sailer. Give her the wind three or four points free, and she was off like a race-horse; brace her sharp up, and she would run right into the wind's eye.

On the occasion of which I write, the Arrow was on a passage from Boston to Malaga. We had been out about fourteen days, and had become pretty well accustomed to the bark and to the peculiarities of our officers—who, by the way, proved clever fellows, and treated us well—when, one evening in the last dog-watch, it was proposed by some one that Tom Brown, inasmuch as he was the oldest and most knowing man in the fore-castle, should spin us a yarn. This proposition was earnestly seconded by us all; and those who had their watch on deck, gathered around the fore-castle door, one keeping an eye on the movements of the officer of the deck. Tom, finding himself thus summarily called upon for a yarn, took his pipe from his mouth, and placing therein a piece of "pig tail" that would have astonished a new beginner in the art of chewing the "vulgar Indian weed," he exclaimed—

"Well, shipmates, I don't mind if I do tell you a little story concerning a passage I once made from the East Indies. I have often spun the same yarn to my shipmates in former voyages; and as it is different from most salt water stories, and true, too, every word of it, it may interest you."

Saying this, Tom relieved his mouth of an astonishing quantity of tobacco juice, gazed abstractedly at the lamp, swinging with the motion of the vessel, over his head, for a moment, and then commenced—

"About ten years ago, I found myself ashore in Calcutta, with very little 'shot in my locker,' and prospects of getting a ship for home rather dubious. One morning, however, after having been ashore about three weeks, my landlord informed me that there was an American ship in port, bound home, and expecting to sail in two or three days. This was just the chance I wanted, and therefore, after eating a little breakfast, I shaped my course for the wharf at which I was told the Rodney was lying. I found only the mate on board, and he told me to call next morning, when the skipper would be aboard, and he had no doubt, would ship me. Accordingly, next day, at the appointed hour, I was again on the deck of the Rodney, saw her captain, and, after a short talk, signed the articles. There was a strangeness in this man's appearance that I noticed when I first set eyes on him. He was a large man, and had bright black eyes, which, during the time I was in his presence, did not seem to rest on one object a single second. I did n't more than half like his looks, any way; and if I had n't been anxious to get



I accidentally heard, before I shipped again, the Captain Brady had been placed in a lunatic asylum. My next voyage was to Liverpool; and after arriving there I came across a chap who was in the Rodney on her passage out to Calcutta. And he told me that among her crew was a boy, about twenty years old, whom the captain had picked up in New York; and that one night, during a heavy gale at Cape Good Hope, (the ship being in the same longitude as when we saw the bird,) and while the boat was on the lookout forward—the rest of the boat being ast—the old man came on deck, in bad humor, and after jawling the second mate awhile, for some fancied negligence on his part, walked forward; and soon after they heard an awful shriek, and when they were inquiring among themselves the cause of it, the captain came aft, and asked where the boy was. They searched for him, but he could not be found about the ship! After that night, he said Captain Brady appeared restless and uneasy, and seldom came on deck after dark, and when he did never went forward of the mainmast! He also told me that the crew made up their minds that the captain found the boy asleep on his lookout, when he went forward that night, and threw him overboard.

At the conclusion of Tom Brown's narrative, some others related their experiences in haunted ships; and all finally came to the conclusion that Tom's ideas of spirits returning after death were very plausible, and not to be sneered at in the manner in which many people were accustomed to greet such beliefs.

## THOUGHTS ON THE GREAT CHANGE.

BY N. ORRISON

When the fixed eye grows dim  
And to thy trembling brim  
Is filled the cup of life,  
Aid me, ye spirits dead,  
If ye but hover near,  
Through the last mortal strife.

When from its robes of clay  
The spirit breaks away,  
'Mid scenes all strange and now,  
Greet me, ye angel bands,  
That through the spirit lands—  
Lost friends, I come to you.

When o'er the lifeless clod  
Is heaped at last the sod,  
If tears for me are shed,  
Let my immortal part  
Whisper each aching heart—  
The lost one is not dead.

## EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,  
September 4th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD

However, I will not anticipate the order of thoughts and emotion unfolded in the passage before us. What I wish particularly to say is this, that it appears to me that the statement set forth in the text not only preclaims one of the constituent elements, the primary elements, of the church universal, but it may be considered in itself as the formula of true religious thought and feeling, respecting this primary and fundamental truth of all, respecting God. It sets forth a comprehensive creed for the intellect, in which each and every one of the central truths fully brought out and set forth by our Saviour, is contained; and, thus, checking any tendency to extremes of thought; and then, in the second place, it unfolds a graduated scale for the development of religious life in the soul, so far, at least, as it depends upon the thought of God. I will not stop at each point of my remarks to illustrate this statement in detail. I cannot follow just this order of development in thought. Yet it is with this in view that I ask you consider for a few minutes the different propositions in the apostle's declaration.

In the first place there is one God. Now here is set forth a truth, which is opposed to Atheism on the one hand, and opposed on the other to Idolatry. This first step most certainly in the ordering of religious life, and in the generation of religious life, would, and in the first step, and perhaps you would think, would all, say, be necessary first of all to clear the mind of all unbelief and denial respecting God. Let me say, my friends, I do not think this is the first step, for by this you would imply that Atheism is an unnatural condition of the human mind, and which it is to be cleared away, it is to be cleared away,

Therefore, it is another truth not only in the order of religious thought, but of religious life, to come to believe there is one God. Our business, our pleasure, our ambitions, all to be regulated by the belief in one God; all to be a way to that. The first step is to believe that there is a God; and then there is the other step to believe that there is one God who is supreme. Let us pass on to the next proposition, "One God, One Father of all." I have already dwelt a little upon this. I have shown you the importance and glory of this truth, as added to the original conception of a God. Yet it is so important and so essential that we must look at it a little further. The truth of one God, the deduction of natural religion. The truth of God, the father, is the unfolding of revelation. It is the gift of Christianity in its broad spiritual sense. People, before Christ, may have spoken of a Father. The word may have been used; but the truth revealed behind the word, the essence of the thing, is the doctrine of revealed religion and Christianity. It is not a truth that the reason of man could draw out of itself, but because it did not do it; and I argue that what men did not do in the ages before Christ, natural reason could not do now. Man has an apparatus for living that he had not before Christ; he has means of locomotion, and thousands of utensils in civilization that he had not then. But I do not suppose that he has as much more power to inquire into the great secrets of the universe than he ever had; I do not think he does it much successfully. I think if we go back to the simple ground of natural religion, we again fall back upon the old Heathen thinkers, and find all the truths contained in their elaborate discoveries and propoitions, and, therefore, I say that if the reason of man had not then found out the great truth of the doctrine of God, the Father of all, before Christ, I have no reason to

O, how thankful I am that the great truth of the Gospel is not a hard thing, at least, to conceive of! It is not a particular idea, or abstract proposition, which a philosopher only can comprehend. I think you may doubt the authenticity of any creed, of any faith, which requires you to be a philosopher before you can understand it—any creed which is so metaphysical that the common mind cannot receive it. That is the great objection to Calvinism. Before you can comprehend the scheme of salvation of that Church, you must become a man of considerable intellect. But the central truth of God the Father—a child can take it in. Sometimes when I stand by the dying bed, the ear is growing deaf from the booming waves of eternity, so that but a few words here and there can reach it; but I can still tell one plank to the dying man, "One God, One Father, and with that he takes the sweep of the sea of eternity. There is a great Father to be worshipped in the heart of man. Some men believe this for themselves. There is not the Christian doctrine; you must go further than that: it is one God, the Father of all. When you pray "Our Father," remember it does not mean your Father or especially, but *our* Father, the Father of all humanity.

I cannot stop to dwell upon the distinct results that grow out of this, and show you the social duties it involves, but merely repeat that in it is the power of the gospel; and if it is realized, it makes no odds by what method it is realized. Some men may realize it in the terrors of convulsions, like those which are passing over Ireland now, and have been in this country. They may get the idea of God the Father in that way. Others may take it in calm meditation. But one gets it; that is the great thing to be sought after. Here is the grand distinction. All men, however low, who love and venerate God, will realize the words, "Our Father," and before this fact all outward distinctions shrink.

This, my friends, is indeed but a crude unfolding of the text brought before you to-day, under whose light you come again to this place of familiar worship. What a creed it is for the intellect! What a scale of standard it is for the heart and life! How necessary to all action in the world; how necessary to all religious life in itself; for we cannot understand the meaning of "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," until we get this. And yet I feel how inadequate all utterance is; how short the measuring lines of emotion. Oh, to get into the truth of these great words. Oh, let that truth lodge in your minds; hold it to your hearts until it permeates the whole of your nature. Think of it; pray over it; act upon it: "One God, one Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

THE WEARY HEART WITH ANGUISH  
RIVEN.

**Messrs. Editors.**—The following lines were written through my instrumentality, for Mrs. Susan Walker, of Portland, Me., by the spirit of James Whitman. If you will insert it, you will confer a favor on the spirit friends of Mrs. Walker. I wish it understood that I do not give communications to any one—this one excepted—neither written nor oral.

Respectfully yours, W. H. NUTTER.

The weary heart with anguish riven,  
Turns its languid eye to God,  
From whom it seeks the balm of heaven,  
And strength to bear its heavy load.

Wearv pilgrim, shelter seeking  
From the scorching, withering blast,  
That pursues thee through life's journey,  
Heaven shall end thy tolls at last.

Here shalt find that peace and comfort  
Thou hast sought so long on earth:  
Here shalt join in songs of transport,  
Praises of the second birth.

Weary pilgrim, doubt no longer;  
 Spirits visit thee each day—  
 And with love will make thee stronger  
 To pursue thy onward way.

Doubt no more the hand that guides thee  
Through the varied scenes of life;  
Doubt no more the power that shields thee  
Mid the hours of gloomy strife.

Angel bands surround thee ever,  
Sweetly whispering in thy ear  
Dulcet strains of music—ever  
Bidding thee be of good cheer.

Loving ones, whom thou hast cherished  
Fondly in thy heart for years,  
As the lost—perhaps the perished—  
Come to banish all thy fears.

Lo! we come with love to greet thee,  
As, in brighter days of yore,  
We with joy were wont to meet thee,  
Breathing forth love's richest lore.

Then doubt no more our presence, pilgrim—  
Doubt no more our constant aid ;  
We will, with love's radiance, pilgrim,  
Banish every gloomy shade.

103 Pleasant street, Boston, Aug. 27th, 1859.







## Analysis of the Croton.

In a great city there are many causes of popular excitement besides those of the spirit that rise in undefined and vapory forms from the vasty deep of the distillery, or that escape from Custom House bonds. The last new fashion in the world of the late arrival of the cats in the adjoining yard; the want of Meyer's Chemical Extremist in the bested; the mosquitoes in the room; or "that blessed baby," may disturb the peace and keep half the town awake.

Hitherto there has been a very common cause of excitement, but about these days it seems likely to take the lead. (The two elements never did agree.) Something was in the Croton pipes, (of course there was.) Every one wanted to know what it was; but no one could tell. At length Dr. Chilton made a chemical analysis, and found that the pipes contained water! Professor Torrey boiled the water, but only succeeded in cooking his greens and a few "small fry" (animalcules). But one of our friends Shilaburn's microscopes revealed the whole secret in less time than Chilton and Torrey were employed in filling "the demijohns" and boiling their fish. The microscopic analysis showed that, with a single glass of the Croton, we swallow several large farms, bearing immense crops of vegetables, (the crops are large this season,) together with vast flocks and herds that graze in the watered pastures, or raminate in the cool shades of the impenetrable forests of Damidia.

Now we may educate the mind through the eye, and any one who wants to see for himself precisely what the Croton water pipes are filled with, must go down to Shilaburn, 300 Broadway, up stairs, and obtain one of his instruments. No one can have the least idea of the extent of his possessions until he looks himself over through Mr. Shilaburn's glasses. Those who are presumed to be destitute of brains may by this means demonstrate to the world that there is something in their heads; and even those who have suspected that their pockets were empty, will, by a careful inspection, be able to disclose something besides their ordinary "small change."

Seriously, our honest German friend is one of the most ingenious artisans in New York, and will furnish any kind of an instrument that may serve to sharpen the vision of his patrons, at a less price than the same can be obtained elsewhere. Neither his finest spectacles, the best opera glass, nor even the most powerful microscope, will ever show that Shilaburn takes the least unfair advantage of his customers.

## National Agricultural Exhibition.

The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the National Agricultural Society takes place during the current week, beginning on Monday and terminating on Saturday. The accounts say that it promises to be the most successful exhibition of the kind yet held. Six large structures have been erected on the grounds for a floral hall, a mechanics' hall, a fine arts hall, and for the display of agricultural implements, farm products and domestic manufactures. The railroad companies will carry free of charge articles and animals intended for exhibition, and will transport passengers to and from half the usual rates of fare. There are to be one hundred and twenty-five premiums distributed, amounting in aggregate value to twenty thousand dollars, and applicable to cattle, horses and mules, sheep and swine, poultry and game, farm and garden products, implements and agricultural arts, science and literature. Besides these there are special premiums offered by citizens and associations, among them being a thousand dollars for the best trotting horse.

## The Bible in the Schools.

There is trouble again over this exciting topic in the New York schools, and the settlement of the difficulties seems as far off as ever. Last June, the Board of Education passed a resolution requiring the daily recitation of the schools under their jurisdiction to be opened with the reading of the Scriptures, the resolution to take effect on the 1st of August; but as vacation intervened, it could not become operative until the first Monday in September. On the other side, certain local Boards of Trustees have directed the teachers to open the schools as they did before the resolution of the Board of Education was passed. The condition of the teachers is therefore perplexing in the extreme; they lose their pay if they refuse to obey the one Board, and their places, if they refuse to obey the other. Such a state of things cannot advance the true interests of education, and the Legislature of the State must step in to direct the teachers where their allegiance lies. Thus a question of ecclesiasticalism is dragged into our politics.

## Military Operations.

The Concord Encampment, during three days of last week, was a great affair, in its own way. Some six thousand troops were in Massachusetts—turned out, and were commanded by Governor Banks in person, who remained in the camp during the entire proceedings. The show was a most imposing one, attracting visitors in any number, both from home and abroad. On Wednesday the entire force marched around the monument erected to the memory of the first defenders of American liberty, and cheered the shaft, a brigade at a time. Major Porter's Rifle Battalion, however, declined to obey the order, alleging that it was not laid down anywhere as a military maneuver in "Scott's Tactics." Several pictures were made of the camp scenes for pictorial papers, with which the public will be duly entertained in the course of the present week.

## Judge Douglas's Platform.

In a recent speech at Columbus, Ohio, Senator Douglas thus announced his political position:

"Maintain the doctrine of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, and the Union is safe. Stand by that doctrine, and the country will prosper; all sections will be contented, and territorial expansion is certain. Expansion is a necessity of our national existence, and our destiny is, sooner or later, to spread our institutions over the entire continent, Cuba, Central America, Mexico, and all the islands adjacent to us, will in time be ours, and this will be as it should, 'an ocean-bound republic.' The democratic party is the only party which recognizes the equality of the States, and the right of the people to exercise all the rights, privileges and immunities of self-government. I stand firmly by the democratic platform of 1833. I want no new plank, and no new pillars to strengthen or uphold it. I stand upon the platform and carry the democratic banner. Let the nominees of the Charleston Convention take the same position. Put him on that platform, and give him the old democratic banner, with all its glorious memories clustering around it, and the democracy will march to a glorious victory in 1860."

## "God in his Providence."

We understand that a new work, by Rev. Woodbury W. Fernald, is about to appear with the above title. We are authorized to expect a very thorough treatise, taking up the subject in all its great branches, and presenting both the Philosophy and the Practical Application of it. Though grounded in New Church principles, yet from what we know of the author and his plan, it will not be a technical or sectarian book, but one of popular character, and destined probably to a very wide circulation. We shall await its appearance with much interest. It will be about four hundred pages, published in Boston, and will be out in October.

## The Millionaires.

A well-known banker in Wall street, New York, said, some time ago, that he could not then count over twenty-five men in that city who were millionaires; many he found to come near the mark, say worth five or eight hundred thousand dollars, but not more than twenty-five whose property was worth a million. No doubt the number has increased perhaps double since; but as is not gold that glitters, it is not every so-called millionaire that owns a million of dollars.

## Meetings in Boston.

Ordway Hall will be opened for Sunday services, by Dr. Gardner, the first Sabbath in October. Meetings will be continued in this place until the Committee, who have in consideration the plan of free meetings, shall secure one at the two new halls which are now being built. Lizzie Doten is engaged during the month of October; it is expected that S. J. Finney will occupy the desk during the month of November, and Mrs. Spence will speak every Sabbath in December.

## To our Readers.

We now propose to furnish new subscribers with both the BANNER OF LIGHT and the WORKING FARMER for Two Dollars per annum. The WORKING FARMER is strictly an Agricultural paper, edited by Prof. Jas. J. Mapes and assistants. Its advertisement in our present number will furnish particulars. By this arrangement our friends in agricultural districts may save one dollar in the cost of the two papers. If

## Mrs. Hatch.

Corra L. V. Hatch will speak at Music Hall, September 18th and 25th, at 3 1/2 o'clock, P. M.  
Mr. Parker's Society occupy the Hall in the morning, hence Mrs. H. will speak but once each day.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## VERMONT STATE SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of the State of Vermont met, pursuant to the call, at South Royalton, Friday, September 20, at 7 P. M., and was called to order by D. P. Wilder, who was elected President pro tem; and, on motion, it was resolved that no formal organization take place until Saturday morning. The afternoon was taken up in a mutual interchange of thought, and the relation of experience by the members of the Convention. In the evening, a discourse was given through Mrs. M. A. Townsend, of Bridgewater, Vt.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20.

Convention met, and formally organized by electing—  
President—John Landon, Rutland, Vt.  
Vice Presidents—William Noble, Bennington; Charles Walker, Bridgewater; J. Rogers, Bethel; Mrs. Mary Lamb, Bridgewater; D. P. Wilder, Plymouth; Miss Lucia Raymond, Woodstock; A. T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Jane Hunter, South Royalton, Vt.  
Secretaries—S. B. Nichols, Burlington; Newman Weeks, Rutland.

The opening discourse was given by A. T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H. Subject—"The Authority of the Human Soul as developed in Human Reason;" which able and philosophical discourse was listened to with much attention by the large assemblage.

John Landon read a letter from Bro. John Beeson, agent of the American Indian Aid Association, appealing for sympathy for the Red Men, which letter was referred to a select committee, consisting of S. B. Nichols, Mrs. M. A. Townsend and J. Rogers, who made the following report:—

Resolved, That we earnestly ask our Senators and Representatives to use all their influence in the Congress of the United States, for the enacting of a law setting apart a portion of the public domain for the homes of the remaining tribes of the forest, where they can be unmolested and peacefully enjoy life, liberty and happiness, and that the government cease all military operations against them.

Resolved, That the Secretaries of this Convention be directed to forward a copy of the above resolution to each of our Senators and Representatives to the Congress of the United States.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathize with our brother, John Beeson, in his noble efforts in behalf of the American Indians, and trust ere long that he will meet with full success in his labors.

These resolutions were passed by the Convention.  
S. B. Nichols introduced the following "Declarations of Sentiments," being nearly the same as recently adopted at the Plymouth Convention in Massachusetts, for adoption by the Convention, which, after being read, were laid on the table, to be called up for future discussion and adoption:—

## EXPRESSION OF SENTIMENTS.

"While this Convention claims no authority to construct a creed for Spiritualists, or to adopt tests of fellowship for any sectarian purpose, yet in view of the manifold mistakes and persistent misrepresentations of Anti-Spiritualists, both in public and in private, in press and in pulpit, its members feel called upon to exercise the manifest right of defining their own position, and setting forth their own sentiments in so far as they profess to have any agreement. We therefore adopt the following statement as representing the views of this Convention on the topics therein specified:

First. *Who are Spiritualists?*—We recognize as Spiritualists, according to the now common use of the term, all who hold to the one fact, that human spirits have a conscious personal existence after the death of their physical bodies, and can and do communicate to those in the body, under suitable conditions. Beyond this, on questions of philosophy, morals, theology, reform, etc., we profess no full agreement, and take no responsibility for each other's opinions or acts. We expect to see alike in those matters only as we arrive at like states of mental and spiritual growth. Nevertheless, we regard ourselves entitled to the name of Spiritualists in the full sense, only as we adopt and practice sentiments which are truly spiritual in their nature and tendency—that is, refined, purifying and elevating.

Second. *What is Spiritualism?*—In its modern and restricted sense, Spiritualism may mean nothing more than the mere fact of spirit existence and intercourse. But it is also applied to a system of philosophy or religion, based upon this cardinal fact. When thus applied, we would do the term as follows: It embraces all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny; also, all that is known, or to be known, relative to other spiritual beings, and to the occult forces and laws of the universe. It is thus catholic, and all comprehensive. We deem this department of truth to be but partially understood by even the most capacious minds on earth; and hence wide differences of opinion exist among Spiritualists as to its details. Each individual is expected to form his or her own conclusions, according to the evidences presented to the individual mind. In accepting modern evidences bearing on this subject, we do not necessarily reject the ancient. Hence it is no part of Spiritualism to deny the truth or authority of the Bible—each Spiritualist being at liberty to place his own estimate upon the value of that, and all other ancient records. Spiritualism, therefore, should not be confounded with the Harmonical Philosophy, so-called, of Andrew Jackson Davis; nor with the Philosophy of Dr. Hare; nor with the individual theories of any other writer, however prominent among Spiritualists; nor even with the teachings of disembodied spirits themselves, inasmuch as these appear to differ as widely in their opinions as do spirits in the body. None of these are recognized by us as authoritative teachers, though each may have some truth, and that truth belong to Spiritualism. But while we undertake not to define Spiritualism in all its details, we yet agree in affirming that its grand, practical aim, is the quickening and unfolding of the spiritual or divine nature in man, to the end that the animal and selfish nature shall be overcome, and all evil and disorderly affections sorted out—in other words, that the work of the flesh may be supplanted in each individual by the fruits of the spirit, and thus humanity become a brotherhood, and God's will be done upon the earth as it is done in the heavens. Hence we emphatically declare that no theory or practice which tends to abrogate moral distinctions, to weaken the sense of personal responsibility, or give a loose rein to animal desire, by whomsoever taught or received, can with any propriety be considered a part of Spiritualism.

Third. *Relation of Spiritualism to Specific Reforms.*—Since man's spiritual welfare, in this and the after life, is intimately connected with his conduct, his habits, his occupation and surroundings, as well as his beliefs and motives of life, we recognize all questions of Human Development and Practical Reform, as legitimately embraced in Spiritualism. Hence, as earnest and consistent Spiritualists we cannot fail to take well-directed efforts for such objects as the following:—

1st. Physiological reform in general—including temperance, dietetics, and tobacco, and dress reform—to the end that our bodies may be made the fit and useful habitations of the Spirit.

2d. Educational reform—that body, mind and spirit may be unfolded, healthfully and harmoniously, in accordance with their own laws, and by the use of the most enlightened methods.

3d. Parentage reform—that every child may be secured its right to a healthful and well balanced organism, and an introduction to life under favorable conditions.

4th. The emancipation of women from all legal and social disabilities—that she may fulfill the noblest mission, and be fitted to become the mother of noble offspring, as she cannot while a menial or a slave.

5th. The abolition of all slavery—whether chattel, civil, mental or spiritual—because freedom is the birth-right of man, and the indispensable condition of his best development.

6th. The establishment of universal peace—because contention, violence and bloodshed are the offspring of animalism—contrary to the dictates of brotherhood, and opposed to man's spiritual progress.

7th. Theological and ecclesiastical reform—because belief in error, and subject to authority, are unfriendly to human progress.

8th. Social reform and reorganization on the principles of a brotherhood—because the present antagonistic and selfish relations of society are avers to man's highest welfare, and fall to meet the wants of his unfolding spiritual nature.

9th. In every other effort, general and specific, which commends itself to our individual judgment as tending to elevate and spiritualize mankind.

Fourth. *Organization.*—While we would carefully avoid combinations for any improper purpose—such as limiting individual freedom, controlling each other's opinion, or avoiding personal responsibility, yet we affirm the propriety and desirableness of association on the part of those who agree for the promotion of any proper object in which they feel mutually interested. Among the objects which may be named, are those affording mutual aid and encouragement in the true life, promoting friendly and fraternal intercourse and interest in each other's welfare, and co-operating for the support of public meetings.

In the afternoon, the Convention listened to discourses through Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Pratt.  
The Declaration of Sentiments, taken up from the table, was passed by a large majority of the Convention; but as some felt a desire to speak upon them, the vote was reconsidered, and after passing the following resolution, the Convention adjourned until 6 P. M.

Resolved, That this Convention return their hearty thanks to Bro. A. T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H., for the very able and instructive discourse given us to-day, and that we bid him God-speed in his labors in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed.

Mrs. F. O. Hizer opened the evening meeting by improvising a beautiful song—after which she spoke ably in favor of the adoption of the Declaration of Sentiments; these were discussed ably on both sides, and subsequently passed.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st.

The church not being able to hold half of the large congregation, the Convention went to the grove, and listened to a discourse through Austin E. Simmons, on "The Present and Future of Spiritualism," which discourse seemed just what was needed.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Townsend spoke again on "Woman—her mission and duties—after which Mrs. F. O. Hizer spoke upon "Freedom of Love, and Love of Freedom," which discourse was able, argumentative and philosophical, and cannot fail to do much good.

The Convention voted to meet at its next annual Convention, at South Royalton, on the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday of August, 1860, and appointed the following Committee of Arrangements to issue a call for the next Annual Convention—Newman Weeks, Rutland; Austin E. Simmons, Woodstock; S. B. Nichols, Burlington; D. P. Wilder, Plymouth; Charles G. Townsend, Bridgewater.

To this Committee were left the arrangements of locating the quarterly conference meetings—the first of which will be held at Rockingham, if the friends desire.

There were but few friends present from out of the State, but a good representation within its borders. A good and harmonious feeling existed all through the Convention, and all seemed desirous of more effectively carrying the "faith of Spiritualism" into the practical workings of human life. The discourses through the various media were practical in their nature, and it is felt that the seed thus sown will bring forth good fruit.

The following letter from our sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, was read at the Convention:—

Oswego, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1859.

DEAR GREEN MOUNTAIN FRIENDS:—You have met again for your Annual Convention, and for the first time, I am not with you. During the last five years I have never before been absent, and the gathering of familiar faces and the voices from our spirit friends have given me new strength to go forth again in the great field of labor appointed me. But I am glad that others may meet and partake, though I am away; and may this Convention be one long to be remembered for its harmony, its strength of thought, and its new resolves for higher and nobler action for the future. Even now I seem to see the trees in that consecrated grove wave their green leaves and bow their crowned heads, beckoning me to come; and hear the wind, stealing through their branches, seeming to say, "Wanderer, return!" And I see gathered around hundreds of familiar faces, that but to think upon makes my eyes grow dim, here in this new home, and among friends that a few months ago were strangers. But I will not dwell upon this, but rather tell you that my time thus far in my absence seems not all to have been vain. I found much interest in Oswego when I came here two months ago, and I can say, at least, that I leave not less than I found. Next Sunday I go to Ogdensburg, Binghamton, and other places in this State; and then leave for the West, stopping at Terre Haute, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, &c. I think it doubtful if I see New England, until it is again clothed in its robe of green. Till then my God's choicest blessings be with you all, and his angels keep and comfort you; and sometimes, when the long hours of winter come, and you are gathered peacefully to your homes, whisper a prayer in your hearts for one who is wandering among strangers, striving to do the will of the Father, and when that work is done, will return, like a weary bird, to see again the greenwood home. Once more, God be with you all, and, though invisible, shall I not be remembered with the rest of the invisible spirits who meet you there, been vain. With much love,

A. W. SPRAGUE.

Mrs. Hizer, Mrs. Townsend, and other friends furnished the Convention with song and music improvised for the occasion. The Convention were received cordially by the people of South Royalton. Mr. Woodward, the attentive and obliging landlord, did all he could to make his guests comfortable, and all of the members went to their several homes feeling better and happier.

Yours, &amp;c. S. B. NICHOLS.

## Emma Hardinge in New Brighton, Pa.

Editors of the Banner of Light:—  
GENTLEMEN:—It will be utterly impossible for us to find language to convey to you an adequate idea of the sensation produced by the advent among us of this brilliant luminary of the higher spheres—unlike the bright meteor that flits athwart the zenith, dazzling our eyes for the moment, then leaving us in a darkness more oppressive and gloomy from the contrast, but rather like the genial rays of the sun, that not only glides the face of nature with resplendent beauty, but leaves a fruitfully influence, both substantial and useful.

From the high position this celebrated medium occupies as an able and eloquent advocate of the spiritual philosophy—the flattering encomiums of the secular press, partially prepared a few of us to anticipate a rich feast; but when the flood-gates of more than mortal eloquence were opened upon before us, literally overwhelming us with angelic inspiration, we could but exclaim, with the Queen of Sheba, that "the half was not told us."

Her subject on the first evening (Aug. 31st) was, "What is Spiritualism?" The audience was respectable, both in numbers, and intelligence, whose rapt attention evinced their appreciation of the manner in which the theme was discussed. Never have we seen subjects so rationally at variance with the preconceived opinions of the large majority, present, so cheerfully acquiesced in. Nothing was said, calculated to shock the sensibilities of the most timid, or excite the angry feelings of the more passionate. Argument, not ridicule, was the weapon used to combat error, and apt illustrations fortified each new position with the strength of absolute demonstration.

After the lecture was concluded, a number of questions were propounded, which were answered promptly, and to the satisfaction of the audience generally.

On the next evening (Thursday, Sept. 1), her subject was, "The Religion of Spiritualists." When this was announced we had some misgivings; we feared that prejudice for long-established opinions would take the place of reason, and the good feelings evoked by the first lecture, would be lost in the second. But how happily were we disappointed. The mild, conciliatory manner, the deep pathos and burning eloquence, combined to disarm prejudice of her poison, and intolerance, of her fangs. The forcible manner in which she enjoined the duty of serving God best in performing good offices to his children, rather than yielding a blind obedience to a dead faith, was perfectly irresistible. The flowers of peace and happiness were strewn in the rugged pathway of humanity, and the rich fruit of love and good-will to man, cannot fail to follow in her wake.

Her advent among us will long be remembered as the harbinger of a new era. Her lectures have inspired us with new hope, strengthening the weak, encouraging the strong, and utterly overwhelming opposition.

As a pioneer in the cause of spiritual reform, we look upon her as unequalled, and no one who has not heard her, can exalt her so high in his imagination as to not be more than realized when she appears before him.

May her bow be fanned by a seraph's wing, and her thoughts inspired with the wisdom of an archangel, is the earnest prayer of  
A. JAQUET.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 5, 1859.

## Social Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Salem and adjoining towns will have a Social Picnic at Pine Grove, Marblehead, on Friday, Sept. 16th, weather permitting—if not, the first pleasant day. All interested in Spiritualism are invited to attend. It is expected each one will furnish their own refreshments. There will be music in attendance.

The cars will leave Salem for the Grove at 9.20, 11.15, 1 and 3.45; returning, will leave the Grove for Salem at 5.15 and 6.45.

Mediums are especially invited to be present.

## Three Months' Subscribers.

Those persons who subscribed for the BANNER three months, and which term is about to expire, can, by remitting \$1.25 have the BANNER sent to them during the remainder of the year. If our friends who were instrumental in getting up these clubs, will attend to their renewals, they will receive a copy free.

## Spiritualists' Picnic.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Picnic at Abington Grove next Thursday the 13th inst. We are requested to say that there will be no train at 12 1/2.

## Adrian Convention.

DEAN BANNER—I attended the Adrian Convention, held on the 21, 23 and 24 of the present month, and a fine time we had. Several speakers who had been expected from Ohio, were not present, on account of a strike on the railroad on the part of the working classes, and consequent stoppage of the cars on the Michigan Southern route; still the time was fully occupied by the speakers present, who were not only willing but even zealous in bearing their testimony in favor of the good cause of Spiritualism. A good influence seemed to pervade the entire assembly during the three days.

Beautiful tests of spirit presence were given through our much-esteemed Sister Thomson, who, in a trance state, improvised beautiful poetry; and also, in a number of instances, described the departed loved ones of certain individuals to their entire satisfaction.  
J. O. HALL.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 8, 1859.

## Human Folly.

The folly of national jealousy is fully shown by the fact that it costs England annually, to protect herself against aggressions from France, a larger sum than represents her trade with the latter country. Enormous taxation, poverty, ignorance and want, is the consequence. And this is civilization!

## S. J. Finney.

Can you visit Boston and speak here the Sabbath in November? Address Dr. H. F. Gardner, at the Fountain House, Boston. Answer immediately.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First and Second Pages.—Literary Matter.

Third Page.—Rev. Edwin H. Chapin's Sermon at Broadway Church, N. Y., Sept. 4th; Poetry.

Fourth and Fifth Pages.—"Man and His Relations," (a powerful essay,) by Professor Brittain; Editorials; Report of the Vermont Spiritual Convention, &c.

Sixth Page.—The Messenger; Lecture by Cora L. V. Hatch, (second of the series of four,) at the Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 4th.

Seventh Page.—"The Age of Virtue," by George Stearns; "Dealings with the Dead," No. 3; "To What is our Civilization Due?" "Phenomenal Heavens;" "God's Body and Mind;" "The Religion that Christ Taught;" E. V. Wilson at South Milford, Mass.; Poetry; List of Lecturers, &c.

Eighth Page.—"Suffering and Progression," by Dr. A. B. Child; "Children's Convention at Longwood, Pa.;" "Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism—No. 9," &c.

We would say to our numerous readers who may wish to supply themselves with the current literature of Spiritualism, that Mr. Munson, formerly of 6 Great Jones street, is at present located in our New York office, 143 Fulton street, and that any orders for books, &c., will find immediate attention by addressing Banner of Light, New York.

We have felt it a duty on our part to afford to our readers an opportunity of sending direct to us orders for any books which they might desire, and are happy to inform them that we are now fully prepared to respond to them.

Hoping we may find their wants not all supplied, we again refer them to our New York office, from which place they may be supplied with the books of the day.

Rev. EDWIN H. CHAPIN, having resumed his duties at the Broadway Church, New York, we shall, as heretofore, give verbatim reports of his sermons. (See third page.)

We shall also continue our verbatim reports of Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER's sermons next week.

"Our Systems of Education," by Prof. Payton Spence, M. D., is on file for our next issue.

We call special attention to chapter twelve of Prof. Brittain's series of articles on "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS," one our fourth page. One more chapter will complete the present series.

Bro. N. W. Daniels, of Toledo, Ohio, in a note to us says:—"Miss Emma Hardinge would receive a cordial welcome if she would visit us on her tour West. We can warrant her a good home."

The romantic drama of "The Son of the Night" has been brought out at the National Theatre in a superior manner, and doubtless will have a good run. This theatre is in good hands, and certainly deserving of public patronage.

The people of Providence, R. I., says the Journal, talk of erecting a monument there in memory of the late Horace Mann, where it is understood his remains are to be deposited.

The National Intelligencer states that the equestrian statue of Washington, which is to be placed in the circular piece of reservation at the intersection of New Hampshire avenue, K and Twenty-third streets, is fast proceeding toward completion. The main portions, both of the horse and rider, have been cast, and with a single exception, only small details remain to be undertaken.

A "CAPITOL" JOKE.—"Take me to the capitol, sir," said one of our ex-governors to a hack-driver, yesterday. "To the what?" said coachman, somewhat mystified. "To the capitol," responded the gentleman, with emphasis. After a little hesitancy the driver closed the coach door, but his mind seemed to be still in a fog. At length he exclaimed:—"I'm stuck, sir, this time; don't know any such place." The ex-official, with his peculiar gravity, quietly requested to be taken to the State House!

HEAVY MEASUREMENT.—The Newburyport Herald, in giving its readers an idea of the length of the Great Eastern, says:—"Three monuments like that at Bunker Hill could be placed end to end on her deck, and yet leave eighteen feet of room at each end."

When you meet with one pursuing  
Ways the lost have entered in,  
Working out his own undoing,  
With his recklessness and sin;  
Think if placed in his condition,  
Would a kind word be in vain?  
Or a look of cold suspicion  
Win thee back to truth again?

CONANT AND ADAMS'S QUADRILL BAND.—This Band, (formerly Hall's) is prepared at all times to furnish good music at reasonable rates of compensation. Those who may require the services of this excellent Band, will be promptly served on application to either of the following named gentlemen.—G. W. Adams, No. 5, North Grove street; J. M. Bullard, 80 Brighton street; J. H. Conant, at the Music Store of White Brothers, Tremont Temple.

The Canadians will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the taking of Quebec, on the 13th inst.

Jones at blissfully listening to the voice of his adorable Arabella, as it reverberated the plaintive ditty in the caverns of Luzerna. "What a splendid voice for a hennery," he rapturously exclaimed, as her note melted into echo. "How so?" replied the beloved one, in astonishment. "Because the echo repeats the lay," replied the miscreant.

We have instincts as true as those of the free to refuse the evil and choose the good, if we did not smother them up with nonsense and metaphysics.—Mrs. Jameson.

Language is the great civilizer of the world; therefore it behooves us to render it as perfect as possible, that it may truthfully daguerotype the human mind.

The Annual Exhibition of the Horticultural Society will take place at the Music Hall on the 21st, 22d and 23d of the present month.

The Kanakas show a disposition to revert to first principles. Christianity is decaying in the Sandwich Islands, and the people are returning to the false gods of their fathers. Considering the samples of Christians they have mostly seen, we do not much wonder at the change.—Traveller.

Why, Mr. Traveller, how dare you talk thus boldly?

The Commencement exercises of the Ladies' Department of Oberlin College took place on the 23d ult. The young ladies were dressed in white, with green garlands about the waist, and as they marched to the church with heads uncovered, the effect is said to have been most charming and impressive. The Graduating Class numbered twenty-five, being much the largest class that has ever gone out from the Institution.

A gentleman killed himself in Florida, last week, for the love of a Miss Bullitt. The poor fellow could not live with a Bullitt in his heart.

The Milky Way forms the grandest feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the whole fabric of the skies, and sends its light down upon us, according to the best observations, from no less than 18,000,000 of suns.

Who soul does not sing, need not try to sing with his throat.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

As the various military companies were marching through our streets on the way to the State Muster at Concord, Pa., BRATTLE remarked that "the army" was extremely warm for the poor soldiers up there when they were all mustered. The Professor intended no

Joke, neither did Mr. Jinks when he replied, "but it was a very reasonable reflection."

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "



DATE: 10/10/2001



into all your life, and beautifully and perfectly re-arrange your whole mental conformation. Acknowledge religion first, and all that is made up of forms and worship and creeds, will come in proportion to your requirements. Acknowledge the religious first, as an element of your mind, and the beautiful architectural structure of the temple in which you are to worship and commune with God, will be built and fashioned from the qualities of your mind, and the temple will grow out from your daily life and practice, and the temple and feeling will be a grand pillar to support the mighty structure of immortality. Religion—confine it if you can to any book or creed, or name; confine it to any inspiration of the soul; confine it to any clime or nation or country! No, never! Religion is, like the All-Father, the pervading spirit of the human soul, and receives its inspiration as the flower does the sunlight. And when you hear of religious worship, when you know religious forms, remember that they are but the perfume to the flower of religion; the seed, the germ, the root, is deeply implanted in the soul, and through the life and light of its own preserving and beautifying influence it calls the sunlight and the shower from the great Source of life, and gives, in return, its fragrance and its beauty. Oh, religion—it walks along the aisles and corridors of your soul, like a beautiful angel of light, sowing flowers all around your path; it is the crowning virtue of manhood, crowning intellect with a brighter radiance, making all science a more glorious thing, making all art something that is deep, divine and sacred, making all worship the bright image of itself, making all human life something higher and greater and better than passion, or intellect, or science could do. Religion is the pervading element of man's and woman's nature; it belongs to the soul, it acts out its powers and qualities through the mind, and renders all of life and beauty and perfectness still more beautiful and still more perfect.

Have we not proven the existence of religion? Is inspiration the cause of your religion? No. For as the flower could not exist without a germ, as a stone planted in the soil would never yield a flower, though the dews descended and the sunshine came, inspiration planted in your soul could never give it religion; but religion, planted there can yield as its fruit the bright and glorious result of inspiration.

## THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Second Paper.

### ITS CHARACTERISTICS—PEACE.

The age of virtue must follow the general reformation and gradual improvement of mankind, and is not to be introduced by any sudden revolution of society, by any instantaneous conversion of public opinion, nor by any conventional device for transforming ordinary men and women into philosophers and philanthropists at once, after the democratic policy of making virtues, or as their Grecian exemplars once attempted to create generals by vote, and were archly advised to make heroes of all their asses. To find a comparison nearer home, character is not to be a faculty as certain "Masters of Art" and "Doctors of Law or Divinity," to be made by the dictum of a learned "Faculty." But this is the only soil for good advice, and virtue is the fruit of nothing else. To institute this cause of Rectitude, we must first recognize marriage as the Mother of Human Nature, and woman as the primary teacher and moral educator of Man. Until we do this practically, and learn to dignify the parentive function, and especially maternity, as the highest and most sacred offices to which human beings can aspire, guarding the responsibility of incumbents by qualifications in all respects adequate to the personal and social results which ought to be anticipated, we can hardly presume to delineate with accuracy the Divine resemblance of a "perfect man," or even the features of a "proper child," much less the characteristics of mature Humanity as revealed in the Age of Virtue. Nevertheless, it may be predicted with rational certainty, that the beginning of this golden era will be clearly defined by the prevalence of

### UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The time when "words will be beat into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and nations shall learn war no more," will never come till the cause of war is extinct—the spirit of oppression has died out of the heart of Man—till every man has learned to love his neighbor as himself. So long as the fend of domination stalks through the Earth; so long as the eyes of savage hordes are dazzled with the pageantry of military glory; so long as there are any to admire the bloody exploits of ambitious arrogance; so long as any covet self-aggrandizement, opulence and vain renown; so long as fools and demons seem to wed in human shape; so long as any are ready to trample lawlessly on the precious Rights of Man, men of an opposite stamp ought to be ready—men of nerve and valor never will be wanting, to beat back the encroaching powers of darkness, and shield the innocent. The cause of war is not in self-defence, but in the aggressor moved by unprincipled selfishness or insane malignity. It is meet to resist, though resistance is a terrible remedy for wrong. War is a flame of indiscriminate destruction—a two-edged sword brandished with equal peril to the assailing and the assailed. How expensive while it makes unceasing vigilance the price of a desperate liberty. Principle—the Law of Love, is the only final, and how much cheaper weapon! This kills the demon and exorcises the possessed. It smother's enmity and begets a helper in every seeming foe. Love is the god of Peace that is to humble Mars. It is the little child Isaiah saw down the course of time leading the wolf and lion. Character—the offspring of human development, is its coming Christhood. When Man's head and heart have grown to the wedding of Love and Wisdom, then will the Blessed Babe be born.

PEACE! What a heavenly chimera of thrilling interests does this short word impart! What a smothering of earthly wrongs does it represent! Recollect for a moment what you have read of that horrid farce of Hell—"The Reign of Terror," when in all France there was no cranny or refuge for a soul, and in Paris, for a series of months, no respite from alarm; when trophies shook the very walls of the city, every heart palpitated with fear, friend turned away from friend with distrust, and all faces grew pale with dismay; when danger was the only theme of meditation, and the torture of innocents the exclusive topic of discourse; when wealth and character afforded no security of person, the civil power was prostituted to the most nefarious ends, sleep deserted every human dwelling, all business was suspended, the whole order of society was interrupted and every means of enjoyment frustrated by a general caricature of Government, while havoc and bloody murder became at once the employment and amusement of devils incarnate, clothed in a brief authority of political usurpation. Think of all this, and then fancy yourself one of the victims awaiting a doom of violence in the dungeon of that infernal power, even to the precious moment when Robespierre lost his head, and you begin to hear a murmur of joyous voices without, and then the shout of popular exultation—"The monster is dead!"—"Vive le droit!" and when the auspicious fact is fairly confirmed, and the dear Right is vindicated, tell me, in such a crisis, *What is Peace?* Now, imagine this World to be one vast whispering-gallery, and that you occupy a focus of vocal reflections wherein the faintest utterance in the remotest habitations of men is audible, so that all the plights of human misery—the cries of hunger, the curses of extortion, the moans of disease, the alterations of error, the anathemas of blame, the slanders of prejudice, the threats of anger, the shrieks of murder, the clangor and lamentations of war, the lone prayers of incarcerated innocents, the muttered grievances of European vassals, together with the groaned agonies and stifled longings and whispered imprecations and despairful ejaculations of American slaves, were daily gathered in the convex sky and echoed in your ears; how long would you sit and listen thus to

"every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which Earth is filled,"  
ere you cried out with Cowper—

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"  
Where such infernal discord were no more?

It is well that ears are not made to comprehend all the myriad sounds of earth, which if heard simultaneously were enough to make a Hell even of Heaven. To be sensible of what Man daily suffers, would break the stoutest heart, and wean the soul from life to seek for its own development. One learns enough by meditation to be sick even of thought, if it had no cue of Hope. How melancholy the fate of Bonaparte, if left to ponder wretchedness as essential to human nature!—to think the present age of wrong must be endured forever! What else but Hope now keeps the heart from breaking? If Heaven were not a future fact on Earth, then were there none above; for angels could not rest in view of an endless Hell. Surely as God himself is bliss, Bliss is not merely the end of every soul, but all evil is transient. Philanthropy would be a virtual curse without the ego's ken of the coming Age of Virtue, when the Art of Living will be generally understood, Education will have turned the tide of vice and crime, Charity will rival love of self, Temperance will have rooted out all disease, and Philosophy have

tamed the monster Death, "That blessed day will surely come, but not till Russia's haughty Czar shall abdicate his throne, repenting the name of Autocrat; not till the blood of Napoleon shall flow into generous veins, prompting willing hands to industry and beneficence; not till all the kings of Europe have turned Republicans, and every American slaveholder, forcing the evil of his way, has hid himself; not till Priestcraft has died of ridicule, and Protestantism has made a woman in every head, a worshiper of Truth in every heart, and a temple of God in every form of life; not till Conscience has become the Supreme Head of the Church, and Reason made President of the Human Day of Judgment. Then shall tears be wiped from every eye, no sound of woe shall be heard in any land, and no suffering or alarm shall any longer disturb the repose of Man in Earth's completed Paradise; for,

Darkness at length dispersed by light,  
Error no more preventing Right,  
Evil vanished out of sight,  
Love suspicion of wrong dispelling,  
Then shall prevail, from Pole to Pole,  
Long as the rolling Earth shall roll,  
Peace, to the blessing of every soul,  
Pure as the Heaven of Hope's foretelling.  
West Acton, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD—NO. 3.

With unmingled astonishment I gazed upon the man, as he sat there in his quiet study. The weather, to him, but not to me—for I was totally unaffected—seemed to be oppressively warm; and it appeared exceedingly difficult for him to overcome its drowsy influence, and prevent falling asleep. However, he mastered the tendency for a time, and the efforts he made in so doing, disclosed to me another beautiful arcana of the human economy. It will be remembered that in the second paper of this series, I mentioned the astonishing fact—a fact of great value to all who can think clearly—that I could, and did behold at one and the same time, both the external and the essential part of whatever the eye of the soul glanced at. The reader will receive a better notion of what hope is intended to be conveyed, if I liken this double power to a person looking through a glass vase at a series of smaller and multi-colored vases enclosed within it—the eye resting on the surface of each, yet penetrating the whole. I saw—and what obtained of that one man pertains to all immortal men—the clothes, beneath the clothes the body, beneath that, filling it completely, the spiritual man. Here let me define a few words: Body—that which is purely matter, corporeal, dense, weighable, atomical, or particle. Spirit—that which is the sublimation of the last—that which is the condensed effluvia, or aura, of the most refined matter—which is the human body. Spirit is the emanation of all human particles, is itself unparticle—and therefore cannot be destroyed by any power strictly material. Soul—the thing that is, that feels, tastes, enjoys, hates, loves, fears, calculates, and knows. Let me, then, be understood hereafter according to my own definitions. In a moment I became a wrapt observer, not of the man as a person, but of the man as a rare mechanism. The clothes emitted a dull, faint, leaden-lued effluvia, that extended in all directions, about seven inches from their surface. The body, the matter, was of a bright orange hue, and its grosser emanations extended in all directions a mean of fifteen feet, penetrating the chairs, wood-work, walls, and all that came within its range. When the man rose to attend the bell, I beheld the general form of this physical sphere. Its poles were the head and feet; its equator—whose bulge exceeded the dimensions of the poles by one-seventh—was directly on the plane of the abdominal centre. This sphere penetrated that of the clothes, and, although it was so marvelously fine, still it, like its exemplar, a large soap-bubble, was partitioned—heterogeneous. Within the body, itself a second body, I saw a beautiful pearly substance, whose mass was in perfect coalescence, indivisible, atomless unparticle. This was the man's true shell, his house and home—but not the man himself.

The question with many is: "What constitutes the eye? what is the mass?" Soul is a thing *ut gentis*—and unique, slight, taste, &c., are some of its properties; reflection, reason, fancy, &c., are its qualities; judgment is its prerogative, and physical life, earthly experience are its schools. We believe the second sphere to be—at least I do—its universality, whence it will graduate to—what? I will state in subsequent papers. None of these can be the soul itself. Time is but one of its phases of being, amidst a vast multitude of other phases yet to be passed through. We know something about the soul's properties, qualities and methods, but very little, if anything, about the soul itself. We realize somewhat of its accidents by virtue of its incidents—nothing more. The human being is to be likened unto a circular avenue, divided in two parts by a wall, firm, solid, vast, separating what we know from what we do not know. We begin at the wall, not at either side thereof. This wall is the *conscious point* from which we look forth to the edge of the circle—one hemisphere—and one only. What pertains to the other? What lies just the other side of that conscious point? Go to bed, try to fathom the soul within you; try to reach a fixed point deep down in yourself. What results? Why, you strike the wall, and can only think the wall—nothing more! But there is a point reachable quite beyond! Well, I saw a man try to buffet the tendency to somnolence, and like this what I saw; the brain was one live mass of phosphor, like luminousness, totally distinct from the man mentioned above. There was a large and brilliant globe of white fine mist encompassing the head. It extended a prodigious distance above and horizontally, and that of which it was constituted proceeded from an oblatly spheroidal body situated so that its centre rested exactly in and upon what the anatomists call the corpus colossus, or callous body, which I affirm to be the seat of consciousness—the throne of the soul. I have examined not less than three thousand persons, and in every case beheld a similar bright, intensely bright ball, as I did in the present case, and this ball invariably occupied the same relative position, with this difference—a greater or less size—which varies from that of a very small pea, to that of a very large egg of the common barnyard fowl, and the brightness varied from that (comparatively) of a camphene lamp, to an infinite intensification of the dazzling radiance of the Drummond Light. In the man before me this globe was nearly perfectly spherical, but in others I have beheld it multi-angular, and the experience of ten years has demonstrated the fact that the better the person, the smoother and rounder became this human soul-sun. Now here is a strange thing—I have seen men with large souls, who were perfect wretches! But I never saw a small soul-sun that was circular, and never saw a good person have a very small one. What surprised me was, to see bad men have such large psychic centres.

In the man before me I beheld the operations of this soul. Whenever the drowsiness came over him, one side of his forehead would collapse, and straightway a perfect stream of radiant fire-flecks went forth in an opposite direction, like—as they really were—rays from a sun. These rays sped through all parts of the brain, ran along the nerves, leaped to the muscles, and diffused a new life throughout the whole body, whereupon the globe resumed its general shape again. This was curious, but something still more so now took place. The man took up his pen to write. I observed, above, that when he strove to keep awake, that this globe indented itself from the outside, which was smooth, albeit a countless multitude of filmy rays of light streamed forth in all directions, yet the surface still retained its polished, burnished, ineffably dazzling general appearance. He raised the pen in his hand, placed the holder between his teeth, and seemed to be thinking, and the globe expanded itself evenly till it was four or five times as large as formerly. This it did gradually, and as gradually subsided again; but, in the meantime, his hand had flown over the paper, and the man had indited a *trouvaille*! Anxious to ascertain what this thought was, I looked upon the paper on the desk before him, and was surprised by observing a very singular phenomenon. The words written were: "The ancients were far behind the moderns in general intelligence, but far, very far, beyond them in isolated instances of mental power. Great men are few in any age, popular men are plentiful in all eras. A popular man is he who keeps just at the head of the human army; but a great man is he who volunteers to become the pioneer of coming ages—is he who feels the pulse of God in his heart, and who knows to love, and loves to know. We are approaching an era when human genius shall be the rule and not the exception, as now. When that day shall fully dawn, the earth will fully bloom. It has only painfully striven heretofore, and brought forth abortions—perfect to these contemporaneous with them, but in view of her yet untried energies, abortions still!" Now the ink was scarcely dry on the paper, and yet the aura naturally pertaining to it was almost entirely obscured by another aura proceeding from the forms of the words, and this aura was a part of the man himself, for I saw a line of fire pass from the globe to his brain, thence to the arm, the pen, and finally attach itself to the paper. And I felt assured that, even should that paper be burnt up, yet that the thought itself would never

perish, but would float in the human world until it should be inhaled into some soul, and thence be born again into the conscious realm around us.

Much more the man wrote. I watched him long. But at length his weary task and the sultry weather overpowered him; and rising from his desk, he threw himself upon a sofa, and in a short time fell asleep. While I watched him, I became aware, for the first time, that I was being practically educated by a human spirit, whom now I saw for the first time. He conversed with me by a method I am totally unable to explain, and informed me that he was commissioned to instruct me in certain essentials, with reference to future usefulness in my sphere of action. He said his name was Ramus, that in history he was called Thotmor, and that he was an Egyptian of the second dynasty, a King, eleventh in the line. This was all he told me then, but, pointing to the man, bade me "look." I did so. The man was sound asleep. The globe was rapidly changing its shape. Soon it became a disk, then a pointed disk, and this point passed through the head till it reached the medulla oblongata. It entered this body, and passed through the spinal marrow, till it reached the joint of the vertebrae, just in proximity to the stomach. Here it left, and instantly enunciated itself into the solar plexus. The man was in a death-like sleep. "The soul," said Thotmor, "has gone to recuperate itself, and draw vitality from the nourishment of the body—not for itself, but with which to change the body hereafter. Soon it will finish its task, permeate awhile, and then resume its throne!"

• • • I awoke not, nor did the man. I left him, and, guided by the rare being at my side, began an ascent toward the sky.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### ALONE.

Alone I sit by the fire,  
The embers dying and grey;  
Faith beginning to tire—  
Hope fast ebbing away.  
Soon the bleak sands will be bare—  
The waves will hide them no more;  
No matter—I've now but one prayer—  
May no beacon betray that shore.  
One year ago at this time!  
Can I be the same indeed?  
My youth was then in its prime,  
My future had but one creed.  
Love enclined me round;  
Now I am standing alone,  
Hushed are the words of sweet sound.  
Gone is the love all my own.

Guarded was then his choice  
From sorrow, and care, and pain;  
Oh! but to hear that voice  
Even in dreams again!  
A thirst for one blessed sight  
Of that lost, but still loved face—  
But never by day or night,  
Will he seek in my heart a place.  
Nothing but memories left,  
Strung on the thread of the past—  
Like a rosary that's bereft  
Of the heart, which made it fast.  
Through bitter and blinding tears  
I remember them o'er and o'er,  
For the sun of my fresh young years  
Has set—it will rise no more.

Sept. 1st, 1889.

P. E. T.

## Correspondence.

### To what is our Civilization Due?

Orthodoxy claims that to Christianity is due the credit for our civilization. The claim is false. So the intellectual, moral and religious nature of our race, through God the Father, is all the credit due. Christ having no other influence in the case than to be one of the many whose office it has been to assist in developing and stimulating that intellectual, moral and religious nature into action. Any other man advancing the same sentiments, at the same time, would have answered the same purpose.

The elements that have been at work to produce our present state of civilization are, first, God—then His qualities in our race, which qualities, it is true, have existed in more than an average degree in some individuals, Christ among the number. But there is no more propriety in attributing all the civilizing force to one person, than there is all the mental force. Or, indeed, than there is in attributing all motive power to one stream of water, even though it be the purest and largest river that runs.

The civilizing tendencies of our race existed long before Christ did, else neither he nor any one else could have had any influence to produce the result.

The difference between the civilization of eighteen hundred years before Christ, and eighteen hundred years since, is nothing more than the inevitable progress of our race, acted on by our inherent qualities, assisted here and there by a light a little brighter than the rest, like Christ, Boeothor, or a Briton; and better than all, the beautiful fact is beginning to be appreciated, that the kingdom of heaven is close at hand, that the door is not closed, and that those lights will not be dimmed by death, but will reflect back to where light is needed, rather than forward to where all is light.

The human mind runs toward God, by nature, just as inevitably as the stream flows toward the Father of Waters. The stream may be obstructed by driftwood or dams, but it is sure, sooner or later, to rise superior to all restraints, and rush gladly on toward its goal, perhaps forced to take other than its natural channel for the time.

So the soul's progress has been retarded by a dam built by men who ought to have known better, out of the driftwood called revelation, with the brush and sticks of depravity, etc., filled in with the mud and filth of superstition—with no outlet except through the narrow race, dug, it is said, by "the son of man"—a route which few would or could take, because it was dug only for the elect. It was doubted whether it led to the right destination, and even if it did, the better and least selfish portion felt that the humanity, if not the decency, of speaking through on the merits of some one else, and leaving their friends to suffer privation, was at least doubtful; especially as it was reported that they would, on their arrival, be required to join in the "laugh at the calumnies" of those left behind, and to join in singing the praises of those who so laughed. Thus our race had almost become persuaded that God was indeed "sorry he had made them," and that if they went on they would find Him the revenged being which those at the dam had said he was, and therefore they cared little whether they went or not.

But, glorious to relate, it is now seen that God has been libelled—the stream of spirituality is rising rapidly—is breaking over and through the dam, which, not being built by God, cannot stand, and is rushing resistlessly and joyously toward its Father and home—many following the race of canal, which has been broadened and deepened—many of its sectarian lock-tenders superseded by Parker, Beecher, etc.,—on its banks are held the union meetings of this country, Ireland, etc.; but by far the greater number following the broader, surer, and more natural channel, of love to God the Father, and to humanity, His children.

Yours truly, ENOS BOUGHROY.

Battle Creek, Mich., August 20, 1889.

### Phenomenal Heavens.

It seems, from the report of different papers for the past week, that the phenomenon in the heavens, commonly designated the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, affects very materially the transmission of communication through the telegraphic wires. If this be so, then the inference is plain that right conditions are essential for good and truthful communicating. In the New York Tribune of last week, we have the following:—

"Montreal, Monday, August 20, 1889.

The Superintendent of the Canadian Telegraph Company's Lines telegraphs as follows: "I never, in my experience of fifteen years in the working of telegraph lines, witnessed anything like the extraordinary effect of the Aurora Borealis, between Quebec and Father Point, last night. The line was in most perfect order, and well-skilled operators worked incessantly, from eight o'clock last evening till one o'clock this morning, to get over, in even a tolerably intelligible form, about four hundred words of the steamer Indian's report for the Associated Press; and, at the latter hour, so completely were the wires under the influence of the Aurora Borealis, that the telegraph stations, and the line was closed for the night."

Now, had the Superintendent, and those who worked the wires, only been as wise as the "Savans of Harvard," they would have denounced the telegraphic wires as a deception, and their communicating purport a cheat and a humbug. Why? Because the wires would not work to perfection in spite of conditions. Our Spiritual friends cannot give de-

monstrations to perfection in spite of conditions; therefore Spiritualism is a "cheat" and a "humbug." Had the Superintendent denounced the wires as a cheat and a humbug, he would have been just as wise as the "Harvard Professors," when they maintain that Spiritualism, if true, can be demonstrated in spite of all opposing conditions. Is it not so, gentlemen? Had he been like you, would he not have ceased to make another effort to communicate after the line was closed for the night? We think so. A. C. Elbridge, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1889.

### "God's Body and Mind."

MEANS, EDITOR.—In the BANNER for Aug. 21st, I notice an article, under the above caption, from our friend Ewing, in which he puzzles himself to find out what God is, and how he exists. Had the thought ever occur to our friend that God to be a God must necessarily be incomprehensible to finite minds? If man could comprehend God, he would at most only be his equal, as man can comprehend nothing above himself.

He says, "We cannot form a conception of mind without there being a body connected with it." Would it not express his idea better to say, all we know of mind is its manifestation through matter, and all we know of God, is his manifestation through Nature? What is Nature? Is it anything more or less than the manifestation of what we call Duty? "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork."

Again, he says, "What we call Nature is not immutable, it is constantly changing, and that change is not only a change in its constituent elements, but it is a change of structure, and a production of new and heretofore unknown objects and beings."

"Unknown objects and beings." Unknown to whom? To God or man? Who produces these unknown objects? Must not the change exist in the Producer, before it can be manifested in the thing produced? Does not our friend's reasoning argue a change in God, which produces the change in Nature? Would it not be nearer the truth to say that change in matter, is the unchanging will of God, and variety, his immutable mode, or manner of manifestation?

Is our friend quite sure that a "change in the constituent elements" of things ever took place? Did he ever see an element destroyed, or a new one produced?

Again our friend asks, "Where was God's mind and body before Nature was formed?" Is our friend sure there ever was a time when Nature did not exist? Is it not as easy, and as reasonable to suppose that matter is eternal, as that God is?

Can our friend tell us what either matter or mind is? May not mind, after all, be matter in its most attenuated, or ethereal mode of existence? All our knowledge of matter is gained through our corporeal senses; how many forms of matter there may be that entirely elude our senses, we know not. The man whose senses are aided by the inventions of art and science, takes cognizance of many elements, or forms of matter, that the untutored man knows nothing of.

Let us then suppose that intelligence or mind is the most subtle and refined of elements or forms of matter, and is universally diffused through all grosser matter, somewhat analogous to electricity; Being the most sublimated and impressive form of matter, it would naturally receive impressions from all other things, which is the distinguishing attribute of intelligence. Being universally diffused, it would govern all things, whether in the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal kingdoms.

There is not an atom of matter, from the crystal in the rock, to the brilliant halo in the spirit form, that does not manifest intelligence. Human minds may be a portion of this universal element insulated something like a Leyden jar. These are only random thoughts put in motion by the expressed thoughts of Dr. Ewing, which, if worthless in themselves, may stir up thoughts in others that may be valuable.

A. W. BENTON.

Fulton City, Ill., Aug. 28, 1889.

### The Religion that Christ Taught.

"One tempting him said, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'"

Love to God and love to man is the foundation upon which Jesus, the great Master Builder, directs every man to build for time and eternity. This is not only the first and second great command of heaven, but it is the great central principle around which all the graces of a divine life must cluster and bloom forever. Without this foundation we build in vain, and our hope is unfounded. Jesus said, I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled? And again he said, Suppose you that I am come to give peace on the earth? I tell you, nay, but rather division!

Burning words of truth will set on fire and separate those things that should be removed, that the pure in heart may appear to the glory of God. The breath of the Almighty will destroy every building of man whose foundation is not love, and whose adorning is not wrought in truth and righteousness. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy by his pure life the works of evil men, and thereby establish truth and righteousness in the world. It is a holy privilege to stand in the great temple of God, and worship him who created all things; to stand in the integrity of our hearts, as did the holy men of old, before men and angels, and give thanks to the Father for the blessings of life, and be assured that our thank-offerings are acceptable, and to know that our prayers are heard and answered according to his will—this is Life.

The religion taught and lived by Jesus was love—perfect love to God, and an unfeigned love to man. His creed we find in his Sermon on the Mount. His faith and manner of life is recorded in the Gospels. Whatsoever is written of the pure, the holy, and the just one, is for our edification and example, if so we have an honest heart, faith, and a sound mind—for herein is the comfort of the glad tidings of life to us.

No man can call Jesus Lord, Master, or Teacher, if he mind not the things he said, and follow him not in word and deed. Love to God and love to man; on these two commandments hang all the teaching of the law, of the prophets, of Jesus and the Apostles. And this, they teach, is the only foundation on which to build for eternal life.

"Perfect love casteth out all fear," and "he that is begotten of love is born of God." Therefore, he becometh a law unto himself, and is enabled to fulfill all law, and overcome all evil with good.

Charity hath hope in all things, and if needs be, suffereth long, but in the end sits enthroned in the mansions of the blessed.

"And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life." Or the understanding, the knowledge, revealed through Jesus, is of the true God, which knowledge is life eternal. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

T. J. H.

Nashville, Aug. 24, 1889.

### E. V. Wilson at South Milford, Mass.

The above mentioned gentleman lectured on our hall on the evening of August 30th, to a very attentive and interested audience. His subject—"The Mission of Spiritualism"—was handled in his peculiar and masterly manner, treating it in a matter-of-fact manner which carries conviction to the listening thinker, and applying it to practical everyday life, thereby raising man in the scale of being.

The cause, in such hands, I think cannot suffer. Let all who are in want of speakers, secure his services at their earliest convenience; as I feel he is capable of doing great good in the lecture field, to which I am informed he is about to devote his whole time, for the present.

Yours in truth, SAMUEL W. GILBERT.

P. S.—His discourses of character (of which I forgot to speak) were very satisfactory—two cases of which were given us after the lecture, which is his practice, generally, wherever he is called to lecture.

Spain.—The Spaniards have a tradition which strikingly characterizes their beautiful country and its desolate condition. When their titular saint, the holy Jacob of Compostella, arrived in Heaven, he requested all that was good for his country in the way of material blessings. Everything was granted to him; brave men, beautiful women, healthy climate, a productive soil, etc. Finally, he also demanded a good government. But he was told, "No, holy man, that you cannot have; because if Spain had also a good government, our angels would abandon Heaven to settle in Spain!"

Life is not all smiles and roses; and without deeply rooted convictions of faith and hope, it is impossible for any human being to live a truly happy life.

## LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM FITZ PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,  
The sun rolled black and large,  
Till I wore him a vest for his Ethiope breast  
Of the threads of my golden hair;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose on its axis of the world,  
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue  
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers  
And their leaves of living green,  
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen;  
And when the friend's art on the trustful heart  
Had fastened its mortal spell,  
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear,  
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed  
Their work of wrath had capped,  
And the Ark's lone fowl, the tried and true,  
Came forth among the flocks,  
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams  
I bade their terrors cease,  
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll  
God's covenant of peace!

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,  
Night's shadowy shadow slept—  
When shepherd swains, on Bethlehem's plains,  
Their lonely vigils kept—  
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright  
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,  
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—  
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,  
On the just and unjust I descend;  
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,

Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.  
Nay, the flower of the waste my love is embraced,  
As the rose in the garden of kings,  
At the chrysalis' bier of the worm I appear,  
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her  
flowers,  
And lead the young day to her arms!  
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover  
And sinks to her baby repose,  
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west  
In curtains of amber and rose!

From my sentinel sleep by the night-brooded deep  
I gaze with undimmed eyes,  
When the cygnets start of the mariner  
Is blotted from out the skies!  
And guided by me through the merciless sea,  
Though sped by the hurricane's wing,  
His compasses, dark, lone, wailing bark  
To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
The birds in their chambers of green,  
And mountain and plain, the vale and the dale,  
As they bask in the maternal sun,  
Oh, if such the glad world of my presence on earth,  
Though fretful and feeble the while,  
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,  
Ever bright with the Duty's smile!

## OBITUARY.

Died in Cambridge, Vt., Aug. 20th, Brother Jonas Safford, in his sixty-second year. He has long been a consistent believer in Spiritualism, having lectured over since the Rochester readings became known. He has not spared time nor expense to get light, and has ever strove to impart it to others. He has endeavored himself to a large circle of friends by his honest, upright life in all things. In dealing with his brother he understood that to be a Christian he must be Christ-like, and to be a Spiritualist he must be spiritual-minded. It was through his instrumentality that I visited his town last fall, where I have since given some twenty lectures, which I trust have resulted in good. August 1st the friends met to pay their last respects to his remains. A large and attentive audience was present, and were addressed by the writer, from the text: "Be ye, therefore,



