

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.}

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR Payable in Advance.} NO. 7.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
IN THE CITY.

BY ENOLA.

Oh, 'tis magnificent—splendid!  
These are the parlors, you see;  
Yonder 's the drawing-room; and that soft sound,  
Like the distant hum of a bee,  
Is the tune of the guests' low voices  
Through the open door. By the way,  
'Tis Mrs. McPherson's reception,  
In her beautiful home to-day.  
How softly each foot-fall is smothered  
In the carpet of velvet down!  
How brilliant in all its appointments  
Is this wonderful house in town,  
Where I lie on the sky-blue divan,  
With its delicate pillows piled,  
And talk till my brain grows weary,  
And think till my heart is wild!  
I hear them discussing the fashions;  
I see them on shopping tours;  
I watch the white hands of the sempstress;  
And guess at how much she endures  
I pity the poor little children,  
Warped in velvet and silk to go out,  
While mamma laments 't is too early  
To get darling's fur about!  
There 's wine at the three-o'clock dinner,  
That laughs at its own release,  
And fruits that were bought in the market  
At the rate of a dime apiece;  
But though they have fashion and splendor  
In parlor and basement and hall,  
There 's a wee little cot in Old Essex  
A thousand times dearer than all!

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.

A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELEANOR STRANDBERG.

### CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

The Knight assisted Gertrude to dismount, and she declared that the change to terra firma again really rested her. He secured the horses to the pliant boughs of the overhanging trees, and aided his fair charge to a seat of moss, under the shadow of a high rock, by some convulsion, seemingly, had been cleft suddenly in twain. Pretty flowers lifted their bright little faces up to them, greeting them with smiles, and seeming to welcome them to the spot.

"We could not find a more secluded spot in all this wide, forest," suggested the Knight. "No, nor, as it seems to me, a more beautiful one. Here nature invites us both to unveil our hearts to one another. You have known trial and disappointment, and I have had my share of both, though by my vow I am dead to all those attractions the vain world has to offer. Now, my fair lady, let me obtrude upon you a bit of advice—no, let me call it nothing, but a very friendly suggestion. You had best make up your mind at once to give over this passion."

"What!" she almost shrieked, pushing off from his side—for he had sat down and drawn up very near to her—"do you tell me this? Why? Has anything come to your ears?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, sweet Gertrude—only I have entered into the chambers of your heart with my own, and I tell you frankly what is altogether best for you. I sit here by your side, my dear girl, and talk to you only for your own interest and good. What other possible motive in the wide world could I have, pray? And I say to you again, my lady, give over this blind passion—it will be a fatal one."

"And he brought up along with me—almost like my own brother!" she half cried out. "Oh, I cannot, Sir Knight—I cannot!"

"Harder things than this have been done, and by as fair and frail natures as thine!" he returned.

"Oh, Heaven! must it come to this?"  
"Think on your father's reasons—the stern, and far more to be heeded because they are so mysteriously secret! Remember that the will of a father is a hard thing to overcome, too, and by a feeble girl! He can see further than you in this matter. He knows what neither you nor I can know. And just now it occurs to me, too, that this Wilhelm may have betaken himself with a swarming host to a foreign land because it was his own wish that it was time to desert you! He may have been too cowardly to remain near your father, and dare not attempt to yoke his unwilling opposition. It is an easy answer, Gertrude, to run away from danger; and you say he gave you no warning of what he was about to do?"

"Oh, I can never believe this of Wilhelm!" she persisted. "It is not at all like him. He never treated me thus before, and I cannot believe he would do it now! Oh, Sir Knight, what am I to do? I would have you tell me what to do. Go to my father with this trouble, I cannot. There is no living soul in all the castle with whom I may divide my wretchedness. I must needs carry it about with me, wear it next my heart everywhere, from morning to night, and from night to morning again! If only some good and kind friend would offer to share with me this heavy woe!"

"Gertrude," said the Knight, moving as closely to her side as propriety would allow, and gently lifting her hand from her lap into his own, and holding it there—she apparently unconscious the while what he was doing—"let me counsel you, first of all, to be calm."

"With this tumult, this riot, in my heart? It is impossible!"

"But, still, it is hopeless to think of viewing anything in its proper light, unless these very perturbations are quieted with an effort, and oftentimes a stern one, too, of the will. I can understand what

your sufferings are, and I can from the depths of my heart pity them. Oh, sweet lady, if you would consent to know enough of the wealth of your own nature, to refuse to risk it on this single throw!"

She gazed aloud at what he said.  
"He has gone, left you, perhaps forever—who can tell? He went without so much as a farewell. He cannot have loved you as you say, and as you have already proved to me that you love him; for if he had, he would have been the last one living to peril your happiness in this way!"

"Oh, Sir Knight, I must not permit myself to believe what you say! I must not sit and hear you speak thus of him! He is true, he is good! Poor Wilhelm—is it possible that he would in the least consent to deceive me? I must not think him false! He must ever live in this poor heart of mine as he always has!"

"Limpore you, dear Gertrude, not to suppose that I would prejudice you wrongfully against this absent one. It is farthest from my wish to do any such thing. I have no motive for it. Wilhelm is a perfect stranger to me, and probably will be as long as he lives. I can neither help nor hinder him. But you, my sweet Gertrude—pressing the soft hand he held—"I know you well enough to offer you all the aid I can, in your extremity. And what can I do, even at the best? Perhaps nothing."

"Oh, you have shown me kindness—you have offered me sympathy—and that is everything!"  
"It came from her heart. She felt even more than her words could convey."

"Gertrude," spoke the Knight, dropping his voice to a very low tone, while it still was suffered to lose some of its volume, "you ought to let this Wilhelm go! I tell you this, because you need that some good friend should say it to you!"

"What! Do you tell me that?"  
"I tell you what I think, Gertrude, and what you assuredly ought to know."

She was dumb.

"He has not shown himself worthy of your precious heart; and therefore baffle it not for anything of the kind. Your father is right. He could not go far astray. Undoubtedly he seems harsh to you in his conduct relative to this matter, but what less could a man of his nature do? He could not come out into a secluded spot like this, and, like myself, sit down by your side and talk calmly, and even sympathetically, about it. No, he was born to command his castle, and all who are in it; and it is absurd to suppose him capable now of changing his nature. He can make his will known to you only in his own way; and he no doubt thinks it as absurd for you to wait upon him for a reason in what he does, as if you were to question the winds that blow around the high turrets of his own castle!"

Still Gertrude sat silent. Not a syllable from her lips yet.

"You may esteem me selfish, my dear Gertrude," continued the Knight, "in what I have taken the liberty to say to you."

"No—no—no!" she interposed, hastily.

"Or perhaps you will in what my heart compels me to say further. From the moment my eyes lighted on your fair face, so continent of all the grace and beauty of woman, I was awakened inwardly with a new experience. Never before had I known what life was capable of being. A load stone attracted me, and the thoughts that crossed me caused a fluttering of my heart that was altogether new to me. Shall I say, dear Gertrude—need I say that my meeting with you opened to me altogether new and strange possibilities? That I felt novel sensations, taking hold of the very depths of my nature? That I was stirred by a power that would give me no rest, till I should impart to you the whole secret?"

"The red and white exchanged places on her cheeks more rapidly, while the Knight was thus talking, than can be described."

"Sweet Gertrude," said he, with the words throwing himself on his knees at her feet, "no power on earth is sufficient to prevent my avowing to you that sentiment with which my heart is full, and overflows—I love you! Were the sun to be blotted out of my sight this moment, these should be the last words whose sincere—nay, whose passionate avowal it should witness! You are henceforth the star of my life! I must hereafter live, if it is permitted me to live at all, only in you! You draw me as the moon draws the tides of the sea! In your sweet and gentle nature do I live, and in no other can I live—no, never! never! I am here at your feet, most gentle maiden, suing for your favor. I lay all things before you. On your single word hangs my happiness. My heart is altogether enlisted in your being, your welfare. And what is more, my dear maiden, your father would not refuse to favor such a suit as mine, for as much as that have from his lips already. He would lend us his blessing—and what can a maiden ask more than the last blessing, and not the curse and anathema, of the one who begot her?"

He paused for her to make some sort of reply, no matter how brief.

She hesitated, as almost any maiden would, under a like occurrence of circumstances. He watched her every motion with the closest scrutiny, and with a heightened anxiety; for, while he professed the fervor of passion to whose avowal she had just listened, he was still collected enough to calculate all his chances as he went along.

She found her tongue at last.

"I confess," she answered, with a great deal of composure for one compressed within such unpromising circumstances, "that your avowal, Sir Knight, which I can ascribe to nothing but your perfect frankness, takes me altogether by surprise. Further was it from me to suspect that you entertained for me such sentiments as you have seen fit to express, since our acquaintance has been so short as this. Had I thought it within the range of probability even, I should most preposterously have declined your

company on this day's excursion. As it is, nothing that has already transpired between us can be helped. But I owe it to myself, and scarcely less to you, Sir Knight, to tell you as frankly as I may, that your suit is entirely hopeless. I could never permit myself to harbor such a thought as the one you have just now suggested, while my heart remains what it is, and aspires only for union with another. I must not allow myself to do so. I should do a cruel wrong to myself in the first place, but oh! so much more cruel a wrong to another!"

"Dear Gertrude," he was about to go on, still keeping his position of a desperate suitor at her feet, "I would that you would hear me further—only a little while further. Tell me if you can cast away a love such as this I offer! I, a man who has been over the world and beheld all people, and now coming and throwing the entire wreath of my nature and experience at your feet! Will you spurn me from your presence, as you would spurn an outcast? Will you render me wretched—nay, an insane man for the rest of my objectless, my worthless life? Tell me, upon your soul, if you are prepared to take this responsibility upon yourself, and if you will condemn me to misery forever? Oh, Gertrude, you can in no way estimate the depth and the strength and the intensity of the love I bear you!"

### CHAPTER XVII. THE END OF IT.

It would have been the maiden's undoubted right, in the light of all considerations, to have refused any further talk with the Knight after what she had already said, and the persistence of his affectionate demonstration; but better feeling ruled her heart. Circumstances, too, were altogether in the Knight's favor. He was now the only person with whom Gertrude had ventured to exchange confidential words respecting the absent loved one. Her father had absolutely interdicted all allusion to him whatever, and it seemed to be a perfect Godsend that even a stranger had been thrown in her way, in whose company her long pent-up feelings might find relief. Therefore she exercised more patience than the Knight might otherwise have counted on. She was not ready to fling him off, or to rise and abruptly desert him. Her only alternative was to remain, preserving all the while an appearance of calmness, and try to argue him out of his passion and his unreasonable demands.

So she commenced and made answer to him yet again.

"Even if my heart were not pre-engaged," said she, "but were free and ready to be impressed with the sentiments which you have seen proper this day to express to me, I should still be able to raise one vital objection to your making such a proposal. In deed, I conceive it to be criminally wrong for a man in your position even to harbor such a thought as one of love to any lady!"

"What, my fair one!" he exclaimed. "What is it you tell me? Wrong? Criminal? I confess I do not understand you!"

"It will not occasion you a great deal of trouble to do so, then," returned she. "You cannot but know to what peculiar circumstance I refer."

"I am, on the contrary, entirely in ignorance. I cannot know."

"I will inform you, then. When you took upon yourself the sacred vow of your order, as a Knight of the Temple, you know full well that that vow precluded forever after the very thought of your marrying! Did it not?"

"That may be as you say, fair lady," he reluctantly replied. "But what of it?"

"Much—everything. While such is the fact, does it become you to profess sentiments to a wretched and friendless maiden—such an one as your vow itself should constrain you to pity and protect—sentiments that you know may never be made realities? Is it not cruelly tampering with the most precious gifts of woman? Does your heart nowise accuse and upbraid you, as you think of the position into which you have already forced me, certain to degrade me, in the end, as well as yourself? Can you reflect upon this, and feel that your nature is untainted?"

"My dear lady," he gently protested, with a deprecatory gesture of his hands, "for all this my mind has made abundant and ready provision. Do not charge anything like deceit, or even what is worse, upon me, until you are assured that I am doing so."

"No, I would not do that," interposed Gertrude, moving her seat somewhat farther from him. "It would trouble me to accuse any one wrongly."

"But, dear Gertrude," he continued, "I am ready—I have been ready—in fact, I had made up my determination to it—to retire from the Order to which I am even now proud to say that I belong! I will throw aside all my hopes of honor and promotion, all the bright prospects that cluster about my future, for the sake of that love which would be a boon and a blessing to me forever! Everything else shall be removed out of the way!"

He looked anxiously in her face to endeavor to read her answer.

"He who, having once assumed vows so sacred as these," responded the maiden, in a tone of voice that best bespoke her perfect calmness, "can make up his mind so readily to break them, certainly should not think to make a maid believe that he would not forget his vows to her as quickly!"

The answer out the Knight to the quick. It was the home-thrust in the argument, from which even his wonted ingenuity could invent for him no escape. But his experience suggested to him the need of rallying without delay under such a retort; and he essayed to do so forthwith.

"It would be no new thing to my thoughts," said he, putting on great assurance of manner; "for I had determined long ago to take such a step, the

moment I fell in with one whose heart I could share. There has, for such a length of time, and a weary time indeed to me, been a sense of loneliness and desolation within me, which I would fain supplant with something healthier and better. I have in vain endeavored to drive off the feeling by travel, by active exertion, by flinging myself almost recklessly into the mad excitements of the hour. For this I have traveled strange lands, and become more familiar with the faces, the language, and the manners of utter strangers, than with those of my own kind and kin. For this, dear Gertrude, I have bivouacked in shelterless solitudes, and pillowed my head alone in friendless places. I have dared the free winds of heaven everywhere, and defied the breezes that come laden with the heavy poisons of disease and death. But nowhere else has my soul found rest. Not until now have I known what it is to find the treasure which I can, from the depths of my heart, call my own. I love I met and have loved you. I have poured out my heart like water at your feet. Here I have signified my willingness to throw aside the worth and wealth of that high vow which will protect my honor wherever, on the face of the earth the name of honor is known, for the sake of securing that return of love which is the polar star of all my hopes and my life! And what do I receive at your hands in return? Shall I be taunted with having thought too lightly of my vows, and being ready to give them up whenever I thought it might be for my selfish interest so to do? This is cruel, too cruel, fair Gertrude; and I only hope your heart did not indeed experience the whole meaning of its utterance in those harsh and unwelcome words."

"I have already assured you, Sir Knight, that cruelty was farthest from my nature, and that it would be an impossibility for me to visit you with anything that had however slight a taint of revengefulness. It has rather been mine to suffer, than to practice cruelty and revenge. I bear you no ill will, Sir Knight, and certainly would not be thought capable of it. But still I cannot listen to your words of passion. They are not for my ears. They should never have entered there at all. I would not do wrong to another. I must not forget myself. Oh, if I felt that I but had one friend—and true friend!"

"My dear maid, let me be to you the friend you so fervently pray for! Let me come to you, and kind up the wounds from which your heart suffers and bleeds so sorely!"

"It cannot be! I tell you nay, Sir Knight! There must be no more said upon it! My determination is altogether made up! I shall pursue the course my own nature marks out for me! Let us drop this matter forever! Let us rise from this place, and return to the castle!"

He instantly prostrated himself with still greater abjectness before her, and began to reiterate his old petitions and pleas.

"No—no—no! Not a word, not a syllable more will I hear of all this! I have had too much of it already!"

"And still I love you," exclaimed the Knight.

"And I can only lament it," returned she.

"Then you would thrust me down into the pit of wretchedness as long as I live! You would do that, and still feel no sorrow!"

"At least," said she, "I would not do what is untrue to myself, even were it to make another happy. I could not; and no real man could be happy, either, knowing that his joy cost nothing less than the entire life of another."

"The words were well and fitly spoken. The Knight should have been satisfied; but like all other men whose passion has blinded, he failed to see what was most palpable before him.

"Alas! alas!" he murmured, in the style of one indulging in soliloquy, "then where goes my life? Till now I have been vainly in search of its great and glittering prize; and now when I have suddenly come upon it, and would fain reach out my hand, even with the trembling of doubt upon me, to grasp it, the colors all are dissipated, the treasure vanishes, the hopes shrink to nothingness, and ashes are strewn everywhere—everywhere!"

There was a considerable period of silence after this speech from the lips of the disappointed man, during which Gertrude sat with her eyes cast down upon the ground, and the Knight sat with his fixed upon her. He was certain he could read her thoughts in that interval of hesitation, and that they did not incline toward himself with any fervor.

At length the spell was broken. She lifted her eyes; they met his. She caught just a foretaste of that mysterious power of fascination which was locked up in their depths. And feeling what was in store for her resolution if she faltered, if she permitted his eyes for even a moment more to hold her own, she made a sudden movement and rose to her feet.

"We will leave this place," said she.

The Knight rose also.

She advanced from the spot where they had been sitting together, and approached the place where their steeds were secured to the boughs of the trees.

The Knight was behind her. On his face sat one of the most peculiar, because mixed and puzzling, expressions it is possible to conceive. Had Gertrude herself caught it at the instant, it would assuredly have furnished her with cause for instant alarm.

The Knight seemed to be reasoning within himself, and reasoning as rapidly as thoughts would pass and re-pass in his mind. The process, however, was swiftly concluded, for in the next moment he darted forward, wound his powerful arm around the slender and beautiful waist of Gertrude, and drawing her form close to his side, breathed, rather than spoke the startling words in her ears—

"Gertrude! by all that is holy, you shall be mine! I will not let you go! You are mine now, and I will part with you only with life itself!"

It was a crisis.

Had this unfortunate maiden never been thrown into the very jaws of the most terrible dangers hitherto, she would not have scrupled to make matters still more unpromising by calling out—though it would have been entirely in vain—at the top of her voice; but her self-command had been admirably developed by the severe discipline through which she had been forced to pass, and she immediately threw herself upon the powers of her own single, unaided nature.

She turned slowly, and resolutely about, therefore, and confronted him.

There was that mysterious eye again, however, piercing her through and through!

"What does this mean, sir?" she demanded, thus breaking the spell.

"It means, dear Gertrude," answered he, half relaxing his hold even at this critical moment, in the hopes that she would relent herself if he showed signs of it—"it means that I love you wherever you go; that I must follow you; that I cannot let you cast me off in this way; and that you must be mine!"

"Take off your hand!" she added, with promptness.

But one of two things was now left him to do; he must either relinquish his purpose altogether, or he must make a fresh start and follow it up with greater vigor than ever.

He was but a twinkling in deciding upon the latter.

"By the Evangel!" swore he, tightening his grasp; "I will have you for my own, my dear, if I risk life and everything else in the endeavor!"

Forthwith he proceeded to employ all his strength, which was indeed almost prodigious, and clasping her in an embrace to which that of a vice might well be compared as tender, he bore her away as he would a trophy, by sheer violence alone, to the spot that stood waiting impatiently for its rider.

"Where will you carry me?" she at length questioned him, though still betraying no symptoms of a weak alarm; "what would you do with me? Is it not a scandal upon your honored profession, and will it not forever remain a word of reproach in the mouths of your companions as long as you live, that you thus took advantage of a frail and unprotected maiden, who had herself made a confidant of you in her weakness and wretchedness, and sought to force her away into a servitude more hateful than any you must have learned to hate in the far East?" For shame, Sir Knight! This is unworthy of you! It is a disgrace to your high profession!"

"No matter for all that!" said he, "you will mount your horse here, and ride before me!"

"Whither?" asked she.

"Wherever I choose to direct. Only obey me now, and break loose from the thralldom with which you are oppressed at home, and my word for it as a Knight that you shall learn to love me as you never loved before! Come! mount as fast as you can. Here is my hand for you to place your dainty foot upon. I must needs seem rough just now, but fair maiden, it will not take you long to learn that, hard and cruel as I may seem to you to-day, I shall prove myself all love and devotion in the end."

She fixed a piercing look upon him, as if she thought she could with that transfix him as with an arrow. But the perfect calmness of his face threw back that glance as readily as a shield throws back an arrow that is idly shot from a bow.

He would have placed her on her steed, even against her will; but, upon second thought, it occurred to him that he would set her—by main force, if need be—on his own saddle in front of him, and thus compel her to go with him wherever he might choose to travel.

This resolution he had already taken the first steps towards carrying out, having released her horse from the bough to which it was tied, and set its head homeward. Just as he was lifting Gertrude, however, to the place he had designed for her, she uttered a wild shriek, in her fearful extremity, that went flying through all the aisles, vaults, crypts and chambers of the forest. It was not exactly a scream of terror, but rather of desperation and defiance. It was the all-powerful woman's weapon—the last to which she can generally resort. In the present case, it was really surprising with what a volume it went searching its swift way through all the secret places of the forest round about. So sharp and shrill was it, as she gave it forth from her lips, that even her cowardly captor, accustomed as he had been to all grades of sound in the course of his experience as a warrior, was partially paralyzed for the moment by its penetrating power. He held her tightly in his giant's grasp, but said nothing.

As he proceeded, however, in spite of this startling appeal for help from whatever quarter, to force the maiden into the saddle whereon he was himself to ride, a responsive voice suddenly broke from the forest glade, so wild and unearthly, that he fairly set down his unhappy victim upon her feet, and prepared to defend himself against the aggression he thought to be thus sprung upon him. At the same moment, the gentle palfrey belonging to Gertrude, came buck toward her whimpering with marked affectionateness, and seeming to desire his mistress to come and occupy the empty saddle he bore. One would have supposed, from his betrayal of sagacity, that he understood the nature of the trouble in which his mistress found herself, and would fain have proffered her his timely assistance.

Upon the instant a loud and skinny figure emerged from the thicket, and posted itself directly in front of the Knight. Then commencing to brandish its arms and utter menaces of every kind and variety, it was finally able to speak.

The figure that thus started out from the shadows like a specter upon the vision of the astonished Knight, was that of Old Mahala. She was generally on the spot when mischief was afoot. On this day



she had seen the Knight ride forth bravely with Gertrude, and with her own instinctive knowledge of character, had a suspicion that his intentions were not such as would redound to Gertrude's interest and happiness; therefore she concluded to follow after them at a safe distance, sitting along from one place in the woods to another, like a owl in the night. Ever since the event of Gertrude's reckless and miraculous escape from the tower window, and her subsequent reconciliation with and return to her father, the old woman had kept a watchful eye upon her; for well did she lay to hear the last words spoken by her in the presence of the Lord of Rosenheim, that she should surely visit punishment upon his own head if Gertrude was harmed in any way by her return.

Standing thus before the Knight, he was at length prompted to ask her who she was, and what she wanted.

"I am a flaming brand in the way of your violence, wicked man! This crime of yours is thus brought to an end! You thought to disgrace your name and prove yourself untrue to the solemn vow of a Knight; but let me tell you now, sir, that I am here to put a stop to this just where it is!"

"You?" he asked, moving to complete the work of violence he had begun.

"Nay, I tell thee (ouch her not! Lay not so much as a finger upon the maid again, or your life will not be worth the trouble of saving!"

"And what art thou, fiend, who presumest to thrust thy hideous self between me and my purpose? Speak, and say what is the name by which so frightful a spectacle is known among men—or rather, among the wild beasts of the forest! You pretend to hinder me! Ha—ha! there never was so laughable an occurrence in all my varied history! I have lived till today; only to get a new sight of things!"

"This is idle, monster," answered the hag. "Return home with this gentle maiden as quickly as you came here, and venture not to abuse the sweet confidence she mistakenly reposed in you! I shall know, if you do as I tell you!"

"Ha—ha!" laughed he, scornfully. "Get out of my way here! Away into the shadows with you, or, by my halidome, I will thrust you through with my sword!"

"Aha! is that the game you would play at, then? Here, Fangs! Here, Bull!" and as she called, she put something like a whistle to her mouth, and with half-averted face, blew so shrill a sound that it pierced the ears of the Knight with its painful echoes.

Forthwith, at this single blast, out rushed from the dark heart of the forest a couple of wolfish-looking dogs, of a breed that must remain indescribable, but so fierce and wild in their nature, so powerful and impetuous, and withal under such complete control of their haggish mistress, that for an instant the iron nerves of the Knight experienced a shock, and his heart fluttered to think how completely he was in the power of this wild, weird woman. She could see, with her quick and piercing glance—fully a rival for his own—that he quailed as these powerful creatures bounded forward from the covert so unexpectedly, and stood with bristling necks, and emitting a low, thunderous growl, at the side of their mistress.

"Now then, Sir," said she, her eye emitting sparks of fire as she spoke and gesticulated, "I order you to escort, at a slow and deliberate gait, that maiden safely home! Help her into the saddle, Sir, and then mount yourself! There is no time to be lost in parrying, and I have none to lose in any way. Ride slowly, I bid you, for I myself am going to follow at a considerable distance; and it is not for an old person like me to try to keep up with the rapid feet of a horse. And as I follow, and these faithful creatures along with me, I tell you now once for all, Sir, that the moment I hear the voice of that maid calling for succor, that moment I shall let loose my dogs upon you! There, Fangs! There, Bull! I want you to take particular notice of the man. Look at him so that you may know him without any trouble again!"

She pointed at him with her skinny fingers, to instruct the creatures in their lessons.

For the first time in his life, perhaps, the insolent Knight was completely vanquished. He had at last met his match, and more too. He had found little trouble thus far in deceiving the absent and trusting Wilhelm, but here was a power which it was quite beyond his skill to devise.

He proceeded to comply, though ever so sullenly, with the woman's demands. He dared not, in truth, do otherwise. He eyed, first, herself, and then her dogs; and finally he concluded the fight, if entered upon, would result altogether to his disadvantage. Therefore he reasoned that discretion would prove the better portion of valor, and did as she requested.

As he proffered his assistance to Gertrude, she peremptorily declined the same, assuring him that no longer should she remain indebted to him for his aid, or protection, or sympathy. She vaulted lightly into her seat, and her little palfrey immediately turned about and began to carry his precious load homeward again.

The Knight followed closely after, without venturing a word. And finally came along Old Mahala herself, attended by her canine escort, her keen eye fixed upon every movement of the Knight, like an arrow at its whirling aim on the bowstring.

It was all a strange tableau. To Gertrude, it proved to be red infernal; but to the Knight, it was a blow from which it would take even his boundless coolness and assurance a long while, to recover.

After a time, they reached sight of the castle, Gertrude at once urged forward her steed, and the Knight came after, putting the best face on the matter he could wear. He had all his plans connected, in case the girl ventured to tell the story of the day to her father. He feared nothing for the result, already knowing the relations subsisting between the two, and understanding his own power over the mind of the father. For the present, certainly, he was safe.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

That very night, while supper was spread in the hall, and after Gertrude had taken her seat at the table—though apart from the Knight somewhat—it was announced by one of the men-at-arms at the door of the dining-hall that a poor minstrel waited at the gate without, and desired of the Lord of the Castle permission to pass through and share his hospitality.

"Who and what is the stranger, that he should presume to interrupt us at this hour of the day?" demanded the lord, in his usual passionate manner.

"He says that he is a minstrel," responded he who had presumed to make the announcement of his arrival, "and that he is weary and foot-sore with travel."

"Yes, so are they all!—a miserable, vagabonding

race! Each one who comes is more tired and sorer than the one who left just before him. A poor race, at the best; and it were better far that starvation laid his hand upon them while they are out at their travels, and made quick work with them!"

"But, master," pleaded the men-at-arms on behalf of the wanderer, "this one says he came a great way, and has traveled all the while on foot. Unless you take him in, he declares he will lie down and die in the moat that encircles the castle walls."

"Oh, if he is so far reduced as that, then, let him come in! Bid him welcome on our behalf. Never let it be said that the Castle of Rosenheim sent away a weary soul empty or hungry, while we possess the fat of the land ourselves within. How far did he say he came, minstrel?"

"From Palestine," answered the minstrel.

An involuntary exchange of glances at once took place around one end of the board. The color rushed like a flame into the face of Gertrude, and then left it again. As for the Knight, he could not conceal the rising interest he felt in the announcement just made.

"From Palestine, hey?" repeated the Lord of Rosenheim, haughtily. "Very well. Perhaps he has something to tell us, in his own peculiar way, about that far-off country. You know somewhat of that land yourself, Sir Knight," he added, turning upon his guest; "and you can tell at once, therefore, if this man is an impostor like the others that frequent hospitable castles for the sake of the crumbs they may pick up, and can say whether he has indeed come from the Holy Land or not."

"Ay, that indeed can I, with great readiness," he swaggeringly answered. "And I promise you that I will look sharply to him, to see if I can detect a flaw in his story."

Gertrude heard these words but mechanically, so to speak. Her thoughts were elsewhere already. It was very difficult for her to disguise her interest in what had already transpired in relation to the stranger minstrel, and she was more than half in doubt if her father should not perceive the state of her mind, and instantly order the wanderer away from the gate.

While this conversation, and these fears and surmises, were going forward at the upper end of the supper-hall, the object of them all was ushered in at the other extremity of the same, following in the wake of a torch-bearer who fully recognized the importance and dignity of his office.

As he entered and stood in plain view of the master of Rosenheim, he made humble obeisances; afterwards directing his eyes to where the beautiful Gertrude sat, with her own gaze riveted upon him, he proceeded to proffer as respectful and tender a salutation as he was able at that distance. The wandering minstrels were in the habit of pouring their songs into the ears of ladies chiefly, for they were invariably the most eager listeners; and hence they had the sagacity to know that their salutations were, first of all, to be rendered to them.

"Sit down wherever you can find room for yourself," commanded the haughty lord. "Eat of what the table will furnish you, till you are perfectly satisfied. You are welcome here."

They all fell to, and made among themselves a hearty meal of it. When at length there was something like a pause, or rest, in the exercises of the table, and earnest drinking had begun out of the flagons of silver at the upper end of the table, and out of capacious drinking horns at the lower, the Lord of Rosenheim began to put questions to his new guest—who, by the bye, had speedily finished his repast—respecting the lands through which he had traveled since he came from Palestine. To all the answers of the latter, the company listened intently.

"And what, pray," pursued the lord, "was going on when you were in the country? When you took up your march hitherward? What was the fray, and who were engaged in it? You were there, and of course you can tell us what we have all a great anxiety to know."

In response to these questions, the minstrel commenced his monotonous musical recitation, in the form of a chant, of what was transpiring when he turned his back from necessity upon the land. To the ears of the listeners it was poetry; it certainly was poetic, not less from the regularity of rhythmic beat in its recitation, than from the ideal modes of expression in which the intelligence was sought to be conveyed.

He told them, in his song, accompanying his harp-music, that Conrad, the Emperor, had pushed his way quite to the walls of the City itself; that his army was brave and hopeful, having already made several vigorous assaults upon the enemy at different points, and with brilliant success; that the army was led by men who knew how to command, and in whom they felt the greatest amount of confidence; and, chiefest of all, that there was one youthful soldier who had so distinguished himself for impetuous bravery, that he had been received into the personal companionship of the Emperor, and always rode with him at the head of the army, as if he were his body-guard.

The Knight ventured to ask who such a young soldier could be, for he said he felt assured that no such person had ever come under his notice there, and would hardly be likely to reach such a prominence by so rapid steps.

The minstrel could even tell him who the youth was, for his name was on every tongue, and he was the pride and envy of all. It was Wilhelm, who owned a castle somewhere this way on the Rhine.

The Knight became dumb.

The Lord of Rosenheim tossed off a long and powerful draught of liquor that stood at his hand, to hide the confusion of his face.

As for Gertrude, the violence of the beating of her heart led her to fear lest it might be overheard, and she bore herself betrayed.

The moment was one of peculiar excitement to each one of the three.

"What was his name?" asked the Knight again, hoping thus to gain time to recover himself.

Gertrude's eyes flung him a look of unspeakable contempt, as he put the needless question.

"Wilhelm," answered the minstrel, "his praises were everywhere. Never before had man so immortalized himself, unless it was Char-de-Lion's own self. His presence by the side of the Emperor at what was announced by one of the men-at-arms at the door of the dining-hall that a poor minstrel waited at the gate without, and desired of the Lord of the Castle permission to pass through and share his hospitality.

"Who and what is the stranger, that he should presume to interrupt us at this hour of the day?" demanded the lord, in his usual passionate manner.

"He says that he is a minstrel," responded he who had presumed to make the announcement of his arrival, "and that he is weary and foot-sore with travel."

"Yes, so are they all!—a miserable, vagabonding

The Emperor was not backward, therefore, in extending all sorts of favors to him, in presence of the hosts that he commanded."

The minstrel evidently felt the glow of his subject, and was becoming enthusiastic in the praise of the youthful Wilhelm, thus self-called. The whole table was lulledly engaged in listening to him, nor did they desire to have him stop. Any intelligence from the grand army by Palestine—that far off dream-land to so many who heard and talked about it—was ever most welcome to them; they would have sat all night around the board, and listened to the wanderer's tale without feeling drowsy or weary. This the minstrel knew; the race of minstrels well understood how welcome they were in bower and hall, and what marked favors were certain to be extended to them wherever they went.

"Do you know this Wilhelm hereabout?" inquired the new-comer, directing his glance at the Lord of the Castle himself, who sat at the head of the table on the elevated dais assigned to the family and chosen guests. "For it were an honor indeed to be a friend of such a man, whose fame will ere long pass round the world. To be distinguished in the Holy Land against the infidel is a long claim against immortality, you may be sure."

As he asked the question of the Lord himself, and appeared to wait for a reply, the latter turned round upon the Knight, and looked at him in such a way as to convey the idea that he wished he would take up the unwelcome conversation now, and carry it out to the end.

The Knight took the hint in an instant, and saw that he could not presume to disobey. But then again, there sat Gertrude near him! She understood the situation he was in, though as yet she, nor any one else present, knew not that the Knight had any acquaintance with Wilhelm; but it was within her knowledge that he was now familiar with Wilhelm's tender relation to herself, for she had on that very day informed him of it all.

"Yes," at length responded the Knight to the inquiry of the minstrel, "we have heard of this youth whose praises you sing so glibly here to-night. But it occurs to me, who have been in Palestine myself, that you are making great things of him for so young and fresh a warrior. Why, he can have but just vaulted, or rather climbed, into his saddle; and here you are now, declaring from a heart overflowing with admiration for him, that even the Emperor's self hath not become more distinguished! It is preposterous!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

"LET IN THE LIGHT!"

—Dying words of Goethe.

Oh, God! how many hearts do hunger!  
How souls from eyes have spoke,  
With a sad and woeful wonder,  
And anguish such as woke  
The inner life of those whose sense  
Is keener than the mass  
Whose spirit-pulses tell from whence  
To where our souls do pass.

Oh, eyes! filled with sad beseeching,  
Loving, looking, longing,  
Yet not knowing ye are reaching  
Far off, when no wronging  
Brings the holy, hallowed hours,  
Such sweet blessings cheerful,  
As make moments winged with flowers  
In Love only tearful.

In those dreary, darkening dens  
Where hides that vice and want  
Which in the city's fetid fens  
With aching life does pant—  
On all the pavements, bare and bleak,  
Amid its wretched throng,  
The spirit out the eyes does speak,  
In ever-mournful song:

"Oh, give us Light! let freely in  
The Father's holy love!  
Oh, give us faith, that we may win  
The angels' home above!

Oh, why thus scorned and spit upon?  
Why is this world so stern?  
Cannot Life's blessed prize be won  
But by such blessings learned?

Oh, Father, hark to the groaning—  
Lives on the shores of Time!  
Eternity's waves are moaning  
In answer to the chime  
That mournful rings in every soul,  
Like a slow-pealing knell,  
Till its widening circles swell,  
Out where Death's mysteries dwell."

"Let in the Light!" thus said the cry  
Amid the silence falls,  
While the untold hearts that sigh  
With quiet weeping, call  
For more of Love to bless the world,  
And more of joy to smile;  
That hate and scorn may down be hurled,  
And hearts be freed from guile.

Oh, this world might beautiful be,  
If man to man were true,  
Shimmering like a summer sea,  
When sunshine o'er it dew;  
The Golden time that poets sing  
Would gladden all the earth,  
And life to life fraternal ring,  
While noble deeds have birth.

"Oh, give us Light!" from all the ages  
Goes swelling o'er the spheres,  
From earth's poor worn ones and her sages,  
Still it comes with many tears;  
Blindly groping with a yearning  
Sense of such glories bright,  
That all manly speech is burning  
With the words, "Oh, give us Light!"

Oh, let the light of Love to shine  
On every darkened one;  
Give unto them Affection's wine;  
Let all good deeds be done!  
Oh, let the light of knowledge beam—  
Be every fetter broke,  
Till earth, through Faith's most gorgeous gleam,  
From Circæa dreams be woke.

Boston, October, 1860.

## Beauty Undoried.

Why do not the world take a hint, occasionally? Simplicity may be preached forever, and to little apparent purpose; but once let somebody be old enough to come out with a living example of it, and what a dust of talk and wonder is raised! One lady at the Prince's ball in Cincinnati was distinguished from the rest of the women by wearing no jewelry. Baron Ronfrew observed that the lady was barren of *bijouterie*, and selected her as a dancing partner on that account. Over dressing is the crying sin of our American women, and the lady who, on so notable an occasion, had the courage, self-reliance, and good taste, to dress with elegant simplicity, deserves immortal memory. Somebody says—"Let Miss G. be illustrious forever as the woman who danced with the Prince and did not wear jewels!" and so say we. Jewelry is a tawdry mode of augmenting beauty, and barbarism, at the best.

## PAY FOR SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

The remarks of A. B. Curtis before the Free-Trade Convention at Glasgow, May 10, on the subject of the value of truth, are worth a reprint.

Spiritualism, or that which comes of it, is having already an influence upon the world that is enormous. Literature begins to be tainted with its bright beams; various sorts of influences by its inspiring levity; the social world feels it to its finger's ends, and more than all, the hearts of humanity in unspoken affluence, hold it with unflinching grasp, mostly, in silence. All men are Spiritualists behind the curtain, while but few are so when the curtain rises.

Spiritualism tells us that religion is a different thing from what we have been taught it was; that it is feeling rather than facts; that it is desire rather than philosophy; that it is love rather than resistance. Spiritualism springs up through the religion of material darkness, which has been necessary, into new strata of life; it turns over a new leaf in the great volume of nature's serial pages. But words and sentences convey no just or adequate idea of what Spiritualism is. All that we can say of Spiritualism is that schoolboy twaddle. And those who hear us and feel it not are like the boy who has not studied Latin: he hears the boys recite who have. He hears the sound of words he does not understand the meaning of—"Amo, amas, amat." "What in thunder's that?" he says.

Over this new page of nature, Spiritualism is written, and the man who does not know it yet, hears others read, and the sound of this reading is meaningless to him, like the sound of Latin to the boy who had not read it, and he calls it wishy-washy. *Amo, amas, amat* have meaning to be felt that eternity cannot wipe out—I love, you love, he loves. On this new page of life in spontaneous development, in unspoken feelings, we read I love, you love, humanity loves. God is love, all life is love, and love is the basis of this new development. Love is unseen, and it mostly exists without the utterance of words; it cannot be bought and sold; it cannot be dealt out by human hands or human lips. Who can tell what Spiritualism is? No one. Behind the shadows of matter every one feels it—and a few recognize the feeling.

Explanations belong to books, not to souls. Definitions are the lines of limits and do not belong to the limitless shores of spiritual infinity. Philosophy measures matter and tells the quality, the causes and the effects of relations—while spirit produces matter and its philosophy, and after a time shakes it off to dust, and rises ever fresh above its products that change and perish, for the spontaneous development of all truth for which the soul has a desire. Accountability is for the ledgers of time, not for the undulating waves of spiritual progression. Responsibility is for the safe keeping of lumps of clay, not for spirit that wings its flight away in freedom.

Virtue is for the earthly man, not for the pure soul. Evil, which is resistance, is the necessary antagonism of matter, not the unresisting atmosphere of Spiritual existence.

Our physical demands are answered by our physical efforts. Our spiritual demands are answered by spontaneous desires, by spontaneous development, which development commands spiritual influx. For spiritual growth there is no human effort. The growth, and continuance of our physical beings, command the individual and combined efforts of men and women. This is right—eminently right in matter. For our physical being, commerce is used; pay for good deeds and for devilish deeds; rewards and punishments. Compensation is of antagonism, not of love. Pay belongs to matter, where conflict is—where opposites exist. The balance weighs on positives. Justice is the dividing line between equal antagonisms. Justice sits between the rewards and punishments. Virtue is in her right hand—vice her left. Justice is of the material world, not of the spiritual world; virtue and vice are of the same.

Spiritual lecturers, it is claimed, deal with spiritual things. And it is also claimed that pay, measured by the value of earthly goods, should be given for spiritual truths, dealt out by spiritual lecturers. Does Spiritualism teach this? Let us, in our silent moments, think of this.

The paid priesthood have been a favorite theme for condemnation by reformers. The priesthood of the past and the present have claimed to deal out spiritual truths for the people, for which a certain amount has been annually paid in money, or in some material goods. Commerce is exchange of commodities for pay, for an equivalent in matter. Where does it belong? To terrestrial things where opposition, conflict and bondage is—not to spiritual truths that are spontaneously produced; that are ever as free for us as the air of heaven that we breathe. Commerce in spiritual things is incompatible; commerce in earthly things is lawful. Commerce with the whole category of religious technicalities had birth in matter, and with matter will find its grave.

A spiritual manifestation, a spiritual truth, never was paid for and never can be, no more than the sun's rays are paid for. Even the sunlight that is physical, is above the clutches of commerce; and spirit is lighter and brighter than the physical sun. Earth holds commerce to her own bosom, and nurses it. Commerce is her lawful child. I do not mean to say that spiritual truths do not pervade all earthly things, but to think that we can handle and hold a spiritual truth as we do an article of merchandise—a bale of cotton, or a hoghead of molasses—and sell it to one or more persons for a stipulated amount of money, is a phantasm that belongs to the shadows of the past.

Public speaking is an article of commerce, given for payment in some other article of commerce. Every soul has the sunshine of truth in itself, and for itself developed. No spiritual truth ever will, or ever did find a lodgment in a human soul from the tongue of a spiritual lecturer or a church minister. External education, to the soul, is a pretence, not a reality. External education belongs alone to our physical being, to the philosophy and the religion of the material world, which world is but the baby-playhouse of the soul of man, and which soul is spontaneously, incessantly nourished by the unseen streams of God's truths that flow everywhere throughout his universes, free, unspoken by words.

The first recognition of truth in the soul is its development from within, outward—never from the outward world to the interior soul. Soul truths never were and never can be developed in others by spiritual lectures, books or writings. You may say that the Bible is full of spiritual truths; that it cannot be made without pay; that it is an article of commerce. Admit that this is so. Every spiritual truth therein revealed comes externally, second hand, to the soul that reads it. Every spiritual truth recorded in the Bible is in the air, everywhere, free for every soul that has a capacity developed for its reception. And no soul receives the truths of the Bible sooner, for their external presentation, for angling the Bible and reading it. Spiritual truths,

when needed, are always reached first-hand, always fresh, coming from an unseen source, coming from within the soul. Without a single exception, every truth that feeds and nourishes the soul for eternity is a truth of intuition, is a truth of the soul's own production.

The idea of driving truth into people's souls by the Bible, sermons and lectures, is the idea of ages that have been full of conflict. It is nothing more nor less than the misty idea that commerce may be carried into pulpits, that the church has cherished as an indispensable passport to future happiness. The whole idea claimed in Spiritualism, that spiritual lectures, considered as being of moment to the soul, is a tinge lugged out of orthodoxy, that will soon be bleached white by the sunlight of Spiritualism. Sermons and lectures have no influence upon the soul; have no influence upon the spontaneous desires of the human heart; have no influence in advancing the soul's progress heavenward. Sermons and lectures are well enough for materialism, for amusement and recreation. But Spiritualism must claim that they have nothing to do with the soul's eternal progression. You will probably say that this is assumption. I say it is not assumption, for the reasons—first, sermons and lectures, almost without exception, are made articles of commerce—are bought with material substance, and paid for with material substance; second, no truth uttered in a lecture or sermon finds a response and approval in the soul of the hearer, except it be already developed in that soul; third, men who don't hear lectures and sermons, contribute as largely to support the happiness of humanity, without the crazy feeling that they are better than others, as those who do hear lectures and sermons, who preach lectures and sermons. The man who has preached forty years may fall from grace, and does.

The treasures that good folks lay up in heaven by religious devotion, as we say, are lost by a single wayward not. Years of labor added to years of labor in what the world calls religion, in laying up treasures in heaven, which treasures are the rewards of good deeds, are liable to be lost by misadventures, after. Are the treasures of our eternal existence so precarious? Rewards are of the material world, not of the spiritual world, and so are punishments. All the treasures that men or women gather into their souls by hearing lectures, and transferring the fruit to the store-house of heaven, to there await their coming, are but phantoms of time, that in time, or after, will fade away.

Then what is the use of lectures, if their claims to benefit the souls of men and women are fictitious? Lectures may benefit our material life, which is of little count; they help to while away the hours of our material existence; they may serve for amusement and recreation. I fail to find the lecture-room and the meeting-house of greater moment to the soul's well being in the hereafter than is the dancing-room, the play-house, or the house of merchandise, the work-shop, the corn-field, or the kitchen hearth. Dr. A. Paige has suggested that it is better for Spiritualists to carry bread to the hungry and clothe to the naked, than go to hear sermons and lectures on Sunday.

Spiritualists claim to be reformers; so do men who are not Spiritualists. *—This is true of both Spiritualists and opponents to Spiritualism.* But where does reform belong? To the physical world—to its philosophies, its religions, its morals and its virtues—all of which are visible to sensuous perceptions—are products of the soul that pass away and perish—not one of which is an attribute of the soul's indestructible existence. Reform is not an attribute of the soul—it is only a term that can be applied to changes that take place in its products.

A palpable recognition of the soul's immortality places it paramount to all its productions. Reformers are the changes of matter—not of the soul. When we feel and recognize the real pulsations of the soul's actual existence, all that the soul produces seems like falling leaves of autumn, compared with the life that produces them. Morals, virtue, philosophy, and what has been called religion, are to the soul what falling leaves are to living trees. Falling leaves change, crumble, decay, and re-form. So it is of morals, virtue, religion and philosophy.

The alliance of reforms with the soul's progression, as has been claimed, is a fiction of the necessary darkened past—not of the light that Spiritualism brings. The bright and beautiful light that Spiritualism in tacit power sheds now in the hearts of millions drives away, or will, this fiction—and the soul's intuitions stand triumphantly above the trash of effects that re-form; the pretences of religion that are material; the axioms of philosophy that change as matter changes; the frailty of virtue that evaporates as the dewdrop; the tribunal of justice that is weighed only in scales that men make; morals that alone are the sweeter fruit of material existence; and what men have called evil, like the refuse of matter, corruption and decay re-form, and come forth in fragrant flowers. I say that the soul imbued with the silent influx of Spiritualism, rises above all these trashy things, which alone belong to the physical world, into the clear light of soul-reality; when lecturing and preaching cease to be of use, where truths are developed and recognized by the soul's spontaneous growth, unspoken, unwritten.

Men and women who have been long in the ranks of Spiritualism, who have been earnest devotees to the silent influx that makes us Spiritualists, cannot be called out to bear sermons and lectures. Nearly all our best mediums throughout the land read but little, if any; and Spiritualists, as a body, give little heed to the utterances of others. Why is this? It is because the soul has come to that condition where it recognizes the spontaneous development of truths for itself; of every truth for which the soul has need. The capacity for a soul, truth is born simultaneously with the development of that truth. Material things, I know, apparently differ from this axiom. The hunger and the thirst for spiritual truths are never answered by words, but are always answered by silent soul development; by unseen spiritual influx, that is not material, like lectures and sermons.

Thus it is that mediums and Spiritualists care little or nothing for external teachings, which teachings belong alone to the external world of material intelligence. This body of lecturers care but little for what each other says, but in each one is a mighty development of feeling, of kindness, of love. In each one there is a flood of silent thought, the whole of which no one dares to utter yet. Were I to speak my soul's persuasions right out in full, could I, the greatly ugly boot of materialism would crush and kill my animal life. Miss Fanny Davis says: "Our best feelings we never utter, for tongue is too feeble and pen too weak to transmit them. When the divine comes, there is nothing in mind and spirit to express it." Love is the basis of Spiritualism. Love is the great river of God, from which immediately comes our desires, our longings, our affections and our feelings. These are nearer allied to Spiritual existence; while























## Pearls.

And quiver'd, and trembled, and words long,  
That on the stricken forehead of all those,  
Spark'd forever.

Nothing so small that God has made  
But has its destined end;  
All in their turn His purpose serve—  
All to His glory tend.  
The grain of dust, to sight unseen,  
With myriads may combine  
To form a bulwark to the sea,  
Its limits to confine.  
The little drop of dew,  
Which on the blade of grass,  
May, in the sun's bright beams, appear  
A rainbow in the sky;  
Or else the trackless ocean main,  
With others, form to share,  
Some loving heart shall hear,  
And thus the humblest of us all  
God's instrument may prove,  
To bless and shed or follow men  
The bounty of His love!—[Chambers's Journal.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general,  
we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor things  
to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up  
an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.

Who will say the world is dying?  
Who will say our prime is past?  
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,  
Flash, and will flash to the last.  
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;  
Man a tool to buy and sell;  
Earth a failure, God forsaken,  
Ante-room of Hell.  
Still the race of Hero-spirits  
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;  
Age from age the words inherit—  
"Wife, and Child, and Fatherland!"  
Still the youthful hunter gathers  
Flory joy from wild and wood;  
He will dare as dard his fathers,  
Give him cause no good.

Truth is the key of art, as knowledge is of power.

The Present rushes into the Past—  
Nothing on earth is doomed to last;  
Summer has ended, and Winter is near.  
Rain is steaming on moor and more,  
Dead leaves are on the blast;  
The shutters are up in the empty room,  
Nothing to break its hush of gloom—  
Nothing but gusts of pleasing rain,  
Beating against the window-pane,  
Mingled with brine swelled up from the sea,  
And thought of that which used to be  
And cannot be again!

He that waits to prosper will sink in adversity.

The world may scorn me, if they choose—I care  
But little for their scornings. I may sink  
From moment to moment, but I rise again, nor shrink  
From doing what the faithful heart inspires.  
I will flatter, fawn, nor crouch, nor wink,  
At what high-minded wealth or power desires:  
I have a loftier aim, to which my soul aspires.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## THE SPEAKERS' CONVENTION AT QUINCY, October 30th, 31st, and November 1st, 1860.

TUESDAY.

According to the Call, published in the BANNER for the past few weeks, the Speakers' Convention met in the Town Hall at Quincy, upon the morning of Oct. 30th, at 10 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by F. L. Wadsworth, who read the Call, and proposed that the Convention be organized by the choice of the usual officers. The following were chosen:

President—Hon. FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Marblehead.

Vice-Presidents—F. L. Wadsworth and Mrs. A. M. Spence.

Secretaries—A. E. Newton and Miss Lita H. Barney.

Business Committee—Henry C. Wright, Miss A. W. Sprague, F. L. Wadsworth, Daniel F. Goddard, Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

The attendance in the morning was not large, but was soon increased by arrival of trains from the city. Among the speakers present the first day were the following: Hon. Frederick Robinson, Mrs. A. M. Spence, F. L. Wadsworth, A. E. Newton, Henry C. Wright, Daniel F. Goddard, Miss A. W. Sprague, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Leo Miller, N. S. Greenleaf, L. K. Cooley, Chas. W. Hayden, Anna Ryder, Mrs. M. J. Clark, B. J. Dutton (Ed. Spiritual Reformer), Chas. W. Hayden, and Mrs. C. F. Atkins.

During the absence of the Business Committee, Mrs. Spence made some remarks explanatory of the objects of the Convention. She said: A great variety of opinions obtain among those who are looked to as teachers of spiritual truth. Many suppose that all ought to teach the same doctrines, else we cannot receive them as teachers of truth. But nature produces a great variety, and we all know that what we once received as true, because adapted to our then existing conditions, does not suit us now. As we advance, we require different food. All know, too, that by listening to different speakers, we get new and valuable ideas, and new expositions of our own ideas. Thus speakers have a use, not to rule, nor to make servants of humanity, but to aid. As speakers, we need to examine our conditions and qualifications, that we may be prepared to satisfy the demands of those who wish our teachings.

We have been strangers to each other in our feelings and our progress; and in our movements have leaned upon our individual spirit friends. The time has come when we should get acquainted, preparatory to the time when we shall need the aid of such acquaintance, for mutual support against opposition, and in the great work of reform that is before us.

Mr. Wadsworth, from Business Committee, reported arrangements for the sessions of the Convention; also the following resolution:

Resolved, That while we advocate the most liberal sentiments relative to individual thought and labor, we perceive in that liberal individualism properly supported, the possibility of unity of action, oneness of feeling, and consequently the foundation of all true reform.

Henry C. Wright moved the adoption of the resolution, and endorsed the sentiment. He understood it to mean simply this: that individual conviction as a law of life and action is the basis of all progress. Every human being should be true to his own internal convictions. We must either abide by our own convictions or by those of others. The whole world turns upon this. We are prone to be guided by some one else. It is so much easier to have another think or act for us, than many fail to stand on their own convictions. I am willing to receive advice, but am not obliged to follow it. My own will is a safer guide to the welfare of my own soul than any other's. Not even the will of God is to be followed, except as it becomes my own will. It is with me a law never to enter upon any personal defence. If

any one brings a charge against me with view of insulting me, if it is true, justice should keep me silent; if false, self-respect should do the same. There is no use in this Convention, unless each will put his bias into the general stock. Each has his place, and no two are alike.

Mr. Wadsworth followed. He had seen a great need of the spirit of love, peace and harmony, in the field of reform. Individuals have each a particular work to perform—a preponderating idea to express. Is it not possible for each to do his own work without encroaching upon the rights of others? This is the question for this Convention to answer. This is the unity of purpose which is needed. It will make us liberal, tolerant and just to each other.

The resolution was laid aside, and letters were read from D. J. Mandell, of Athol, Mass.; O. J. Thorp, of Vandalia, Mo.; and Warren Chase, after which the Convention adjourned till 2 o'clock.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

Letters of a sympathizing and approbatory tone were read from Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ash-tabula, Ohio; Mrs. F. O. Hlyzer, and Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook.

Henry C. Wright hoped the time was not far distant when we shall have a grand National Convention, to last for a month, if you please, in some central location: Twenty-five years ago the lecturers on anti-slavery met, and had a Convention of two weeks, by which they became acquainted with each other's leading ideas, and this was of great benefit to all, and to the work in which they were engaged. This the speakers on Spiritualism need, also. You must know you are engaged in one great, glorious work, and all have your places in that field. What is the grand object of our existence in this world? The elevation and improvement of the nature we bear, and thus the production of happiness; to improve the whole type of our being. We should work for coming generations. Every child should come into the world with an improved type of existence. Spiritualism can elevate the human mind, by giving prevalence to more correct ideas of God, of death, the future life, etc. We must all work, and I hope and pray that God will keep you to work through all eternity. If he don't, you will all be "damned."

The resolution which lay upon the table was now taken up for discussion.

L. K. Cooley said: A liberal individualism is spoken of here in pleasing terms. What does this mean?—that everybody should do as he pleases? Everywhere I am asked this question: "Why don't the mediums live in accordance with their teachings?" We are expected to do more than the church people, for we profess to be reformers, and to be influenced by the angels. But there are different opinions as to what constitutes purity. Many who are living what others deem the most impure lives, think themselves patterns of purity. But what right have we to judge? How do we know but if we were in their places, we would do the same? We can but conclude that every one who is acting conscientiously will bring about a good result in the end. The more popular and successful mediums should help forward those who are less so, even if they do not coincide exactly with their own ideas. We want, also, more of an equalization in the prices paid to mediums.

Mr. Wadsworth explained briefly the reason of some names being on the call, and others not being obtained. It was owing to want of time.

Mrs. Townsend spoke of the jealousies that sometimes existed among mediums. Severe trials had taught her that the cause of jealousy on her own part was always within herself. If she was slighted and neglected, there was a reason for it. She must make herself worthy of attention. Sooner or later, we all find our own proper level in the public estimation.

Chas. W. Hayden said: When this Conference was called, I received an invitation from the higher spiritual congress. I am a laborer from the fact that Spiritualism is a truth, and that it vivifies all the fires of the human soul. Do not criticize the past lives of others, but cover them with a mantle of charity. More will come out of this movement than you think of. I know it is for a very important purpose, and that is the reason of my having an invitation to come.

Miss A. W. Sprague remarked that Spiritualists are not to be expected to be exceptions to mankind generally; but while she had known something of unkind criticism, she wished to speak rather of instances of kindness and nobleness of soul. She had received much kindness, and was grateful for it. "Let us give to all kind hearts and kind greetings, and before the end of the year we will compel every one to speak well of us."

Mrs. M. J. Clark: We stand each on our own merit; we cannot work further, nor see deeper than we can. We must not boast of our infallibility; there is none this side of infinity. Deep minds and deep hearts hold the most of pity; but we are what we are, dwellers on the earth.

Mr. B. J. Dutton, of Hopkeda, remarked: Spiritualism is like a building in process of erection; it has called together much timber, and also much rubbish. In its breadth and diversity of thought, there is cause for encouragement rather than otherwise, and without a wise inspiration the great questions that have arisen cannot be settled. Among the rest, he instanced "Free Love." We must deal with it as God does. We do not suppose that he is frightened by it; and we will not be when we are wise. In order to attain wisdom, we must get out of the sphere of selfishness. When we arrive at a state of perfect freedom, each will be governed by wisdom, Truth and Right, and there will be no more inharmonious negotiations.

Mrs. C. F. Atkins affirmed that she came here with a higher call than if it came from the Convention; it was from God Almighty.

H. C. Wright: We must all go to our own places, like Judas—in this world as the other, in public estimation as in private enjoyment.

Mr. Barnes gave a few words of exhortation, when the Convention adjourned until 7 o'clock p. m.

### EVENING SESSION.

The session was opened by singing the beautiful hymn, commencing:

"We come at morn and dew ere."

Letters read from Mrs. Susan E. Slight, of Portland, Me.; and Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, of Penn.

Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, read an address on "Commerce in Spiritual Truth," urging that lecturers should speak without pay; and presenting the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Speakers of this Convention, hereafter and henceforth, from Monday morning to Saturday evening, week, obtain and do some honest labor, or lawful business aside from lecturing, that shall supply the physical wants of each, so that it may be practicable for each lecturer on Sundays and on other evenings of the week to deliver lectures without money and without price—provided in each case that this resolution, when carried into prac-

tice, be perfectly agreeable to the desires of the Speakers.

Mr. Child, of Boston, thought speakers should be compensated for their labor, as for any other. In order to be in a fit condition for it, they must be relieved from other employments.

Mrs. Kenney, of Lawrence, said, if all were in the condition of Dr. Child, we could do as he does, but we must all act according to the sphere we are in. So long as we must have bread and butter, we must have fifty ways to buy them with. If you demand the vital powers and intellect of the mediums, pay for them. When we can live on water and air, we will ask you nothing in the shape of recompense.

Leo Miller questioned the facts of Dr. Child's address. We do not ask a price for the spiritual truth we give, as had been alleged, but that the people help us to live in peace with railroads, tailors, and dentists, while we give it. He feared Dr. Child had been retreating, for he had portrayed an immense amount of evil; had pronounced all lectures, books, and teachings "trash." Yet none can deny that these are means of advancement. It would be well, indeed, if every Spiritualist would take a loaf of bread under his arm on Sunday morning, to feed some poor person, but before they will do this they must be educated up to it. It is but just and equal that those who wish to employ a Speaker's time and energies, should share with him of this world's goods. Most lecturers do no more than provide for actual necessities. Many would be glad to go into remote places to proclaim the truth, but are unable to do it. He hoped some means would be devised to help forward such a work.

F. L. Wadsworth's mind, ever since he had been at work in this field, had been exercised upon this point. He had decided for himself that, if his time must be spent in this work, and he must travel from East to West to meet the spiritual wants of the people, they must answer his physical demands. If there is not this response, he considered he had a loud call to stay at home, and should do so. He had never set a price upon his labor. If there are those who make a merchandise of this truth, he hoped the people would allow them to retire from the field, or that the spirit-world would cause to give them inspiration. He thought Dr. Child had no idea that his proposition could be carried out to-day. It was his ideal for the future.

Mr. Barnes had traveled about on a great mission, sent by God and the angels, for eleven years, without money and without price; and thought all who did otherwise were not in advance of the preachers in the pulpits.

Mrs. Spence said she and others had been called into this work against their own wills, by a power stronger than themselves, and she doubted not they would be kept in it by the same power as long as it was desired. If mediums allow themselves to be pulled up by flattery, or tempted by mercenary motives, they would be put into the crucible until all this dross was burnt out. Speakers were often injured, both materially and spiritually, by the extravagant advertisements of committees, who wish to draw good houses. The people come expecting to hear the tongue of an angel, and go away in disappointment, and the speaker cannot get another appointment. She had found it impossible to concentrate her mind upon any other employment; hence the suggestion of the resolution was wholly inapplicable.

Mr. Atkins made a few remarks, when the Convention adjourned till morning.

### WEDNESDAY, A. M.

An hour was spent in social intercourse, after which, at 10 o'clock, the Convention was called to order, and the Business Committee reported, that communications had been received from H. S. Brown, of Milwaukee, D. C. Gates, of Worcester, and E. Woodworth, of Michigan, proposing matters which it was deemed inexpedient to lay before this Convention. Letters were read from H. B. Storer, of New Haven, and Geo. M. Jackson, of Central New York, suggesting the appointment of a Committee to arrange circuits for Speakers; also from J. H. Randall, of Carbondale, Pa.

Mr. Cooley submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Speakers, normal or otherwise, attending this Convention, be requested to register with the Secretaries their names, ages, and address; with the time and place where they commenced the public labors and the most prominent objects of such labors.

Mr. E. Hutchinson offered the following:

"As it is absolutely necessary to truly understand the nature of man in order to rightly apply means for his development, therefore

Resolved, That man is not totally depraved, as taught by some, neither is he put good and part bad, having an antagonism within himself. But he is wholly and absolutely good, and morally pure, and consequently needs no regeneration, but only development in true wisdom."

Laid upon the table without discussion.

Mr. Wadsworth, from Business Committee, submitted the following, which he briefly advocated:

Whereas, much injury has been done to Speakers, and much disappointment caused to audiences, by extravagant announcements and laudations on the part of Committees and other well-meaning but injudicious friends;

Resolved, That we heartily disapprove of and protest against this unwisdom method of procedure, preferring to be known for what we individually are, and esteemed only for our own manifested capabilities for usefulness.

Resolved, That in behalf of those who are earnestly seeking opportunities to do good, and to exercise their gifts, but are not yet well known to the public, we recommend to Committees and employers of lecturers the desirableness of more liberality and less exclusiveness in extending invitations—to the end that all may have opportunity for fair presentation, and that thereby the number of competent laborers may be increased.

Mr. Barnes further advocated mediums going about without pay.

Leo Miller argued the unreasonableness of this, and supported the resolutions.

Mr. Parsons spoke against paying or requiring pay for the exercise of spiritual gifts.

Mrs. Spence excused the fulsome style of advertisements sometimes issued, as they were the product of good intentions. But Speakers were sometimes the victims of selfish and mercenary men, who wish to "draw" a crowd and thus fill their own pockets. Such things may have subserved useful purposes in the past, but the time has come when they should cease.

H. C. Wright thought the resolutions embodied a true principle—that of ceasing to pay undue regard to the individual man or woman, and instead receiving and practicing the truth taught.

The resolutions were laid upon the table, and the Convention adjourned for dinner.

Just previous to the adjournment a large accession was made to the numbers present, among whom were Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford; Dr. J. H. W. Tooley, of Cleveland; Dr. E. L. Lyon, of New Haven; Miss Lizzie Doten, of Plymouth; Mrs. B. H. Burr, and Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston.

Mrs. M. J. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., made the opening address, introduced by reading a beautiful poem which is going the rounds of the religious press, entitled "Hand in Hand with Angels." This, she remarked, contained the very essence of Spiritualism. Every one is at heart a Spiritualist. How comes it that it is so exactly fitted to all the holiest aspirations of the heart, if it be not true? She proceeded in a reverent and epigrammatic style, to speak of the uses of Spiritualism, dropping many pearls of spiritual truth, which were eagerly appreciated by the audience.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont, being called upon by the chair, spoke of the uses of the physical manifestations in Spiritualism. It was once taught that miracles were the foundation of Christianity. He now doubted this. Miracles do not appeal to the intellect, but to marvellousness; they prove nothing as to doctrine. Their purpose is to awaken attention and excite inquiry.

The following resolution was then introduced by Mr. Wadsworth:

Resolved, That we feel a deep interest in the noble effort being made by our co-laborer, Emma Hardinge, in behalf of a class of outsiders; and that while performing our labor, we will, as far as practicable, seek to further that effort by our sympathies and cooperation.

Mr. Cooley regarded the subject of the treatment of outsiders as one of great importance, and not to be lightly passed over. He discussed the question of personal duties at some length, and offered the following:

Resolved, That we hail with approbation every effort to ameliorate the condition of mankind; and as we deeply sympathize with the plan proposed by our sister, Emma Hardinge, we also recognize a more practical aid in extending the hospitalities of our own homes to aid in relieving the unfortunate, so far as circumstances shall permit.

Dr. E. L. Lyon was disposed to repudiate all standards of morality, recognizing no high nor low among human beings. The class of persons referred to in the resolution no doubt fill an important use in the community. They are placed where they are by the customs and usages of society. These should be reformed.

J. H. W. Tooley, of Ohio, was glad this subject could be discussed here, since it is one that meets us at every hand. He cited some "ugly facts," showing how prostitution is involved with and sustained by the present system of commerce and other social errors.

The resolution was then laid upon the table.

D. F. Goddard introduced and advocated the following resolves:

Resolved, 1st, That while Spiritualism is highly disintegrating and individualizing in its present phase, yet, in its results, it must be truly unitary and constructive; and

Resolved, 2nd, That every man's thought, function or mission, held by him in love and truth, must be accepted for him, and justified for him, even while we may war an Imperialism warfare with his condition; and that the basis of any genuine union is a love that shall accept and translate differences that can then exist into harmony, even until we realize that charity which "believeth all things."

Resolved, 3d, That while angular and fragmentary reforms must precede organic and unitary reforms must follow; and, therefore, when men and women have found more fully that innermost place of their being, where we all converge, and are inspired with the genius of the whole, outboldness of intellect, cooperative industries, and a mutual providence of each and all will be insured.

Resolved, 4th, That the present relations of capital and labor, being antagonistic and selfish, are in the way of man's perfect redemption, and therefore must yield to better and co-operative relations before the "true family church," which is simply a harmonious humanity, can be inaugurated upon the planet.

Resolved, 5th, That the genius of our call and mission, as well as that of Spiritualism, considered in its source, so far from being merely negative, indifferent and easy, requires and will command the exercise of the purest love, the most enlarged and enlarging intellectual harmonies.

Resolved, 6th, That while "whatever is" is legitimate as a birth, and necessary as a means, and therefore to a sense "right," it is also wrong as a finality, and so must pass away as that which is more perfect appears.

Resolved, 7th, That true independence is quiet in spirit, poised in God, above the capability of being insulted, and like a planet in its orbit, while it bends toward others in greeting and reception, sheds light and warmth and influences on all around and below.

Resolved, 8th, That in the language of Scripture "nothing is common or unclean," but all things elementally divine, and therefore body, mind and spirit are reciprocally connected; and their place, laws and interaction to be recognized and honored.

Resolved, 9th, That while selfishness is of a lower strain, yet there is and must always be a selfishness, as the condition of our personality, and here, in subordinating this ever to the circumference, comes the struggle, the cross, and the crown.

After some discussion, in which Messrs. Tooley, Cooley, Pierpont, Wadsworth and Lyon participated, the resolves were laid aside, and the Convention adjourned till evening.

### EVENING SESSION.

Met in Mariposa Hall, the Town Hall having been relinquished to accommodate a political meeting.

The choir sang, "There's a strife we all must wage."

A communication was received from the Lincoln and Hamilton Club of Quincy, tendering a vote of thanks for the favor shown in allowing them the use of the Town Hall.

Leo Miller then took the platform, and made a forcible plea in behalf of practical work. He urged the importance of something being done for the proper institutional and spiritual development of the children of Spiritualists. Sunday Schools, thus far, have not flourished among us. We have no literature adapted to children. They should not be indoctrinated, but rather unfolded in their own perceptions of truth—taught to judge for themselves. No truth can be received until it is perceived. Question books, adapted to the purpose, should be prepared. A juvenile paper is needed. Societies or "Sociables" may be formed in every community, to meet weekly for discussion of various topics; have a membership fee of \$1.00, and pay three cents a week. This will amount, with thirty members, to over \$50 per year, which would procure a library, and pay for papers and tracts to be widely circulated. Speakers can also do much to extend the circulation of Spiritualist papers. Mr. M. then offered and advocated with much force the following resolution:

Whereas, All merely mechanical and intellectual labors and teachings, unaccompanied by a vitalizing life, result in the production of forms and creeds only, and hence fail to promote the spiritual growth; therefore,

Resolved, That every spiritual laborer or teacher should seek to put himself or herself in such relations or conditions as will most effectually tend to produce in themselves the full unfolding of their spiritual nature, with its divine life, that they may become perpetual recipients of universal inspiration, and therefore worthy of the high calling of spiritual laborers and teachers.

Resolved, That every spiritual laborer or teacher should seek to put himself or herself in such relations or conditions as will most effectually tend to produce in themselves the full unfolding of their spiritual nature, with its divine life, that they may become perpetual recipients of universal inspiration, and therefore worthy of the high calling of spiritual laborers and teachers.

Resolved, That every spiritual laborer or teacher should seek to put himself or herself in such relations or conditions as will most effectually tend to produce in themselves the full unfolding of their spiritual nature, with its divine life, that they may become perpetual recipients of universal inspiration, and therefore worthy of the high calling of spiritual laborers and teachers.

Resolved, That every spiritual laborer or teacher should seek to put himself or herself in such relations or conditions as will most effectually tend to produce in themselves the full unfolding of their spiritual nature, with its divine life, that they may become perpetual recipients of universal inspiration, and therefore worthy of the high calling of spiritual laborers and teachers.

The choir sang, "Life is upward—use it," after which

Mrs. Spence presented to the Convention the last resolution. "Spiritual reform, she said, must go to the origin of the evil which exist, and blot them up by the roots. The various reform enterprises of the day had not done this. Why? The reformers themselves had not been thoroughly reformed. Our moral institutions are but means to restrain vice. We must have something that will go down deeper, and purify the fountain. Where is this to be found? In regeneration, or birth into the spiritual degree of life. This is the grand end and aim of Spiritualism. The speaker then proceeded to narrate her own experiences in Spiritualism, which had brought her to this conviction. It was a most thrilling, and, in some respects, appalling narrative of sufferings, conflicts, temptations, etc., proceeding from spiritual beings, and designed for her disciples. The result of all had been the crushing of her self-will, and the quickening of a new life, the opening of new perceptions, to which she had before been a stranger, and the experience of which made all these trials seem as naught. All this had been necessary in her case for the birth of the spiritual, and to fit her for the work to which she was called. Others must have a similar preparation. Spiritualists had been called "Free Lovers;" and it was a truth which must be told, that those who were to be carried through this purgatorial discipline, would find themselves acted upon first through their affectional nature; for the reason that these are diseased, and must be purified and renovated. When this is accomplished, lust and sensuality are forever gone. Yet there are those who make these experiences an excuse for sensualistic indulgences. Such must suffer the bitter consequences. A great crisis has come upon Spiritualism, and a greater one is at hand. It is to take a higher stand, to develop a new phase, and a new class of teachers are demanded.

Mr. Newton bore testimony that Mrs. Spence was not alone in these extraordinary experiences; and suggested that they teach a lesson of charity and cautiousness in judging persons who are called to pass through strange trials and seemingly sad relapses.

H. C. Wright called attention to the fact, that in all past ages, new teachers had been raised up and prepared by strange experiences to teach new truths. The same thing is happening again in our day.

Mr. Cooley narrated some interesting facts in his own experience; and after a few remarks by several others, the session closed.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]

## Banner of Light Bookstore,

312 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. MURPHY will attend to orders for any book in the following Catalogue, or any other book which can be procured in New York, with promptness and dispatch.

Letters enclosing money for books should be addressed to  
S. T. MUNSON, Agent,  
143 Fulton street, New York.

### NEW BOOKS.

Miller and Grimes' Discourses. Price 25 cents.  
Love and Grant's Discourses. Price 37 cents.  
Extemporaneous Discourses.—By Chas. P. Price. \$1.  
Select Sermons.—By Chas. P. Price. \$1.  
Arenas of Nature.—By Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.  
What is Right.—By A. B. Child, M. D. Price \$1.  
Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.—By Robert Dale Owen. Price \$1.25.  
All the Writings of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Parker, and others of a Progressive character, not included in this list.

Twenty Discourses, by Cora L. V. Hatch. \$1.  
The Healing of the Nations.—Given through Charles Linton. With an Introduction and Appendix by Gov. Talmage. 650 pp. Price \$1.50.

Spiritualism.—By Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. With an Appendix by Gov. Talmage. 2 vols. Price \$1.50 each.  
An Oral Discussion on Spiritualism.—By E. D. Briggs and Dr. D. D. Hudson. 14 pp. Price, cloth, 35 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy, and Metaphysics.—By Cora L. V. Hatch. First series. Pp. 374, 12 mo. Price \$1.  
Spiritual Manifestations.—By Dr. Robert Baro, the celebrated chemist and philosopher, of Philadelphia; proving Spiritualism by actual scientific experiments. Price \$1.75.

Epistle of the Starry Heaven.—By Rev. Thomas L. Harris. A magnificent poem of 300 pages, spoken with in a trance state. Price, plain bound, 75 cents; gilt, \$1.  
Lyrics of the Morning Land.—By Rev. Thomas L. Harris. Another of those remarkable poems, spoken in trance, as above. Price, plain 75 cents; gilt, \$1.

Lyrics of the Golden Age.—By Rev. Thomas L. Harris. 415 pp. Price, plain bound, \$1.50; gilt, \$2.  
The Wisdom of Angels.—By Rev. T. L. Harris. Price, plain bound, 75 cents; gilt, \$1.

Nature's Divine Revelations.—By A. J. Davis. The first and perhaps most extraordinary and interesting of all Mr. Davis' works. Price \$2.  
The Great Harmonies.—By A. J. Davis.

Volume I.—THE UNIVERSAL.  
"II.—THE TERRESTRIAL.  
"III.—THE HUMAN.  
"IV.—THE ANIMAL.  
"V.—THE VEGETABLE.

These interesting volumes are sold separately, each being complete in itself, or in sets. Price 1 per volume.  
Davis' Chart of the Progressive History and Development of the Race. Price \$1.

The Macrocosm, or Universe Without.—By Wm. Fish. Price, bound, 75 cents.

The Educator.—Through John M. Spear. Revelations of a plan of man-culture and integral reform. Price \$2.  
Life Line of the Lone One; or, WARREN CHASE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Price \$1.

Spiritualism Explained.—Lectures by Joel Tiffany. Price \$1.  
Improvements from the Spirit.—By J. J. Garth Wilkinson, of London. Price \$1.25.

The Celestial Telegraph.—By L. A