

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 tone 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 fairs about!

There's a 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 plant boughs of the overhanging trees, and aided his fair charge to a seat of moss, under the shadow of a high rock that, 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, no, 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—she 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. And 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 here near your father, and dare not attempt to withstand his unrelenting opposition. It is an easy matter, 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 those 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 alone 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!"

"I implore 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 barter 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 sincerity—my, 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 I 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 it has. Had I thought it within the range of probability even, I should most pre-emptorily 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—no, 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 persistency 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 what ever, 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 unreasonableness.

So she commenced and made answered to him yet again.

"Even if my heart were not pre-occupied," 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 unaltered?"

"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 deserving of it."

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

"But, dear Gertrude," he continued, "I am ready—I have ever 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. Hope 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—no true friend!"

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

"It cannot be! I tell you say, 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, and 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 terrific 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 take 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, harsh and cruel as I may seem to you to-day, I shall prove myself all love and devotion to you to-morrow."

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 pillion 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 she 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 back toward her whispering 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 eagerness, 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 lauk 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 a-foot. On this day

and he had seen the Knight's face... Gertrude, with her own intuitive knowledge of character, had a suspicion that his intentions were not such as would rebound to Gertrude's interest and happiness...

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

"I am a famous brand in the way of your vice, 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 exclaimed, moving to complete the work of violence he had begun.

"No, I tell thee touch 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!—or rather, among the wild beasts of the forest!—or rather, among the wild beasts of the forest!"

"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 halibone, 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 belligerent 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 recede, 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 parleying, 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 tableaux. To Gertrude, it proved to be relief indescribable; 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 concocted, 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 XVIII.

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

man! Each one who came in more tired and more than the one who left just before him. A poor man, at the best; and if we were better for that starvation had his hand upon them while they are out at their travels, and make quick work with them!"

"But, master," pleaded the man-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, sirrah?"

"From Palestine," answered the vassal.

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, so as 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 obeisance; 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 minstrel, 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 fountains of silver at the upper end of the table, and out of spacious 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 know how to command, and in whom they felt the greatest amount of confidence; and, chief 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.

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PAY FOR SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

The words of A. B. C. were taken from the Lectures of the Convention at New York, 1860, on the subject of Commerce and Spiritualism.

Spiritualism, or that which comes of it, is having already an influence upon the world that is unmeasured. Literature begins to be filled with its bright beams; sermons begin to be influenced by its inspiring leaven; the social world feels it to its finger's ends, and more than all, the hearts of humanity in unspoken affection, 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 but 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 is 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 having 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 unaccountable 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 opposite. 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 spirit-ual 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 phantom 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 also to our physical being, to the philosophy and the religion of the material world, which world is but the baby-play-house 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 universe, 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 fingering the Bible and reading it. Spirit-truths,

when ready, are always received 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 best 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—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 do not 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 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 wordward 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 misdemeanors, 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 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 senseless 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 produce 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 is it of morals, virtue, religion and philosophy.

The alliance of reform with the soul's progression, as has been claimed, is a fiction of the necessarily darkened past—not of the light that Spiritualism brings. The bright and beautiful light that Spiritualism in truth 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 hear 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 annual 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 desire, our longings, our affections and our feelings. These are nearer allied to Spiritual existence; while

[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 woe-wild wonder, And anguish such as woeke 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 eye are reaching Far off, whence 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-mourning 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 roll, Out where Death's mysteries swell." "Let in the Light!" thus said the cry Amid the silence falls, While the untaught 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 flew; 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 ages, 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 Circean dreams be woken. II.

Denton, October, 1860.

Beauty Unadorned.

Why don't the world take a hint, occasionally? Simplicity may be preached forever, and to little apparent purpose; but once let somebody be odd 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 Rouffev 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 barbaric, at the best.

oath philosophy, facts and reasoning, lectures and sermons are further removed, and the ideal scales of matter, from out of which the soul's life in spiritualism is departing. With the knowledge that I have of lectures on spiritualism, I am forced to the conclusion that it would be better each one should, during the week, have a regular and substantial business, able from lecturing, to supply the demands of physical wants. Because, first, the income from lecturing alone is hard earned, is precarious; it is generally insufficient for a good support. Second, it has the semblance of, and it is in fact the old style of paid for pulpit eloquence. Third, it does not accord with the beautiful teachings of spiritualism. Fourth, a lecturer, as a lecturer, can better meet the demands of a working people, by working himself, or herself.

A man that speaks or writes for the people, must be with the people in their daily avocations—in their dealings and relations. Thoughts must be sifted through acts—they must be wrought out through actual experiences, to give them telling force when uttered. Physical labor is the mill that prepares the seed grain of thought for intellectual food.

Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY A. P. COMBES.

Whoe'er bows at Nature's shrine, And wanders forth at Autumn time Among the forest trees, And gazes on the golden throng Of spangled leaves all o'er them hung, His soul will surely wake to song, And rapturous melodies. Peach, plum and orange tints all lend, And with the ambered crimson blend, Along the wooded ways, Of all the gorgeous varied hues October's breath o'er nature strews, None rivals the rich mellow tints Of leaves in Autumn days. The saffron dappled poplar high— Blends with the oak's rich purple dye, And gems with rosy stains; The softened yellow hickory's seen, The scarlet maple right between— The beech, still in its faded green, A stubborn hold retains. And far off, in the smoky blue, The dim speckled hazels glimmer through, A hunched titmouse brings, While o'er the river's silvery stream The darker pine still waves its green, And casts o'er all the shadowy scene A gleam of dying spring. Then halting from his chilling latr, The frost-kissed breathes on night's still air His icy dew around, Sol, rising from his Orient fold, Then floods the woods with liquid gold, The leaves then lose their slender hold, And mournfully drop down. The fitful wind then swaggering comes, And whirle the leaves from out their homes, In wildest tumult race. In panic tossed, they frightened look; In every cranny down the brook, In every hollow, sheltered nook, They seek a hiding place.

Original Essays.

A FEW WORDS ON AN OLD THEME.

Perhaps the inertial in the BANNER of an article the main object of which is to bear testimony against the old dogma of endless punishment, may at first be judged as quite behind the times; but I would ask you, earnest reader, whose mind has long been at ease on this point, have you not among your acquaintances, in your neighborhood, in your own family, even, some one upon whom this "blackness of darkness" yet casts a shadow? Then, while the greater light goes sweeping on to illuminate the beauties of a higher unfolding, bear with me if with my feeble taper I seek to throw one flickering ray upon some poor wanderer still entangled in the weeds and brambles of a low path, that he too may by its light become free to press onward and upward. That the people as a body who profess this belief do not betray in their lives a profound conviction of its truth, is very evident. Do not most members of orthodox churches live quite at their ease, accumulating this world's goods with as much apparent eagerness as those whom they style heretics? Is their equipage more humble, their style of dress less expensive, are their faces more careworn—in short, is there any appearance of the great work their doctrine inculcates? If deep down in their very souls they felt the import of their profession, would not their zeal as much exceed that of "Peter the Hermit" as the worth of an immortal soul exceeds the possession of a city, where only is deposited the earthly casket that enshrined that soul for a few brief years? These people are not inhuman, they are not monsters; as a being from some other planet might infer, who should overheat their words of belief, testifying to the possibility of an eternity of torment for all such as thought not as themselves, and then witness their indifference, in deeds, to avert such a calamity. No, they are simply unreflecting, perhaps believing it a matter of duty to allow their priest to portion out their thoughts and researches—people whose intuitive receptacles of truth have become closed to celestial teachings, from disease and false instructions. If thus with the people, how is it with the pastor? That there are those among them who take in sincerity the poetic fictions of Milton for Bible doctrines, is quite evident; but that there are others more deeply learned in the early history of men and things, who dare not tell all they know, is pretty evident, likewise. Bearing upon these points let us take the testimony of one among them, eminent in experience and research; one versed in all the logic lore of their most renowned schools of divinity; one whose life gives evidence of the good one man can do when his intellect continually expands and blends with desire for progress, instead of being cramped into the tortuous windings of upholding a creed, which no amount of endeavor can ever perpetuate. This man is the Rev. Theodore Clapp. If the light he bears aloft has, as yet, thrown but a few gleams upon that upper pathway, it has power to dispel the dark shadows from the lower one. Let us trace his progress for awhile after he has attained that position where the most highly educated among them generally settle down upon their school-taught creeds, and strive not to get beyond. He says: "When I entered the ministry many of my opinions, though sincerely held, rested only on the principles of implied faith or authority. In New Orleans I had to encounter just, wise and noble men, belonging to each of the different denominations in Christendom. For some years after my settlement I was invited almost every Sabbath to preach on some particular

subject. This fact imposed upon me the necessity of looking into the foundation of many doctrines whose truth I had always before taken for granted. Hence I became a very hard student. One day, I must prove that Samson actually lived and performed the extraordinary feats recorded; the next Sunday I was called to explain the cherubim and the four wheels, or the deluge, or the destruction of the Canaanites, or Jonah and the fish, or the case of Simeon, Malcham and Abimelech. Every Biblical difficulty was brought to me for solution, and it was my especial privilege to elucidate all the dogmas which have been professedly derived from the sacred volume since the days of Tertullian. These efforts changed and recified many of the opinions which had been imbibed from venerable teachers, and opened to me wonders and beauties which I never should have seen had my life been passed in the regular, quiet, prescribed routine of ministerial duties in a New England parish.

In illustration of this he relates the occasion of his becoming acquainted with an English gentleman of splendid talents and acquirements. This gentleman (Judge W.) came to hear him preach one morning—not that he cared for his religious tenets, but to judge of his abilities as an orator and scholar. The subject that morning, by special request of a member of his congregation, was upon endless punishment. At the outset, he told his hearers that this doctrine was inexplicable to human reason; so he confined himself simply to a rehearsal of those texts which he imagined taught the eternity of future woe. After the audience had dispersed, Judge W. remained; they were introduced, and walked home together. The Judge remarked to Mr. Clapp that he had once studied the subject upon which he had preached, with especial attention, thinking to fit himself for taking holy orders in the Episcopal Church; but, it being out of his power to find that, and several other doctrines, he abandoned the idea, and became a student at law.

"Judge W. was a superior linguist, and well versed in the original Scriptures. When we parted that morning, he said: 'Mr. Clapp, I have a particular favor to ask. You told us in your sermon that there are hundreds of texts in the Bible which affirm, in the most unqualified terms, that all those who die in their sins will remain impenitent and unholy through the ages of eternity. I will thank you to make me out a list of those texts in the original Hebrew and Greek. That some of such an import occur in our English version, is undeniable; but I think they are mistranslations. Two, five, or ten will be amply sufficient.'

"I replied, 'It will give me great pleasure to grant your request. I can furnish you with scores of them before next Sunday.'

"He smiled, saying: 'I do not deny it.' I was perfectly confident that he had most egregiously misinterpreted and misunderstood the word of God, and rejoiced in his speedy discomfiture.

The very next day I made the best arrangements for collecting the proof texts—setting a table in one corner of my study well furnished with the appropriate books—lexicons, Hebrew and Greek concordances, commentaries, English, Latin and German, with standard works on the Pentateuch, the history and antiquities of the Jewish nation. I had no authorities but those of the highest repute among trinitarians of every denomination. With the help of Gaston's Collections, and the references in the Larger Catechism of the Presbyterian Church, access was easy to all the passages of Scripture relied on to prove the doctrine of endless sin and sorrow. I began with the Old Testament in Hebrew, comparing it as I went along with the Septuagint and English version."

Each day he devoted a portion of time to this thorough investigation; and constantly meeting Judge W., the latter would frequently inquire if he had yet discovered those proof texts.

"He replied: 'No, Judge, I am doing my best to find them, and will accommodate you as early as possible. During that and the succeeding year, I read originally every chapter and verse of the Hebrew Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi. My investigations were so thorough and complete as I could possibly make them. Yet I was unable to find therein so much as an allusion to any suffering at all after death. In the dictionary of the Hebrew language, I could not discover a word signifying hell, or a place of punishment in a future state. My utter astonishment, it turned out that Orthodox critics of the greatest celebrity were perfectly familiar with these facts."

And yet to this very day we are surrounded with priests who, either in the innocence of ignorance, or with the craft of trade, palm off these delusions for truth.

"Still I was ransacking that the New Testament would furnish me with the arguments which I had sought for. I scrutinized, time and again, whatever in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles are supposed to have any bearings upon the topic, for the space of eight years."

"This ten years in all were given to this most thorough research. 'The result was that I could not name a portion of New Testament Scripture, which fairly interpreted, affirms that a part of mankind will be eternally miserable. But the opposite doctrine is taught in scores of texts, which no art of disingenuous interpretation can explain away.'

Mr. Clapp affirms that up to this time he had never read any of the writings of the Unitarian, or Universalist divines, and that the conclusion he was forced to arrive at was "counter to all the prejudices of early life, of parental precept, of school, college, theological seminary and professional caste."

Quite to the point is the following quotation from the lips of Thomas Carlyle, during an interview enjoyed by Mr. Clapp, while on a visit to England: "I enjoy an extended personal acquaintance with ministers of various denominations in England and Scotland. Neither in or out of the pulpit have I ever heard one argue in favor of the doctrine of endless evil. I am satisfied that no intelligent clergyman among us embraces it. How inexplicable that educated men, closing their eyes against the irresistible evidence of unbounded goodness and power in the natural world around and within them, should make themselves believe that final, hopeless, remediless misery is the grand, sublime consummation of the Creator's moral benevolence! The horrid doctrine is not to be found in the New Testament."

The world is full of testimony, would men but seek it, in disproval of Divine revelation to sanction this dogma—indeed, the evidence is, I believe, within each man's heart, could he but look within and read his workings—its native goodness instead of depravity. Could his far-sweeping vision take in at one comprehensive view but a small portion of the great out-workings of the Divine mind, how beautiful and harmonious would appear that which now in his blindness casts a sombre shadow over the fair creation. Let us therefore commend our brother's

workings of vision, and rejoice that the radiance of Heaven's own light, which now flows upon humanity, will become to him a source of strength, until he, too, can bear its all-penetrating splendor. A. C. B.

IS IT HONEST?

While our public and legalized charities have been greatly extended during the last four years, in the cause of education, until most of the cities and large towns of the nation have free schools, open to all of the white children, as the ballot boxes are to most of the white male adults, and with a highly commendable zeal the coffers of the rich are being still opened by taxation to establish and extend the free school system through an academical course, too, and into a collegiate, scientific and classical education; let us turn for a moment to another side of the subject. In our large cities are thousands of children who are not able to read these schools, not even the lowest grade of them; they have no clothes fit to wear, no food fit to eat, no homes fit to live in, no society fit to be with, no parents fit to own them—poor little sufferers, half starved and whipped into the streets to pick up rags, bits of paper, bits of fuel, crumbs of food; peddle papers, black boots, sweep streets, beg for pennies, etc. Is it not time to inquire into the rights and interests of these "beirs of salvation," or damnation, or the duties and obligations of society to them? Must they be left forever to depend on single handed charities, or the meagre pity of overgrown and wealthy Societies? Four-fifths of them are forced into this world by authorized, legalized and christianized institutions through the gate of marriage, in which the parents have long been falsely taught that "the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Ignorant, stupid and degraded beings are being constantly sealed into pairs by wedlock, and thus authorized by law and gospel to fill the streets with beggars, or the poor homes with victims; and yet the power that legalizes and Christianizes these unions, and by them forces thousands of innocent beings, annually, into this life, involuntarily on their part, unwelcome to parents and society, makes no provision for the helpless and innocent sufferers, when the fact is constantly staring them in the face, that parents do not care, or provide for them. Is there no voice in the land to be heard as an attorney for these helpless beings to demand their rights, and insist that every child which is legalized into earth-life shall be legally protected, housed, fed, clothed, and educated, at private or public expense? If society has power to authorize persons to bring children here, it certainly has power to see that they are sustained and cared for, and if those authorized to bring them here, do not, or cannot do it, society should, until it regulates and educates its subjects so as to suppress or lessen the importation to the demand. At the present time, even under all the scorn and contempt heaped upon illegitimacy, children born out of wedlock are better protected by law, and of fewer recipients of private charities, than those who enter life through the law and gospel. Little children come here entirely dependent on those who have the start of them, and it is inhuman and worse than brutal in us to neglect and disregard the wants of our own species, while we are potting and caressing horses, dogs, cats, birds, etc. The first duty of life is to help and innocent children—to hold them up and direct them, and prepare them to take our places, as we take our staves and travel to the other country, where we may be as helpless as they are here, and where we may find that "inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Let us join in an effort to get up homes for the poor, homeless children, and have them all educated, so society will have no dregs in the future, and vice and crime come to an end, and the sinks of pollution dry up as fountains without water.

WARREN CHASE.

Chicago, Sept. 28, 1860.

HOMAGE.

BY LITA H. DANEY.

I bend me not to the worldling's power— To a prince's crown, the pride of an hour; I reverence not the gilded state Of those whom fortune alone makes great; My neck is stiff 'neath the tyrant's sway, And I envy him not his short-lived day; But where Liberty's fair doth on Tyranny frown, And show its true grandeur, in country or town, I bow me down.

I bend me not to the gorgeous sheen Of bubbles that break and die when seen— To the vapory tinsel bearding strife, And the thousand falsehoods that chill our life; With the hosts that follow in Error's path, I join me not in their hollow laugh. To the glorious Truth, wherever 'tis found, On land or in ocean, the wide world around, I bow me down.

I bend me not to the noisy display Of self-wish'd pomp, with borrow'd array; But to that which the Poet's bosom swells, To all that is noble that History tells, To the Souls that with thrilling eloquence shone, To the Patriot's blood on his own hearth-stone, To the genius of Wisdom, to Knowledge profound, Be capped or be wigged, in coat or in gown, I bow me down.

I bend me not to the flashing eye— Its passion will bring its own death full night; And quail not under the lordly tone— 'Tis only human, and—so is my own. To the heart for our down-crushed humanity stirred, To the kindly deed and the generous word, To the Love that o'er all shades its pitying down, And asks not, nor thinks of its Godlike renown, I bow me down.

I bend me not where the many kneel, Where Mammon hath pompously set his seal, And worship not at the ringing of bells, As forth on the air their melody swells, With beard, bird and tree, and eloquent flower, And water-fall's dash, comes the wised-for hour; In Nature's Cathedral, 'neath calm azure dome, To God, the kind Father, the Infinite One, I bow me down!

President, R. I., 1857.

The Duke of Newcastle.

We get it from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser—and surely it ought to know, that the above named gentleman, who accompanied the Prince in his American tour, in his early manhood, when bearing the title of the Earl of Lincoln, married Lady Susan Harriet, sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. But the lovely innocent one took it into her head one day to elope with a handsome officer of the Guards, leaving children, husband, and the prospective rank of a Duchess, in her infatuation. Lord Lincoln obtained a divorce, and plunging more actively than ever into political life, has ever since remained single, dividing his affections between his country and his children.

Reported for the Banner of Light. MISS LIZZIE DODGE, AT ALLSTON HALL, Sunday, Oct. 23, 1860.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The choir sang the beautiful hymn from Adams's Collection, commencing: "Brother, in life's morning cloud, 'Tis the sunlight of heaven to shine; In the earth to darkness shrouded, Would'st thou not at thy God's temple? Cheer up, brother, let thy vision Look above thy lowly lot; Beon will come the next transition, 'Tis in God, and persevere." Another, all things round are calling With muted voice, 'tis strong; Through the wrongs of earth be getting, They must lose their strength ere long. My brother, though life's trouble Drive thee near to dark despair, Thou'lt win like a noble, 'Tis in God, and persevere." He, from his high throne in heaven, Watches every step you take, He will see each better river, Which your feet in anger make; Cheer up, brother, he has power To dry up the bitter tear, And though darkest tempest lower 'Tis in God, and persevere."

The medium then followed in an appropriate invocation, after which the choir sang another hymn. The subject of the Discourse, as before announced, was "The Physiology of Sin," and based on the text from Ephesians, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sin."

She said: "In this age of intellectual thought and daring, when man has stretched forth his hand like his thought, and tamed the hidden powers of being, and caused them to do his bidding—in these days, too, of absolute republicanism, when every man is taught to govern himself—we feel impressed with the thought that nothing save what is of the Deity, can remain eternally. You have admonitions of this truth every day. As you worship God of your own part—independent of any creed or race of men, you walk directly to the throne of God, and ask Him who you are, and what you are, and what He will have you to do, now you have come of age, and must act for yourself. The old bugbears of humanity are losing their interest and influence, and the blood of the lamb is losing its efficacy also. Under the consideration of these circumstances, the question that was asked of old is asked more pointedly today; and since man is responsible for his own sins, more essentially should he ask: 'What shall I do to be saved?' The church has tried to answer the question, but her words are so ambiguous that humanity has looked up into the face of mother church and said, 'You don't know quite as much as you might, and a little more freedom would do us no harm.' Romanism, Protestantism, and younger-brother Spiritualism have tried to answer the question, but all have failed, when they tried to limit their vision to a few truths. The facts either alone contribute are not enough to lead men to salvation. If you trust either, you will soon enough backslide from it, and find yourself still responsible for all you do.

True Spiritualism will try to answer the question. You will be with me, when I say no answer will cover the entire ground, though we can at least make some approaches to it.

In the past time, men went to work with scalpel and dissecting-knife, to find the soul's abode, but failed in their attempts to find its secret dwelling-place. When we trace the relationship of the spirit to the body and its nature, we perceive that which is imperfect and rebellious; and we say, 'Why has God given me those passions and desires which if I gratify I am punished? Whence came sin, and why is it I have those desires which torture my being? Can I escape the punishment, or am I born for iniquity?' Oh, this question of original sin! Humanity has beat its head against this rock, and at length has wisely concluded that the rock is harder than the head, and so has drawn back, and succumbed to the idea that "As Adam's fall We sinned all."

But this is not satisfying. The Doctors of Divinity have endeavored in the best way they could to remove this obstacle from the stomach of humanity; but it has been utterly impossible, and sin has seemed to predominate over the good in the lives of mankind.

Saint Paul felt this great mystery struggling in his soul. He sought some high vantage-ground, where he could comprehend the whole problem; and he said: "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me." Paul was a wise man—a profound scholar, a true theologian, but a poor physiologist; for it is not true that there is sin dwelling in the human body.

The theologians of the past find their extreme in a class of metaphysical philosophers of this latter day, who sweep the same ground, and say there is no sin, but that "whatever is, is right." Both of these extreme views may be maintained by metaphysical disquisition, but every pulse of the soul tells you that there is that which is sin; and your philosophers who have soared so high come back to earth, and sit down before the problem of existence, and say, "I don't know what it is." When they say there is no sin, you point them out the drunkards; the tyrants, the gamblers, the thieves, the adulterers, and those who live on the substance of society, and are willing to give no recompense. You are not content with the assurance of your philosophers that such men commit no sin. You behold the drunkard, who defiles the temple of the holy ghost; the tobacco-chewer, the smoker, the opium and hashish-eater, who roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongues; the sensualist, who sins not only against himself, but against all that is social and conjugal in society—behold these, and you cannot doubt there is a physiology of sin. Paul did not understand the combinations of his own nature. The body is, believe us, free of all blame. Your physiological body is related to the animal kingdom and the animal kingdom is governed by instinct. There is a physical instinct or unconscious feeling which governs it, and sin can exist only where there is an imperfect control. The father says to the son when he is of age: "I have given you a house to live in, and tools to work with; go forth and provide for yourself."

The mind, as compared with the body, is like a bright Damascus blade, which, with sharp edge and flashing point, is continually wearing away the scabbard. This blade is written all over with the characters of the Zodiac, and from the lesson man turns away, and says, "I cannot understand it." It is as difficult for the soul to weigh itself as to lift oneself by the ears. It is not necessary for you to do it, either. You must see that your body and soul are in harmony, or there will be a continual warfare going on, and you will present the spectacle of a house divided against itself. In the first place, there is a conscious and an un-

conscious action of the mind. When the stomach requires its dinner, it pulls the rope of the ball, which is in the brain, and says, "Give me something to eat, and I will give you strength, and support you to do your work. I will aid you to think, speak, plan and write, but you must give me food." The wise man will obey this call, or his calculations will go to the four winds of heaven. He must satisfy the demands of the body, or it will starve. His energies are called out by his necessities; and the man who does not use his faculties becomes a cypher in humanity. When you thank God for his bounties, thank him for your necessities, for they create them. The nervous system, as we have said, is governed by voluntary and involuntary motion; and if the brain would never interfere with this action, there would be no sin. But there is interference. The bright Damascus blade becomes rusted, and sends its poison into the scabbard. All the diseases the scabbard is susceptible to, originate in the blade. The question naturally rising, then, is: Why is the blade so susceptible to rust and poison? The brain is fitted of two parts—of the cerebrum and the cerebellum; and these two are married. You may understand the intellect when you have looked nature in the face, and asked her what she will do for you; and you will understand, also, that the man who refuses to advance is a moral and intellectual beggar. Sin is truly nothing but imperfection. The angels do not want to visit you in your basement, but want the best room. You would never know what sin was, did you not have the power of contrasting it with higher phases of creation. You look back upon your weakness and shortcomings, and say, "Would to God I might go higher still!" The physiology of sin is the imperfection of your spiritual and physical natures.

We say reverently that man is but an experiment of Deity. He plants his footsteps in your hearts, and walks straight through you to his own great white throne. It is no marvel, then, that the combination of the faculties is incapable of expressing Deity, when man falls so far short of him.

There are three causes of sin, and all originate in the brain. The first is imperfection. You desire change and experience, and are not satisfied with present conditions. Do you know that after the limbs of a tree have rested through the chill winter, the sap comes coursing through the arteries, and every year the tree is filled with some new advancement?

There is dwelling in one of the little closets of the brain a will-power. And here is the secret of all the disorders of the physical world. This and the physical body should be in harmony; but one is linked to the lower life, and the other grasps the hand of Deity. One says, "You shall give to me," and the other says, "You shall give to me."

There is a constant warfare in your members. Amateness says: "I desire indulgence; who cares for the laws of man? who cares for the harmony and well-being of society?" Self-esteem says: "But what will the world say of you? You will lose your place in community." Then Secretiveness says: "Oh, never mind that; I'll lead you through a dark, unfrequented way, where no one will know you, and I'll keep your secret for you." Then Caution causes you to look carefully at every step, that none spy your intentions, till the deed is done, and the Divine Life rises up within you and asks, "What have you been doing all this time for your high religious and intellectual culture?" After the force is gone out of the physical body, you exclaim: "Oh, that I might go back to the days of my childhood, and with the wisdom I have now, how faithful I would be to my moral faculties!" But sin has blackened the human heart that was once pure and lovely, and the soul mourns how sadly it has stained its path, and must go into the other life defaced and soiled.

You are all being educated for the next degree above you, and you take on God's education with the bitter experience and sorrowful buffings of life. Above Acquisitiveness comes Alimentiveness. When the Stomach cries out for food, it says, "Oh, yes, give it—it needs it!" And when the Stomach says it is satisfied, Alimentiveness says: "Oh, I want a little more—that tasted so good!" It is a plain and simple truth, my friends, that a glutton can never be a religious man. Swedenborg saw evil spirits congregating around a diseased liver; and we assure you more blue devils come from dyspepsia than ever were known in an orthodox hall.

The brain is fleshy and composed of nervous fibres and particles; and it is a fact that physiologists recognize, that three-fourths of the brain is fluid. But you say, what has this to do? It sustains the spiritual portion of a man's being. It is the purest, clearest, and noblest portion of your being. Do you not know that the whole human structure in all its varied functions, is acted upon by the power which exists in the dome of thought? And is not this a matter of vast significance? We can see above every one of you a spiritual head and shoulders—the embryo of what you are to be. Man thinks his skull shuts him in; but it is a great mistake. The fluids are in the skull; but do you not know there is a power which draws a man right out of himself? Some of you who are as short or Zacheus, are tall in Spirituality; while some who are as tall as Goliath, cannot see above the surface of the ground.

Magnetism pervades all things, and there is no substance so impervious that spirits cannot go through it. You have heard of witches going through key-holes; but spirits do not need key-holes to pass through.

While we show to you sin and its influences among the inhabitants of earth, we come also to show you the saviour. The very first principle of your being is worship. The first thing the child does, after it draws its breath and the fine air runs into the lungs, and they are ready to do their work, is to look its speechless worship up into the mother's face. You ask what keeps the mind in motion? What is the governing power of the brain? Will. And it loses its power, the whole system goes to decay. The fine nervous fluid in the brain is of such a nature that the spirits can influence it—they can breathe sweet whispers of peace, and fill your soul with ecstasy. And while living in the spiritual we are no longer held by the works and needs of the flesh.

We have told you what you can do. Call all your powers into subjection; subject yourselves to the will of Deity. There are positive powers pervading your being; and when they are understood, they will create an element into which you can step and be healed—the Gilead that holds the magic balm which shall bring peace to your souls. There was One who was a gifted spirit. We wish not to be understood as saying that Jesus Christ was more progressed than all men may become, nor because he has gone to his Father; but because he was developed to a standpoint where he held death and the earth in subjection. There must be a positive element to move and control the negative; and man must rise superior to the flesh, nor rest until he goes

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DEMOLITION AND GROWTH.

All healthy natural changes are those of growth, not of violent destruction and a sudden building up afterwards. Each part is so closely related to each, that a break in the natural links deranges the whole...

It is the mere tyro in spiritual observation and experience who asks only that a general destruction of things, now considered established, shall be wrought, in order to install another order of things...

Nothing occurs without cause and reason. It is a matter for which our most profuse thanks are meagre enough, that we are not left at the mercy of a blind Chance, but that Law runs through and regulates all things.

We hear so many inconsiderate, not to say ignorant, persons, who, being thoroughly dissatisfied with the average status of matters around them, declaim without limit or measure against all existing arrangements...

As reported and found in reliable tabular statements, the crops of the West this year have been beyond all previous limits. They must put us all on a sound and permanent basis of prosperity at once.

HOW LONG, OH, HOW LONG?

An old Dutch clock in Albany, brought to this country in 1765, although out of repair and running order for years, invariably strikes previous to the death of any member or relative...

We find the above items floating about on the sea of fugitive literature, and place it before our readers as a convincing proof, that after all there is a difference 'twixt treckdum and twelvedum; that a rose by any other name, don't smell as sweet...

Here is an old clock that strikes just as the sun of any number of a certain family is about to set. The warning tinkle is heard, and straightway some one puts his house in order, well knowing that that tinkle means Death!

Such is our prophecy; such is the temper of popular journalism and the age.

A New Question for Discussion.

The following letter contains another interesting question, which we throw out for discussion by the public.

We have from time to time cast several walls upon the sea of thought which have agitated its waters, and we trust, have served to purify them for some souls.

Masses. Editors.—As I often read your very valuable paper, and think as often how much light it reflects to one who attentively reads its pages...

Will some one interested answer? Salem, Oct. 25, 1860. G. H. Davis.

At Mrs. Hayden's Rooms.

Some of our most distinguished citizens are investigating the claims of subjects not hitherto comprehended in their philosophies; and the way, that leads to higher hopes and more enlightened convictions...

What of It?

We find, in looking over our gossiping exchanges, that the wife of a wealthy New York merchant wore a dress at the great Academy of Music Ball, the three flounces of which alone cost a thousand each.

Cab and Cantab.

It seems that a man may know a little something, and not go to Cambridge, either. A Cabby may be as smart as a Cantabby. In this country, Walt Whitman can drive an omnibus, now and then, and yet write "Leaves of Grass."

To the Public.

Due notice will be given in the BANNER when Mrs. Conant's articles are resumed.

THE PRINCE OF WALES BALL.

It has turned out almost exactly as we expected. It appears to be a total impossibility to get up such a demonstration as a public ball for an occasion like that of the Prince of Wales' arrival...

Nothing meaner, more puerile, or more thoroughly contemptible, could, in our judgment, have characterized the transactions that were publicly associated with the Prince's entertainment in Boston.

The Indians.

Father Deason is striving with laudable zeal to ameliorate the condition of the Indians in the U. S. Territories, by cultivating the public mind in their behalf...

Woman and Expression.

When we give abundant reasons for the fact that the refined organization of woman fits her, above the other sex for the delicate office of mediocrity, a part of the process, knowing nothing about it and carrying still less, makes a pool of it, and pretends to see just the quantity of flummery there is in it.

The Secret of Feeding.

In the very popular "Professor's Story," now going through a course of publication in the Atlantic Monthly, the author says, speaking of feeding and being fed—"All feeding establishments have something odious them—from the wretched county houses where paupers are farmed out to the lowest bidder...

Hon.

It is one of the most difficult matters, just now, to find a man's name in the newspapers without an "Hon." stuck before it, like a pump handle or some thing. What's the possible good of it? Are there no men of sense and simplicity left, who consider themselves sufficient to the task of making their names significant with the mere prefix of Mr.?

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. Dolen will speak again at Allston Hall, next Sabbath. The time of meeting has been changed to 2:30 and 7:15, p. m. It is desirable that all should be punctual, as late comers always disturb the meeting in entering. This is her last appearance in Boston for the present.

The Dancers in Britain full of choice original matter this week. We mean to give our readers their money's worth of mental food; and, in return, we hope they will use every effort to extend the LITUR all over creation.

Lecturers, for whom we advertise, should bear in mind that a friendly notice from them of the BANNER, now and then, will help on the work. We are grateful for past favors, and hope to merit a continuance.

Read the messages on our sixth page. Some of them are of unusual interest.

The reader may find on our third page the report of a very interesting lecture by Miss Lizzie Dolen, on "The Physiology of Sin," given at Allston Hall, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 23th. The evening lecture is on our fourth page.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Bangor, Me., the second Sunday in November; in New Bedford, Mass., the two last; in Bristol, Ct., the first in December. Mrs. M.'s engagements are made up to April 1st, 1861.

Mrs. M. J. CLARK will answer calls to lecture, addressed at Lawrence, Mass.

Oct. 31st, at 7 o'clock in the evening, a meteor passed over this city. Its course was from South to North. It was very brilliant, and traveled with great rapidity.

SCENE IN AN EATING HOUSE.—Proprietor.—What'll you have, sir?

Genl.—A servant. (Proprietor leaves for a waiter.)

AN' look here, sir.—Well done, good and faithful! PIANO FORTE TUNING.—Our friends who require the services of a piano forte tuner—one whose experiences qualify him to do his work in a thorough and satisfactory manner—we would recommend to call upon our Spiritualist friend, Albert H. Fernald, at No. 33 West Duhan street, or leave their orders at Olton's Music Store, 277 Washington street. Mr. F. has been connected with Gilbert's Piano Forte Manufactory for the past ten years, but has just gone into business for himself.

It is said that Mr. Lincoln is the recipient of a great deal of advice just now, from patriots in all parts of the Union. He has been favored with a letter from Alabama, in which a suitable cabinet was indicated, and the proper line of policy set forth. Presents, too, begin to flow in. An ex chain cut with a Jack knife from a rail hangs in his apartment. It was sent as a delicate compliment by some industrious admirer in the Northwest. After the sixth of November, advice and presents and visitors will doubtless be forthcoming to any extent.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN PENN.—A frightful accident occurred on the 10th of October in the dry dock at the Pen. Loenza, involving the entire destruction of the Peruvian frigate Callao, formerly the Anperimo, and a crew of 110. She was being docked with all her gear on board, when the stanchions of the dock gave way, causing her to capsize and to rapidly fill with water. A great number of men, women and children and the sick were below, all of whom perished. It is believed that the number of the killed would reach one hundred and fifty.

THE TROY LUNG AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.—We had occasion recently to visit the Troy Lung Institute, located on Fifth street, south of the Troy Depot. In its office, (which by the way, is a fine spacious looking room, handsomely furnished with costly furniture and pictures,) we found Dr. STONE busily engaged in opening letters from correspondents on the subject of the disease of which he treats. Among the great mass of letters shown to us, we noticed two in particular. One from Hon. N. P. TALLEMAGE, formerly U. S. Senator and a leading politician of this State, and now a resident of Wisconsin. The other from Hon. THOMAS L. SWAIN, Ex-Supreme Court Justice of Indiana. Both of these gentlemen are or have been under medical treatment of Dr. Stone, the principal of the Troy Lung Institute. Both spoke in strong language of the skill and success of Dr. Stone.

This institution is no longer an experiment. The Doctor by industry and skill has succeeded in establishing an extensive practice. His patients are spread all over the United States, Canada, and the Islands of the Ocean, who are rejoicing of having been cured from long standing diseases.—West Troy Democrat.

Pastor Riemus, who recently absconded from Havana with \$30,000 belonging to a firm for whom he was book-keeper, has been arrested in New York city, and, upon searching his lodging room, half of the stolen funds were recovered.

Rev. T. Starr King do n't like California, and will return to Boston after his present engagement with the Unitarian Society in San Francisco expires.

A DEVOUT ADMIRER OF NATURE.

He looks abroad into the varied field of Nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared with those whose imaginations glitter in his sight, Ours the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys; his are the repleated rivers; his to enjoy With a property that none can feel. But who, with slight confidence inspired, Can lift to heaven an unprejudiced eye, And smiling say, "My father made them all!" —Copper.

Capt. John Wilson, of the Atlantic Schoffer, has, it is said, a claim on the Government for the value of a vessel called the Star, which he owned and commanded during the Mexican war, and which was unlawfully seized, condemned and sold by the American authorities in possession of Matamoros. If so, the claim ought to be settled at once.

The London periodicals, daily and weekly and monthly, are awallowing up all literary talent of England. Tennyson writes for them, so do Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Savage, Landor, Ruskin, the Brownings, Lord John Russell, Lord John Manners, and many others. Books seem to be at a discount, but all the world finds time to read the magazines and newspapers. Consequently, the novelists, the poets, the art critics, the scientific men, the philosophers, submit to the law they cannot repeal.

AGES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—John C. Breckinridge was born January 21st, 1821, near Lexington, Ky. Consequently is in the 40th year of age. Stephen A. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vt., 23d April, 1813. Consequently is in his 47th year. John Bell was born February 15th, 1797, near Nashville, Tenn. Consequently is in his 63d year. Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin Co., Ky., February 12th, 1809. Consequently is in his 52d year.

The Boston Post Office building is not one-half large enough for the business of the city. Subscribers to the Boston newspapers, residing in distant States, loudly complain of the delay they experience in the reception of their papers. The fault is wholly in the Boston Post Office, as the complaints poured in from abroad while the Sumner street building was first occupied, and ceased after the transfer to State street. There have been many fine used during the present Presidential Campaign than we ever saw before—on paper. Who teaches the truth must carry a cross.—Change. Digby says it is no wonder, that such people are so cross, always. Mr. Stebbins, baggage-master between New York and Boston, and three other persons, have been arrested at Bridgeport, Ct., on suspicion of being the parties who robbed Adams & Co.'s safe of \$10,000 on the night of the 10th of April last.

up to find himself. "I cannot do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me." Christ was indeed the great physician of men—not that he brought them nostrums which could only impede and not help; but he proved that the best healing medicine was the one who had power to control himself. No one can give to others what he has not got himself. No mind can control another with a healthful power, unless there is a sympathy between them. No one can have mesmeric power over one he hates. The mind must be positive, to influence and heal others. It takes a man of vigorous will to do this. The law of life is motion, and where there is no motion there is death. There must be life, motion, energy, or there is no power. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Now remember that if you are active, you need never be ill. Motion will call up your energies. Keep active, and the blade will not rust, nor the scabbard be rotted. If you do not work, the devil of discord will, and he will send aches, and pains, and groans, through you. Be up and doing! Look beyond, to the divine nature of yourself; and when you find it, you will be capable of meeting every exigency of your being. You will have power to go forth, conquering and to conquer. When you can go to humbly with a life craving purity and holiness, you will call down a strength that will supply all your needs. A word to the wise is sufficient. We have thrown out these few hints, for they are practical. Go forth to humanity, and aspire to be healing mediums; but, first of all, if you would be healing mediums, learn to heal yourselves. Amen.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

Mrs Dolen's lecture Sunday evening, was upon "Spiritual Love." We are sorry our limits will allow us to give only a meagre outline of this lecture—one of the most philosophical and feeling ones we have ever listened to from this most gifted of mediums. The controlling influence claimed to be a girl who had been an earthly Magdalene, but who had progressed in the other life, till it became her mission to return to earth to help others onward in purity to angelhood.

She spoke of the universality of love. It permeates everything in nature, from the smallest atom to the highest angelic form. It is the furnace power of humanity—warms the cold and selfish into strength and tenderness. Love is unconscious. We never choose the object of our love, nor reason upon it. That which is the most unconscious is the truest love. It is a mutual and beneficial giving and receiving. When the magnetic sympathy is wanting in your heart, you will become conscious of it, and in turn will become chilled and weaned from your attachment. Love finds no expression in language; for you cannot describe the intuitions of your own nature. The tongue of Demosthenes could not convey the eloquence to the soul that loves that is conveyed in deeds. No woman can ever love intellect alone. Only love can satisfy love. How many have longed and yearned for sympathy and love, while the fire shut up in their bones was destroying their vitality! Woman yearns after love, and will often take a poor return for a rich, deep love. It is said love is blind; it is blind only when it is governed only by selfishness. Love is spiritual. When you love with anything but spirituality, you outrage love. How noble will the world be when man can look a woman in the face, and say truly and purely, "I love you!" How can he do it except by being holy and godlike? Man must be the saviour of woman and woman of man.

At the conclusion of the lecture the medium was inspired by a spirit claiming to be Edgar A. Poe, who recited the following poem:

From the throne of life eternal, From the home of love eternal, Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor— Mortals, I have come to meet you, Come with words of peace to greet you, And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore! Once before I found a mortal Waiting at the heavenly portal— Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door. Then I solaced his quickened being, And through all his inward being, Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour! Now I come more meekly human, And the weak lips of a woman Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore, But in holy love descending, With her chastened being blending, I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore. As one heart yearns for another, As a child turns to its mother, From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more, Where I drained the cup of sadness, Where my soul was stung to madness, And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er. Here the harpies and the ravens, Human vapours—sordid crevices, Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore; Life and I thus seemed misnamed, For I felt accused and hated, Like a restless, wretched spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore. Tortured by a nameless yearning, Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning, Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its favored channels pour, Till the golden bowl—Life's token—Into shattering shards was broken, And my chained and chaining spirit leapt from out its prison door. But while living, striving, dying, Never did my soul cease crying: "Ye who guide the fates and furies, give! Oh, give me, O furies! a glimpse, From the myriad hosts of nations— From the countless conciliations, One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!" Through this fervent aspiration Found my fainting soul salvation, For, from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened spirit soar, And my heart's ideal— Not too saintly to be real— Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy formed Lenore. Mid the surging seas she found me, With the billows breaking round me, And my saddened, sinking spirit, in her arms of love upbore; Like a lone one, weak and weary, Wandering in the midnight dreary, On her silent, solitary bosom brought me to the heavenly shore. Like the breath or blossoms blending, Like the prayers of saints ascending, Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, Blend our souls for evermore. Earthly love and lust enslaved me, But divine love hath saved me, And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore. Oh, my mortal friends and brothers, We are each and all another's, And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure, Best it is more. Would you lose your life, you find it; And in giving love, you find it. Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore!

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner is written by a medium who has been in communication with the spirit world...

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with the reason...

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would in no way be able to answer all the letters...

Visitors Admitted.—Our altars are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit...

Thursday, Oct. 2.—If Modern Spiritualism be of Divine Origin, why do we find so much conflict and discord among its followers...

Wednesday, Oct. 3.—By what power are men acquainted with the spirits of the dead? Is it by the aid of the spirits...

Thursday, Oct. 4.—What evidence have we that God made all things? Is the evidence of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Friday, Oct. 5.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Saturday, Oct. 6.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Sunday, Oct. 7.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Monday, Oct. 8.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Wednesday, Oct. 10.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Thursday, Oct. 11.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Friday, Oct. 12.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Saturday, Oct. 13.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Sunday, Oct. 14.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Monday, Oct. 15.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Tuesday, Oct. 16.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Wednesday, Oct. 17.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Thursday, Oct. 18.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Friday, Oct. 19.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Saturday, Oct. 20.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Sunday, Oct. 21.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Monday, Oct. 22.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Tuesday, Oct. 23.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Wednesday, Oct. 24.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Thursday, Oct. 25.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Friday, Oct. 26.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Saturday, Oct. 27.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Sunday, Oct. 28.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Monday, Oct. 29.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Tuesday, Oct. 30.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

Wednesday, Oct. 31.—Is the doctrine of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose?

It is no less human after it has left off the mortal body, than prior to that change. You are not to suppose that though the spirit has cast off the body...

The elements existing in nature contain the germ of that body, and that germ is ever connected with the spirit. The spirit does not lose the body at any time...

Erre we leave, let us beg of you if you would form a just calculation of that life for which you are hastening, make it from your present standpoint, make it from your surroundings, and know that you are not only a human, a God-to-day, but will be throughout eternity...

Receive our own reasoning except it correspond with your own reason, united by studying nature you find us true and yourself mistaken.

Frances Gray Eiton.

I don't know much to talk. My name was Frances Gray Eiton. I was named after my mother's folks. I was twelve years old. I died of scarlet fever. I lived at Jersey City, and died there last winter. My mother has been asking me to come here ever since, but I never could till now. We used to live in New York. I was born there. My father is a fancy painter in Jersey City. His name is Allen H. Eiton.

Ask my mother to please not to send me here any more; I do not like to come where so many folks are. She said if I would come here just once, she would believe I could come there. I have got a brother Allen here. He died before I was born. I never saw him on earth, but I knew who he was as soon as I came here.

My mother said, if I would come here and tell my age, and what I died of, and when, she would believe; and I have told more than that.

My throat is so sore here that I cannot speak any more. It is not sore where I am in my new home. My mother is sorry my body was not carried to Greenwood. It is in Jersey City. Tell her I am not sorry, and she must not be.

I should like to speak with my mother, but not before so many folks. Tell her there are many here, and I prefer to speak somewhere else.

(To a visitor.) You have a daughter here—Emma. She wants me to say you do not blame her mother for not believing just as you do. She is older than I am. She knows how to speak, don't she? She says she will write to you.

Robert Houston.

What are your rules, sir? My name is Robert Houston. I was born in Boston. I was fourteen years old when I died; I died down at the Island—Deer Island I have been at. I was at the Farm School in Westboro', and at Deer Island hospital. I had the small pox, or itch, or something. I was pretty darned sick—that's the most I know of it.

I have a mother here, and I think she would like to hear from me.

I am behaving myself pretty well now. I have certificates of good behavior now. When a fellow is round where we were he has to steal—he can't help it. If you see a pair of shoes hanging up at the window, and you wanted them, wouldn't you take them? Well, then, when you take one thing, you take another. But these things snap up you pretty quick. Well, I had a pretty good time at Westboro'. The buildings weren't burnt when I was there, but the boys used to talk about it. 'T would have been fun to see 'em burn, wouldn't it?

I lived on Clark street—never went to school after I was about seven or eight years old. I wasn't going to school to be thrashed, 'cause you didn't learn all folks wanted you to. We go to school here, but we are not obliged to, nor to learn anything we don't want to. I have been here over four years.

I want to cheer up the old woman a bit. I have all I want here; aim dead at all—haint seen the old man yet; guess God haint found a place for him yet.

I want the old woman to know I'm alive, and that I can talk to her, and I want to. I feel a little bad about some things I did here; but I don't like to tell of them. Mother, she takes in washing, and goes out cleaning houses for folks. I have a brother Joe up in New Hampshire, on a farm. He's older than I am. I have a sister, too, named Mary Elizabeth—that's my mother's name, too.

Mother used to go cleaning in the Webster House. If you go to find her, perhaps they will know who she is, though folks do not care much for working people on earth. Where I am, they think as much of helping me as anybody else.

I wonder if Jim Burns is in school now? He used to talk about spirit talking to him nights. He said after they got coming to him, he was afraid to do anything wrong.

The old woman feels terribly, and I could n't feel exactly right without coming to her. I should like to talk to her. I don't know where the old man is, and I don't know as he's here. He went off when I was young, and if he had cared much about me, he would n't have left us.

Boss, how do you get out of this? I know how to die—just lie down and let it come; but I don't know how to get out of this body. Does it hurt much? Well, I'll go to see Jim Burns. If he isn't there, I shall be mad. Good bye.

Sarah E. Thompson.

I have come to speak. Oh God, my children! I have prayed, oh how earnest for this hour, and yet I scarce dared to hope for it. Tell them, my friends, my enemies, and my children, that I am not dead, not lost—that I have not forgotten them.

On the 17th day of May, 1869, I died, in Boston. At the time of my death, I had no belief in Spiritualism. I never supposed I could return; but shortly after I died, I heard a voice—that my children might not be left alone, without my voice, for I have left them with a drunken father.

I said I would be quiet, if they would let me come; and so I will.

[The spirit was much agitated, and wept almost constantly while giving her message.]

My name was Sarah Elizabeth Thompson; Carnes, before marriage. I was thirty-three years of age. My oldest child—a little girl, nine years of age—I hope is a medium; but I know not. My youngest, my little boy, is seven years old. The other little one called for his mother. I can but ask my God to send in twin the veil that covers it.

When I was married, I could not look through the coming years, and discern the misery in store for me; and it is well I could not. For two years after marriage, I was happy and content. My husband was in prosperous business, and peace dwelt in our

household. But soon came years of fortune and with it the spirit of discontent, and gloom. I looked upon my husband, and I looked upon the children, and I looked upon my children's sake, for nearly seven years; but at last consumption fastened upon me, and when I knew I must go and leave my little ones to the mercy of almost nobody, it is no wonder I said, "I cannot die—God is unjust to take me!"

I spent the last hours of my life in that worst of all portions of your city—Ann street. Not worst of all! What if I did live there? My soul was as honest and as just as when I lived when crime was less and sin felt.

My husband is by no means a man who cannot understand me, and I come to appeal to the God within, and ask him to turn and live—to rise by the strength of God within him—to care for those I love with him.

I have not gone—the earth is my home, for there my treasure are, and there must my heart be also. God says so, and he never lies. I hear he has abandoned those children. I feel it is true. I know they are even now living, in drawing their nourishment from the midst of sin and moral death. I come to ask him to take them away from that place, and to be to them what he is capable of being to them. I know there is a something in his nature that will respond to my call.

I have sisters living in affluence here, but they disowned me because I was poor—because I lived as I did live—because they said I was lost. They are mistaken in me—they have written upon my soul what God never wrote there. I come to tell them that I am no worse than they are. Circumstances I could not control, obliged me to dwell there—to die there—to offer up my last prayer in that abode of sin.

I ask my husband to meet me where I can speak to him. I want him to come and meet me as a spirit freed from that which has been his curse. I have many pictures of peace to fill in the black hours of life. I do not care to have those who cast me off care for my children. No; the natural guardianship of the children is in the father, and he must rise to his proper ground.

Oh, God, how close are the joys of heaven and the sorrows of hell! When we cannot speak to those we love, is it not hell? Oh, I could teach the Christian who prayeth with me in my last hours, of a better heaven, and better God than he knows of. They say God is in everything—the shadow as well as the substance, but I cannot see it yet. Oh, how I have prayed to such a God as can understand! Oh, if he had not been for these prayers, I should have been lower than the lowest of earth. My sisters are wealthy in the church. They are crowning God with the jewels of earth, and some of his children with thorns. But the time will come when they will see that they are not more pure than the sister who dwelt among the lowly of earth.

Say that the mother will never leave earth till her children are redeemed by her husband. Tell him that his own soul's good depends upon it.

The True Life.

"How shall we live, in order to be satisfied with self?" This is the question we have been requested to discuss at this time.

We know of no better way to satisfy the demands of your nature than to live in strict harmony with the law of your nature. Whatever that law may be, live at peace with it. If it points you to hell—go there. If it points you to heaven—go there.

Each individual has a certain something to govern him through life, not only during the first condition of intellectual life, but during all life. But if you gather to yourself false teachers, guides you cannot comprehend, and seek to follow them, believe you will not be satisfied with self, for the mighty teacher will be constantly reminding you of a lack of that which nature demands. We perceive our questioner to be wedded closely to the church. For many years he has been seeking to find peace within the church. He hath lived in accordance with the creed. He hath worshipped according to the dictates of conscience?—no; he hath lived according to the book he calls the Word of God. He hath been striving to sustain the God natural by unnatural means. How can one expect to dwell at peace where there is no peace within—when the God-given law is trampled upon, set at naught, crucified day by day, hour by hour?

We care not what your sacred book teaches you; unless it appeals to your own natural God and answers the demands of that God, it is good for nothing. You may as well place your eyes on mother earth and expect to read your destiny there, as to expect it to teach you how to live and pass through the change of death and to live again.

How shall man live aright? Live naturally—let every fibre respond to the God of nature, and instead of placing upon your soul the yoke of bondage, let it be free to act itself, and seek the God of its own salvation. No matter if it lead to hell, if you give it freedom it will never go astray. Men sin in ignorance and by its shadow. Now the first step toward making your peace with your God and self, is to become thoroughly acquainted with self. Instead of going out to the external world to seek God, turn within your own soul, that baliest of holies and there demand of your God a knowledge of self. You are not to go to the church or to the Bible or to any unknown or false God, for they cannot serve you; unless you have no peace for you. So then when the soul thirsteth for salvation and will not be satisfied with the food she gets in temples of art, take her to nature and let her take her food from thence, and you may depend upon it, she will lie down at peace.

We well know our doctrine will clash with that already laid down by our questioner, but we come to you seeking a change, and by it alone. We have passed beyond the confines of materiality, and are here God in nature's path. We would not wander from thence to tell our questioner to serve "other Gods."

No son or daughter need be at war with self; for to be at war with self, is to be at war with God. He does not ask you to seek for that your soul demands where you should not seek. You cannot serve God and Mammon—your Book tells you so, and you profess to believe every word written therein. Then understand that passage. In other words, you cannot worship in the external where the internal is dissatisfied. You have been throwing away your gifts, sowing your seed upon the rock—giving it, as it were, to the winds, and expecting to reap a harvest in the hereafter. The righteous man is one who is at peace with himself completely. He is one who can say, "I am satisfied wholly with self. I have rendered unto my neighbor all that is due to him. I have worshipped my God as I see him. I have followed the dictates of my own soul." Such a man can lie down and close his eyes in peaceful sleep. Death shall be to him a mantle of glory; and when he shall be ushered into the not life, he shall not be dissatisfied.

Now, then, let us beg of you to serve your own God, take off the yoke of the church, and live for your own God, and be alone. When the poor of earth come asking for alms, instead of asking the church what will give, ask the God within, and if he tells you not to serve your God.

"It is better to give than to receive," says the book. It is better to give and be satisfied, than to receive all the honors of earth, for self will be satisfied, and you will have obeyed your God. When the still small voice of Jehovah whispers through your sense of right, and tells you that the course you pursue is not a legitimate, natural course, why live for Mammon and the world? Oh, obey this voice of God, and see if he will not be satisfied with you; lead the way, and see if he will not follow.

Receive our words for yourself. Carry them into the temple of your own God. If he receives, and is satisfied, then indeed you are blessed. Sept. 29.

Frooman Fisher.

I am very glad to be able to make my presence known here to-day, but I must say that I find myself quite incapable of doing so. I am obliged to resolve not to appear again, I should not have presented myself quite so soon after leaving

earth; but I have been requested to do so at an early period as possible. I find myself very happily situated here; but I find the most of my friends will be disappointed when they shall find their bodies. We are all apt to expect too much, and thus we are apt to be disappointed. I have a strong desire to do what I may be able to do to assist my friends on earth, and I think after I shall become better acquainted with the condition of my immediate surroundings, I shall be able to do at least something for them.

My meeting with my friends here, I will assure my friends on earth, was a very happy one, although it was not exactly what I expected; yet it was amiable and good, and I feel to rejoice I am free, have laid off the body. I had been early taught the mode of communicating with the friends on earth, for I was blessed with friends here who well understood it, and have been long in the habit of holding communion with the earth's people. And I can assure my people that they who live on earth hardly know how to wish the gift, and although my friends think they live in the broad sunlight of truth, I want to tell them they have never got the first glimpse. I will return, controlling some medium who may be adapted to my particular wants, as soon as possible, privately, and give what my friends will be pleased to hear, and what I shall be doubly pleased to give. As I said before, I am indebted to my friends here for my privilege of controlling. I attribute my dependence to my easy departure from earth.

When one in spirit-life gets anxious to return to his friends, he is apt to overreach many obstacles and come too soon, before he gets mature in knowledge of these things. But no matter how fast the spirit of man runs, if he was well. If the desire is strong enough to bring one here, it is probably strong enough to sustain him.

I prefer to commune with my friends in private; but if I am denied that privilege, I shall be pleased to commune here.

You may put the name of Frooman Fisher, of Dedham, Mass., to that you have.

Anonymous.

I want to go out, if you'll let me. If you will not let me, I will go. I will tell you what I want to do. They say he's dead, and he is not dead, and he's going to be buried alive. I don't know the old man, but his folks seem to me here. He lives in this place. The old lady feels so bad about it. If he's buried alive, he won't wake up with her for a long while. May I go myself, in part, not leaving the medium who will not come back in a few moments and talk again?

There, I told you I would come back. Will you stand down there, and let me go afterwards? The street is Prince street—No. 89—and his name is Alden. I wish I was God, I'd make every one of you go through the same thing. I was only fifteen years old. I suppose you think I am telling you a falsehood. I am not. You think I am fooling you, but I am not. I suppose, if some smart body told you of this, you'd go. You are too selfish, all of you. I'd rather be a thief—same as I was before I died—than be like you. Sept. 29.

Anonymous.

The anxiety on the part of the spirit who last controlled has been quite disastrous. I had myself almost incapable of doing what I wished to do. I have been a resident of the spirit-world since March last. My passage from the earth to the spirit-world was not exactly what I could wish. I was wholly unaware of my condition, until a few seconds before the change took place. I came here to say I am not well pleased with the way in which some of my friends seem disposed to conduct themselves. But I do not know as I have any right to say anything of this.

Some members of my family are suffering in consequence of my passing away as I did, and leaving my business matters as I did. In order to make ourselves duly, we must do what we believe to be our duty.

I had no belief in these things before I died. I opposed them, and I had a good reason so to do. The only sight of these things I had was through my imperfect condition, and I was led to this belief. My partner in business is not doing just as he ought to do. It seems to me his knowledge of my affairs should have led him to a different conclusion than that to which he has come, and lead him to give a little advice which will make things every way better than they are.

My partner, like myself, is opposed to these things, and would hardly care to see his name in print. I respect his feelings, and know what I should do if I were a just man. I am willing to render to one all I claim for myself. To give my name will be to give him, and if I would be just I cannot do it. Suppose I give you my profession, my time of death, and disease?

This mode of communicating is wholly new to me, and I shall make many mistakes in regard to the proper mode.

I died—well, my friends, I hardly think, understand my true case; but in order that they may understand me, I will say, I died of congestion of the heart. I was a lawyer by profession—my place of business was Court Square.

I merely wish to be recognized by my partner, and if he can consistently meet me in private I would really like to talk with him, and if I do not convince him I am what I purport to be, I will not be uncharitable toward him.

I feel it to be my duty to add all I can, especially those with whom I am connected by ties of consanguinity.

Perhaps my partner may see my message in the paper, and favor you with a call. If he has no objection to my coming here, and giving all the facts I desire, I shall do so. He is an honest disbeliever, and I think we are in duty bound to respect honesty anywhere and everywhere. Sept. 29.

Catharine Deshon.

I have children with whom I wish to speak. I have been absent from them twenty-two years. I left them not as I come back to them. I left them, thinking I should see them no more until I saw them in heaven. But God orders all things wisely; and we have but a poor understanding of God, at best.

My name is Catharine Deshon. I have a son in Boston, whose name is Nathaniel Deshon. I have a strong desire to communicate with that son, perhaps on account of his peculiar religious views, if I may call them such. I believe he calls himself an infidel, and I sorrow much on account of it before I died. But I return to tell him he is better off with his belief than I am with mine.

I died in the town of Milton, a short distance from here. My disease was said to be cancer. My son is a ship merchant here. I sometimes try to approach him for the purpose of making myself known, if possible, but I find him so clustered about with the things of the mundane world, that it is almost impossible to make him know of the things of the spirit-world. I have much to communicate about the father and of children who passed on before I did, and of their future prospects. I want to commune in particular with my son Nathaniel, for his freedom in religious things brings him nearer heaven. I must say it, for it is so.

I was fifty-seven years old. Do not make any mistakes in these facts I give you, for all depends upon your correctness. Farewell, sir. Sept. 29.

Invocation.

Almighty Beginner and Finisher of all things, here within this temple of mortality we do offer our gifts unto thee, feeling that thou wilt receive, accept, and bless the gifts. Holy Judge of the quick and the living, we feel that thou art constantly blessing us wherever we wander. Through the darkness of material things covers us and our spirits while we walk through the valley and shadow of change, thou art with us. Though we find ourselves in hell, thou art with us. Though we rejoice in the courts of heaven, thou art with us. Wherever we are, there we find thee, oh, our God, ready and willing to bless us, to hear us, and to save us. So to thee we commend ourselves in spirit, feeling that thou art ready and able to sustain us throughout eternity.

We commend to thee the souls here in mortal life. We offer them as willing gifts to thee. Receive them

as needing thy blessing, and give them thy holy gift of life. With love, oh Divine One, do take on flesh, and invent ourselves with material things; do thou bless all who shall depart from a mortal; do thou water the seed we have sown, that we, in common with all thy creatures, shall receive a bountiful harvest in the kingdom of the future. Sept. 29.

A FAMILIAR LETTER FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD. FROM ANNY C. FINE TO FANNIE A. CONANT. [CONTINUED.]

I now began to take cognizance of my surroundings, and soon saw that I was within what appeared to be an elegant rural mansion, which was luxuriant and outwardly adorned with exquisite taste and most natural elegance. On one side the mansion, the eyes would rest on the blue, upreaching ocean, not at all divested of its natural ripples, but far more natural and more real than when seen from the shore of the world, and the scenery was such as is only to be found in some conditions of life in the spirit-world. Flowers of every hue and form were blooming in beauty, and lending their sweet breath to enrich the atmosphere. Trees of lofty height and magnificent foliage seemed placed there to remind us that we, like them, must constantly rise toward the Great Author of all life. In the distance I could see wild mountain heights; and at their feet lay peaceful valleys. All around, amid the trees and flowers, flitted birds of no earthly plumage, but far more beautiful; and their little throats seemed harp-strings, on which the fingers of Deity continually played. The interior of the mansion was divided into different apartments, each answering the wishes of its occupant.

How every wish is a prayer, to or a demand of nature, which must, of necessity, be gratified; because each wish contains within its life a power—all natural and divine—that will not at any time admit of denial. This is nature—this is law—this is God.

While I was all absorbed in contemplating my beautiful home and the Divine Giver of all these perfect gifts, my thoughts continued to rest for the moment upon the beautiful Indian girl who had so often made my spirit glad by her visits to me on earth; and before I had time to recall my wandering thoughts, she was with me, accompanied by a band of Indians, who all expressed great joy at the early welcome I had been pleased to give them. After each had given me a greeting, the gentle child came nearer to me, and cast to my feet her floral offerings, saying, "These are the buds and blossoms of Truth and Wisdom, that ever live in perpetual spring, for the winter of death has no claim on them. Will the May-flower of the spirit-land receive them and follow me?" I replied, "I will," and immediately my own weakness was lost in the strength of these children of nature, and I found myself fast leaving my spirit home and nearing the earth.

This I know by my strong desire to behold once more the body I could no longer claim as my own, because I had no further use for it; for in the spirit-life we cannot own what we do not need. Soon after entering the positive atmosphere of earth, I was borne by my friends to the place where my partner, rather, the body one could call mine, was reposing in the silence of death. For a few moments I floated directly over it, and could distinctly see you all taking a last farewell of the form you had so tenderly loved and watched over. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings when I saw, as I could see, that thoughts like these were passing through the minds of my darling boys as they gazed for the last time on the face the tomb was already to receive. "We shall never see dear mother again on earth!" Oh, how I longed to fold them in my arms and shield them forever from the storms of mortality! but their mission was but just begun on earth, and I knew the Great Beginner would finish in wisdom; and with this knowledge I resigned them to his keeping.

I soon perceived that a great company of spirits was present, and among them I recognized my dear, dear mother, my sister and brother, my grandmothers and grandfathers, and all my near earthly relatives, and many dear friends; and oh how sweet was the melody of their welcome as they chanted, not a requiem over the cold, inanimate clay before us, but a glad anthem, because my spirit had been resurrected from the mortal, and had joined them in the spirit-land. As soon as your earth company left the pleasant shade of Mount Auburn, we left, also, and I was carried back to my father's home in heaven, that I might rest off the shadow I had clouded myself with by coming in contact with the sorrowing friends I had here on earth.

Now, darling, I have not forgotten the promise I made to you a few hours before death, which was to give you on my return to earth what you called a natural description of the spirit-land, or in other words, I was to tell you in plain language what others had given you in mystery. I shall make good this promise, my own darling Fannie, according to the best of my power so to do, and in fulfilling this to you, God grant I may be an instrument by his will by which many of my much loved friends in mortal, who are now in spiritual darkness, may be brought into the bright and beautiful sunlight of spiritual truth and divine revelation, for this simple but truthful story given to you, darling, you are at liberty to give to the world.

I have told you that we have land, water, trees, flowers and buds, with us. I will now tell you that all the spontaneous outgrowths of nature are ours as well as yours; while you have the material, we have the spiritual, which is quite as natural, material and real to us as yours is to you. Every blade of grass has a corresponding spiritual one—every physical body has a corresponding spiritual body. And, now to make short that which might be very long, God has given nothing to earth that he has not given to the spirit-world also, only in a far more beautiful and progressed condition. The scenery of the spirit-land is such as you never saw on earth, only as it exceeds the scenery of earth in beauty, for it is never marred by the hand of the unskillful sculptor, but perfect harmony reigns everywhere; each color blending in beauty with its neighbor color; each form fashioned without deformity, for a perfect and unperverted law pervades and gives life to all. The spirit is free to seek out its own salvation, or find its own heaven according to the dictates of its own highest and best law. Yes, here the spirit is free from the cold, conservative rules which made it a slave while in the body.

I will now tell something of the manner in which the children are educated in the spirit-world. No child is ever compelled or urged to acquire a knowledge of anything, for nature has given to all a way of their own by which they are to attain Wisdom; therefore, nature is left to take the lead, which she will surely do in her own time. And when this great and perfect guide has taken the first step, then the teacher, or teachers, of the child (for none are without them) are ever present to assist. Thus all are educated naturally, and none are left to regret that they were not educated aright. The child first and most naturally turns to its first birth-place, the earth; nor does it leave that sphere to seek for wisdom until it has acquired a perfect knowledge of all it would have sought for had it remained on earth until matured. Thus they obey their own law—love and serve their own God; which is the only natural and true God to them; and this is the religion of the spirit-land. Oh, how widely does it differ from that of earth, where each religious motto is—I am hotter than thou—thus clearly betraying the absence of the angels' wisdom and charity.

I often used to ask my kind spirit-friends many questions when they visited me on earth, among which was this—"How are you occupied in the spirit-world?" Now, darling, do not you want me to give you an answer to this question? Presuming you do I will proceed to give what I have learned during my short sojourn here.

(TO AN OCCASIONAL)

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both an army's wings is a sure way to make it fly.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRITS' CALL. BY G. L. BURNBIDE.

Worthy the innocent! Witness our tears For the joy that is waited From upper bright spheres.

Correspondence. Fatal Accident to a Spiritualist, Funeral, &c. PORTLAND, Oct. 23, 1890.—About ten days since, a sad accident happened to one of our respected and worthy citizens, which resulted fatally on the 20th of October.

Response. To my dear friends, in the article entitled "A Jew's spirit."

Scattering the Clouds. It has not been eighteen months since I commenced the investigation of the Harmonical Philosophy, but in that time it convinced me of the immortality of the soul, and drove the terror of death away.

Now I am determined to have an original test medium here, and a good trance lecturer (Mr. Forster for example); get some good books, and establish a circle and get up a club for the BANNER.

Editor and Appreciation. The cause of Spiritualism never was more prosperous than now, in this part of the country. Our meetings are large, and the people are indulgent.

An Industrial Congress. To be held in City of New York, Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1890. Sons and Daughters of toil. Come let us reason together.

Movements of Lecturers. Parties called under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call on it during their lecturing tours.

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Parable.

And quote facts, and words long, That on the track of danger of all, Spoke to us.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end.

Who will say the world is doing? Who will say our prime is past? Sparks from Heaven, within us lying.

The Present rushes into the Past— Nothing on earth is doomed to last; Summer has ended, and Winter is near.

Truth is the key of art, as knowledge is of power. The Present rushes into the Past— Nothing on earth is doomed to last.

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

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.

President—Hon. FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Marblehead. Vice-Presidents—F. L. Wadsworth and Mrs. A. M. Spence.

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

The attendance in the morning was not large, but was soon increased by arrival of trunks 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, Sprague, C. Wright, Daniel F. Goddard, Miss A. W. Sprague, Mrs. M. E. Townsend, Leo Miller, N. S. Greenleaf, L. K. Cooley, Chas. W. Hayden, Anna Ryder, Mrs. M. J. Clark, B. J. Dotts (Ed. Spiritual Reformer), Chas. B. Barnes, and Mrs. C. F. Atkins.

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, success 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.

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.

Mr. Wadsworth followed. He had seen a great need of the spirit of love, peace and harmony, in the field of reform.

The resolution was laid aside, and letters were read from Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ash-tahula, 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.

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?"

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 ends of jealousy on her own part was always within herself.

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.

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.

Mr. B. J. Dotts, of Hopedale, remarked: Spiritualism is like a building in process of erection; it has called together much timber, and also much rubbish.

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.

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

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.

Resolved, That the Speakers of this Convention, hereafter and henceforth, from Monday morning to Saturday evening, seek, obtain and do some honest labor, or lawful business aside from lecturing.

Mr. Lincoln, 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 Bro. Child, we could do as he does, but we must all act according to the sphere we are in.

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.

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.

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 communication 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.

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 addresses; with the time and place where they commenced their 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."

Mr. Wadsworth, for 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 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 a 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.

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.

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.

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Mrs. M. J. Clark, of Ashburn, 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."

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 outcasts; and that while performing our labor, we will, as far as practicable, seek to further that effort by our sympathies and cooperation.

Resolved, That we hail with approbation every effort to ameliorate the condition of mankind; and 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. Toobey, 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 dignifying 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 impersonal 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, 3rd, 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 inmost place of their being, where we all converge, and are inspired with the genius of the whole, catholicity of intellect, cooperative industry, 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 better redemption, and therefore must yield to perfect 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 lashed, and like a planet in its orbit, while it bends toward others in greeting and reception, sheds light and warmth and influence 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 not such a vast gulf between it, 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. Toobey, 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 Hamlin 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 intellectual 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 "Socials" 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:

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.

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Mrs. Spence presented to advocate the last resolution. "Spiritual reform, she said, must go to the origin of the evils 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 so 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. Other cases have had 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 sensualism 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 clarity 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.

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