

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 25.

## CHARLEY'S REPLY TO PHRANQUEL.

BY LITA H. BARNBY.

A very good lesson you've read me to-day—  
Antique, antiquated, and Phranque old Phranque!  
And one may quick see that alone you will be,  
In life's many changes, or 'neath the grass-bank.

I imagine you now—visage long, dried and thin,  
With white tangled locks, all uncared for and dank,  
A tall shriveled form in cold dignity stands,  
Antique, antiquated and Phranque old Phranque!

You might have been different, (I'll turn teacher now)  
If you'd but insisted on what was your right,  
Nor made that *tremendously dignified bow*,  
When another one sought to obtain your day-light.

You might then have had one to walk by your side,  
To share in your sorrows as well as your joys,  
And instead of a hopeless, old-bachelor life,  
A home-heaven full of bright-souled girls and boys!

And you wish me to follow example so good  
As you've set the world; but, I own, I forbear;  
Moralizing like yours will do, when time has flown,  
Remember—"A faint heart ne'er won lady fair!"

There's truth in your teaching, my friend old and thin:  
At a full market value, ourselves we should keep;  
But then, there's another extreme we must shun,  
Not to perch us so high, none can mount up the steep!

As for being called "sage" in some ten thousand years,  
T's a tiny indolence; I'll live while I live;  
I go for the pleasures of body and mind,  
Or my loss, in a future, I ne'er shall forgive.

So I'll keep up my courage, and woo night and day,  
Make love by bouquets, or upon the green bank,  
And I'll win, too, "My Annie, my darling, my pride,"  
Antique, antiquated, and Phranque old Phranque!  
*Providence, R. I., July 29, 1861.*

## A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY HELEN MAR.

One day last week, a sly little artist crept into my sleeping room and hid behind the door till I was in bed and the fire went out in my stove.

This little fellow was a very fine painter, but he never works in a warm room. Heat spoils all his pictures. He has a wonderful facility for creating novelties, yet he never uses more than one color, and understands light and shade to a charm.

Crept into bed, never dreaming that he was near, but not being very sleepy, laid awake thinking of the very many pretty children who love to hear me tell stories. By-and-by I heard a little click, clicking noise out by my wash stand; then I knew he was getting his palette and brushes ready for a night's work; so tucking the quilts closely round my neck, I went to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, what a splendid spectacle was presented to my view! Every window pane in my room was covered with beautiful pictures, and a crystal bridge was built across my wash bowl.

On one pane was a beautiful cascade dashing among the rocks; then an old meadow, full of rotten logs and stumps, with a squirrel sitting on a rail, croaking nuts; next came an old ruined castle, and mountains in the distance; now a large city full of spires; then a dense forest with a log hut covered with snow. On another was a frozen volcano and a water-spout. One pane looked as if a young hurricane was just started, and another had an earthquake pictured out. Next came a lake with boats all frozen in, and boys skating; on another pane I noticed that the great pyramid of Egypt was tipped bottom upward on the top of Dunker Hill monument, and all the news boys were up there at a pious Trinity church had made a voyage to Rome in a balloon, and alighted on the dome of St. Peter's, and hung out the American flag from the cupola. On the next window, the Capitol at Washington was propped up with rails, like an old barn, to keep it from falling; and all the windows in the Capitol were curtained with champagne bottles stuck full with cigar stoppers.

I thought these very queer pictures, and supposed the artist must be crazy to mix things up so, when I saw on another pane, a dandy looking in a mirror with a monkey, and quarreling with him about which face belonged to him. Poor Jacko was very unwilling to give up his phiz, but the dandy would claim it as his own, so Jacko was obliged to yield.

Now, children, can you guess who that sly painter is? 'T is Jack Frost, who sometimes nips your ears! But there is another painter who makes ugly black pictures in your heart. You had better look for him and keep him out of your sleeping-rooms. He has three names—bad books, bad company, and bad habits. His paintings are very hard to rub out; they will stand heat and cold, and will always stick to you, so that everybody can see what frightful daubs they are. But if you keep your hearts very clean, his colors will not spread, and perhaps the angels will come and paint some beautiful pictures there.—*Life Illustrated.*

IGNORANCE.—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There can not be a greater folly in the world than to suppose we know everything.

A man flexibly good seems all the better for living in the midst of bad men, just as roses and violets are said to spring more fragrant near garlic and onions, the latter imbuing all the ill odor of the earth.

## SPIRIT PAINTING.

CHAPTER I.

"Standish, by all that is acceptable!"

"Frank Markham, by all that is hairy! Why Frank, man, where do you spring from, after being lost to the world for years?"

"I have been completing my education as a painter, my dear Alf. Last of all I come from my studio in Brompton, and before that from Jerusalem, where I have been painting a big picture; and if you will look for it next year at the Academy, your weak mind will be astonished to find all my Jews with blue eyes and unobtrusive noses, which, after all is the most frequent type out there. And now, Alfred, what of you during the four years I have been traveling—married?" (I knew Alfred had been in love for years.)

"Yes; my uncle, Sir James, is dead, and I have been married these three years and more. And some day, Frank, you must see my little son."

"And his mamma," interrupted I. "Why, Sir Alfred, have you forgotten the old agreement that I was to take your wife's picture. Luckily, I have waited so long that I can now introduce the young heir, too."

So it was all arranged; and soon after (it was in the pleasant month of August) I found myself on my way to Garton. It was a quaint and castellated house, consisting mostly of several octagon towers. There was a fine view of the sea from the hall door; indeed you had not many hundred yards to go to find yourself on the edge of the cliff, against which, at high tides, the sea impatiently beat, as if longing to undermine it all. I found myself alone on arriving at Garton; both Sir Alfred and Lady Standish were out; but, as I returned from a short ramble on shore, I found Lady Standish just alighting from her carriage at her own door.

"Mr. Markham, I presume," she said; and apologizing for the absence of Sir Alfred, she led the way to a bench in the garden, where we sat talking for some time.

I remembered how Alfred used to rave to me about his Isabel's wonderful hair, in the days when I was his confidant; he used to declare it would puzzle me when I came to paint it, being the true "blue-black," which was so rare and beautiful. I smiled to myself now, as I glanced at Lady Standish's head, for I could see nothing peculiar in her hair; it was fine dark hair, but very much like anybody else's. So much, thought I, for lover's rhapsodies! I was examining her attentively, as we sat talking, and approved what I saw very much. She was handsome, with a regular style of beauty, and a slightly disdainful expression about the lips, which I fancied deepened as Sir Alfred by-and-by came out of the house to us, and began overwhelming me with apologies for having mistaken the day of my arrival.

"And have you seen the boy?" asked Alfred eagerly.

"Oh! I must fetch him to you, he is just gone in to his tea; he has been with me all the afternoon. Now, Markham, you must admire him." And off he ran to the house.

"Sir Alfred is mad about the child," said Lady Standish to me, as we watched his retreating figure. "I believe he considers it quite perfect, and thinks of nothing else."

"An amiable weakness, we must allow," said I, smiling.

"Must we?" said she. "I am afraid I should never consider any weakness amiable, at any rate in a man."

"You would not expect any very great decision from Alfred's chin, would you?"

"You are a physiognomist?" she asked, in answer.

"I could scarcely be a painter without having a little knowledge of the science," replied I. "I am going to study you for the next two days, if you will allow me; for I should like the picture to be a picture of you, not only of Lady Standish the outer."

She turned and gave me her first smile, which made her face positively beautiful for a moment; but the next it faded, as Sir Alfred re-appeared, carrying his son.

"I must go in," she said hurriedly; and passing them without a word, she left her husband to show off the child to me, which he did with the greatest delight; indeed, he might well be proud of the handsome little fellow, though I certainly thought he looked delicate.

I thought Sir Alfred and his wife the most melancholy examples of married lovers I had ever come across—how sad, I mused, if so much love can so degenerate by custom. I knew how madly Alfred had been in love, and I saw there was much about her that might have warranted it when her manner to him had not that blighting bitterness, almost insulting to a man. It was at times difficult, as I often found, to keep up the ball of conversation at dinner. She talked well, and was evidently clever, but the moment he joined in the discussion, on whatever subject it might be, she instantly closed her lips and retired from the field.

It was after one of these rather awkward pauses, that to introduce a new subject, I one evening brought forward some sentiment about the sea:

"You must love it dearly, Lady Standish, for I believe you have lived near it all your life, have you not?"

"Never till I married, and I dislike it particularly," was her reply, and gathering the lace shawl she wore round her fine figure, she rose and left the dining room.

"I thought Lady Standish used to live near here in your uncle's time," I said to Standish.

"It was not that Isabel I married," said Sir Alfred, rising, and going to the chimney-piece, against which he leaned his head as he spoke. "The manoeuvres of others, and my own lamentable weakness, against which you, Markham, so often warned me, separated us."

Then the next moment, as though to console himself, he began talking about his boy. Certainly never was any one more wrapped up in another, than Standish in that child; a frail tenure of happiness I used to think, as I was drawing his pale oval face. His very beauty had a warning in it; those strange spiritual eyes, in a child, with the dark rims under them, prefigured anything but a long or easy life. Meantime I seemed to have a talent for introducing disagreeable subjects: one evening, Alfred Standish, approaching a side table, uttered a sudden exclamation, then correcting himself, said angrily, as he took up a vase with some passion flowers in it:

"Who brought these flowers here?"

"I did," said I, looking up from the sofa where I was lounging, exhausted by the day's labors; "I brought them for Lady Standish, thinking she might like the novelty of them. I have not seen any in your gardens; they are passion flowers, Lady Standish, and the place where I found them would make a picture in itself—they were the pole remains of civilization in a deserted house, about five miles from here, along the cliff; it seems partly pulled down. Who lived there, Alfred?"

"I—what does it signify? I am sure, Isabel—Lady Standish does not care for those flowers."

"You are mistaken, Sir Alfred," replied Lady Standish, for once looking full at him with her clear liquid eyes. "I like them very much, and am much obliged to Mr. Markham."

Before her hand could touch the flower I extended to her, Sir Alfred had snatched it from me.

"I can't bear the sight of them," he said—then as if ashamed of his impetuosity, he walked to the other end of the room.

"Let us have some music," said Lady Standish, calmly, after following him with her eyes in a disdainful questioning manner for a moment; but I thought her hand shook as she turned over the music in the portfolio, and her full deep voice was more passionate than ever, as its rich cadences swelled on my ear. There were tones in her voice that quite surprised you with their pathos. When she was about to retire for the night, she said: "I forgot to tell you, Sir Alfred, that the Bruces were here to-day, and I asked them to dinner next week. We owe the county a feast, so we may as well get over them all at once. I fixed Friday week, the 20th."

When I came back from opening the door for her, I found Alfred as pale as death.

"Is it not astonishing, amazing," he said passionately, "how some women love to wound and hurt you? Was there no other day she could have fixed for her company than this one—this 20th? She knew how I must feel it."

"Is it an anniversary, then?" I asked.

"Markham! it is the day she—my Isabel destroyed herself for my sake."

He remained silent for some moments, not appearing to heed my expressions of regret at having involuntarily introduced so painful a subject; but after a while, endeavoring to recover himself, he asked me to come to his private room.

"I want you to see her picture, that you may see what you might have painted."

He took it from a secret drawer in his desk. It was no photograph, none of those soulless things, giving the most unnatural of all expressions, a fixed one; it was a miniature, beautifully painted; the artist had felt what he represented in his own soul, and so passed it on to yours. The globular under eyelid, the short upper lip, spoke of a very sensitive character, the heavy brow of a melancholy one; there, too, was the blue-black hair of which I had heard so much, in which was placed the only ornament in the picture, a passion flower.

"It was her favorite flower; you can imagine that I can bear to see no one else wearing one," Standish said, and then all his fortitude deserted him, and he gave way to one of those bursts of despair to which you sometimes see rather weak people abandon themselves. I soothed him as well as I could, and far, far into the night remained talking to him, and hearing from him many details of the past I had never heard before—perhaps, if Lady Standish guessed half these regrets for the dead, her evident alienation from her husband was partly justifiable, or at any rate, comprehensible. On the other hand, Alfred seemed to have reason almost to accuse himself as the cause of the death of his first love, a report of his intended marriage to the lady chosen by his mother and uncle, after his separation from her seemed to have turned her brain, and there was too much reason to fear she had died by her own hand.

CHAPTER II.

In spite of my late vigil with Standish, I rose very early next morning, having a good deal of work to do on Lady Standish's picture before our next sitting. I took care to remove the occasion of the previous night's discomfort from the drawing-room by carrying the passion flowers down to my studio with me. The room given up to my painting was on the ground floor in the end tower which formed the corner of the house, and had a separate entrance. I was working away steadily at Lady Standish's portrait, thinking, I must confess, less of the features before me than of Alfred's sad history, which had procured me a sleepless night—for I was really much attached to him—when the light in the room seemed suddenly to diminish. I thought the morn-

ing had turned very cold, and the sun gone in; when, looking quickly up I saw that a lady had entered the room, and now stood by the door, which she had closed after her. She was dressed wholly in dark violet, and a large shawl of the same material as her dress was draped around her. Her face was almost hidden by a large drooping hat with a long feather, which she wore very low over her eyes.

"Can I be of any service to you, madam?" I asked, advancing to her with my palette still in my hand, as she did not seem about to speak.

"Of the very greatest, sir, if you will," was the reply, in a sweet voice, which had the peculiarity of a total want of intonation. "Indeed, I am come here to ask you a favor."

I bowed, and renewed my offers of service.

"You will think my request a very extraordinary one. I am come to ask you to take my picture."

As she spoke she removed her hat, and stood motionless before me, as if prepared for my examination. I saw a face, which without having positive beauty, you could not look at once without longing to see it again. Some memory, I know not what, haunted me as I gazed at her. Yet I felt sure I had never seen her before. The peculiarity of her face was her low white forehead, over which the dark hair was tightly drawn. As I looked at her I thought what a splendid Judith she would make, after the sacrifice of Holofernes. Yet there was a look of deep sorrow in her eyes, which when raised, I saw to my surprise were deep blue, a most uncommon conjunction with such black hair.

"You would not refuse me, indeed you would not," she said, finding I did not immediately reply to her request, clasping her hands in front of her, "if you knew how much depended on it—and I must add to this another petition, strange as you may think it—that you will mention to no one my having been here, and if you do paint me, that you will show the picture to no one until it is finished—then I will release you from the promise of secrecy, and you will understand the reasons for it."

The mystery of the affair glided and pleased me.

"I shall be happy," I said, to accede to your request."

"Thank you—I thank you—you know not how much. Can you begin directly?"

I looked around, somewhat surprised at this great haste. Fortunately, I had brought two ready stretched and prepared canvases, not being sure of the right size for Lady Standish's picture, and placing the one not yet used on the easel, I invited my visitor to take her place.

"What is your idea for the picture?" said I.

"Have you any particular fancy or wish?"

"I wish for no ornament," she replied. "Yet stay," looking round, and seeing the passion flowers on the table, "if you will allow me, I will place one of these in my hair."

She did so, and again stood before me. Where had I seen that face before?

"That is a very despairing attitude you have chosen," said I, with a smile, as she hung down her clasped hands and drooped her head a little.

"That is what it should be," she replied. "Oblige me by letting it be so."

It was as well to humor her to her full bent; therefore I began to sketch, and continued steadily at work for the next hour or more, till the sounds of life and resumed animation began to reach us from the house. Then she suddenly looked up.

"I will, if you please, return to-morrow morning at the same hour," she said, and replacing her large hat, she besought me to remember her injunction of secrecy, which I promised to do. She made me a little inclination of the head, and glided from the room.

Every morning she came again, and the picture grew beneath my hand till I almost loved it. There was something wild and strange about it for all the graceful quiet of the figure before me. I never had so still a model; she never wanted to move, and her very words came from her lips without seeming to make them stir. The subject she liked speaking of best, was the Standish child. She never wearied of hearing all I could tell about him; she seemed to forget herself and all else gazing at this picture, and sometimes she would draw me on to tell her of his father's great love for him, which it seemed had almost passed into a proverb in the country. I so often heard people attacking him for doating on his boy.

We were discussing this subject, as usual, one morning, about a week after her first appearance in my room.

"I really believe," I was saying, "Standish makes a perfect idol of that boy!"

"If we have idols, we shall suffer through them," replied my visitor, in her calm, quiet voice.

"Ah, I fear there is no too much truth in that," I answered; "it is not only the heathen who require to have their idols taken away from them. We, too, almost every one of us, have something—"

"Frank, who in the name of goodness are you talking to?"

I looked up, and saw Standish's amused questioning face looking in at the opening window. To spring forward and place myself between the lady and him was the impulse of the moment.

"What brings you out so early, my good friend?" I said, to parry the question.

"The natural restlessness of the individual, I suppose. Seriously, Frank, who were you talking to? I have heard you morning after morning as I passed the window, but have had too much discretion to look in before, thinking I might disturb you."

"You can't come in—do not come in. Lady Stand-

ish never sits so early," I hastened to interpose, thinking perhaps he was jealous.

"Lady Standish—nonsense—come, who was it, Frank?" and placing his hand on the window-bench, he, to my extreme discomfort, vaulted in. I looked around in terror at the thought of my visitor's dismay.

"It is not my fault, madam; this is Sir Alfred Stan—"

I was spared the trouble of explanation. She had disappeared.

"Frank," exclaimed the agitated voice of Standish, "in the name of Heaven, what is this?" He was standing opposite the uncovered picture I had been interrupted in.

"That—oh—a—fancy—an idea," stammered I.

"Idea! Fancy! Oh, Isabel!" was the reply.

Isabel—the mystery was explained. Yes, I had seen that face before, in the miniature; but she, what was she? and what was I? I staggered and sank down on a chair.

"What is the matter, Frank? Nay, are you vexed at my coming in and discovering it before it was finished? Were you doing it for me, old fellow? It was very kind of you. But fancy being able to do that from memory, and only of a picture too! Oh, Frank! can you wonder if that one short look at her picture so impressed her on your memory, that the reality can never, never fade from mine?"

He paused, overcome. What could I say! I gasped for breath.

"It was not all imagination," I began; then remembering my promise to her, I stopped. "Alfred, promise me you will not come here again—not before breakfast, till the picture is finished; then—"

"Why, Frank, what is the matter with you? You look so queer, and 'not come here'—what do you mean? You little know the pleasure it is to me to gaze at her."

"But you must not; you must not," I repeated; "at any rate, not till it is finished. Give me air, Standish."

"Why, old man, you are taking it quite to heart! Well, till the picture is finished, I will try and keep away."

I did not close my eyes that night. Had they played me false the whole of the past week, and was it all a delusion; or was she— I could not mould my thoughts into shape. After a sleepless night I rose, still earlier than before, anticipating that it being the day of the great dinner party, the stir in the house would begin more betimes than usual.

Early as I was, she was before me. I felt her presence before I opened the door. She was standing in her old attitude before the picture of the child Alfred. She looked slowly to me as I muttered some incoherent greeting—some excuse for our having been disturbed the day before.

"It matters little to me," she said; "nothing matters much; my errand is nearly done."

Once more she placed herself as before; once more I began my work, and now I began to plead with her to make herself known to Sir Alfred.

"He recognized your picture," I urged. "I fear he feels only too much for you as it is—for your unhappy fate; for his sake, for the sake of his future peace, do not hide yourself any longer from him; let him know the truth, and then leave."

"The truth!" she repeated.

"The truth!" echoed another voice; and Standish was again by my side.

"Frank, my dear fellow! what are you talking about! Are you unwell?"

I looked from him to her; she did not move.

"No, Alfred," I said; but see, your lost Isabel is there!"

"Frank!" repeated Standish, in apparent astonishment, "what are you saying?"

"I have promised to keep her secret," I continued, "but you have broken your word, so I must forfeit mine. Have you nothing to say to her?"

I waved my hand toward her. He stared strangely round.

"I see nothing," he said.

"He does not see me," the calm voice of Isabel said, breaking the silence. "He can neither see nor hear me. Tell him from me, the message I come to bring. I come from an unhallowed grave to warn him."

The drops of agony stood on my forehead as I repeated after her that fearful message:

"This, this is the warning," I continued, still following her, word for word. "Beware of idols, of earthly idols, Alfred! For her great love for you she forfeited her hopes of life on earth and peace in heaven. She loved you too much for her peace; too much to live without you; and when she heard your resolution had given way, that you had proved faithless, her brain reeled, and in a moment of madness she destroyed the life she no longer valued. Now she knows how terrible it is to have an earthly idol between the soul and heaven. Now she knows to what it may lead: now that she sees you are about to fall into the same error—about to set up for yourself an idol in the shape of the son as she did of the father—she comes to warn you ere it be too late; to tell you that is a sin; to remind you if you have idols we shall suffer through them."

"Frank, for heaven's sake, compose yourself; you will go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, as I paused, almost exhausted with the impetuosity with which I had repeated her words. She was calm enough, heaven knows!

"Hush! she speaks again," I replied, an irresistible power again compelling me to be the interpreter of the, to him, voiceless warning. "She leaves this

picture to keep this in your mind; to remind you, not in love, but in warning of the one who lost her soul through idleness. Heavenly Standish, she is crying in despair. Alfred! Alfred! do you neither hear nor see her?"

"Dear Heavens, I shall go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, pressing his hands on his eyes, then staggering forwards as I would have dragged him toward her, with his hands out."

"Touch her; feel her; it is no illusion!" I almost screamed, as I tore him on. Then the figure I gazed on seemed to fade before my eyes; the colors grew dim; the outlines blurred. There was a passionate wail of "Alfred!" and the whole vanished into mist.

And with an exclamation of horror all my senses gave way; and when, after tossing in delirium for weeks after, I at last rose from the bed which had almost been my death-bed, I smiled to myself to hear them say, too much work and exertion, and an over-excited brain, had brought on brain fever.

I knew what it was, and Alfred.

[Original.]

A PRAYER OF NATURE.

BY GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

Creator, Ruler, Father, Friend, Part of the common whole, In mercy thine attention lend. This outburst of my soul. Without a thought, or wish, I find Myself upon the earth, And scarcely can compose my mind To bless or blame my birth. All seems confusion; all blind will; Harsh tyrants rule supreme; The world seems robed in darkness; still Of sunshine there's a gleam. Though all seems wrapt in dark abyss, This truth at least is plain; A world of beauty, such as this, Was never made in vain. All things so wondrous; so profuse In all that man can crave To yield him happiness in use From childhood to the grave. And were it not from out the whole A progress clear I see, My grief would be beyond control; I soon would cease to be. My reason tells me all is planned With kind paternal aim; Yet vice runs riot o'er the land— 'E'en fiends should blush with shame. No man is perfect; every one Has some defect or flaw; Were all men tried, but few or none Would 'scape some outraged law. Men live and learn, impart and leave; They store the world retain; The individual loss we grieve May yield a public gain. Though possibly no one may fill The place of those who die, The aggregate of mankind will More than the void supply. As weavers sometimes mend a thread Which others may have dropped— So men in others' footsteps tread. And start from where they stopped. From former evil, good succeeds; Of Force is Freedom born; And tolerance from bigot's creed As from dark night bright morn. While brutes remain as first they were, Man's heart grows better, warmer; The records of the world declare, Each age excelled the former. Like ships upon a stormy ocean, Feels every backward roll, As well as forward, upward motion. And reach at length the goal— The good's preserved, the bad's destroyed; Fools are by folly checked; And all the rocks and shoals avoid That may have others wrecked. If in a pond a pebble's hurled, 'Twill influence the whole— The same effect upon the world Has one pure, noble soul. Men feed on others' thoughts and deeds, And grow from what they feed on— The world will follow—all it needs Is faithful men to lead on. Then, Father, grant it be my fate To live a life so true. So free from guile, deceit or hate, And prove me worthy you. I want—not honors, wealth or fame— A soul, pure and refined; To earn a high, immortal name For service to mankind.

In Others' Eyes.

Barnes' address to the louse that he saw crawling over a pretty young lady's bonnet, during church service, has a point to it which he did not omit to make the most of himself. It is compressed into this immortal couplet:—"O, woe some power the glistie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us!" and he rationally concludes that—"fra many a blunder it wad free us," when we were inclined to go astray. A capital thing it is to be able to go out of one's self and look at one's nature at a distance, as it were. We dwell so constantly within ourselves, and are so closely occupied with our own thoughts about pleasure or business, that the season we devote to self-contemplation is little enough at the best. Hence, criticism from others, who are not in half as favorable a position as we are ourselves to bestow it, comes in to supply the place which is naturally left us to supply; and the unfair, cruel, and even malicious judgments passed upon us, from time to time, by others, are the only standards by which we permit ourselves to be superficially known of men. We protest heartily against living for other people's eyes, or prejudices; let us live for our own at first, and so live nobly and consistently. Yet we cannot refuse, occasionally, to turn and estimate the values that are placed upon us, in a hasty and haphazard way, by others. Even their total ignorance of us, when made up into a presumptuous opinion, may contain many a hint that is capable of being turned to account. So let us not lament, or give others over to scorn, though we think ever so little of their notions and their prejudices. Wisdom bids us live, first, to ourselves, and live truly and not falsely; it also tells us that others may see us at an angle of vision unattainable by ourselves, because their view is outward and distant. We are not to forget that, even while we appear to ourselves to be almost above criticism, we may be laughing-stocks added to those who look out of eyes not our own.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

Another early bulwark of the church, St. Austin, appeals to the precedent phenomena of all past time as a basis of the so-called Christian miracles—such as healing diseases and raising the dead to life, &c. "The miracles of cures, without mentioning the rest, would fill a great number of volumes. When I saw the effects of the Divine powers, like to those of the ancients, so frequently exerted also in our own times, I deemed it unwise that such things should be lost from the notice of the multitude." Says Middleton, "I have dwelt the longer on these miracles than the importance of them may be thought to require; but they are so precisely described and authentically attested by one of the most venerable Fathers in all antiquity, who affirms them to have been wrought within his own knowledge, and under his own eyes, that they seem of all others the best adapted to evince the truth of what I have been advancing, and to illustrate the real character of all other miracles of the primitive times, both before and after them. Dr. Chapman, however, speaking of the very same miracles, roundly declares them all to be so strongly attested, both by the effects, and the relations of them, that to doubt their reality were to doubt the evidence of sense."

Can a church, built upon the misunderstood phenomena of the past, afford to sneer at a church arising upon the scientific reception of similar phenomena, adjusted to law and conditions, with the mesmerio medium opening the way of life between the two worlds, and unveiling the mysteries of Godliness? Without this key, Dr. Middleton, like thousands of others, failed to open the mystical arcanes, and so rejected the so-called miracles as of priestcraft and imposture, colluded with the besotted ignorance and superstition of the multitude. Doubtless, there was much of this, yet there was a mighty basis of truth which modern Spiritualism completely proves. True, there are no miracles or confusion of law. It is only ignorance and blindness that thus interprets—but there is a spiritually natural order of beings where phenomena occur, which can be scientifically attested as being amenable to law and conditions. We know whereof we speak from the experience of a number of years, and our experiments are continued even to this day. We can only laugh at the Mumbo-Jumbos of the churches, when we look into the trough from which they drank their living waters. There were some curious reflections as they saw themselves as through a glass darkly. St. Athanasius relates of St. Anthony that he found Satan knocking at his door, having come "to beg a truce of the Saint." We do not learn whether the Saint granted the truce, or signed articles of peace, though it would seem to be well to have done so, for the Devil complained of "needless curses against him," so that if the Saint and the church had "blessed and cursed not—overcome evil with good, and loved their enemy," they had more surely converted the Devil to a lasting peace rather than to a temporary truce, to be ended and followed by the sailing in of the Saint and his adversary to recommence their life-long war.

The church and the Saints never yet have known how to reconcile the good with the less good. They cut the serpent symbol in two, calling the head part good and the tail half evil, without seeing that the lower part of the head half, and the upper part of the tail half, were very close akin, a blending of light and shade, or God and Devil; so that it would be impossible to take a segment of the circle as all God or all Devil, where the universal chain of being is One. God includes all of light and shade; hence the church have never done more than simply to scotch the snake, clapperlawing him even to this day, so that it is difficult to decide which is the more damnable, the Orthodox God or the Orthodox Devil.

Gregory, the medium wonder-worker, relates that the Virgin Mary, accompanied by St. John the Evangelist, appeared to him in a vision, and explained to him the mysteries of Godliness. "But where are the tests or proofs that these apparitions were those of Mary and John? Spirits sometimes assume eminent names—even those of Lord or God. It is said, too, that Moses and Elias talked with Jesus. It may have been so; but how did Peter, and James, and John, know that the spirits whom they saw were really those of Moses and Elias? Was it merely supposition, or something more? Spiritual truth may be given to the intuition; but it is well to try the spirits; for something more remains to be done than the mere calling of souls out of the flesh, some Lords, some Devils, and some Moses and Elias. It does appear, however, that Elias was about in those days, and had made considerable progression in the spirit-world; for his possession of John the Baptist was a higher manifestation of the spirit than the slaying of Baal's puppets at the Kishon brook a thousand years before. Jesus declares that Elias had come as manifest through the mediumship of John, though not recognized by the spiritually unopened. There was a possession in 1697 called the "dreadful nothings of Satan in and about the body of Richard Dugdale." This occurred at Surry, in England, where nine ministers of the gospel failed to charm this Satan out, "charmed they never so wisely." We think the charming must have been of the rough and pharaiseal sort, for we read that for "above a year there was a desperate struggle between this Devil and the nine ministers who had undertaken to cast him out;" but he met them, and felled all their panoply of pharaiseal assumptions, "insulted them with scoffs and raileries, and puzzled them in Latin and Greek." Thus capturing and spiking their guns, he quitted them in sovereign contempt as foemen not worthy of his steel.

We are not to infer, however, that these Satan Spirits are in full possession of the church. There are Dove Spirits or holy ghosts there, as compensations, as well as elsewhere. "Prudentius celebrating in one of his hymns the martyrdom of a noble virgin, sees a dove fly out of her mouth at the very moment in which she expired." So let us hope that wherever the Satans abound the Doves shall much more abound. This would be equivalent to St. Paul's graces over sin, or the good manifestations of the spirits over the less good, from both the mundane and transmundane worlds.

Middleton, though a D. D., cut a very wide swath in the Broad Church, even though more than a hundred years precedent to the Broad Church of to-day, as set forth from England's pinnacles by Baden Powell, Jowett, &c. Though sometimes speaking with a little of bated breath, yet did he ponder

boldly, and openly assert that the Holy Ghost through the apostolic medium, was not infallible; that "the apostles, generally speaking, were in the condition of all other men, subject to frailty, error and sin—sometimes envying and reproving one another—ignorant of their master's purpose, blundering about his words and meaning, and from fear at last, deserting and denying him—which facts manifestly prove that during this period of their apostleship they were not under the perpetual guidance of the Holy Ghost. . . . And if under the larger effusion of the Holy Ghost we find the same marks of frailty upon them, differing from each other in points of fact, and sometimes from themselves in points of doctrine, quarrelling, dissembling, and temporising, we shall be obliged from the same premises to draw the same conclusion; that they were not under the continual direction of an unerring spirit." All which the Doctor goes on to prove very fully and at large. St. Jerome is cited as showing that the dissimulation between Peter and Paul was only the same as that of the lawyers who seem often to scold and quarrel with each other, when they mean nothing more than to deceive the bystanders, gain the greater credit with their clients by an affected zeal for the cause which they have undertaken to defend." He thinks that if Paul did really withstand Peter, Paul himself "must be condemned of the same hypocrisy" when he became all things to all men—a Jew to gain the Jews by shaving his head at Cenchrea and by paying his vows in the temple. A Gentile by adoption and roper-in of the Gentiles. "With what face," asks Jerome, "could he have the assurance to condemn that in Peter, the Apostle of the Jews, which he himself was guilty of, though Apostle of the Gentiles?"

This device, to harmonize the operation of the holy spirit, very much staggered St. Austin, so that between these two great Doctors of the primitive church, there was an epistolary correspondence to unravel so great a mystery of godliness. St. Austin charges it "with being nothing else but a defence of useful and reasonable lying, and insists that if Paul knew Peter to be innocent, at the same time when he declared him to be blamable, and not to act according to the truth of the gospel, it was in reality a lie." Jerome, on the contrary, persisted in his opinion, which he confirmed by many arguments, as well as the testimonies of all the best interpreters before him, challenging Austin to produce any one good author of a contrary sentiment, and declaring that it would have been the greatest impudence and audaciousness in Paul to reprove Peter so smartly for practices, of which, he himself was more eminently guilty."

It was "the vulgar hypothesis" in those days, as in ours, "that the Apostles could not err" because they were mediums for the Holy Ghost, as if there were no changes of possession by the spirit less holy of the same mediums according to surroundings and the status of impressibility.

Of course Middleton does not fail to notice the "practice and habit" in all pulpity "of wresting the Scripture on all occasions till they acquire a dexterity of extracting what doctrines they please out of it." He shows that Peter and Paul did both compromise the higher truth to expediency, which proves them, at the time of so doing, as being not very high upon the scale of the Holy Ghost. "The truth against the world" would have shown a better front; while a fallness of light would have sought no compromise with the unfruitful works of darkness.

Paul, says Chrysostom, was various both in his words and actions; at one time he complied with the ceremonies of the law; at another, he contemned them; at one time he sacrificed, and shaved his head; at another time he denounced anathemas against all who did so; at one time he circumcised, at another rejected all circumcision.

Our author thinks that Peter was the more cautious of his countrymen "when he recollected that they had stoned Stephen for declaring that Jesus came to change those customs which Moses had established; whereas Paul had carried his zeal for Christian liberty so far, that when he was driven to change his conduct, or compromise, his disemulation proved too late, and instead of pacifying the Jews, provoked them only the more, so that they laid violent hands upon him in the temple, and would certainly have destroyed him, if the chief captain had not come to his rescue with a band of soldiers." A very significant parallel to the back-draws of our own days to the infernal dominions of slavery, whose priests show its divinity from the bibliolotrous "book of books" as inspired through the barbarisms of old time, "whose sacred monuments," says Middleton, "both of the old and new Testaments, furnish many instances of the sins and frailties of those who are there celebrated, as the principal favorites of Heaven."

Again, "these same Apostles never made any pretension to an infallible spirit, nor their converts, who paid the utmost reverence to their persons, ever entertained a thought of ascribing it to them." Erasmus shows that the Apostles "were capable of error, even after they had received the Holy Ghost." And Mr. Dowell to the same purport, when he says that "Barnabas erred, St. Peter also erred, and St. Paul, though they were endowed with the very highest degree of extraordinary gifts." When St. Paul says, "I speak after the manner of men," St. Jerome observes "that he makes good what he says, and by his low and vulgar way of reasoning, might have given offence to understanding men, if he had not prefaced it, that he was delivering his own human sentiments."

What say the Boston Courier conductors—who so pharaiseically ensconce themselves behind the spiritual unfolding of old time, and grossly charge the modern—to the genealogy of Jesus as set forth by the Fathers of the Church, "as a thing to be noted, that no women are numbered in the genealogy, but such as are mentioned in the Scriptures with some blot upon their characters, that he, who came for the sake of sinners, and was himself descended from sinners, might wipe out the sins of all?"

Paul, to get rid of the equivocal genesis of Jesus, advised "to give no heed to endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying, which is in faith."

Our author finds the memories of the Apostles very inaccurate in finishing up what they had witnessed, or were told by others, which would prove rather weak links in the chain of infallibility. The story of the two thieves crucified with Jesus, grveled the Fathers, and they took great pains to elude the charge of contradiction in the conflicting accounts. One charges the passage in Matthew "as little better than a lie; or such an account as one would expect from a man in his cups." While others, "to clear the Evangelists," suppose "that both the

thieves blasphemed Jesus at first, till one of them, convinced by the eclipse of the sun and the trembling of the earth, quickly changed his note to a sudden conversion and repentance, and implored his mercy."

Upon the resurrection, Grotius is cited as assigning "a special reason why John might think fit to use a little artifice, and industriously invert the true order of the facts; for, lest the testimony of women, in a point of such moment, as the resurrection of Jesus, might be suspected and ridiculed, as it afterwards really was." While Origen declares "that if any one carefully examines the inconsistencies of the four Gospels with regard to historical facts, he will find himself giddy, as it were, and no longer insist upon the truth of them all." Of which, says Middleton, "by his indefatigable study of the Scriptures, he was of all men the most competent judge."

"The belief," says Middleton, "of the inspiration and absolute infallibility of the Evangelists, seems to be more absurd than even the Transubstantiation itself; for this, though repugnant to sense, is supported by the express words of Scripture; whereas, the other, not less contrary to sense, is contrary at the same time to the declarations of the Evangelists themselves. Yet such is the force of prejudice, that the generality of expositors take great pains to search out texts and arguments for the support of this favorite hypothesis; not considering, that if they were able to produce any, from which they could extort such an interpretation, it would tend only to the hurt and discredit of Christianity itself, by fastening upon it a doctrine contradictory to fact and experience."

Upon the prophecies, "Mr. Whiston, whose piety and zeal for Christianity no man can doubt, has freely and candidly owned that the Apostles might possibly be supposed to have been mistaken sometimes in their applications of these prophecies." Another Orthodox writer speaks of "the obscurity of the prophecies," which grveled the Jewish Doctors. Upon this, Middleton remarks: "What this writer thinks so probable of the learned Doctors of the Jews, must needs appear more probable of the Apostles, who were not learned; who, as I have shown elsewhere, being liable to slight mistakes and inadvertencies, in the representation of plain and ordinary events, may more reasonably be presumed to be so in the interpretation of dark prophecies."

To heal the contradictions of the Bible, St. Austin says, "that Matthew was directed by the Holy Spirit to commit the mistake of putting Jeremiah for Zachariah, and that there was no occasion for Matthew to correct this seeming blunder, when he knew himself, at the time of making it, to be under the direction of the Holy Ghost." If a heretic, however, had made such a blunder, the same manner of Holy Ghost would have been called a lying spirit of the Devil.

Upon the text "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, behold, thy king cometh, sitting upon an Ass and a Colt, the foal of an Ass, the commentators are puzzled to determine on which of the two Jesus rode—whether on the Ass or the Colt; while the letter of the text seems to declare that he sat upon both; as some of the Ancients, and of the Moderns have also interpreted it; who solve the seeming absurdity by supposing that he first mounted the one, and then the other; the Ass denoting the Jewish, and the foal the Gentile Church."

Ah! we see now. The Jewish Church is represented by the Ass on which Balaam, the prophet, rode, while the Ass uttered his oracles as the spirit gave him utterance, and the Colt, or Christian Church, fed upon the sinners milk of its Mother's Word, rather too long before weaning, which accounts for so much Biblical milk for babes, and so little strong meat for men. But now the new heavens invite us to a broader food than the ancient "thin potatoes." Not that the "milk" is not good, but that it dwarfs the soul by confinement thereunto, as if it were the sovereignest thing in all the world for an inward brute.

"The power of working miracles," says our author, "is so far from proving those who are imbued with it to be perpetually inspired, or specially favored by God, that it does not prove them even to be good and honest men, since according to the constant testimony of the most esteemed and orthodox of the primitive Fathers, it was possessed sometimes by wicked men, heretical Christians."

Those who have been so hasty of harshly judging Modern Spiritualism while yet in its swaddling clothes, of its great amount of drivel, &c., overlook the estate of their first nurslings in the church. To say nothing of the Apocryphal gospels, "if the language," says Middleton, "which the apostles made use of in propagating the gospel by preaching or writing, had been inspired into them by God, we should expect surely to find it such as is worthy of God—pure, clear, noble, and affecting, even beyond the force of common speech. But if we try the Apostolic language by this rule, (the diction of Plato), we shall be so far from ascribing it to God, as to think it scarce worthy of man; I mean of the liberal and polite; for we shall find it in fact to be utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every fault which can possibly deform a language."

Says Erasmus, "if any one contends that the Apostles were inspired by God with the knowledge of all tongues, and that this gift was perpetual in them—since everything which is performed by a divine power, is more perfect, according to St. Chrysostom, than what is performed either in the ordinary course of Nature, or by the pains of Man, how comes it to pass that the language of the Apostles is not only rough and unpolished, but imperfect also and confused, and sometimes even plainly solecising or absurd?—for we cannot possibly deny what the fact itself declares to be true." To which adds Middleton, "It is somewhat curious to observe that there was a controversy of the same kind among the ancient Heathens concerning the style and composition of the Delphic Oracles. For as these Oracles were delivered in verse, and the verses generally rude and harsh, and offending frequently, both in the exactness of metre and propriety of language, so men of sense easily saw that they could not be inspired by the Deity; others, on the contrary, blinded by their prejudices, or urged by their zeal to support the credit of the popular superstition, constantly maintained that the verses were really beautiful and noble, and worthy of God, and that the contrary opinion flowed from a false delicacy and sickly taste, which relished no poetry but what was soft and sweet, and breathing nothing, as it were, but spices and perfumes. The dispute, however, seems to have been compounded, and a distinction found, in which all parties acquiesced, by allowing some sort of inspiration and divine authority to the matter of the

Oracle, but leaving all the rest to the proper talents and faculties of the prophets."

Here we find the difficulties alike on Heathen and on Christian ground; both growing out of a misunderstanding of the true nature of oracles—a misunderstanding which has continued unto this day, but which the present unfolding fully clears up. The Spirits speaking were neither infallible Lords nor Gods, but simply transmundane human beings; and liable to fallibility as when existent in the flesh. The development of the medium, or prophet, also modified and measured the ability of the controlling spirit, hence the more or less of incongruities of all the revelations which have ever been given. Hence, too, the language of the unlettered fishermen of Galilee, though often inspired by controlling angels known as the Holy Ghost, yet was the language spoken illiterate and discordant, as compared with the cultivated diction of Plato. The capacity of a medium may be modified by the angel controlling, but not even the holiest of Ghosts can make the trumpet sound beyond the compass of its volume.

Says our author, "As for the ancients, whatever sort of inspiration they ascribed to the Apostles, they all allowed their language to have been entirely their own, and such as we naturally expect from ignorant men, in the lowest state of life." "Wholly illiterate," says Justin Martyr, "Idiot in speech," says Origen. "Rude and barbarous," says Eusebius. "Illiterate, idiot, ineloquent, poor, without any force of words, or rhetoric, or science, to recommend them; but fishermen and tentmakers, and of a strange language," says St. Chrysostom. "Induced with a power of working divers sorts of miracles, lest nobody should otherwise believe a set of rustic, unlearned and ignorant men; wanting every ornament of speech to enforce their promises of the kingdom of heaven," says St. Jerome. "Men of mean birth, ignoble, ignorant and illiterate—the divinity of their doctrine thus displayed itself the more illustriously in convincing the world by such contemptible witnesses; whose eloquence and persuasive powers lay in their wonderful works, not in their words," says St. Austin.

Modern Christendom generally endorses the ancient on this head. Now let Modern Spiritualism be judged by a criticism equally fair, and we are content. For our own part, we rejoice that the humble spirit is received before the Pharisee in the vanity of his learning, that the weak things of this world are chosen to confound the wisdom of the wise, and to bring to naught the understanding of the prudent, when they seek with haughty steps to take heaven by violence. It is then that we see pride going before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall; while from the mouths of babes and sucklings the commonwealth of heaven is brought nigh unto us:

"The land of souls beyond that sable shore, That shames the doctrine of the Sadducee And Sopher, madly vain of dubious lore; How sweet it is in concert to adore With those who made our mortal labors light! To hear each voice we feared to bear no more! Behold each loving shade revealed to sight. A vision of life to be where all was doubly night. C. B. P.

P. S.—We noticed, in the BANNER, the first volume of "Buckle's History of Civilization." The second volume is published, and though, like the first, a temple unroofed with regard to spiritual dominations which move consonant to the phenomena of the more sensuous visual plane, yet is it the very history of histories, and necessary to be "read of all men." C. B. P.

CRIME IN SOCIETY.

Our Statute Books are partly filled with matter, which defines the qualities and degrees of crime as viewed by society; for, theoretically, statute books, more especially in this country, are but the expressed opinions, will, or wishes of the people.

Ecclesiasticism and its instruments, the religious presses and pulpits, so far as it is their function to deal in the causes and nature of crime and its penalties, or evil in a more general sense, have never given us any rational clue to the root of the matter; but taking their standpoint in the cloud-land of legend and necromancy, wrapped in the robes of their own self-righteousness, they presumptuously claim all understanding of the infinite councils of the Almighty, and from their audacious heights of impudence issue their bulls and hurl their anathemas against crushed humanity, and against all who dare to question their authority. We have done looking at any of these sources in their organized capacity for any light touching the causes, true remedies and composition of what society calls crime.

Without undertaking to travel back to the regions of "original sin," or to track that pair whose sensitive palates craved the taste of an innocent juicy apple, or to follow them and their innumerable descendants, and thus vainly hope to find the cause of evil and consequent human suffering, there are some things which cannot be mistaken if we only open our eyes to see.

We mean to say that much—we had nearly said most—of what society calls crime is not the deeply conceived, malicious, voluntary choice of those who commit it. It is the result of a supposed necessity. Who but the necessitous, or those who imagine themselves so—from whatever cause—ever commit depredations—we use this word in a sense to embrace the whole brood of tricks and cheats in trade—upon property? Men steal to supply their necessities, or what they consider necessities. The mass of men are not inclined to waste or to destroy. It is simply with them the question how the gifts of God shall be equitably divided, and placed in a state of necessity either above or within their own control—still a necessity, as they feel it, they steal or rob, as it is called, and become thereby amenable to the laws of society. All crimes, we think, have their origin in a supposed necessity, and the object sought is a supposed good—whether they be committed by individuals or by society, whether an individual commits murder, or steals his neighbor's goods or lands, in opposition to law, or whether a nation murders fifty thousand innocent men on the field of battle or robs its neighboring nation of its territories, under the dictum of its own government, and in defiance of the laws of all other nations.

Men are not disposed to doubt the great central, world-wide, all-renewing truths which stand out so prominently in the teachings of Jesus Christ, or of any other great seer or intuitive genius—till they see these truths wickedly violated by those occupying high places and making loud professions. When kings and potentates, popes and cardinals, and the whole host of magnates who know better, begin to erect their monuments of wickedness on the pedestals of ignorance and superstition, it is only at this point that men begin to doubt and to distrust their native power to see essential truth, and further they

would never begin to doubt the right of any man to his property, however valuable, provided it were at the same time clear that said property was accumulated by honest industry. No one would think of doubting the inalienable right of a man to his own, provided that in its acquisition he rendered for it an equivalent. When poor simple Lord Timothy Dexter sold his warming pans in the West Indies and made a good profit thereby, nobody was ever found to complain that he overreached his neighbor—he rendered, as we all know, a most useful equivalent. But when the flour speculator piles up his thousands of barrels while others are famishing for bread, for the sole object of extorting an exorbitant profit out of the necessities of the suffering, then the people begin to doubt each other's rights—however strongly sanctioned such acts may be in statute books. There are higher as well as lower laws, and when the latter attempt to usurp the place of the former, the higher descends from its own imperial heights and challenges the validity of the lower.

There is no man of "woman born" that does not love what is true and just when he once sees it, whatever his previous character or surroundings, and when he once sees it, he mourns in dust and ashes that he should have been so blind as not to have seen it before.

Another thing the close observer cannot have failed to notice. The condition of none is so low, that when divine order as it reigns throughout all created existence, is only approximately presented—for it can only be thus presented—that the picture does not fall responsive upon the perception of the recipient.

The beautiful asks not the aid of school or academic training to be perceived both by the lowly and the gifted. What nature is not made gentler at the sight and fragrance of the sweet flower? Who does not feel delight coursing his nerves as he gazes on a well-proportioned edifice, or a finely obelisk statue, or a picture stamped with marks of high art? If they are genuine productions of genius, too high up to be reached by the shafts of criticism, they rain down upon us all, in spite of ourselves, their infinite nameless ennobling influences.

The evidences are all around us that there is no difference between the most highly educated and the most ignorant in the power to perceive and to appreciate, genuine moral and spiritual truth and order and beauty; the more perfect these, the more emphatic the response in every human heart.

If these principles be true, are we not bound by the strongest of all reasons to pause and reflect when prone to denounce and punish crime? Are we not bound as men with human hearts to find ourselves earnestly inquiring into the causes and remedies for the crime of which we so loudly complain, especially as it presents itself in our large cities and towns?

We do not undertake to set up any theory of right while making these statements. We do not believe in the force of any sophistry which will allow an individual or a nation to reason itself into the fallacy that it can for one moment, on any pretence whatever, violate the legal rights of a neighbor. And further, we fully believe it to be both the duty and the right of society to protect itself against all violations of rights which it has seen fit to establish, and to exert its utmost power to reform as well as to punish the offender. But it is also the duty of society to institute inquiries into the cause and origin of what it calls crime in its statutory enactments, and thus not only to provide for the punishment of crime when once committed, but to see to it that there shall be no existing or seeming necessity for it.

We have no faith in the oft repeated maxim—snuffed up from the pestiferous air of Billingsgate and Pandemonium—"that the world owes us all a living," and thus attempt to shield our meanness and cowardice, when we yield to the temptation to steal to supply even a well demonstrated necessity. The world owes no man a living who does not work. We are all bound to serve and to labor all our strength will allow, least of all for ourselves, most of all for others; and when the true man finds himself woven into a web of circumstances, from no fault of his own, but the victim of a false social and commercial system, his own brave heart will point to him two things he may do. If he can't find an honest calling, then to die at his post in his best endeavors or to wheel off in a tangent, if he can, and go where work is suffering to be done; but never, never for a moment, as he resists his own manhood, to engage in a useless calling (and there are enough of them) or to lay a finger on what is not his own. Not that the thing itself has any value—but it is simply another's, and therefore to touch it, he can't but do violence to his own immortal nature.

O, when will the great truth be made clear to us that we cannot harm our neighbor, even in an infinitesimal degree, without doing ourselves tenfold more injury? When shall we see that the effect of each wrong thought and act is but to deface in its own well-defined line between right and wrong established from the foundation of the world? When shall we see that by lifting our neighbor upward we ourselves are elevated in a geometrical proportion?

If it be the duty of society, as we have said, not only to punish crime when committed, but wisely to institute inquiries into its origin with a view to its prevention, then the age in which we live is far more propitious for such inquiries than any preceding. Physical science is casting its light all around, and we shall ere long be able to see that most of what we call crime, or evil, or wickedness in high places, or low, is the result of false relations in our industrial connections; that all these evils and false relations spring, but from one source, viz., ignorance, and not from our own "evil hearts," as the clergy tell us. We do not believe it to be within the compass of the most searching analysis to find any other evil in the world than simply ignorant conflict with the laws of Nature, resulting in our own inevitable discomfiture, in confusion, disorder or lack of right relation, or, if you prefer it, evil—ignorance and not human perversity.

History, rightly interpreted, shows original, native longing in mankind to work itself into harmony with God's laws, and every advance in knowledge of art or science has better enabled men to see and feel the necessity of such conformity. What then we need in order to guide us in our researches after a well balanced system of labor, so that all departments of industry shall naturally adjust themselves to each other according to the best methods and in truest relation—is knowledge, and when we shall have determined those relations, enlightened by knowledge of science, of God, and of man, then the evils which so beset us to-day on every side will be superseded by ample provision for not only the comforts, but the refinements of life, for all. Instead of

that dread isolation and antagonism, over-reaching and hypocrisy now obvious among individuals and bodies of men in search of wealth—we should see in a sense never dreamed of before, what it means to "love the neighbor," "to love God," "to believe in Providence," and many more blessed and true sayings, thrown so carelessly from the tips of our tongues, and having as little rational meaning to most of us as so much Syriac or Chocotaw. We should then see that men in all ages have been, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, in the constant attempt to construct and to reconstruct their various institutions in accordance with divine or self-evident truth.

If, then, we have made it appear, however imperfectly, that crime or evil has its source in ignorance of some sort, and as a consequence that the commission of crime, when properly understood, is not the product of deliberate malice or love of doing injury, but of a supposed necessity originating in ignorance, it clearly becomes reflecting minds to survey calmly the evils under which we suffer, and to suggest remedies if possible.

WAR.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It were easy to write an essay on the evils of War. A horrid spectre it presents itself, turn it as we will, and it seems, like one of those inventions of the embodied evil, without one redeeming quality, alone intended to torment humanity.

We say: There goes the hero dragging mighty nations into the terrible maelstrom of destruction, or trampling them beneath his bloody feet. Behind him the smoke of otiler rolls up to the red horizon, and the air is rent with the groans of the dying, the shrieks of widows and orphans. We talk of war as though it were foreign to humanity—something forced upon it, and which it were always best to avoid.

But let us look deeper than the attendant events which excite our pity and emotions, and ask for causes. Nothing which is, can be foreign to the plan of Nature. Its very existence proves the necessity for that existence. In the world of animate forms, or the mystic realm of principles, this holds equally good. Weird beings dwell in the cold glare of the deep enervated ocean, never seeing the light, or holding concourse with the upper world; in the ooze of the rank swamp lands, and the green seam of stagnant waters, swarm countless forms, seemingly fulfilling no function, and but waste gases of creative energy. Ah me! tell us not so. Not a sand-grain is moved on the beach of the ocean in vain. The office of these hideous beings may not be a pleasant one, but be assured it is unavoidable. It is quite as useful for the mud-worm to suck up the miasmatic slime, as the humming bird to drink nectar from the odorous flowers. So is it as necessary for bad men to live, and carry out their principles, as for good men. Without this lower stratum of organic life there could be no higher; so without the play of passions, there could be no lofty mentality dwelling in the stratum above it.

From where I am, and where I wish you to be, at least for the present, I view man as a being who through toil and tribulation has progressed from, I will not say how low an estate, and furthermore, as having a mind composed of distinct faculties, the harmonious cultivation of which constitute his progress.

Man was first a nude savage in the wilderness. As protection against wild beasts, and drawn by ties of consanguinity, he united in bands. These bands encroach on each other. Disputes arise. Now we let loose the energies, before used in combating the beasts of prey in real war. The outward growth of the passions stultify the weak morality and intellect. We mark the commencement of the true war age, when war was pursued for its delights alone, and everything else bent to its iron dictation—a very long age, stretching from the dawn of history to the end of the feudal system of Europe, and still ruling the barbaric nations of the earth. During the war age the hero is worshipped. In its early periods he is made a god. Success in war is always commendable. All other pursuits are ignoble and fit for slaves. The sword is the emblem of power.

They make a sad mistake, who suppose the hero drags the world at his chariot wheel. It is the world which crowds onward the hero. The man is nothing more nor less than the exponent or index of his time. He is powerless for good or ill, unless born to his mark by the impulse of the age. Analyze closely the history of any hero, and you will find this true. Alexander the Great led his armies to the conquest of the East through a deluge of fire and blood. Did he compel them? No. The decaying government of the Persian Empire awaited a Ruler, and had there not been an Alexander in readiness, another would have come forward, and the difference would have been another name in the place of his on the scroll of fame. The events were bound to happen; the names which represent the actors are but arbitrary and incidental terms. It is not men who overturn the world; they represent that vast, unfathomable energy which underlies all.

I said there was an age of war. It was an unavoidable outgrowth of man's advancement from a savage state. He was defenceless, except for his mind, the most defenceless of any animal in the forest. Creative energy was aroused. He had not the strength of the lion, nor the swiftness of the wolf. He must invent weapons of defence and aggression, or live miserably and starve. Stimulated thus, he bends the bow, tips with keen flint the reed arrow; makes the rude stone axe; the bone knife; and, supported by his supple talent, stands master of the animal world—made such by mind.

Savage tribes, equipped thus, stand on a level. If they war, numbers and bravery must conquer. It is from this equality of weapons vast hordes in the early ages made such boundless conquests, numbers deciding the event. But let some nation invent engines of destruction greatly superior to surrounding nations, and that moment they make those nations subjects.

War, the combat for existence, has awakened all the energies of the human mind, and kept them in constant activity. It built up the empires of Chaldea, Persia, Greece and Rome, and remorselessly destroyed them. It has concentrated the past in the present. It destroyed the civilization of the past, because victory was decided by numbers, the nations being almost stultifiedly armed. Civilization had no defence. The savage hordes could sweep it out at any moment. Self-preservation sought and found a means for defence, terrible and swift as the elements hurled by Nature. Shall I speak that word which at this moment is the real foundation of the empires in the civilized world, and the Chinese wall, built

heaven high around civilization, and without which it would sink beneath the dark waves of savagism? It is Powder!

Unchristlike it may be called, but the black throated cannon are the bulwarks of our race. We made them, we better than any other can use them. Let barbarism roll in one dense mass over the lines which hedge our domain, but as the lightning falls on the forest tree, from their deep mouths shall fall the avalanche of iron, scattering their torn fragments over the plain. The more terrible the means, the more destructive, the fewer slain. In olden time, when they fought with swords, often the half of an army were slain; now rarely is an army decimated.

The result in another direction is, that we have attained a degree of progress we never otherwise could have reached, and now having planted an impassable barrier around our civilization, we can as soon as necessary, do away with war and all its evils. I say necessary, for I believe war still necessary, so long as it exists. Men who have advanced beyond the war plane, do not fight. It is those who live in it. It is no worse for such to fight to-day, than a thousand years ago. The controlling minds stand at the helm, and give the bent to these. There is work to be done; they are told what, and they do it. A great wrong exists. It must be washed out with blood. The sacrifice is terrible, but the end is great. The controlling intelligence of the nations, far in advance of the war-age, viewing the matter philosophically, moves the war-stratum to wipe out the wrong, and they set at the task. A hundred thousand men may die—a horrid picture of desolated hearth-stones and broken hearts, sobs, groans and tears; but if the end be equally great, and accomplished by their deaths, they have accomplished more by dying than if they had lived a thousand years. We are here for what we do, and little matters it how we do it.

THE LAND OF HOME.

BY E. CASE, JR.

There is no land like the land of home,  
Wherever it may be.  
Whether upon the mountain top,  
Or by the sounding sea.  
Whether amid the fiery climes  
Where torrid flowers unfold,  
Or where auroral, arctic skies  
Flash down their blue and gold.  
No voices ever gladden earth,  
Such as are lingering there;  
No flowers are half so sweet to us,  
Or so divinely fair;  
No heavens are shimmering with such stars  
Through such deep peerless blue,  
Telling their tales of mystery,  
Thrilling the deep soul through.  
And not on all the wide, wide earth  
Are hearts so good and true,  
Causing our own to thrill with joy.  
A joy forever new—  
Joy that wastes not nor decays,  
But deeper, deeper still,  
Its channel wears through smiles and tears,  
Through sunshine and through ill.

What music'er was half so sweet  
As when, on the rude floor,  
The little feet ran swift to meet  
Your coming at the door!  
When merry hearts and laughing eyes  
Speak all the soul within,  
And you forget all worldly care,  
All sorrow and all sin.

Yes, there indeed the world can't come,  
Its rudeness, scorns and jeers,  
Its cold, dead hearts and soulless forms,  
Outdashed by misery's tears.  
But in the heaven of loving hearts,  
Whose sunshine shimmers there,  
The shadows of our griefs depart,  
And gladness drives out care.  
O blessed home! O loving hearts!  
O heaven begun below!  
How wretched must that being be  
Your sweets to never know!  
But far more wretched must he be  
Who once has known your power,  
To feel he never can know again  
On earth your love's hour!  
Or when with strangers, far away,  
The heart turns back again,  
And time and distance lengthen out  
The heavy dragging chain;  
And through the long, long weary hours,  
The soul, to memory true,  
Longs to return. O home, sweet home!  
To happiness and you.

O, what is all the world can give  
To that altar and that hearth—  
To the skies that bend, and the landscapes green,  
Round the home, our all of earth.  
O paltry fame! O worthless gold!  
How much for you depart,  
When we turn from home to give for you  
The sunshine of the heart.  
O give me but some fond, fond heart,  
To hold my aching head,  
With wife and children standing round  
Perchance, my dying bed—  
And sad though it may be to part,  
I'll fearless cross the sea,  
And wait with joy on the other side,  
Till they shall come to me.

July 24, 1861.

Spiritualists' Meeting.

At a meeting held at the house of Dr. John W. Fierz, in Knoxville, Ill., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The President of the United States, by Proclamation, has set apart the last Thursday in September, as a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the professed Spiritualists of Knoxville, Ill., observe with due reverence the day set apart by our worthy brother, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and be it

Resolved, That on the said last Thursday in September we will meet at a place hereafter to be designated, of which due notice will be given, and observe said day by such devotional exercises as may be deemed appropriate to the occasion, and unite our request—with those of the various denominations of Christians that may observe the day—for the maintenance of the Union, the establishment of law and order in our land, and the speedy restoration of Peace; and that in observing this day of fasting and prayer, we lay aside all worldly care and employments, and meet only as loving children of a kind Heavenly Father, who "doeth all things well," and the good and glorious results of whose chastisements we cannot now see.

The poor support a yoke of iron, the rich a yoke of gold. The latter is the most costly and showy, but the heavier and more galling.

Correspondence.

Letter from the Great West.

The crops and the farm in these Western States are wonderful. A few days ago the whole country was one vast sea of waving green, as far as the eye could reach, of wheat, oats, rye, barley and corn. Now the fields present a rich, golden harvest, of ripe, spring grain, and only the grass and corn remain to mark the green sea that waved so freshly in the morning breeze, but in their stead the promising shock of unthreshed grain.

The wheat crop of Wisconsin will average fifteen bushels to the acre this season of as fair grain as Wisconsin has ever produced. Last year it was twenty-five thousand bushels; the yield was at least double what it is this year per acre; the number of acres put into the ground this year, full one quarter more than last year. The failure of the wheat crop this year is from three causes; first, continued cold rains up to the first of June; second, twenty-five days without rain; and lastly the chintz bug, which has done a good deal of damage. But with all these drawbacks, Wisconsin will have more wheat than she will know what to do with, and wheat must remain cheap, unless there is a great foreign demand. We have now on hand of the last year's crop, eight millions of bushels, or one-third of the crop. Add to this the new crop, with the extra amount of ground put into wheat, and we shall have twenty-five millions of bushels of wheat in the market on the first of September, 1861. Our oats, peas, barley and rye, are all good, and the corn promises well, although somewhat late. Yet if we have twenty days more of as hot weather as the last ten have been, we shall have a great corn crop.

Few sections of our country can exceed Wisconsin, in the production of small fruits. All kinds of berries from strawberries up to blackberries, are raised in abundance, and of the best qualities. Apples are doing better this year than usual, and I believe that the day is not far distant when Wisconsin will produce as good apples as Michigan. We are too far north for peaches, pears, plums, apricots, and the Siberian crab apple will ultimately do well in this State.

The resources of Wisconsin are wonderful, and she possesses all the elements of a great empire within herself. Rich in iron, copper, lead, and stone quarries, with vast forests of excellent timber, and a climate as genial and healthy as man may wish; and when fully developed, will be second to no State in the Union in agricultural productions. Lying as she does between latitudes 42 degrees 30 minutes south, and 46 degrees 45 minutes north, and between longitudes 11 and 16 west from Washington, she presents to the emigrant the finest locality in the West for a home. On her northern border are the waters of Lake Superior and the Menominee river, with a water power sufficient to move all the machinery in New England. On her eastern side she is bounded by nearly two hundred miles of Lake Michigan, besides Green Bay, which extends sixty miles into her interior; on this are good harbors and safe anchorages.

Beginning with Menominee river going south, we cross the Peshtigo, Cloete, Pensaucke, Little and Big Saumiois rivers, before we reach the village of Green Bay, situated at the mouth of Fox river. This river extends a long way into the interior, and is the channel that drains eight or nine counties.

On the shores of Lake Michigan (north side) no harbor excels the capacity of Milwaukee for commerce. On the south lies the great State of Illinois, (of which I will write by and by) on the west lies the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi; and on her northwest the river St. Croix and the State of Minnesota. From her interior, emptying into the Mississippi, comes forth the following rivers: Rook, Wisconsin, La Crosse, Black, Tremplean, Eagle, Buffalo and Chippawa, and into some of these flow other large rivers, all of which afford fine water power, besides many smaller streams running in every direction through the State.

In railroads Wisconsin already abounds. Milwaukee and Racine are already connected, and the Northwestern railroads are all of them in full operation. The people of Wisconsin are whole-souled and patriotic; willing to do and are doing bravely for our common Country. From the Governor down to the plough-boy there is but one mind, and that is "obey the laws and support the constitution"—no more compromises.

The Good It Does.

In a recent number of the BANNER, Messrs. Editors, I observed an article headed "Extraordinary Manifestation of the Healing Power," which attracted my attention, and which I read with interest.

Remarkable as that case certainly was, it was no more so than my own, which, as it goes still further to show the good which is growing out of the Spiritual Philosophy, I beg the privilege of communicating in brief to the readers of the BANNER.

For a period of eight years I had been subject to the most painful malady, beginning in rheumatic fever. The fever terminated, leaving me with life, but almost a cripple. My lower limbs were seriously affected, the chords being contracted and the muscles so weakened as to prevent my walking, and I suffered most excruciating pains and sensations of great uneasiness in various parts of my body. In addition to this I gave unmistakable symptoms of the heart disease. Of this I had periodical attacks, occurring usually at intervals of three weeks. The attack would commence in sudden and violent palpitation, in which the pulsating sound of the organ could be distinctly heard, the breath would quicken, and it would appear as if dissolution was about to take place immediately. The most eminent physicians pronounced me incurable.

At this juncture I was recommended to visit Dr. Main's Institute, at No. 7 Davis street, Boston, but could not bear the idea for a moment. I was not a Spiritualist. "I had no faith in the theory or the practice, and thought I would not still further shorten my life by trying foolish experiments. My opposition finally gave way under the repeated importunity of friends, though my prejudice remained. I was finally conveyed to Dr. Main's house, but with many misgivings as to the result. How happily I have been disappointed. In ten days the disagreeable sensations about the heart had disappeared entirely, and have never appeared since—a period of more than three years. My limbs gradually assumed their natural position, the chords relaxed, the muscles became strengthened, and I was empowered to walk. Surely, said I, these are the days of the miracles, and the Christ spirit is again walking the earth. My gratitude to Dr. Main, as the instrument

through which these wonders have been accomplished in my behalf, is unbounded, and I have felt that I could not better express the same than by telling the readers of the BANNER how much it has been permitted to do for me.

I will not further trespass upon your time and space. I can only say in conclusion that if those are the works by which we are to judge the new doctrine, Spiritualism will live through all time the embodiment of all that mortals can hope for; either of health of body or peace of mind. Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, neither do they obtain good results from evil practices. Spiritualism, it appears to me, requires no other argument in its favor than the old but true saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Very truly and fraternally yours,  
MRS. MARY A. PARK.  
Roxbury, Mass., Aug. 22, 1861.

Why Not?

I recently had a sitting, or seance, with Mrs. Kirkham, the medium, and think the messages I received are worthy, as whole, of publication in the BANNER.

First came the mother of my children. Her messages are always messages of love; but she that day came with increased power, to give me, she said, new strength to bear up against the misfortunes of life—that I might in my old age, be deprived of many comforts—that our absolute wants, however, were but few, and that faith in the truth of the beautiful messages I received, was worth more than gold or silver could purchase.

Then came the "Defender of the Constitution." I had some papers to submit to him, in which I had referred to opinions expressed by him, in a former communication. His opinions have undergone a change as to the duration of this fatraidal war—that the people of the Free States have no just conception of the conflict that is upon them—that many are now crying out for "peace," but that there can be no peace that does not bring back the Seceding States to the "Union."

Then came a chant in spirit language. Those who have witnessed such, through mediums capable of giving utterance to the highest and lowest notes, can realize the beauty and pathos of that to which I listened. Presently her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her eyes lifted up in adoration, reminding me of some of the beautiful Madonnas I had seen in Italy. Then the chant was expressed in language that I understood. She had come to earth to give comfort to the sorrowing mothers, who had offered up their sons as martyrs in the cause of Liberty and Right. She had surrendered her son as a martyr on the cross, and knew the wallings of a mother's heart.

When the medium awoke from her trance, and was told who had controlled her, she was greatly agitated, and begged I would not say anything about it.

Then came the strong voice from the strong man: "Why not?—why not? Is it not creditable to the medium that she should be upon a plane that the mother of Jesus can control, and give through her her holy teachings? or that you, sir, should be deemed worthy to receive them? The truth need not be kept a secret." PAUL PARK.

Is it Right?

Is it right for a community to send out through the press an invitation to lecturers to call, assuring them they shall not be sent empty away, and when one responds to said call, take him empty away to a neighborhood where a lecturer was never known to get much, if anything?

The writer is knowing to the following fact: A lecturer responded to a call as above, paying some \$9 railroad fare, arrived at the place on Wednesday, spoke a few words on the Sabbath at the close of a lecture previously notified, and then taken as above, when he lectured four times, twice on the Sabbath, and received the enormous sum of one dollar, or thereabouts, and a piece of a dog skin to make a pair of shoes. Said lecturer is an old man, gray headed, out of health, no home of his own, having been unfortunate, with a family dependent on him, and here he is, far from home, left to grope his way back as best he can, out of this "purgatory" into which he has been drawn. And all this, after having been furnished with the money and a suit of clothes, by a son, who thought, by so doing, he could place his father in a situation to support his family. Humiliating, truly! So thinks JUSTICE.  
Flora, Boone Co., Ill.

Dr. B. B. Newton.

Dr. Rufus B. Newton is one of the best, if not the best and most reliable healing mediums we have in the country, using no medicine and relying entirely upon a very wonderful power manifest through the hand. He also gives excellent examinations of disease, and often excellent tests. Yet he has met with great and constant opposition, and is less known than many who are inferior to him.

It is a pity that our best mediums should not be known and appreciated; then our cause would flourish far better than it does now, and those who are suffering would gain more sure and speedy relief.

I have no self-interest to serve in this matter, but speak simply for the good of others.

The doctor has been promised through many mediums that he will also lecture, which he may probably do this winter.

As this place is of such note in our country, I think it would be interesting to your readers to know something of its doings, both spiritually and materially—and we have spirit-guides who I think would be glad sometimes to make your columns the vehicle for some of their noble thoughts, lofty aspirations, and true prophetic inspirations, as they have already chosen Dr. Newton for their sorbo, and have given most excellent communications through him.  
Yours in the faith,  
LUCAS A. HUDSON.  
Saratoga Springs, 1861.

Suspended.

The friends at Troy, N. Y., having suspended specie payment during the war, or for the present, thereby releasing me for the month of October, during which time I shall circulate in New-England, and if any of the friends want to use me in either of the holy days of that month they must apply soon by letter to Lowell. I shall be mostly engaged this fall with the affairs of the nation, as my tongue and pen will both be used in defence of our country and its constitution. The Spiritualists of Troy and Worcester have not failed, only temporarily suspended, and will soon be at par again.  
WARREN CHASE.  
Lowell, Mass., Sept. 2, 1861.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS, AT OSWEGO, N. Y., AUG. 13 TO 19, 1861.

(Report of the Senior Secretary, continued.)

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION.

Thursday evening, Aug. 15.—Music Hall was quite well filled at the opening of this evening's session, and the interest of the Convention seemed deepening. Dr. Lyon opened with an address mainly designed to give the true basis of all faith, philosophy and reform, and to disprove the doctrine of infallibility as regards the ancient records, and to ignore false authorities. He maintained that this was an age of agitations and criticisms, and everything stable must abide the tests of reason, science, philosophy and practical reform.

Mrs. A. M. Spence followed, with very important suggestions in regard to mediums and the conditions of mediumship. During the Convention, Bro. Chauncey Barnes had been frequently influenced to rise and speak, and had sometimes been deemed out of order, and rather objectionable in some of his remarks and claims, so much so that some persons in the audience felt uneasy, and could hardly avoid manifesting feelings of discord and repulsion. Mrs. Spence alluded to these things. She spoke of Mr. Barnes's mediumship, gave some singular tests of mental reading which she had received through him, and said he was peculiarly susceptible to all kinds of influences, not only from this but the invisible sphere of existence. When he was impelled to rise and speak in a public audience, he was often influenced by the company present, especially by strong psychological minds whose magnetism blended with the influences of spirits. If the audience felt a discordant, uncharitable, or repulsive spirit, that same spirit was thrown on the medium, and blended with and perverted the better influences of the spirit-world. Audiences and persons present in a circle, and the state of feeling in community or surrounding individuals, were often responsible for the conditions of mediums, and the manifestations coming through them. All mediums are constantly more or less susceptible to surrounding influences, and those influences are constantly shaping their characters, their conduct, and the inspirations coming through them. We are all involved in a network of invisible influences, and in spite of our individuality and personal responsibility, which are never to be kept out of sight, we are the constant subjects of these influences. Many mediums placed in the midst of unfavorable conditions, are often made to suffer the keenest agonies, sometimes left, as it were, in darkness, lost and overwhelmed. All persons are more or less susceptible to these influences, and sometimes suffer sorrows, depressions and discords, which seem for awhile to baffles all conflict to overcome. Those who are the most sympathetic and affectional, are liable to suffer the most, and are often impelled to courses and positions of the most unaccountable character. Many mediums in these dark, troublous and discordant times, are suffering fearfully from the influences abroad; some are in danger of becoming crushed and lost; some will go down for awhile in darkness and despair; some will be driven back into the world, and the spirit-world shut from their sight. It is a time of terrible trial, and we are all to be tested as by fire. Let us not be too credulous; we need not attribute everything to spirits; we have an individuality of our own, which must never be entirely sacrificed, yet there are times when we need to feel child-like, become as little children, if we would be born into the spiritual kingdom. We have much yet to learn, by re-considering the Testament doctrine of the new birth; the old Adam is in us all, and sometimes needs to be crucified and die out before we can realize a true regeneration of our whole natures under the influences of the Spirit or the Holy Ghost, as the New Testament terms it.

Mr. Barnes succeeded Mrs. Spence, thanking her for her remarks, and the audience entertained a more harmonious feeling toward our eccentric mediumistic brother. The evening session closed by the Convention's adopting and sending a letter of greeting and condolence to Miss Augusta W. Sprague, who was confined to a sick room in the city, at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford.

FRIDAY MORNING.

This session was devoted mainly to allusions to social experiences, eliciting peculiar interest and anxiety on the part of laborers. Mrs. Wilcoxson made reference to the trying conditions under which many were called out from churches and their homes, and sent forth on missions of good. U. Clark, at the suggestion of friends interested in the cause, in view of his position in the Convention, and the places he had endeavored to fill as a spiritual editor and lecturer, felt called on, in confidence, to allude to personal relationships concerning which many unhappy animadversions had gone out. He did not speak for the purpose of eliciting sympathy, but rather from a sense of duty to those who were involved in public responsibilities with him. Our sympathies were not always reliable; they were in danger of becoming morbid, and misleading us; many had been wrecked under their rule, reason dethroned, and the noblest purposes of life prostrated. We sometimes need a stern stoicism, or heroism, enabling us to lay hold of our fevered, beating human hearts, and Christlike, bid them "Peace, be still," amid the bounding billows. "It is seldom we can go down into the depths of our being, and bring up to the light of the world, the richest experiences. The sanctity of Heaven, like the guarding cherubim, hovers over our hearts, and we tremble at the thought of revealing those divinest emotions, which none may understand. In the sight of God, his own soul and all who were prepared to judge, there were reasons which had impelled him to stand out frank and free from a relation he knew to be false and untrue, but he disowned no obligation due to a single being involved; he would cast no unjust reflections on any, much less on one admired for some noble and brilliant gifts. These were causes unseen by the world, and sorrows and sufferings too sacred for revelation. Our lips should be sealed in silence, rather than join with the clamorous, unknowing multitude. We cannot expect to be understood in many of those steps which cost us the deepest struggles and sacrifices, and involve the sublimest duties. We must needs bear the burden alone, rely on ourselves, feel the divinity of our own being, carrying in our own souls the weight of a world and woes which extort groans like those of Golgotha. Friends nearest and dearest may join with foes and leave us, for awhile struggling in lone Gethsemane, with the

cross just beyond. The ordeal is terrible to trembling souls—the ordeal of daring to be true, especially with reference to conjugal relations. The damnation of the outer world rolls over our heads, but a darker, deeper damnation awaits us, and the generations to come, unless we have sufficient fortitude to stem the storm of calumny, and resist the temptation to compromise the conjugal laws of our being. The speaker said his name had since been professionally associated with another; whatever relation had existed, was sacred and true. God only knew the ties which time, trial and suffering had strengthened, and what hopes had looked through all tears and fears into coming years of triumph, when the world would know what wrongs had been inflicted. But a tragic hour had come in that experience of long years; pleading friends, weeping, alarmed, and almost maddened by false rumors and misguided apprehensions, joined by a clamorous throng, had thrown around his associate those transforming influences which now left her in a state next to helplessness and despair, and ready to be offered up a willing sacrifice to whatever duty her filial sympathies might seem to dictate.

The speaker closed, by praying that if this cup might not pass till its dregs were quaffed, let the sacrifice be for humanity, and let another heart-rendering lesson of experience be given against the appalling crime of interposing with those hallowed affections which none but God and Heaven may judge. [The personalities involved in this experience, suggest the withholding of this report, but justice to the Spiritualist public, and the speaker, demand its publication.] Mr. Toohy undertook to follow Mr. Clark, but in alluding to memories and associations connected with the earlier experiences of both as they had long been identified with each other, Mr. Toohy found his emotions too strong for utterance, and his words were broken. On this occasion, as on several other occasions during the Convention, the whole audience seemed in strong sympathy with the speakers; hearts beat loud in many noble breasts, and pentecostal floods of emotion drowned out all hard and bitter thoughts between brothers and sisters now melted into fraternal bonds.

Bro. Barnes took the floor, and said, though his experiences had not been like some others narrated, he could, nevertheless, sympathize with all, and he thought the hearts of all ought to be open, in order that we might know each other better, and help to bear each others' burdens. Mrs. Chappell said she had longed for the time to come when we might feel more free to communicate with each other. It was necessary that we should know each other, and then we should cease all envy, all jealousy, all prejudice, and evil speaking, as well as evil thinking. We had been too envious of each other, and too jealous of our own reputation. We sometimes allow invidious and suspicious remarks to be made concerning those of whom we know little, or nothing; a better acquaintance, frank and fearless confessions, would put us into fraternal sympathy and communication with each other, and then we should guard our brothers and sisters with a care as jealous as that which we exercise in our own behalf. She had passed through experiences which had subjected her to the freest criticism; none of our speakers were free from criticisms casting shadows on their reputations. Some Spiritualists are exceedingly sensitive as to the reputation of certain lecturers whom they happen to know, or of whom they have heard; they do not want to engage them to lecture. They propose to send off for certain other speakers who are supposed to enjoy an unquestionable reputation, but on learning the facts, they find these other speakers have had their reputation tested. She cited a case where one speaker had been objected to, and another was sent for, but it turned out that the other had suffered more than the first. It was a singular fact, that all true reformers had to go through the school of Christ, and become of "no repute," in order that they might be prepared for their great work, and go forth with a heart fearless of frowns and suspicions, yet tender with sorrow and benevolence for the suffering, the slandered and crushed.

J. R. Pierce, one of the pioneer Spiritualists of Oswego, arose and said he was glad to be there; he was happy the Convention had met in Oswego; his soul was touched and strengthened by the experiences and the inspirations to which he had listened; he had been identified with the cause of Spiritualism in that city ever since its commencement. For a long time there were only a feeble few, but they had struggled on alone with invisible aid, until now Oswego numbered hundreds of believers among all classes, and had one of the largest congregations in the country. He hoped the Convention would go on as well as it had thus far continued, and he trusted a mighty influence would be left on the people in that city.

J. B. Spencer, another of the Oswego pioneers, and one of the best, earliest mediums, gave in his testimony during the Convention, and spoke encouragingly, on comparing the past and present. Mr. Pike, still another citizen of Oswego, gave in his experience. He had come out from Methodism years before, and stood firm through long trials. We are seeking the same principles taught by Jesus and his Apostles, and we fall back on the same kind of evidences, but we receive but little credit; we must stand on our merits, whether we are understood or not; our characters will speak and exert a silent influence, regardless of what the world may say; let our works tell; "live in the right and die in the light."

F. L. Wadsworth reproduced some of the resolutions presented at the Speakers' Convention at Quincy. Laid on the table. The original resolutions before the Convention were called up, and Mr. Toohy urged their practical bearing. G. M. Jackson spoke of the trance state as transitional, educational. We were now called on to seek a higher plane, the intuitional; seek to attain a condition in which we can receive inspirations in our normal state, in full possession of our senses and faculties; we were now to stand out in harmony with the angel world, and become men and women, living in constant conscious communion with Heaven. Mr. Barnes arose and expressed himself in favor of giving the angels their due, and holding ourselves ready to heed the admonitions and influences of spirits.

Dr. Von Vleck protested against giving ourselves up to super-mundane influences. We need to rely on our own powers; if we yielded entirely to anything or anybody outside of ourselves, we should be robbed of our rights and faculties; we might invoke spirit-aid, but not take them as infallible guides; we were to guard against wholesale credulity, and

likewise against influences surrounding us; we are often unduly influenced by individuals and audiences; we need to stand on our own responsibility. U. Clark spoke of spiritual phenomena as having their use and adaptation, whatever phases might be assumed; if we tried hard, we could criticize all kinds of manifestations, and throw some shadows of skepticism on them; but this was not our business; it was our place to seek for the good, the true, the reliable, and find a use for all things.

J. Francis, of Parishville, N. Y., formerly a Methodist minister, now a liberal Christian spiritual teacher, referred to his experience, and made some appropriate remarks on trance and normal inspirations. Dr. Lyon again referred to personal experiences. He thanked the Convention for the sympathy extended to him, and was especially grateful to the President for his fraternal courtesy. Mr. Lawrence, from Nebraska, offered some good suggestions on the laws of health and growth, and closed with an appropriate poetic quotation.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

J. H. W. Toohy, the President, by request, read a lecture adapted to reformers, entitled his theme, Hints for Radical Teachers. As the Convention voted a request for the publication of the lecture entire, and as Mr. Toohy was understood to accede, a report is here omitted. Mr. Lawrence followed with an excellent speech. U. Clark offered the following: Whereas, Spiritualism, in its true sense, embraces all science and philosophy—Resolved, That the science of healing, as proposed by our devoted friends, Prof. and Mrs. Spence, of New York, and the establishment of the Psychological Institute for the Insane, now anticipated by them, is, in the view of this Convention, a model and humane enterprise, and stands on a sound basis, a basis on which such an institution must of necessity, at some time, be erected, and, as such, merits and receives our unqualified approval.

Henry C. Wright spoke on the gospel of health. He maintained that none could fulfill the mission of life without health; we could not pray for the kingdom of God to come and his will be done, unless we obeyed God's laws. To be truly pure, we must take nothing impure into our systems. The speaker insisted on ignoring tobacco and all sorts of spirituous and narcotic substances. The salvation of the race depended on healthy offspring; no woman had a right to put herself in a condition to become a mother unless she was qualified to produce harmonious children; it was a crime against God, nature and humanity for men and women to marry unless they were in a condition of mind and body, perfectly adapted to becoming fathers and mothers. All manner of disease is damnation; to have the tooth-ache, dyspepsia, &c., is to be in hell. Spiritualism taught us to take care of our bodies as well as our souls—taught us our bodies were temples of the Holy Ghost, and must be kept sound and pure.

Mrs. A. M. Spence followed, alluding to the Institute for the Insane, proposed by her and Prof. Spence. She believed a new era in the treatment of disease was now at hand. None of the medical systems recognize spiritual laws and spiritual influences as now being demonstrated by Spiritualism. Healing mediums were doing a work which regular physicians could not do. The most serious diseases of mind and body are often referable to spiritual causes, and spiritual or psychological influences must be brought to bear in their cure. She had visited several Insane Asylums for the purpose of studying the condition of the Insane, and had found the most serious cases mere subjects of abnormal spiritual influences; many of the insane were badly organized mediums, and had been subjected to bad influences. She cited the case of a man in South Boston, who complained that he was the subject of "ghostly operations," said the invisibles "gathered chemicals out of the atmosphere," threw them on him, and "died" him, or rather put him into a sort of trance state; and said nobody seemed to understand his case. Mrs. Spence succeeded in gaining his utmost confidence, and he seemed entirely rational under her influence. She believed the majority of the worst subjects might be reached by psychological and spiritual influence. The proposed institute would be opened as soon as a certain number of patients could be insured.

[It is hoped Mr. and Mrs. Spence will be remembered by those who have friends or acquaintances in need of treatment. They are addressed, New York city.—Reporter.] H. C. Wright was announced for the opening lecture. His theme was, The Mission of Spiritualism in the present crisis of our country. He dwelt on the great mission of our nation in maintaining the principles of the Declaration of Independence; no nation on earth took such an important position. Spiritualists claimed to have the best religion on earth. Do its principles harmonize with the Declaration of Independence, and apply to the needs of our Country? He maintained the affirmative; the happiness and elevation of man was our great aim. The speaker gave many happy illustrations of the beauty of Spiritualism, and extolled its power in behalf of liberating us from all bondage and tyranny. He closed with a strong appeal: "Never let your hat go off before tyrants, without your head goes too."

At the close of Mr. Wright's speech, a former resolution was introduced, and remarks were made by Messrs. Toohy and Jackson and Miss De Force. Some friend in the audience proposed to add a clause personifying an individual who had recently been accused of serious misdirections. The Convention protested against dealing in personalities against any mortal. As reformers, as Spiritualists, they would pronounce no sentences of unqualified damnation; they claimed no sectarian, civil or social authority to set up infallible standards of judgment; they would cast no brother or sister outside the pales of fraternity and humanity. It was their mission to save, and not to damn.

SATURDAY.—THE GRAND EXCURSION TO CANADA.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, at the sound of a fine band, the friends and citizens began to gather on the wharf, and at nine o'clock; three large propellers, filled with fourteen or fifteen hundred happy excursionists, set sail across Lake Ontario, for Canada. The day was calm, bright and beautiful. The party arrived at Stone Mills at 3 P. M., disembarked, took their refreshments, and most of the excursionists wound their way up some two hundred feet to the Lake of the Mountain near by, obtaining one of the most magnificent views ever beheld. At five o'clock the propellers moved on a few miles, and landed at Picton, where some two

thousand Canadians had been waiting several hours. The shores and banks and every available spot were lined with human beings assembled to greet the Yankee Spiritualists. The band struck up its music, took the lead, and the whole multitude marched to a neighboring grove where a few Canadian friends had prepared a speakers' stand, and seats to accommodate a thousand persons. About three thousand souls were soon centered in the Grove. It was then seven o'clock.

E. Sils, Esq., of Picton, was called to the chair, and greeted our party with a hearty welcome. J. H. W. Toohy, U. Clark, Miss De Force and Mrs. Spence were then called out, and made brief remarks which were greeted with applause. Every word of the speakers seemed to be received with approbation and interest. The occasion was one of deep importance; the States shook hands with the Canada in fraternal communication, like that opened between earth and heaven. At eight o'clock our company was on board the propellers, and started for a moonlight and all-night-long sail back to Oswego. Along toward midnight the social excitement began to subside, and every available spot on board was found full of population, seeking snatches of rest. One of the cabins of our boat was packed with a good-humored party of brothers and sisters, who were distributed around in camp fashion on stools and on the floor, singing songs, telling stories, and laughing at each other, because nobody could find sleep or repose. Daylight shot up in the east over the bosom of the Ontario as we landed in Oswego, and fourteen or fifteen hundred tired but contented and satisfied mortals were soon scattered around the city, and hurrying through a short Sunday morning nap.

[The report of Sunday, the last day's session, including resolutions and the addresses of Mrs. Cora Symo, G. M. Jackson, U. Clark, Miss Laura De Force, Mrs. Spence and Mr. Toohy, will appear next week.] CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1861.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

Table with 2 columns: Single copies, one year, six months, three months, and Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates: One year, six months, three months.

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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAC B. RICE, Publisher for the Proprietors.

THE NEW VOLUME.

In the first number of volume ten of the BANNER, we shall commence the publication of a highly interesting moral tale, entitled

The Triumph of Truth.

Translated from the German, expressly for this journal, by our well-known and talented contributor, CORA WILBURN.

We shall also publish an original Poem, from the pen of GEORGE G. W. MORGAN, ESQ., entitled

"OLD OSCAR AND HIS SONS."

It is a quaint, home-like picture, and will be perused with interest.

POSSESSED.

All persons are "possessed," in one way or another. It is not necessary to be "possessed of a devil," either. The higher powers possess some persons, and then they are said to be inspired. There is a wide range of meaning to be attached to this very common word, varying according to the state of the case. It will repay us to glance at the matter, in its different bearings.

A man who is possessed of some distinct and definite purpose in life, at once betrays to all observers his superiority to another who has no aim at all. Though he may wisely bend to the winds that blow terrible breaths upon him, he does not break the strength of his resolution; the contest does but impart greater vigor to all his faculties. And even though intervening circumstances—of accident and fortune and necessity—compel him to find his way to the object he aims at by other routes than the one he had fixed his heart on, he never yields a jot of his resolution, never loses sight of his single aim which no other man can see as he sees it, that makes all accidents, all fortunes, and all the forces of nature subordinate, as it were, to his own wishes. It is well for him that he is thus possessed of an aim. What if that aim is not reached by the route he designed? He has reached it, at last, and that is enough. In doing that, he laid hold of such aids as were nearest to his hand. But suppose this purpose had not all the while possessed him; clearly enough, he never would have thought of impressing these "circumstantial aids into his service, for he would not have seen what good they were capable of doing him.

Thus does a fixed plan for one's life, even if it be not the most exalted in its character, serve to keep a person's nature continually alert and active, his energies awake, his curiosity exercised, his hopes eager and flushed, and his sense of satisfaction keener and more profound. An opposite mode of existence is led by idleness and stagnation. If to live be the real object of life, then let us consult the best methods of securing that one object. There must be a purpose set before a man, or he lives not. No matter if it that a Government fund for the temporary relief of the humble, or even if, for the time, it be small and mean; it is better far than none at all, and, by its tendency to develop the principle of self-respect, is certain to lead one up to higher purposes still, and to fix their aims still further on.

Another man is possessed, perhaps, with the single idea, or purpose, of benevolence. It has become a sort of inspiration for him. He lives only in his

desires to do good to all around him. He glories in "doing good by stealth," and would not fall to "blush to find it fame." He would not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. Such a person, we can readily conceive, by projecting his benevolent sentiment outward into healthy and positive action, basks in the clear sunshine of a pleasure that few others really know how to enjoy. There is a large dividend to be had from investments in this bank. It is true beyond all emphasis of assertion, that he is much more blessed that gives than he who receives; but not enough yet seem willing to believe the experiment a safe one to try.

Is a memorable work of art produced?—a book, a painting, a statue? According to the power of its influence is it the direct fruit of inspiration. All things thus born are full of power; and there is no power where this subtle but mighty inspiration is not. They who have it are certainly inspired persons. No orator who aways the masses by the silver tongue of eloquence or electrifies them by the bursting bolts of his passionate thought and emotion, but works by the power of inspiration. Whittle it down and refine it away as much as you will, it amounts to just that at last. And when the individual who would work with power upon others, finds himself wanting in this mysterious gift, he may assuredly know that it is not for such as he to wield influence with others, for he has never yet received the enduring impression of the great seal. Choate's success with a jury was ascribed to his magnetism; but he had knowledge as well; more, he was an actually inspired man, consumed with the burning passion of the time and the theme.

So of poets and romancers, if their power has its root and source in nature, and not merely in art. Mrs. Browning's exquisitely passionate utterances were as much inspired as were any of the heaped-up denunciations of David, the "sweet singer of Israel." Mrs. Stowe never could have produced her famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—whatever one and another may think of it—except she had been truly inspired. Her soul was full of her subject; and that is inspiration, the power of articulation, or utterance, being another matter. There does not appear a striking picture from year to year, but it is proof positive that the power of inspiration has been at work; these things could not be produced without; mere industry, knack, and regular teaching, could never accomplish it; it must lie first of all in the conception, and that comes down from higher sources, impressed upon human faculties already prepared for its visit. This is nothing but clearest law; no results are wrought by miracle; nature works by her own means, and not by accident nor by aids which she cannot perfectly control.

When, therefore, we see a man giving himself heartily up to the idea of his business, rather than to the mere formalities and habits—which are mechanical—we behold one who, to that extent, is possessed, or inspired. There is a low inspiration, and there is a lofty inspiration; the former is commonly called "being possessed." And it is so true of those who possess any faculties and powers at all, that if they are not in some degree inspired, they are likely in an opposite degree to become "possessed." Thus do evil spirits work. They do not try to enter in where they find the doors and windows all barred to them; they take possession only where they see the latch-string hanging out, and the invitation openly offered them to enter. It is necessary, therefore, for a person to lay his plans for the occupation of the better spiritual powers, or he will certainly be beset and possessed by the lower ones. His relief is in his own hands. It consists in shaping his nature for the reception and impress of none but higher and holier influences.

The mass may fancy the world moves on by some happy chance, as if creation itself were no better than "a hit." But it may be depended on that certain hopes, fears, aims, purposes, designs—good and bad—possess them all. Nothing comes of chance; all is the fruit of law. Now suppose the aims of this great mass to be suddenly ennobled and exalted; is there one who cannot in some measure imagine what a vast change in the world's fortunes would instantly follow? And this contest between the high and the low, the good and the evil, is but to obtain the mastery of the world's fortunes, on one side or the other. What, then, if we should join together in a solid effort, to carry things completely over to the side of the right and the true? Does not every one see that it will be just as we all will have it? And that we will have it according to our impressions, or inspirations? That is, exactly as we are "possessed?" Little do we think of this, because it is but a little thing; but it is the little things in lump that make and move a universe. One man's inspiration is able to kindle it in the souls of scores all around him.

About the Blockade.

The London Post, the Government organ, is full of portentious, unless it may be only timid, talk about our blockade of the Southern coasts. The Times catches the strain, and says that, in reference to this blockade business, the cloud is now no larger than a man's hand, but it may soon acquire a size that will darken the whole sky. It is very evident that the aristocracy of England want to meddle so as to get out the cotton crop, supply their own manufactures, and so avert social confusion, if not ruin, from their own doors. They hold to something like this: that inasmuch as we claim to own and possess waters wharf in a marine league, a cannon ball range, of the shore of the seceded States, we must make good that claim by actual ownership, and possession of the shore itself; but, as it is well known that we are not in the actual possession of that shore, not being able to exercise sovereignty over it in any practical way, we cannot, therefore, lay claim to sovereignty over the sea that washes it.

Perhaps that kind of reasoning may make an impression; perhaps not. Of one thing we are fully assured, that the rulers of Great Britain will resort to every device, short of pulling down the skies about their heads, to get the supply of cotton which they will soon want so much for their four or five millions of operatives. These must have work, or there is revolution. At the last pinch, the question for the leadership and the government to decide will be between going to war with us and supplying their operatives with bread by some other way. Anybody can see that a Government fund for the temporary relief of the distress in the manufacturing districts would not weigh as heavily, by a good deal, as the cost of a tendency to develop the principle of self-respect, is chosen in the Providence of God, for setting right this perplexing trouble in Great Britain between the masses and their rulers; all growing out of our blockade of the Southern harbors, and their being cut off from their usual supply of cotton.



The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was written by a spirit who has been in communication with the living. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course: Monday, Aug. 12.—Invocation: "The process of change from material to spiritual existence;" Waterman Hills, Sheffield, Conn.; Albert M. Smith, Worcester, Mass.; E. E. Ellsworth.

Our Circles.

The circles at which the following communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art ever perfect in goodness, and whose mercy endureth forever, again we rise on the wings of prayer, and enter into the holy of holies, into the temple dedicated to the worship of the living God. And, our Father, while we offer prayer to thee, and do thus draw nigh unto thee, we feel thou art with us, and thy living arms encircle us, and thy mighty power sustains us; and thou who art from everlasting to everlasting can never forget us.

Oh Father, when we wander through the darkness of mortality, and heavy clouds float between us and the radiance of thy loving spirit, we are prone sometimes to question thee; but, oh God, we are made to see that in wisdom thou doest all things well. We are made to feel that all things are thine, and in thy hands, and thou wilt care for thine own. Oh, our Father, shall we ask thee to bless the mourning, and move the cup of sorrow from them ere they drink to thy dregs? Not if we would see them blessed, and thy holy law fulfilled. Not while we know that thou doest all things well and canst put our trust in thee, would we ask anything of thee; but we would ask that all thy children may be made to see thee alike in joy and sorrow—under the cloud as in the bright sunshine. Teach them to know the use of sorrow, in the external and internal spheres—and answer the eternal outpourings of the human soul. Thus much we ask of thee, that all may see thee in the darkness of hell and the light of heaven, and know the future that is coming to them, stored with blessings. And unto thee, now and forever, we will ascribe eternal praise.

Divinity of Jesus.

A good brother desires to know if Jesus was not the only good and perfect man that ever lived upon the earth. If we are to believe what Jesus himself declared, we shall say he was not good nor perfect; but if we are to find our belief in him and his reputation, his life and teachings, from the light which he shed not only upon his time and day, but upon the present and far distant future also, as the founders of creeds have painted it, we must believe him perfect in goodness and truth, and equal to a God in human conception.

When the rich man approached Jesus, wishing to know what he should do to be saved, he called him "Good Master." Jesus immediately said, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." Here he draws a distinct dividing line between himself and the Infinite God. Here he declares himself to be finite—not possessed of all goodness, and he ascribes that only to God, the Father of the Universe, for he says, "My God and your God—my Father and your Father." If we are to believe what is recorded of him, he at no time declared himself to be good—which is simply Godlike.

We recognize Christ to be a portion of the Infinite Goodness that controls and sustains all humanity; a finite portion of the Great Infinite, was Jesus the Nazarene. And are ye not all finite sparks of the same great flame? Are not all blessed with the same divinity? Surely it seems so to us; yet mankind have ever been too prone to put God off from themselves. They have located his habitation afar off, and have paved the streets of his city with gold, and seated him upon a throne—which accords well with what they have received from heathen mythology. Hence, instead of looking within themselves for the Holy of Holies, where is the abode of the Infinite Goodness, they have looked everywhere else but there; and because they could not see their God transfigured or impersonated, they have looked upon Jesus of Nazareth as the perfect representative of the Divine, the Infinite. In a word, they have ascribed to him more than he ever claimed for himself.

Jesus ever spoke that which seemed to him to be truth, notwithstanding the world might cry out against him. He at all times declared the truth, and so the ancients always called him Jesus the truth-teller. We find him often arrayed before earthly tribunals because of his freedom of speech—because he declared in the external that which seemed to be the eternal truth—the word which must stand for all time; and the rabble cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

Christ would be mocked to-day, should he come among the people teaching the great truths that struggled within him for utterance, if he did not hinge his wisdom upon the dogmas of ancient creeds. But as we wander up and down the earth, we find there are few such.

The Christian Church, as a body, declares herself to be good. She says, "Come unto me, all who dwell in mortal temples, and I will point the way to heaven for you." Here you will see modern Christianity takes more upon her shoulders than he whom she calls Master dared to take upon his. That divine light that shone brilliantly through Jesus the Nazarene has been strangely perverted. Each age has taken something of its truth and clearness away, or, in other words, it has been obscured by the artificial light of the ages, and they have been robbed of the pure light of ancient Christianity in the church. They declare their God to be personified through the gentle Nazarene. Oh, how little of that Jesus do they know at this hour! And how far do they come from properly realizing that the same spirit that controlled the living Nazarene eighteen hundred years ago lives and burns upon the altar of each soul to-day; and if man would only bow to that altar and worship there, instead of going into temples made with hands and worshipping the idols there, they would behold Jesus walking in their midst, hourly, and know his spirit is upon them.

"There is none good save God," said Jesus, in answer to one who sought for the path of wisdom and truth. So thus do we answer the question of our brother, in accordance with that given, or said to have been given by Jesus, many years ago.

How do, massa? I come from Alabama, massa, I's been dead most nine years. If massa's willin', I'd like to write letter to massa Sheldon, of Alabama. Do Lord will take care of de good. Massa Sheldon very good. De Lord will take care of him. Young missy here—pretty missy—massa Sheldon's missy. Massa, I's been all de way down to see massa Sheldon. I see he have some doubt. But de Lord'll take care of good massa. Poor old Galusha say this to massa Sheldon. He be where people don't tell lies. Massa is in Gaston, Alabama—Massa Israel Sheldon. He be good massa as de Lord ever give a nigger. Massa Sheldon's niggers do n't go away and leave him. He no sell de pianinates away. He good massa. De Lord'll take care of him, de Lord'll take care of missy and massa. No, he no Union man. Massa Sheldon take up paper. He get up letter. Will massa be so good as send Massa Sheldon my letter? I do n't want to see massa Sheldon unhappy. De Lord will take care of him. He need n't be afraid.

Galusha, a Slave.

I want Massa Sheldon to know who talked to him. Massa will put down Galusha's name. Do n't know how old when I die, massa. Spec I pretty old. Shall I go now? I thank, massa. Aug. 8.

Larkin Moore.

Your great battle is being fought very fast. I used to tell them so—tell them all this would happen, before I left my body, but they did n't believe me—said I was crazy. I knew it would come to this. Everything seemed to be leading to this, and I knew the nation would be plunged in battle if you did not do right. But they said I was crazy—Poor old Larkin Moore was crazy—did n't know anything. But some who called me crazy will give me credit for a good deal of sense, now, I guess.

I used to say some of those in high places were false to themselves, their country and their God; but folks would n't believe it; and I told them it would end in civil war. But they said poor old Larkin Moore was crack-brained, and did n't know anything. But there were those above me who spoke through me, and I am glad to come back where some of those are living who derided me, and show them I told the truth. Oh, if they'd heeded me, they'd been wiser for it.

Oh, you'd better look after those in high places. See if they're fit to stand there. If you do not do it, you'll know you all helped put your country as near ruin as she is. You brought about this trouble, every one of you—every soul of you. I'm done, now. [A visitor asked if the spirits were not satisfied with the election of Lincoln.]

Yes, Lincoln is good, but you did n't elect him. You helped us, but you did n't start the big stone. The time had come when we spirits could have things to suit ourselves. We've the power now, and we'll use it. I was crazy because I prophesied the sorrow to come upon your nation.

Poor old man, I was dependent upon the charity of the people, and had nowhere to lay my head—just as Jesus was. I felt I was doing right, and now I know I was. I've been here long enough to know it—about four years.

That's from old Larkin Moore, to the folks on earth who said he was crazy and did n't know anything. Aug. 6.

Katy Fabens.

I'm afraid. My name was Katy Fabens. I lived in Nashua, N. H. I died last spring with the scarlet fever, which settled in my throat. My mother's cried herself most to death. I come here to tell her I can't bear to see her cry so much. Oh, dear, I did n't see any brothers or sisters. I thought I should n't see any body here. I never came before. My mother's name is Catharine. I was most eleven—eleven this month. My father lives in California. He's been gone these three or four years, and mother's all alone, and she's cried herself most to death. She will, if she do n't stop. I can't go anywhere, it makes me feel so bad. She cries so much and thinks so much of me, it keeps me there. She should n't, because I ain't sorry I went away. She do n't know I can come. I want to talk to her. I want my father to come home, because my mother is so lonesome. I want him to go home and stay with her. I do n't know where he is. I can't go anywhere away from my mother, hardly. Yes, there are mediums there, but my mother do n't know it. I've tried to talk there, but they won't help me. They're ugly, all of them. My mother sews, washes dishes and makes beds, when she is n't sick—she keeps house. Will you tell her I should be happy if she did n't cry so much for me? Tell her I do n't want to come here again. I'd rather go home. Tell my father that I want him to go home to mother, and I am dead—I suppose he knows that—and I can talk, and I know how to take care of mediums to talk with, and my mother wants some money. Tell him, will you? I want to go, now—can I? Aug. 6.

The Origin of Soul.

We perceive our friends to be in error respecting the conditions attending our so-called. It is supposed by many that there is only one intelligence controlling here. We would inform our friends that there are many—that the control here is not given to one individual, but delivered up to any and all who may desire to control for the time.

We have before us a subject which we will speak upon, if there are none present who desire to present something of their own. If there are, we will waive that which we have before us, and speak upon that which may be presented to us.

That which we have is this: A friend desires to know something concerning the soul of man. His question is in this way:

"Is not the human soul an outgrowth of those kingdoms and conditions that existed prior to the formation of man?—or, in other words, is not the human soul an outgrowth of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms?"

We have no sympathy with such an idea respecting the soul of man, believing, as we do, that the soul was as perfect in all the past as it is to-day, and as it ever will be. Contrary to the views of many, we do not believe the soul, as a principle, progresses. As an identity, it is subject to the law of progression, but as a principle we do not consider it to be in any way allied to the law of progress. We believe the human soul is a star that has been thrown off from the great Central Sun, which is God, and is as perfect in its degree as the Great Central Light from which it came. In other words, it is the miniature image of the great Eternal God.

Now we believe, and the Christian world will doubtless sustain us in the belief, that this God is perfect—always was and always will be. We believe also our God is a principle; and we believe no less that the human soul is perfect, and no more subject to change and progress than is our God. To believe that the human soul is an outgrowth of material conditions, is to believe that our God is an outgrowth of material conditions—is to believe that materiality is the Father, Mother and Creator of the human soul. Such a theory we cannot recognize, for there is nothing which we find in nature that will stand at our right hand while we advocate such a theory.

Again, we affirm that we do not believe the soul is subject to change. We believe the soul of the infant is as perfect and mature as the soul of the old man: It is the intellectual standard that changes; that is the medium through which the soul

or the soul-principle manifests itself. We well know men of science have thrown out upon the broad ocean of humanity the thought that the soul of man has sprung out of material conditions; but men of science have yet much to learn. Instead of being perfect, or the masters of one atom; they are not masters of anything, as future ages will prove.

Man in the present and in the past, has very little understanding of the soul, because he has been prone to reason from the outward. He has been seeking for God in the wrong place. True, we believe God is everywhere, but we draw a dividing line between the great principle and the manifestation—for there is as wide a difference as between the spirit and the body.

Now the soul-principle is as perfect as it ever will be. It always has existed, and always will exist. It is no more perfect to-day than it was a thousand years ago, nor then than it was ten thousand years before; but the manifestations have varied from year to year and from hour to hour; and some who claim to understand the nature of the soul have classified the manifestations and the principles too closely together, and have mixed and intermingled the two elements.

We know, too, that many disembodied spirits believe the God we acknowledge is a God of progress, subject to the law of change; but when we consider our Father to be Infinite, we must throw away such an idea. We know also of many spirits in and out of the form, who have an idea that the human soul was created—spoken into existence. We do not believe this. The human soul never had a beginning; if it had, it must certainly have an ending, also. Therefore to believe it was created, is to believe it is not immortal—that it exists for a time and then passes out of existence.

Gaze at the vast myriads of worlds that surround you every evening. Behold you each one in its proper position. There is no inharmonious there, everything is perfect—but no more so to-day than it was in the days of Jesus, no more so in his day than it was thousands of years before him. Now if our God is so careful as to make perfect the world-gems that stud the heavens of your external existence, may we not suppose our Father was equally careful in regard to the human soul—that portion of himself that was ever like himself, never like anything else and which never can be like anything else—not only obedient to the laws that belong to mortals to-day, but to the great laws of Jehovah?

Now the human soul can manifest through a human organism according to the capacity of that organism, and not otherwise, and this is the ground of the various theories that have arisen in reference to the soul's power of progression. Although the soul is perfect in itself, it has not the power of perfect identification through mortality, nor will it ever have. Many suppose or think it is very strange that their spirit friends cannot fully identify themselves through medium power; but did you ever stop to consider that your soul cannot manifest freely through your own form? When you have considered the principle and its source, in connection with its unfoldings, you will not wonder that a foreign spirit is often unable to manifest itself properly through a medium organism. But that body is being unfolded; and could you behold the manifestations which will take place a thousand years hence, you will behold them far better, as those you had a thousand years ago were far inferior to those of to-day. All things material are subject to the law of progression, and as they unfold to your comprehension more and more, so will the disembodied spirit be better able to demonstrate its coming to mortal perception.

Oh, men and women, the rising sun of intellect is banishing the dull clouds that enrouded the mind of man in the past, and we no longer need dwell in its darkness and ignorance. That the material shrine or tabernacle of the soul is the outgrowth of all the past in the various kingdoms, we believe—we know it is so; but the human soul is a distinct and positive entity, and is not in any way allied to the material world. It is the God power of life and immortality, while the human organism is but the instrument through which its power is enabled to manifest itself as best it can. Oh, then look through, before and above the material things of life, and you will be able to come, as it were, into nearer rapport with the great eternal God, your Father. Aug. 8.

Simon Pembroke.

The Church makes atheists, and then—what? Complains because they exist. Incredible as it may seem, it is true. The Church makes atheists, and then complains because they exist. My experience is but the experience of thousands. If I had never known anything about the Christian religion, or given heed to the creeds of the day, I should never have been what I was—an atheist. The Church told me while I was in my body, if I did not repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, I should be damned. "Very well," said I. "If that's the only means by which I am to be saved, or made happy after death, or have an existence after death, I'm sure I never shall reach it. Indeed, I believed in nobody higher than myself, and I might go still further and say I received the seeds that grew up into that belief from the Church; but I had my reason, and went out of the world an atheist. I woke up in the spirit-world very much astonished, of course—very much astonished; but no more so, I think, than thousands who die in the full possession of any religious faith. Indeed, I do not believe my astonishment or disappointment was so intense as I have seen exhibited by many who died in the full belief in some religion, and in the immortality of the soul, &c.

I do not know of anything that has done so much to demoralize or deprave humanity, as religion has. I lived to be seventy-two years old, and I saw enough to make me firm in that belief, while I have seen enough of the conditions of life to change that belief to positive knowledge, since I left earth. Now I do not come back to denounce any of my Christian friends, or the Christian world at large. I suppose they've acted according to their external conditions—not internal—and external things, I may say, are very apt to make the largest impression, as external feet make the largest footprints upon the sands of time.

I have a dear, good companion still on the earth. She has mourned ever since I left her, because I left as I did, "without Christ and without hope," as she expresses herself. Now I really believe I have more of Christ than many in the churches have. I had no hope of the hereafter, because I did n't look in the right place for it. Had I looked up into Nature, I should have found it; but the Church kept up such a hue and cry that they drowned the still small voice. They think of the external world much more persistently than of the internal.

Now, my dear, good companion is just upon the verge of change. She thinks she never shall see me again; but she will be disappointed there. She says, "Oh, if my dear husband had only died in Christ, I should meet him when I pass on; but as he did not, he is waiting among the damned, and I shall never see him." Well, it's a very good thing to be disappointed sometimes.

I do not suppose my letter will cause one who is so advanced in life to change her opinions; but it will set her to thinking, and awaken some light in her mind, and it will lead her to me sooner after she passes on; and as I do not want to wait a thousand years, I thought I'd come now.

I have been in this new country now between seven and eight years. I was about seven years older than my good wife. She is now about the age that I had arrived at when I left my body. I have tried a good many times to come in a more private manner, but I have always found something in my way to prevent my doing so; but the biggest stumbling-block was the religion of those I wanted to come to. I've got to tear away all their old belief before I can make them believe it is me; so, seeing I had all that hard work to do, I thought I'd rest and come sometimes and give enough of light from my side to light a little flame upon the altar of affection and hope, and that 'll be enough when the good lady gets here.

Now I want to tell you my name. It is Simon Pembroke, of Thomaston, Maine. My good wife's name is Deborah Pembroke. I expect, by the good-

ness of the great Spirit Guide, that I am to meet her soon; and I here offer her my compliments, and expect to meet her as soon as she is entirely free from her body, and show her some of the realities of life; and I will point her to some who are truly religious, but, strange to say, they never believed in God while here. Aug. 8.

Harriet Ann Wellman.

I've been told that everybody could speak upon anything they wished to, who came here. If you have got any objections to it, say so now.

My name is Harriet Ann Wellman. I was born in New Bedford. When I was six years old my parents moved to Buffalo. I died in Cincinnati. I believe it is August? I died in May last. I was twenty-three years old. I left neither father nor mother, but I've two sisters and a brother. I do n't have much hope of talking with either of my sisters or my brother. I do n't know as I care to. They did n't treat me very well when I was here, and I'm sure I do n't care to come back and talk with them. But there's one person I care to commune with to-day, and that's a Mrs. Ellen Cass, of Cincinnati. I lived with her when I was sick. When I was sick, she said to me, "You give me your watch, jewelry and clothing, and I will see you have a fine burial after you die." I was sick with the consumption, and knew I could not live. I accepted her conditions, and in return, after I was dead, she gave me over to the city authorities.

Now I'm here to plead my own case, and let her know the old adage do n't hold good in these days, that "dead folks tell no tales."

Some of us spirits are pretty particular about what is done with our bodies after we leave them, and we keep watch of them. We do n't want to see them roughly handled by any one, particularly when we have paid to have them treated otherwise. And I'm not one of those to keep silent longer than I can help. It's true, earth has got my body, but now and then we can get a body to use for a little while; and if we have an opportunity to have what we give made public, people who do wrong may rest assured that somebody will come and tell them of it.

I remember very well the reply that was made to my question when I lay sick. I said, "Now you'll be sure and fulfill your promise?" She replied, "Do you suppose I'd promise a dying woman anything and not keep it?" But it seems I found her out, and am here to remind her of it. I trusted to the woman's honor, but found she deceived me. Now if it has not troubled her, I mean it shall. She's not a stranger to these manifestations, by any means. She knows very well I'm a stranger in Boston. I do n't know any one here.

Now I want her to deliver up my watch and all the articles of jewelry, which remain good no doubt, to the city authorities, to pay for my burial. If she'll do this, all right—I'll let her alone; if not, she'll find out to her sorrow it will be all wrong. Good afternoon, sir.

William B. Sawin.

One of the most pleasing and yet affecting tests we ever witnessed occurred at the close of the circle to-day. The medium was entranced, turned round in her chair, and extended her hand to Mr. Otis V. Waterman, a member of the Boston Light Artillery, which corps had just returned from the three months service of the Government. The spirit was unable to speak, but endeavored by pantomime to make himself known, and Mr. Waterman soon recognized him as Wm. B. Sawin, a fellow soldier who lost his life by accident during a drill near Baltimore. The spirit was overjoyed at the recognition. He was finally enabled to speak in a broken whisper, and held a conversation with his friend. He said he was drawn here by his friend's magnetism. "My God," he exclaimed, "I should not have got here for a thousand years but for you. How happened it I was shot when I was? I do n't know how I was killed. 'T was a good many hours before I was conscious. I tried to come around the battery. Will you carry a letter to my mother? They say this will help me to come to my friends."

Mr. Waterman informed us that a few nights before the accident, while the boys were in camp, he got into a discussion upon Spiritualism with some of his companions and Sawin was a listener, though skeptical. It is this conversation he alludes to, that was of so much assistance to him. He was shot through the heart by the accidental discharge of a revolver which dropped from his belt, and his death was almost instantaneous—hence his ignorance of the circumstances attending it. He conversed about the battery, inquired for some of his particular friends, and finally, through the hand of the medium, wrote the following communication to his mother, which Mr. Waterman promised to deliver to her:

My mother, do n't mourn any more for me. I shall soon be happy, and God will be good enough to let me come to you and help you often. I will talk with you as soon as I can, and tell you all about it. 'T was hard, but do n't mourn, mother. Your Spirit son, Wm. B. SAWIN. Aug. 8.

Morals of Spiritualism.

On your undertaking the responsibilities of conducting the BANNER, Messrs. Editors, I notice your promise "that you would endeavor to publish a high-toned, intellectual, moral paper, which shall enlighten, refine and elevate society," &c.

Allow me to say that such a declaration, on your part, gave me a good deal of pleasure, and for this reason: About three years ago, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with the truths of Spiritualism, which made me so happy that I wished to impart some of the joy I felt, in my new faith, to many valued and dear friends on this side of, as well as across, the Atlantic; and I felt very much the loss of a publication to send to them, that would convey the beauties of the faith which so charmed me, without the deleterious mass of puerile and illiterate correspondence, to say nothing of the illiberal and injudicious attacks on the creeds of our brother Christians; for all the papers I was acquainted with, had their usefulness destroyed, for this purpose, by such imperfections. I was glad, therefore, I say, to read the above promise, and am more rejoiced still, to find that you are keeping your word so far; and I hope and trust you will succeed in making your paper a truly refining and soul-elevating one; that your subscribers may not feel ashamed of its being seen in the hands of their wives and daughters.

To make it such a paper, in my humble opinion, all sneers and revilings against the Bible should be avoided, and also against the great number of honest, worthy believers in the old dogmas of the churches.

What though the Old Testament was not written for the Nineteenth Century, and contains some teachings not adapted to us—but very good for a people, who could receive no higher—must we reject all the beautiful truths, as well as the obsolete ideas contained in the book, which are too high, even now, for our capacities to appreciate?

Many liberal-minded Spiritualists will say no. There are yet minds of stunted growth, it is true, (at least, we think so) who need such food—who cannot take higher; therefore, let them feed "on milk, for babes," or they starve, and leave more developed minds to appropriate the higher truths as they can digest them.

As for the New Testament, that seems to be coming more into favor even with the philosophical school of Spiritualists, and the time would not seem to be far off when man, proud though he be of his intellect, crying out that he has "got past that," will have to take it, in all humility, as his highest guide to the love of his fellow-man and God.

Only keep faithful to your promise, Messrs. Editors, and many true Spiritualists who feel the want of such a journal, will heartily bid you God speed in your noble work. A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH. New York City, 1861.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Wonderful Manifestation of Spirit Presence.

I have just witnessed a strange, and, to me, wonderful manifestation of spirit presence. Thinking that others may feel interested in its narration, I send it on for publication in the BANNER.

I would here state that I have ever been a conscientious opposer to Spiritualism, and a firm believer in the non-immortality of the soul; an Atheist, in fact—because I could accept nothing else.

A short time ago in Chicago, Ill., I was invited to attend a circle, which I did. The medium was a young gentleman, and the "performances" the same I suppose as are usual at such times. Nothing occurred at all interesting until the closing up of the affair, when he, the medium, approached me and said:

"You are a skeptic, but you will not be one long. Your sister Stella is here, but cannot communicate through the organization of this medium. She says, tell you that she died in Mobile, Ala., six weeks and three days ago, and was nineteen years old. She was a believer in Spiritualism and a medium, and wishes you to believe that she still lives and is very happy."

All of these things were true, and although I know there was no possible chance of collusion or deception, yet it was very hard for me to admit to myself, much less any of those present, the correctness of the particulars.

Then the medium turned to me again and said: "You do not believe, but Stella will convince you. She says, tell you that in the city of Watertown, N. Y., there is a medium whom she can control, and you must go there."

"Who is this medium?" I inquired. Here the influence seemed confused and unable to answer. Soon, however, resuming control, a card was called for, on which the spirit wrote the following address: "Mrs. J. E. Price, 49 High st., Watertown, N. Y." The medium handed the card to me, and at the same time said:

"Stella says that if you want to be a happy man, you must go to this medium, and she will control her, and give you a test that will show that your belief is not correct, and that spirits do live always."

I must say that this had an extraordinary effect upon me, and it seemed that I could get no rest afterwards, for whether reading, or writing, or sleeping, I was continually harassed with the thought that I might learn whether what had purported to be my sister was her, or merely some infernal machination to inveigle me into feeling an interest in the "humbug."

Determined, if it was the latter, to give it an extensive exposure, I started for Watertown, ashamed to confess to myself that I was any way interested. Arrived there, I readily found the street, number, and Mrs. Price also. I said nothing of my business, however, waiting for the "spirit" to perform her part of the agreement. In a short time I noticed a very decided change pass over the countenance of the lady, accompanied with a slight shiver.

I apprehended that she was about being "controlled," and so arranged my mental apparatus in good trim for taking notes.

In a little while she reached forth her hand to me, which I took, but thought I must have come in contact with an icicle instead, such a chill as it sent. The drapery had fallen from her arm leaving the chill white surface exposed, without, as I can testify, one mark upon it. After the lapse of a few seconds I noticed a look—the most heavenly serene expression I ever saw upon the face of a mortal—over-spreading her features; at the same time her arm became vividly flushed. I scrutinized it closely. It was a light red—every portion that was exposed—and grew darker and more intense in its hue. Slowly, while my eyes were fastened upon it, the color receded, and its original whiteness was restored, with the exception, that a name, in the most elegant obitography imaginable, was distinctly discernible—the name Stella Alton—my dearly beloved sister. It was not only visible to the eye, but perceptible to the touch, being raised considerably from the surface—so as to seem like a welt. Mrs. Price was then entranced, and my sister controlled—talking to her unworthy brother like an angel of light as she was, imparting the purest instruction—giving the best advice—identifying herself so that I could not possibly mistake her, exhibiting to me the sophistry by which I had been deluded into the cold and cruel depths of Atheism, and completely subjugating every doubt which would arise as to the genuineness of her presence. She left, promising to often send me written communications.

Mrs. Price is a beautiful, intelligent lady, perhaps eighteen years of age—very innocent and child-like—and, judging from her conversation, of a pure and noble cast of character.

She informed me that she had spoken in public, but was obliged to discontinue on account of her health—which was very poor—she being often prostrated by hemorrhage of the lungs.

I have no remarks to make. Completely astounded by the conclusive evidence given me, I must either acknowledge that the "humbug" has conquered me, or else avow that it is "a mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence," which we do not profess to understand.

Will those who are opposed to a belief in spirit communion volunteer to give me some information as to the source of the intelligence which I obtained? If I can be induced to believe that I have been imposed upon; and any reasonable cause is given, except its being attributed to a spiritual source, I will at once declare that I have been nicely humbugged; but would counsel all to "go and do likewise."

If any individual is fortunate enough to discover a theory which will set me straight upon this subject without my believing in Spiritualism, they will merit my warmest gratitude by addressing Chicago, Ill. PEER D. ALTON.

Youth and the lark have their songs for the morning; age and the nightingale theirs for the evening



Paras.

And quoted below, and jewels five words long, That on the stretched fore-flour of all time Sparkle forever.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young—never mind a gray hair—Keep the heart young, and you'll never despair; Hopeful and glad, let the old frame decay—Who cares for the shell when the jewel's away?

Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

MUSIC.

O, lul me, lul me, charming air! My senses rock with wonder sweet; Like snow on wool, thy fallings are; Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.

It is a wise moral dispensation, that those virtues are most prevalent which are most wanted.

EXAMPLE.

Whenever I impatient grow Earth's patience to my mind I show, Which, as we're told, turns daily round, And travels yearly the same ground.

Hospitality is the virtue of uncivilized, as benevolence should be that of civilized, life.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1861.

QUESTION.—There is no positive evidence of a future life except that furnished by spirit-intercourse in the present and past ages.

PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER.—There is a two-fold difficulty lying at the outset of this question. What is meant by "positive evidence"—by demonstrative proof? If you mean proof addressed to the senses...

THE OTHER DIFFICULTY is in regard to the term "future existence." There is no future to the soul. The words time and space are only relative expressions...

MOTHER NATURE is always veracious, and always records herself truthfully. Now I find that the instinct of immortality is universal in its spontaneity among the races; and that all peoples are endowed...

THESE PRIMAL INSTINCTS of the races spring up from deeper sources than the region of mere consciousness; for the intuition of immortality is not the product of consciousness; but the consciousness of the soul is the result of its immortality.

NOR DO I THINK it possible for God to create anything that is not eternal and immortal. Every Creator, whether man or God, puts himself into his work...

DR. CHILD.—What evidence have we that the soul lives after death? Is there any evidence except that furnished by Spirit communication? The fact of a future existence needs no evidences called forth, so none is furnished.

MRS. E. J. FRENCH related, in detail, several instances in which she had prophetic events, sometimes extending over many years, with perfect accuracy. She had foretold the dates of the deaths, with all their attendant circumstances...

DR. HALLOCK.—It seems to me that all the more broad and sweeping utterances of prophecy have been made by men, in accordance with the more comprehensive grasp and higher generalizing power of the masculine intellect.

heed to the same testimony, and one will say that its evidence and the other will say it is no evidence. Two persons will listen to the same testimony in support of a future life, from the utterances of modern Spiritualism; one will say it is evidence, and the other will say it is no evidence at all.

MR. WETHERS.—Immortality, in his mind, had always been associated with Bible religion and Christ. Cast the Bible away, and we shall have no anchor to the soul—drifting in an unknown sea.

JUDGE LADD laid down and illustrated the following propositions, upon which he considered the conclusive argument for immortality to be founded.

- 1. There is a principle of veracity in Nature, from the lowest to the highest forms of being. The language of the external and visible is the true expression of the reality. The science of facts, if properly interpreted, ever leads to the philosophy of principles.
2. Nature ever records herself—every movement, every change, is registered indelibly in the great Book of Life.
3. There is in Nature a principle of conservation, by which all the essential elements and vitalities of lower forms of life are aggregated in the higher—hence Nature is ever prophetic of nobler forms and grander uses.

From these positions it was argued, that from a more intellectual standpoint immortality became a scientific affirmation. The doctrine flowed logically from the established order of the Universe. It was a necessity.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, September 3, 1861.

QUESTION.—Can spirits foretell events?

MR. SWEET.—I have been told by Miss Harding that once, at a small town in Illinois, she found her self so exhausted by attending to a succession of callers, that she was obliged to seek a little repose in her chamber. She was there sitting with her head on her hands, the door being fastened, when she looked up and saw, at the open window, the distinct appearance of a man. While she looked, it seemed to take a razor and deliberately cut his throat.

DR. YOUNG.—Prophecy is the foreseeing of events from a knowledge of the past—the result of reasoning from the known to the unknown—and this power is owing to a superior development of both the reflective faculties and the memory.

MRS. E. J. FRENCH related, in detail, several instances in which she had prophetic events, sometimes extending over many years, with perfect accuracy. She had foretold the dates of the deaths, with all their attendant circumstances...

DR. HALLOCK.—It seems to me that all the more broad and sweeping utterances of prophecy have been made by men, in accordance with the more comprehensive grasp and higher generalizing power of the masculine intellect.

ble influences, according as they seemed good or evil, respectively to rise from heaven, or blast from hell; and so, between God and Devil, as between two stools, man's hope and Reason fall to the ground. We, with a happy audacity, have cross-examined our facts. Had our predecessors done so, they might have got the same answer. That answer, from the voiceless intelligences, is, "We are friends," and now the idea, that prophecy comes from Will, independently of Law, pardonable in our ancestors, would be unpardonable in us.

DR. GRAY.—It is believed there is one Omnipotent Being in the universe; and if it be in accordance with His Divine order to communicate His yet unfulfilled purpose to mortals, there is no denying that it could be done. The question is, is there reason to believe that it ever has been done? Has there ever been direct communication, by a short cut, between Divine Omnipotence and the human faculties? I have no evidence of it.

THERE IS A MODIFICATION of prophecy, which I would refer to the operation of a law of physical transfer. I have already illustrated this by the manner in which the chameleon changes the color of its skin, according to that of the cloth or other substance it is placed upon, and which constitutes the most familiar example of the principle in question.

MR. ALBERT BRISBANE.—I believe in relative, but not in absolute, prophecy. That is, there must, in my view, be some connection between the mind of the prophet and the chain of causes leading to the event he predicts, or prophesies, in the nature of things, imprints, or prophecies, in the nature of things, imprints, or prophecies, in the nature of things, imprints, or prophecies...

Spiritualists' Picnic and Clam Bake

ISLAND GROVE, ABINGTON, ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1861.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts are invited to a Social Re-union and Clam Bake, at the above Grove. Eminent speakers are expected to take part in the exercises on this occasion.

An excellent band will furnish the music for dancing. No refreshment stands, or exhibitions of any kind, allowed upon the grounds, except such as are furnished by the proprietors of the Grove, and of these an abundant supply will be found.

Clams fresh from the sea will be had in abundance, and will be served up in the best manner, together with Green Corn, by an experienced cook. Tickets for the dinner not to exceed 1.25 cents each.

A special train of Cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 and at 11.30 A. M.; and returning, leave the Grove for Boston and Way Stations at about 5 o'clock P. M., or in season for the friends from Lowell, Waltham, Woburn, Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, Stations on the Worcester Railroad, Beverly, and the South Shore Railroad, and Stations between Boston and the above named places on the different Railroads connecting therewith, the same evening.

On the Old Colony Railroad, between Plymouth and Hanson, ONE HALF the usual fare, by the regular trains.

On the Fall River Road, from all the Stations between Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at ONE HALF the usual fare by the regular trains. The friends in New Bedford, Fairhaven and Taunton, can make their own arrangements upon favorable terms, thus preventing confusion.

Fare from Boston to the Grove and return, by special train: Adults, 60 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tickets for sale at the Depot.

Fares from the Way Stations, to the Grove and return, will be as follows: From Harrison Square, 60 cents; Neponset, 55 cents; Quincy, 60 cents; Braintree, 45 cents; South Braintree, 40 cents, for Adults. Children, half price.

Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion will take place on Thursday, the 12th instant. Boston, September 5, 1861.

Picnic and Grove Meeting.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held at Church Hill's Grove, near the junction of the W. B. V. M. and Fr. Du O. Railroad, on the 19th and 20th of September, 1861. Good speakers will be in attendance.

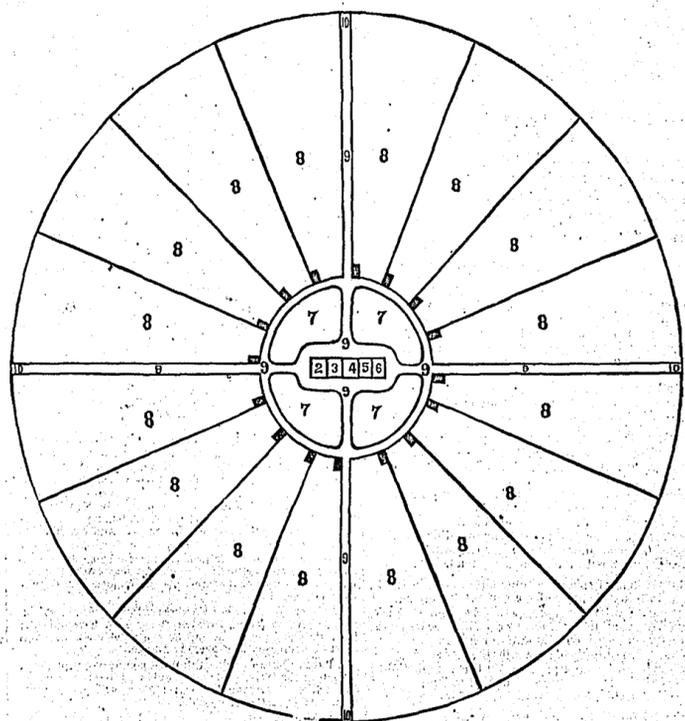
Grove Meeting.

The friends of Reform will hold a two days' Grove Meeting at Berlin Green; Lake Co., Wis., on the 14th and 15th of September. A general invitation is extended to all. Mediums and speakers are especially invited. Per Order Committee.

FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

A PLAN FOR THE PRIVATE RESIDENCES AND GARDENS; CORPORATION FLOOR, ORNAMENTED GROUNDS AND STREETS.



[A full description of the general features and advantages of a plan for Farming Corporations was published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of July 27, 1861, to which reference is made for an understanding of the purpose of the above diagram.]

EXPLANATION.

The circumference of the above cut is 320 rods, one mile; the diameter is 102 rods, one third of a mile. The inner circle is 82 rods in circumference, one quarter of a mile, the diameter is 26 rods. The distance from each cottage to the dining hall, which is in the centre of the central block, is .13 rods, exactly one minute's walk. The cottages stand five rods apart, from centre to centre. The length of each garden, extending from the inner to the outer circle, is 40 rods; the average width of which is about 12 rods; each containing an area of over three acres. The inner circle on which the central block stands contains between three and four acres. The whole circle represented by the diagram contains about sixty acres. These sixty acres contain only the private residences of the stockholders, their gardens and the necessary productions that are convenient for comfortable, pleasant living.

Sixteen private cottage houses surround the inner circle, before each of which runs a street, making a circle, having four outlets; and in the rear of each is the private garden attached.

The store house and counting room of the Corporation, where all the stores and accounts of the Corporation are kept, and from which everything that is needed by the families of the Corporation is furnished at cost.

The kitchen and laundry, in which all the cooking and washing for the families of the corporation is done by the direction of the Corporation.

The dining hall, on the European plan

in which every family of the Corporation has a private table, and is supplied by the Corporation with a great variety of food three times a day, and from which meals may be sent to private residences, as circumstances may direct.

The hall, for public meetings, lectures, exhibitions, lectures, amusements, schools, and any other purposes for which it may be required.

Reading room and library—which is supplied by the Corporation with all the valuable and interesting reading matter of the day, in the form of books, periodicals and papers, and is open and free to all the families of the Corporation.

The flower garden, which is immediately in front of each cottage house, and is all around the central block, and is on all its borders entirely surrounded by fruit and ornamental trees.

The private gardens, each containing over three acres of land, to be cultivated as each owner may direct.

Streets that run the whole diameter of the circle, crossing at right angles in the centre, dividing the sixty acres in four quarters; also running in the lesser circle around in front of each cottage house. These streets are all ornamented on each side throughout with fruit and flowering trees.

Four gates, by which the enclosure is entered.

This plan may be set in operation, more or less expensively, as means and taste direct. Fifteen hundred dollars each share, on the rich level land of the West, will do it comfortably, and even handsomely. Twice that amount might be used; or half of it, or one quarter of it, with economy and industry, would make it practical. And I do not know but it could be set in operation entirely on credit, if the movers are industrious, careful, judicious, energetic business men. Two men or more may begin the scheme, and gradually fill up the Corporation to the number of eight, sixteen, or twenty-four. Men of kindred business capacities, education, taste and desires may combine their interests and efforts in this scheme to great advantage to one another.

Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

A CURE WARRANTED FOR 50 CENTS. The purchase money refunded to all persons dissatisfied with its results.

TCEM'S SUMMER CURE.

A SIMPLE sweet syrup, compounded of roots and herbs, containing no drugs or deleterious substances; mild and safe in its operation, agreeable to the taste, and does not, like other diarrhoea preparations, constipate the bowels, thereby endangering the system, and necessitating the immediate use of cathartics; but it gives immediate relief, invigorates and strengthens the patient, and leaves the bowels in a healthy, natural condition.

Price, 50 cents a bottle. G. O. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, General Agent for New England. H. H. HAY, Portland, and B. F. BRADBURY, Bangor, General Agents for Maine.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE. HOT AIR BATH, Of Roman and English Origin, is now in successful operation at No. 12 Essex Place, Boston.

DR. L. TILTON

MAY be consulted upon diseases of the skin, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Eruptions of every kind. In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Phrocal Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cough, Lung Difficulties, etc., etc.—in fact, most diseases originate from a poisonous, unhealthy action of the skin. The Hot Air Bath Remedy we have found to be an extraordinary solvent on eruptive diseases; thoroughly convalesced, also, that a proper treatment of the skin will tend to eradicate diseases located internally, we commend our system to the consideration of the public.

DR. T. will visit any part of the country for medical purposes. All consultations free. By letter enclose postage stamp for return mail. Office hours for consultation, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Address, DR. L. TILTON, 12 Essex Place, Boston.

BOARD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.—Infants and young children can be accommodated with board and careful attention, on application to Mrs. J. M. Spear, No. 1 Newland street, out of Dedham street, Boston. Terms reasonable. Oct. 18.

HEBARD'S PATENT OIL!

No More Accidents by Burning Fluid. A Safe Substitute to burn in Fluid Lamps.

THIS OIL is prepared to burn in all kinds of Lamps without Chimneys, such as Field, Sperm or Lard Oil Lamps, and will burn at half the cost of Fluid in all Lamps fixed with Hebard's Jet Burners, and the Greatest Artificial Light yet discovered. It gives a steady, clean and soft light, and does not choke the lungs with foreign matter, such as results generally from using Rosin and Kerosene Oil, and will burn in Kerosene Lamps free from smoke and smell by taking off the cap and chimney.

It is also a COMPLETE SUBSTITUTE for Sperm and Lard Oils, and is just as safe and harmless to burn, and may take the place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds that have been known to burn into the market of late.

The above Oil is perfectly clean and free from grease and smoke or unpleasant odor, and is now considered the SAFEST and BEST Oil offered to the public. It is a most desirable article, and what is more than all, it is SEVERELY TESTED. Any person can have samples sent by express, if desired. State, County and Town Rights for sale, with full directions to make, by addressing the Patentee.

Patent issued Feb. 10th, 1860. The above Oil retails at \$1 per gallon. Wholesale 80 cents per gallon. Orders solicited and filled with dispatch. Letters promptly answered. B. F. HEBARD, Neponset, Mass. August 3, 61

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW!

THE NEW METALLIC PEN. WARREN & LUDDEN would call the attention of all business men to their NEW PATENT COMBINATION PEN, which slides upon a wood pencil. This is the most flexible, cheapest and consequently the most desirable pen in use. It is diamond pointed, the points being selected from the best Indian, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

The testimonials received from numerous sources—and which will appear from time to time in public print—are of the most flattering character. The great excellence attained in the production of this pen has been accomplished by a series of experiments extending over eighteen years. It is reasonable to suppose that one long this pen must take the precedence of all others now in use.

WARREN & LUDDEN, 160 Broadway, Room 3 Gilsey Building, New York. March 18, 61. REMOVAL. GEORGE LYON & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS, AND FURNISHERS, HAVE REMOVED TO CHAMBERS No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, (New "Parke Building") a few doors south of Milk street, Boston. July 18. ORGAN FOR SALE. SUITABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth, 84 Washington street, where it can be seen. If July 27.