

Literary Department.

HEIDELBERG TALES.

NUMBER ONE. BY H. BRACE NORVILLE.

A RIDE ON A WHIRLWIND.

A German University is a little world of itself, embodying elements utterly distinct from the practical world of commerce and politics. So far as many of its ideas and practices are concerned it belongs to the medieval ages, while in other respects it involves the grotesqueries of gnomeland. To the business man of Wall or Thread-needle street, the life of many a German student or professor would be as incomprehensible as that of one living on the planet Jupiter.

Worn out, feeble in body and morbid in mind, I was resting for a day or two at the quaint, old historic town of Toulouse, after more than a year of aimless wandering over the continent. England was to me but a grave, where all I loved was buried. My solitary old home was lonely, gloomy, haunted. Public or business life seemed alike distasteful to me. All my ambitions and vital forces seemed buried in one woman's coffin. Young and wealthy, but quite alone, and haunted by a visionary, sickly regret and remorse, I was journeying as circumstances led me, heeding only the instinct that kept me away from the home which memory made so terrible.

Sitting listlessly in my hotel, at Toulouse, mechanically reading a local newspaper, I was suddenly startled and electrified by an announcement that met my eye. M. Marney, an aeronaut, then coming to be somewhat celebrated for his enthusiasm and daring, was to make a balloon flight from the market-place of the city at sunrise the following morning. As I said, this announcement startled me, for aerial navigation was at that time comparatively a new and untried art, and my restless fancy at once seized upon it with intense avidity, seeking to conjure up the wonderful possibilities yet in store for me. To soar above the clouds, to scale the inaccessible mountains, to sweep across continents on the breath of the tempest—what grander aim was left for human achievement? I would go!

I at once sought the aeronaut. He was sitting at a desk in his laboratory, busily engaged in writing. A nervous, black-haired, curly little man, who yet had a glow of strange and solemn enthusiasm in his face. He treated me with scanty courtesy, and I went at my business at once.

"You are going to make an ascent to-morrow?" I said.

"Yes."

"Have you room for a companion in your car?"

"Yes."

"I should like to go with you."

"Many people say so."

"But I am determined to go, if possible."

"Are you ready to leave the world to-morrow? Have you made your will, and set all things in order?"

"I can be ready," I answered.

"But I shall charge you a thousand francs," he continued.

I laid the money on the table.

"You will want a complete suit of furs. Be on the ground at daybreak," and he resumed his writing.

I retired, to pass a night of hurried preparation and eager, feverish, sleepless anticipation.

The chemicals did their work. The vast silken globe trembled and expanded, as if unfolding its wings for flight. It slightly rose from the earth; soon several strong men were required to restrain the plinths of our struggling sky-bird. At length we took our seats, the cords were loosened, and the great, glittering car leaped heavenward.

It would be very hard for me to describe my emotions at this period of my flight. We were not rising; we were floating, motionless, in a motionless sea of air. But the earth was sinking; the great, broad garden-land, the glittering river, the restless, tossing, shouting sea of upturned human faces—all were sinking, lapsing away into the etherial abysses!

I looked upward, and the illusion faded. We were rising, and a gentle southeast wind was bearing us directly under the black archway of one of the great clouds, which seemed gathering from every quarter of the sky. It was a day of intense summer heat below, and the cool, calm air of these upper regions was grateful to body and spirit. Soon we plunged into the dense, tremulous mist above. Anon came rifted openings, great Gothic portals, through which we caught glimpses of the green earth, the distant mountains, the blue sky, and other cloud-islands in that infinite sea. All was inexpressibly grand and wonderful, and my

spirit could only express itself in a shouting song of exultation.

My taciturn companion sat quietly, like one accustomed to these wonders.

Suddenly the air grew colder. We were entering a different atmosphere. I was startled by a loud roaring and rushing sound overhead.

A black, funnel-shaped aperture opened in the clouds nearly above us, into which all things seemed to be pouring with frightful rapidity. The aeronaut snatched the rope connecting with the escape-valve, exclaiming:

"We must go down; we shall else be drawn in to the vortex."

But the rope resisted his efforts. Swollen by the mist, it could not be drawn through the pulley. He pulled it again and again, with frantic energy, but in vain. Both of us applied our utmost strength. It broke short off in the pulley, high up, beyond our reach, leaving us the helpless prey of the tempest.

So the moment of possible escape passed, and we went plunging upward into that maelstrom of pitchy blackness, intense cold, blinding sleet, and whirling cloud. The ascent seemed interminable; but at last, blinded, stunned, bewildered, breathless, we were thrown out into the clear sunshine above the cloud, only to plunge a thousand feet downward, and be again drawn up into that fearful heart of the tempest.

This was again and again repeated, before we could recover sense or breath enough to take any active measure for escape. But as we emerged for the fourth time upon the surface, the aeronaut shrieked in agony—"God help us if we travel that road again! There will be lightning soon!"

He sprang into the cordage, climbing desperately to reach the top of the balloon, and so open the escape-valve. But he was unheeded with cold, and made slow progress. Before he had ascended half way, the balloon, which was swooping downward like some gigantic bird of prey, suddenly ceased its motion, and again rushed madly upward into the vortex.

No words of mine can do justice to what followed. As I lay back in my seat, struggling with an awful, crushing terror, I noticed that my fur garments were sparkling with electric flashes. My hair stood straight on end, and the cordage of the car, played upon by the wind, uttered low musical vibrations. Another instant, and the rising electric surge burst upon us in one broad, dazzling, blinding sheet of flame, with so awful a reverberation that I was utterly paralyzed and powerless. But my eyes were open; and by that infernal glare, I saw my companion's fingers relax their hold; he toppled heavily over, and sunk to destruction in that chaos of flame and storm!

Hours had passed, when I once more awoke to life and motion. Silence, as of death, surrounded me, and every nerve was stinging with intense frost. I was gasping for a scanty breath. Blood was trickling from my lips and nostrils; and congealing upon my face in ghastly icicles. The sun was glaring with a sharp white light, from a universe of blackness, and the constellations were shining as if it were midnight. Below me nothing was visible but an ocean of motionless, snowy cloud, stretching away into infinite space. Into what strange realm of wonders had I been translated?

Slowly thought and reason resumed their sway, and I at length began to comprehend my true situation. Freed from the weight of my companion, the balloon had risen above the cloud, and was now floating almost upon the surface of the great air ocean. I had passed in safety through the secret chambers of the tempest and whirlwind, where few may look and live. Was it only to perish in these unexplored upper abysses? My human spirit ached and trembled at the sublimity of heaven; and longed with a sick, inexpressible yearning, for the green earth and the homes of men, which, I knew, lay somewhere in the depths of the vaporous sea below.

But how was I to return? Help and rescue seemed unattainable. Could I await the slow escape of the gas, and the consequent settling of the balloon into lower spaces? My physical agony told me too well that I could not live another hour in that thin, lifeless, worse than Arctic atmosphere. The escape-valve was beyond my reach. My benumbed limbs and stiffened fingers were unable to aid me in any attempt to climb the cordage. I felt as if doomed to perish.

I suddenly remembered the vital, alcoholic cordial in the car, and finding it, drank copious draughts. It went through me like electricity, and my blood circulated with fresh vigor. I was once more able to act. The car seemed to be motionless as a mountain. I did not know that I had risen into the great Upper Current, the inner circle of the vortex which whirled our earth through immensity in its clasp—that I was that moment driving westward, over plain and river, Cevennes and Apennines, at the rate of two hundred miles an hour!

I climbed half way up, and knife in hand, made a large cut in the silk, and swung immediately downward into the car. The lower part of the balloon instantaneously collapsed. The car plunged a sheer mile downward, with the rushing sweep of a plummet, and then, reaching the denser atmosphere below, sank more slowly. In a moment I was in the clouds again, stratum below stratum—dense, white, and limitless. But as I emerged from the last into the clear atmosphere below, instead of verdant plains and far-off mountains, the tossing waves of the Mediterranean were outspread beneath!

I was falling with intense, alarming rapidity. My ballast was quickly thrown overboard. All heavy garments and fixtures followed, and finally, as a last resort, I made a seat in the nettings, and cut loose the car from beneath me.

This saved me. The balloon again rose slightly, and then, before a rushing Southwester, which seemed like a furnace-blast to my benumbed frame, swept onward toward the Italian coast. Half an hour later, I had landed in safety.

I had seen enough of the wonderful, the sublime, the super-human, and supra-mundane. With a strong rebound, my soul sprang backward into the healthier channels of life and duty. Upon the paternal homestead, which blossoms and smiles beneath his hand, surrounded by the cheerful human help and love of wife, and children, and friends, the once morbid dreamer writes this record, and would add a word of admonition, whose meaning reaches further than his whirlwind flight:

Beautiful indeed is Cloud-land, lifting its grand Cordilleras and Himalayas of snow into the upper blue, or floating in enchanted crimson islands through an infinite golden ocean; but he who spurns his human lot of loves, and joys, and tears, and labors, and seeks to climb the heights of forbidden wisdom and supra-mortal glory, must beware of Phæton's fate and fall.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and eyes to meet in happy air." (LIONEL HUNT.)

LINDIE'S LAMB.

In a little brown house, just on the edge of a pine grove, lived Leonard Steele. A very humble home it was, but a very beautiful one to him; for he had lived there many happy days that had numbered themselves into fourteen years, and all the best things he knew of came from that quiet home; his mother's love, and his brother James's tender care. The beautiful thoughts that sprang from every good thing had gathered themselves about everything he saw, and he fancied no clock ever ticked so grandly as the tall one in the corner; that no fire ever burned so cheerfully as the one in the wide fireplace; that no floor ever looked so white, or wall so cheerful, as in that little house he called home.

The fragrance of the pine trees, when the sun shone on them, seemed healthful and sweet; and the far-reaching field, where the sweetest of blackberries grew, was to him like the green pastures where the good shepherd fed his beloved sheep. The still waters of a quiet stream flowed also through this field, and there he watched the sunlight gleams, and looked for the early spring flowers. A quiet, happy life this was, although there were no elegant things within that little brown cottage, and no velvet carpets, or satin hangings; but only the clean boards of the floor, and the little white curtain at the window. "Love made all things beautiful, and there were no repinings or regrets.

James was Leonard's kind protector, and took loving care of him from his babyhood, and taught him to read, and to work in the garden, and how to hoe the corn in the field. Leonard loved animals, and the cow knew his call, and came willingly to be driven to and from the pasture. The pigs seemed to recognize his friendly spirit, and clambered up the sides of their pen to catch the tempting bits of corn, or the fresh weeds that he pulled for them. A score of hens and dozens of chickens ran toward him when he came in sight; for they knew whose hands threw out the grain and the crumbs. A fine old cat took its place in the chimney corner as soon as the cold weather came, or found its snug seat on Leonard's knee. But much as he loved all these animals, he did not call them his own, but divided the care with James.

"You are a good boy, Lindie," said James one day, "and love all my pets as if they were your own; and now I am going to get you one that shall be altogether yours. I know farmer Allen has some wee bits of lambs, and I shall take my eggs to market, and buy you a lamb, and it shall be brought home as soon as it can live away from its mother."

"Oh, James! I'll do my hardest sums without a grumble to pay for that; and I'll take the best of care of old dame Turtle Top and all her chickens, and see that she don't scratch their eyes out, and cover them up with dust and dirt."

So after a time the lamb was brought home, and a great pet it became. Lindie's lamb always had the nicest bit of everything, and it was led to the cool, shady places in summer, and given a snug, warm spot in the yard in winter. It would grow to be a sheep; but it was always called Lindie's lamb, and followed him about the pasture, and thrust its nose into his hand whenever he came near. It learned many funny tricks, and would run around in circles, and stop and stamp its forefeet, and shake its head in quite a frightful way. But there was always such a kindly, friendly look in its eye, that it seemed to say, "Now see what fun we will have."

The fearful war came, and James said he must go. His mother could not say no, and Lindie said:

"If I was only a year older, I believe they'd take me; but I'll stay at home and tend the cow and the pigs, and hoe the corn, and take care of mother; and you'll fight the rebels, and write me home all about it."

There were many sad, lonely hours all through the long autumn and winter, and Lindie could not see all the glory of war. He missed James's kind care every where, but he tried to be faithful, and to do everything as James would have liked. The greatest comfort he had was his pet, the lamb. He taught it to right-about-face, to charge, to stand firm, and to march in line after him. The lamb seemed to understand Lindie's loneliness, and to try and comfort him. It would look up lovingly in his face, and thrust its head under his arm, and show many signs of wishing to be loved in the place of James.

The long winter passed, and spring came. Lindie tried to work the garden and plant the corn. He did the very best he knew, but he put in the best seeds too deep, and weeded the carrots too young, and the peas did not thrive well, and with all his labor the garden proved a failure. Many a good cry did Lindie have as he saw the work of his hands failing, and he thought of James, now in a rebel prison. His mother, too, had grown ill from excitement and anxiety, and when winter came on they had but a small store to keep them through the long season.

Lindie made the best calculation that he could, but he had only twenty bushels of corn, and his hens would not lay until February, and old Brindle would give no milk until March. He could sell one pig; but how long would that keep them in the little comforts that his mother needed in her ill health? But the cold, freezing weather came on apace. Little by little the corn was sold to some farmer, or carried to the mill to be ground to serve for their bread. When the last bushel was put in the sack, Lindie realized what was coming. Real want would soon step its foot into that little brown cottage, unless he did something; yet what could he do? He asked himself over and over again:

"If I hire myself out to some farmer, then mother will be all alone, and have no one to tend her fire, or put on the kettle for tea. If I try to chop wood in the forest, I shall gain only a little money; for the farmers wish only to pay us in wood, which I cannot take to market. Oh! if the war was only over, and James could come home."

Then Lindie thought whether he could sell any of James's pets. There was Brindle, the cow—it would bring thirty dollars, enough to keep them comfortable all winter; but then what would James do when he came home? He had raised the faithful creature from a calf, and it seemed to know him and care for him; and often, since he had been away, had reached its head over the bars of the yard, as if watching for his coming. And James was now in a rebel prison. No, he could not do anything that would make him sad when he came home. Then there were the hens; no one would buy hens at that season, except for the market, and the thought of sending any of James's pets to be killed and eaten was more than Lindie could bear. And now he had thought over all possible means of increasing their stores, and everything seemed impossible. No, there was one more—his own pet, the creature he loved so much, that understood so well his loneliness and trouble, that had comforted him so many times. He had been offered twelve dollars for his lamb by a gentleman who was pleased with its tricks. Twelve dollars would take them comfortably to the time when the hens might be expected to lay their eggs, and then spring would soon come. But the thought of parting with his pet was too great a trial, and Lindie resolved to wait a few days longer.

A severe storm came, and he had to chop wood for the fire and keep it burning briskly, that his mother might not suffer. Before the skies were clear again the last quart of meal was gone, the sugar and tea had all been used, and Lindie's mother had become so feeble that she could not sit up.

Lindie went into the barn, and sat down on the hay to think. The lamb had followed him, and stood patiently waiting, expecting its bit of bread, or handful of salt. Its pretty eyes looked up into Lindie's face with a gentle pleading in them. It went to his heart; but he took out a bit saved from his own scanty breakfast, and laughed to see the lamb shake its head, and stamp its paws for more. Then came into his mind a great temptation of selfishness. He would sell the cow, and keep his lamb. James would tell him to, he was sure. Then he thought of James suffering patiently for his sake, and for the sake of his beloved country, and he grew ashamed of himself. Yet if James never came back, he would never want Brindle, and what comfort the lamb would be to him, he thought. And yet how could he ever think of James's love, if he forgot his last wish—to be kind to his pets. And there stood the lamb all the time, looking at him with its wishful, tender eyes.

Lindie wavered and hesitated, and then went into the house to see to the fire, and came back again, gave Brindle a wisp of hay, made the lamb right-about-face, and then sat down to think again. Lindie had great trust in the loving power of heaven, and he was not ashamed to pray; so he lifted up his hands asking, and said, "Will somebody please help me to do right?" He sat very still after that, and the lamb came and put its head gently on his shoulder.

"I'll not do a thing to make myself ashamed when James comes home," said he; and he got up and closed the barn door after him, and went in and put on a huge back log, and asked his mother if she would spare him a little while. Then he went to the barn, called his lamb, picked out the bits of hay from its wool, smoothed down the knots, and called it by its pet names. Then he made it perform all its pranks in the best manner, gave it a bit of salt, and opened the door for it to run out.

A good half hour's walk brought him to the home of the gentleman who had offered to buy his lamb. The bargain was struck, and Lindie was on his way home before he had time to think, and the lamb was safely housed in its new quarters. Lindie heard its bleat, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, but he tried to think of James and his mother.

To tell how he missed the many loving glances of his favorite, and mourned for its pleasant greetings, is quite unnecessary. He was strong in the thought that he had not been selfish, or done what would make him even ashamed. Spring came, and the hens cackled, and Brindle's calf bleated, and the skies looked bright and radiant, and a letter came from James, saying he would soon be home on a furlough after his re-

lease. That was a happy day when the soldier boy took his place at the table, and told the story of his captivity. The account of his sufferings made Lindie's heart tremble, and how glad he was that no reproach could come on him, but that he, too, had been able to sacrifice for the right.

They went together to the barn. James put his arm about Brindle's neck, and said:

"When I was in Richmond prison, I thought if I could ever have a drink of your milk again I would forgive the Rebs. Run, Lindie, and get my canteen, and while I drink I'll say success to the Union; but may God forgive every traitor—even Nat. Turner."

As Lindie ran, he thought, "What if I had had to tell him that his cow was sold?" It was reward enough for his sacrifice to see James drink his milk.

"And now where's Lindie's lamb?" said he. "I expected better treatment from your pet. I imagined all the tricks you'd teach it to please me. Come, call it out."

Lindie simply said:

"I sold it."

"Sold it!" said James. "Ah, but I know why, by the look of your eye. You wouldn't sell my pet, but had to your own. God bless you for a brave boy. It was almost as hard as starving in a prison, I warrant. But I'll never forget you; and when I get to be Captain, as I'm bound to be when I go back, I'll send you the gayest horse to be bought; and you shall have your lamb back again, as sure as there's money enough to buy it, and a heart within the coat of the one who bought it. Lindie, you are a born hero, and fought a good battle and won the field, and I will never forget how good that milk tasted, or that dish of scrambled eggs we had for dinner. Lindie, I'm as proud of you as if you'd been a Major; for you wouldn't do a mean thing, I know."

And it all came as James said. Money came on pay day, and the lamb was bought, and a plenty of stores, and at last the "cruel war was over," and James returned, and brought Lindie's horse.

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY.

NUMBER FOUR.

I have one neighbor that is so friendly, and gentle, and kind, that I always have a smile to give in return for every favor I receive. When this neighbor looks into my window I never consider it an intrusion, or draw down my curtains or close my blinds, but I feel very thankful for every look of benevolence. I listen to the sweet, soft good-morning, and think it is a prayer for a happy day for me; and that makes me wish many beautiful wishes of love, and I begin to forget what a very gloomy place the city is, in the glad month of roses; for I am very sure that the same love is over all the dusty streets as rests over the fresh green fields of the country.

My neighbor has a very peaceable disposition, and I am sure tries very hard to make the world better. Many are the sweet words and tender sighs that the children receive; and many the efforts to lift the thoughts of the weary and sad to the beautiful heavens. My neighbor never seems sad or tired, but looks strong and cheerful gloomy days as well as sunny ones. Do you wonder if it is an old man with his benevolent smile, or a kind old lady, that I have grown to love?

It is an Ailanthus tree, and a very pleasant neighbor it proves itself to be; and one thing it seems to be always saying to me, and that is, "Do your very best wherever you are. Suppose that I, an Ailanthus, that loves the fresh pure air of the country, and the gentle dews, and the broad sunshine, should forget how much good I can do by being cheerful, and should grow quite fretful, and curl my green leaves, and refuse to put forth my buds, how much pleasure the children would lose that love to sit under my shade, and how much more disagreeable the street would be. Why, the other day, a poor woman and her little girl, that were so hot and tired they could hardly walk, came by. I felt very sure that they were hungry, and I wished I was a bread tree, and could drop a great ripe fruit into the mother's lap, and I could see them eat and grow happy; but I was only an Ailanthus, and I quite despaired for a moment, till I remembered my resolution to do the very best I could, and so I kept very still and let my leaves fold themselves one into the other, until a cool and refreshing shade fell on these tired ones, and they sat down and rested, and if they had had a supper they could not have looked any happier, and I felt quite thankful for the beautiful power given me. But very often when rough, rude people go by, I feel very much discouraged, and wish I had a voice and could speak; but then I think again, I'll do the very best I can, and so I lift my branches to heaven and let them fall with a gentle rustle, to see if they will not turn their thoughts toward me and thus to the clear sky, and then to the loving heavens, and to some dear angel who may perhaps keep them from harm.

After all, I am very thankful that I am an Ailanthus tree, and that I live in the city, where I have a chance every hour in the day to do my very best."

Something like this, I fancy, my kindly neighbor says, as its branches sway to and fro in the June breezes; and very strong it makes me to try, also, and do my very best. I am afraid that many children who live in the country do not listen to the sweet voices that are ever about them in the waving trees, the softly falling rain, the songs of the birds. If they do listen, I am sure they can never be selfish, or angry, or fretful, for their neighbors must surely always remind them of good and beautiful things. I am afraid, too, that the children in the city do not listen to the sweet teaching of my neighbor or theirs, for I hear quarrelsome voices and harsh words very often come under the shadow of the beautiful Ailanthus, so I am quite sure they do not hear it repeating, soft and low, do your very best wherever you are.

Written for the Banner of Light. NIGHT AND SORROW.

BY WILFRED WYLLIES.

Alone as I sit in the blackness,
So weary and sad and forlorn,
I weep when I think of the midnight
That shall never give place to the morn.

Oh, beautiful dreams of the by-gone!
Oh, hopes that are dead ere ye bloom!
Oh, forms of the loved and the cherished!
That lie by my pathway entombed!

Ye can never, oh, dreams, more enchant me!
Ye have faded like forms in the mist;
Ye went with the eyes that I gazed on;
Ye died with the lips that I kissed.

Oh, hopes, ye can never yield fruitage
All ripe for the garner—my breast!
Oh, forms of my dearly beloved,
How still is the place of your rest!

Wail, desolate winds of the midnight,
O'er the desolate waves of the main!
Walk, phantoms of torture and blackness,
By my long, dreary pathway of pain!

Though my life be engulfed in the blackness,
And my hope blotted out in eclipse,
Still I'll die with a spirit unbroken,
And the conqueror's smile on my lips.

The Lecture Boom.

A DISCOURSE

Delivered by Ella Walsbrook at Seth Hinshaw's Hall, Greensboro, Ind., June 1, 1865.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

To-day a nation mourns and bewails its sins, huddling itself in the dust of its own repentance; or four long years have raged away our national life in the roaring cannon, expectorating blood from lungs and arteries, and sweating it from ten thousand pores—yea, in the cold night-sweat of the winter's camp and tented field, or on the field of carnage, where our wounded and mangled ones have had their dying groans frozen into silence, till at last the death-struggle commences in the person of our representative head.

All night long we suffered the agonies of dissolution, and the morning sun looked upon a dying—dead—beast-like nation. "The wages of sin is death," and we have received our duty but after death cometh the resurrection. We lay but three short hours in death's embrace ere our own recuperative energies gave us another head, and to-day, while others put on the mockery of mourning, not knowing what they do, we, as those who behold the glories of the resurrection, will rejoice therein.

This day of fasting and prayer, this tribute to a false theology, was changed, as you know, from May 25th to June 1st, because the so-called Christian world could not consistently mourn on the day that marked the ascension of the name of Jesus Christ in the person of the Nazarene. Shall we, then, as reformers, as those commissioned to bridge the chasm between the actual present and the coming glory of the future—shall we weep and lament, knowing that our national head, having laid down his life for us, has passed on to the higher glory, in the light of which he can see all the more clearly to still guide and direct the ship of State?

Nay, we do not mourn; we rejoice in the wisdom of God, and the glory of his power. Yes, we rejoice, for we hear the angels say, "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall enter in." Who is the king of glory? who? He that listeneth to the prayer of the oppressed, and turneth not away from the cry of the needy—he is the king of glory, and he will share that glory with the millions that shall come after.

But while we thus glory, it will be well to trace some of the causes that have led to this glory, some of the causes that have led to the glory of the nation, and the glory of the world.

Design is the order of the universe, the spring of all its action. Design is the manifestation of mind, the signet ring with which all things are stamped, for chance has no place in the realm of the Infinite. For whom, suppose you, has all the wealth and glory of this world been prepared? For a being that could use it, of course; and who but man can do this? Who but man, of all that lives upon the earth, can gather to himself from the south and the north, and the east and the west, making each and all to serve him? The fish swim in the waters; the wild beasts of the forest drink thereof to quench their thirst; the birds sing in the branches of the tall trees; and the majestic lion roams through forest glades; but man alone is for both wood and water that these know nothing of. The iron and the gold; the silver, the lead and the copper, of what use are they, did not man smelt and separate them from the dross of the native ore? Who makes the lightning to serve him, and the light to reflect his image so often as he pleases? When the tall ferns of the ancient world cast their shadows over huge monsters, whose tread was like the tread of an earthquake, an angel flying through the midst of heaven might have asked, "For whom is all this coarse-grained luxuriance? And when, ten thousand centuries afterward, he saw these mighty forests sinking beneath the hand of decay, he might cry out against the fith of the stagnant water; but even then the coasts of oak, our matchless land, existed, in all their power, in the land and reservoir of the designing mind, even as did the being for whom they were created. And so of the oil and the chalk; and so when the limestone ledges were piled up, as the inner component of the sandstone that was to form man's future palaces and temples; and so of the blue-veined marble, and of that, also, whose polish gives the shining splendor of whiteness—all, all existed, in their perfectness, in the mind from which all things emanate, and all for the coming race, man. As the careful and watchful mother prepares for her promised babe, making all outward things subservient to the end which she gives her inner life, even so has God prepared his treasures for the child of his love, the image of his soul-life.

But the mother cares for her child in its antenatal existence, and cherishes it after it comes to her arms for a purpose, and that purpose is, that it may become independent of her in individualized selfhood, and the child who gives evidence that it must always depend upon parental care brings the keenest sorrow to the hearts of those who love so freely of both love and care. Yea, the light ultimate of every parent's hope is the independence, the strong manhood and womanhood of their children. It is this that makes every indication of progress so precious. With what joy is each step in the path of their advancement noted and commented upon. Baby sits alone; baby has its first tooth; she crawls; she can climb up by a chair; she walks; and then the first broken words—words that none but a mother's heart could interpret—and all the pretty little sayings of childhood, how eagerly they are caught up and repeated, thus showing continually that the mother's heart is fixed upon the time when her child shall be her friend and companion, but no longer her dependent. And still the life of that child is the mother's life, was drawn from that life, is a part of it, is that life. The mother lives in herself, and lives in her child; and when she rejoices in the independent, individualized life of her child, she is rejoicing to behold her own life developed to act independently of its original manifestation in her own person. It is the mother's life, but not for the father's life is represented.

And here, so far as human relations can explain it, do we find an explanation of the relation we sustain to the source of all life. We derive our earth-life, through the agency of parentage, from Father God and Mother Nature; we derive this life primarily from parentage, but afterward, through inherited, self-acting forces, it is continued in its manifestation by drawing directly from the great fountain of all life, God acting in Nature; and we can truly say that our life is God's life, and God's life is our life, or, in the words of Jesus, "I and my Father are one." Our person is God's life; but it seems to be the design of Infinite Wisdom that this person-

ality should be individualized separately, and to this end he spent millions of ages in preparing for our advent upon the earth as a race, and now directs all the manifestations of his providence to the development of our independence.

But here, the reverent soul starts back in dismay. Independent of God! Why, the very thought is blasphemy. Nay, my friend, do not blaspheme; we only possess the power of God to individualize the independent action of his own life through its different organizations, the independence being a relative one, of course, so far as our relations to the Infinite are concerned; but this independent action, so far from detracting from the reverence we feel for the Divine, only adds thereto. Ask that son, or that daughter, who walk in the proud consciousness of independence beside the parents in whose arms they so recently lay helpless—ask them if the respect they have for those parents is less than formerly, with their will and yet that each succeeding only adds to the reverence they feel for the authors of their earthly existence.

Having satisfied the reverent soul, we will go back to our position, to wit, that all the manifestations of God's providence are directed to the development of our independence. The race is yet in its infancy. To be sure, it begins to hold up its head in this, our Western world, and may have cut its first tooth; but so far as the ultimate of real freedom is concerned, it cannot even creep as yet, let alone walk. But the life of God within is developing, expanding, is struggling with the weakness of imperfection, is overcoming the negative tendency of rest with the positive one of action. Hitherto this action has manifested itself more in crying, in groans and tears than otherwise, and some pretty stout screaming there has been, too; but it has had its use. It has brought the lungs into action, making us so much stronger that we can hold up our head and scream, instead of letting it fall from side to side in our weakness. And we can bite a little, too, in demonstration of our individuality. Mother Nature rejoices in these evidences of growth, and Father God looks on and smiles.

But looking upon the race as one grand whole, all children of God, made in his image, and the development of that image into individualized independence the ultimate design of the Infinite in reference to each and all of the race, it follows that the countless millions who have passed into the spirit-world have an interest in these things, are progressing, developing, as well as those who remain in the form. Indeed, we claim that our development depends upon theirs; that we cannot go ahead of them, though we may try to keep pace with them; that there is action and reaction between the two spheres—the physical and the spiritual; that, as Dr. Hodge said, not long since, in a public lecture in one of our Orthodox churches, "The laws of the physical world are a transcript of the laws of the spiritual world; that the physical is born of, and born into the spiritual." I do not suppose that "Timothy Titcomb" was aware that he thus asserted the fundamental principle—the broad foundation on which our Philosophy rests—but no matter for that. Great men often hit the truth.

But in reference to the influence that the spirit-world exerts upon ours in its development. Spirits from any particular nation, or leaving the form, gravitate to those of their own class, and spirits of any age, who have risen above national prejudices, will, on leaving the form, gravitate to those of the age in which they have lived of like feelings with themselves; consequently, the ruling spirit of any nation is the highest development of their own nation who have passed into spirit-life, that has become actualized in the external. The same may be said of the ruling spirit of any age. But while this, their advanced step, is being brought forth into the external, they are taking another step, are learning something more, are needing more gems of thought from the secrets of the universe—seeds of future earth-progress, that are cast by them into the most receptive minds of earth. Thoughts are germs of progress. Denton, in speaking of them, says:

"Thoughts come like blazing comets 'thwart the gloomy ev'ning sky."

"Thoughts come like shocks electric from the battery of truth."

"Thoughts yoke themselves like fiery steeds, and drag the world along."

"Dash on, brave thoughts, in storm and shine, in day, or dark-est night!"

The goal we're destined yet to reach, is Love and Truth, and

And Love and Truth and Right are the goal of freedom, of the independence that God is directing his providence to the accomplishment of for his children. Thoughts are the seeds of progress; but they are not like "blazing comets" in their inception, but rather become like them as they mature—and mature they must ere, "like fiery steeds, they drag the world along." They must become a "battery" within themselves, ere they wake to that action that casts the without past into the gulf of oblivion. The thought of a new world had power to drag Columbus from one European Court to another in pursuit of that which would enable him to actualize it.

But not till it was thus actualized could the multitude behold the glory, or be moved by the grandeur thereof. Thought demands its martyrs—must be baptized in tears, if not in blood—must bear the cross, and wear the crown of thorns ere it wears the crown of glory. This is true of all the great thoughts that have energized the race to climb the steep of progress, and of none more so than of the thought of liberty. This may seem hard, hard that whatever tends to benefit the race should have to fight recognition in the hearts of the people; but it is no harder than the cross it would be choked by the thistles and thorns of an undeveloped condition, and come to naught.

"Break up your fallow ground," sow not among thorns," is an admonition that the careful farmer will not neglect. It is an admonition that those who, from the spirit-world, drop the germs of thought into receptive minds, do not neglect. All the struggle and suffering through which we have to pass is the breaking-up process, in order to the reception of the seed and the cultivating process, in order that it may take root and grow. But as design has been manifest in all that was done on earth previous to man's coming upon the earth, and the end of that design his advent thereon, so is design still manifest in all that has since taken place, and the end of that design, as before said, man's independence, and every step in the history of the past, however much it may seem to the contrary, has had direct reference to the point at issue. The most cruel tyrannies have awakened within man's heart the desires for liberty, making it in turn the motive force for action; the most bitter persecutions have been the breath of Almighty power, fanning the desire into a flame that many waters could not quench.

It was for this that this land of untold treasures was hidden in the bosom of the waters till the time appointed. It was for this that some soul who had once called Europe home, was permitted to behold its hiding-place, and, returning to the Old World, to impress the fact of its existence upon the developed, intuitional soul of Columbus, holding him to his purpose with an electric cord that quickened it into action; the most bitter persecutions have been the breath of Almighty power, fanning the desire into a flame that many waters could not quench.

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verse; yea, it is coequal, commensurate with God himself. It is the life of God within the soul of man—the God that worketh both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure. But this thought of liberty fills the atoms full; it overflows them; it is too large for them; and this is why the forms thereof are subject to change. They must die; that the life within may pass into higher forms. This is why the works of man—so many of them—come to naught; the thought they strive to embody is too big for the habitation they give it. This is why the Monitor went down in deep waters; this is why the Atlantic Cable proved a temporary failure; and this is why our Ship of State came so near being wrecked upon the shores of Time. The Constitution, the house that was built for the Declaration, was too small for it. The Declaration makes the "all men" clause consist of one-half of the white race, the male man; the female man, and men of other colors, were left entirely out of the question. But God, in his wisdom, provided for this, also, by giving the people the power to expand it; and this power was the saving power—the escape-pipe that kept the boiler from bursting.

"Oh, your fathers' slumbering ashes cry, 'Amen!' from out each grand old Constitution gave freedom to the slave." And here again do we behold the manifestation of that Providence that decrees the independence of not only a portion, but of the entire race of man. Africa, with her interminable deserts, and her swampy wilderness of jungles, seems a neglected portion of the earth; Ethiopia a forgotten child; but she stretches forth her hands for recognition, and receives in reply: "Yea, I have a place for thee. I will purify thee in the furnace of affliction till thy firegold shall appear. I will place thy sons and thy daughters in the arms of my raged nurse. Adversity, and she shall bear them across the distant seas to the land of servitude—that land to be enriched by thy blood and tears till it becomes the land of thy redemption, by right of purchase; and thy blood, mingling with the blood of thy captors, shall be recognized in the coming centuries, as an element of matchless worth." And to-day, my friends, is this promise being fulfilled.

"The slave, made, like his master, 'in the image of his God,' shall share his back no longer to the oppressor's rod."

"Oh, that recording angel, turn to that page, wherein is traced in undimmed brightness, the name of Washington, and with thy pen, my friend, write also Lincoln's name."

And why—why should Lincoln's name be traced by the pen of Time, in letters of burnished gold, upon the fadeless scroll of eternity? We promised to trace some of the causes that have made his memory so glorious, but, in the course of the argument, we may seem to have forgotten him.

Practically, we are to-day uttering, we have been developing principles, and high in their tower most pinnacle stands the martyr of America. The ruling spirit of any age is the most advanced thought of progress among those who have left our earth, that has been impressed upon the living masses of men and women in the earth-life, and actualized by them. The ruling spirit of any age is the spirit of God in that age. Humanity has always been true to its God; consequently it worships the ruling spirit of the age; but it can do this only as it is embodied in the form. Spirit must take to itself a form, or it cannot be actualized in the external; therefore those who embody the most of this ruling spirit are the most beloved, yea, idolized by the people.

The consciousness of power is the first step toward the development of that independence that God is working out for his children through the unfolding of their own faculties; a sense of power thus, necessarily, became the first manifestation of God in man, and, as such, has been worshipped in the heroics of bloodshed, who conquered for the sake of power. Power has been the God of the ages, while justice, love, liberty and equality were but incubating thoughts beneath the brooding wings of centuries, waiting for the bands that held them to be broken ere they could come forth as God's representatives—as God actualized in man, thus claiming man's actual worship. But, to-day, Justice guides the right hand of Power, while Love pleads in the halls of their administration, and the triple current of their electric life bore Lincoln to the great of the topmost wave of progress in the earth-life.

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The spirits, through these mediums, state that they will soon show faces as readily as they now do the hands. The "smart" ones may get up imitations, and claim to show "how it is done"; but I am disposed to think that the spirits or our other side, at any given time, will give such imitations as well as to enfold all attempts at limitation as to make them abortive. Let us have the truth, no matter whether the claims of physical mediums stand the test, or not; but when examining and testing them, let us all treat them candidly and fairly. I hope such will be the case when these mediums come before the public again. Give them a thorough examination, for there is much to be learned.

I believe the right will prevail and Spiritualism will continue to triumph, notwithstanding all antagonistic influences. And I hope our scientific professors will try to demonstrate to us, who are seeking for knowledge and truth, the cause of these stirring, startling and grand manifestations, if they are not produced by disembodied spirits.

J. H. RANDALL.

Harwick, Va., June 13, 1868.

Notes at the Chicago Fair.

"Bryan Hall" contains the works of Art, and Arms and Trophies contributed to the Fair. The catalogue comprises two hundred and sixty-four Paintings, four Drawings, and nine pieces of Statuary, exhibited under one admission; besides which, is Carpenter's "Reading of the Proclamation of Emancipation," and Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia," each on special exhibition.

In the catalogue of Paintings are to be found many works of established reputation, among which are, No. 1, "The Rocky Mountains," by A. Bierstadt, by all odds the most popular painting in the exhibition. In the gallery at the Philadelphia Fair, one year ago, this work had competition; here it towers far above all around it. No. 2, "Departure of Columbus," by E. Leutze. I am much pleased with No. 97, "Harvest Field in New England," by James M. Hart—a most charming work. Also, No. 121, "Autumn," by I. Morviller, both contributed by Sowle's Gallery, Boston.

There are some beautiful "Fruit," and many smaller pieces, which are always to be found in all good collections of paintings, occupying some retired, unpretending nook or corner; but anything like a detailed notice of the really good things would make these notes much too long.

The following summary of contributions may be of some interest: Boston sends forty-six paintings, of which thirty-one are from the artists, twelve from Messrs. Williams & Everett, and three from Sowle's Gallery. New York sends seventy-eight paintings, of which the artists send forty-five—the others by various persons. Philadelphia, according to the catalogue, sends only six paintings; Cincinnati, seven; Chicago, twenty-three.

The "Artists' Album," donated to the Fair, comprises fifty-two sketches in a magnificent case, the whole volume at \$500, to be disposed of by raffle of one hundred shares at five dollars each.

Leutze's painting of Secretary William H. Seward, attracts some attention, but did not "draw" on special exhibition, and has been again placed in the large gallery.

Of "Arms and Trophies" the collection is large, and promises much interest.

Our four years of dreadful war have given us abundant material with which to "make up an assortment" of these ghastly trophies, and we can supply the whole world with the most interesting relics in this line for many years to come.

In two glass cases, side by side, are to be seen the suits of clothes worn by Lincoln and Douglas during their celebrated contest in 1858.

I noticed those who took the deepest interest in these "relics"—and there were many—were the plain, farmer-looking people, who had evidently seen those rusty, soiled garments worn by these two famous men during that memorable contest.

Here is also to be seen the "Hearse" which bore the remains of our "martyred President" from Washington to their resting-place.

On special exhibition, are the clothes in which Jeff. Davis was captured, which consist of a calico gown, or wrapper, over hoop skirts. The bonnet he wore was destroyed by "the boys." These garments are upon a plaster figure of Jeff. On the head is an old palmette hat he used to wear on his plantation.

The great national work, by Carpenter, of "Lincoln and his Cabinet," attracts many, and well repays a long study. Aside from its historic interest, the portraits are so superb, and the grouping so admirable, every one finds abundant reason for a liberal display of enthusiasm.

In the main building of the Fair, is a tent with a sign in unique style, "Mrs. Artemus Ward, Fortune Teller," and Mrs. Ward is a decided success. Some are seen to issue from the tent holding their sides, and showing unmistakable signs of having had about as much of a laugh for the last fifteen minutes as they could stand.

Others came out looking a little sober, and now one comes bathed in a flood of tears. Oh! there were more than two inside of that tent just now! Lizzie Carley can do something more than tell fortunes in the ordinary way. She can make you laugh if she will, but maybe she can see something you did not intend she should see. But she has other eyes helping her than her own.

The Fair closes to-morrow, except for evening exhibitions, which will be continued for the present.

The result has been equal to the expectation of the managers. The total receipts, so far, have been two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and it is expected they will reach fully three hundred thousand dollars.

The cause of Spiritualism, in Chicago, is suffering sadly, by reason of the unfortunate dissensions and divisions among its accredited believers and advocates. There is a fearful responsibility to be borne by somebody, and after all, it is not a difficult matter to unravel the whole affair, and tell where the trouble had its birth, and what keeps it alive.

When Spiritualists will practice and carry out in their everyday life, and in their intercourse with each other, the blessed truths of this new philosophy, they will begin to accomplish something, both for themselves and the glorious cause they are now doing so much to hinder and embarrass. They do not practice forbearance, kindness, charity, in short, LOVE, in its highest, truest sense, toward each other. They are a standing reproach, and a stumbling block to thousands who would openly espouse the cause of Spiritualism, but for their living example, which is an argument more powerful than mere words can utter, or be given by "test" manifestations.

Spiritualists, as a class, are full of kinks, crochets, and angularities. But beside this—and I confess it with pain and sorrow—they are given to slander, fault-finding, jealousy, revenge, which they practice toward each other to a lamentable degree. If one differs from his brother or sister, either in point of belief or plan of action, which, among Spiritualists, is more common than with any other class of people, war; sometimes unremitting and bitter, is the result; dealing with one another in the spirit of kindness and love, is the exception, and not the rule.

When all this is changed, when we practice in our daily intercourse with each other the blessed truths we profess to believe, then, and not till then, can we hope or deserve to prosper.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch meets with her usual success here. The Sunday morning discourse was on the same subject as that of last Sunday, and is to be next Sunday, "The Crime of Disease, and Disease of Crime." The treatment of the subject meets with very general favor. I may give a general review of these discourses at some future time.

I am glad to notice in the last Banner a few words commendatory of Mrs. Laura Cuppy as a public speaker. This gifted lady is not as well known in this capacity, as she deserves to be. There is a clear, easy, but positive character in her style; a plain simplicity in her method of reasoning; that wins and attracts the popular heart more completely than any speaker I have ever heard. In a hard to hand contest she has few, if any, equals. I wish, for the sake of the good cause, she could find a field in which to labor as a public speaker beside that of the Sabbath.

Chicago, June 30th, 1865. W. B. B.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration. It aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Stir in the Churches.

We alluded last week, in our article on the revolution at present going on in the Churches, to what was taking place in the English Church and the Episcopal Church of this country; and made the assertion that no power of priest or bishop could avail to check the tidal flow of that reforming and renewing spirit which was rapidly obtaining possession of the Churches. This week, we are able to add the observation, that the same spirit is active in the other Churches as well, as the proceedings of the National Congregational Council, just drawn to a close in this city, abundantly show.

This Council, or Convention, was called together last year by some of the leading men of the Congregational order. That body, which is composed in this country of fully three thousand Churches, had not held a regular Convention for about two hundred years, but had gone on pursuing the even tenor of its way without employing the customary machinery of general conventions and committees; and so great was its length become its dimensions and so powerful its influence, that the wonder only arose, on second thought, that such a general gathering of the denomination had not been made before.

Among the other topics brought forward for discussion in committee, to be duly reported on and finally settled by the body of the Convention, was that of a formal declaration of faith. Such a declaration was at length arrived at by the Committee, which, after making due allusions to the old Saybrook Platform of 1708, and to the Savoy Declaration and Confession, winds up with a statement of the doctrines of the Congregational denomination in the United States; and in particular speaks of its desire "to promote a closer fellowship of all Christian denominations in the faith and work of the gospel, especially against popular and destructive forms of unbelief, which assail the foundations of all religion, both natural and revealed; which know no God but nature; no depravity but physical malformation, immaturity of powers, or some incident of outward condition; no Providence but the working of material causes and of statistical laws; no revelation but that of consciousness; no redemption but the elimination of evil by a natural sequence of suffering; no regeneration but the natural evolution of a higher type of existence; no retribution but the necessary consequences of physical and psychological laws."

Now such a Convention never would have gone out of its way to attack the progressive and liberalizing spirit of the age. If that spirit was not directly across its path, it would not have a word to say about it, one way or the other. These "popular and destructive forms of unbelief" would not be so "popular" if they were not the very evidence of the world's progress. It is no answer to a new presentation of truth to call it names, such as that of "unbelief." To doubt a minister's theory of life and death, or even the theory held by a whole synod of ministers, is no proof of "unbelief" in whatever is vital and sufficient, in whatever really saves the soul without dwarfing and dis-easing it in the process.

It is at least modest, and has on its face none of the presumption which these same men charge upon Popery, to say to other people who refuse to accept or to be satisfied with their creeds that by their unbelief they "assail the foundations of all religion, both natural and revealed." As soon as we presume to question their infallibility, of course all is gone by the board so far as we are concerned. To see God in "nature," is with them the unpardonable sin; he must be seen only in the pulpit, in a white cravat, a sanctimonious look and canting voice, and a prosing sermon. To hold that "depravity" proceeds from man's natural imperfection, both physical and spiritual, and that the truer way to get rid of it in the world is to go back and begin right, obeying the laws of nature both in relation to the body and the soul, to have a perfect body and a perfect soul together—this is, in their eyes, iniquity's self, for which there is no possible pardon, and which they appear to be especially desirous never shall be pardoned but shall be most certainly punished.

They sneer at the philanthropic philosophy which picks out facts, and accumulates them, and so arranges them that they become eloquent and powerful expositors of the truth both in relation to society and the individual. They would have us continue on in the shadow of the old ignorance, and believe that their dogmas are far better than what science teaches with such positiveness. This was just the way with the ecclesiastics who would put Galileo to death because he asserted that the world moved instead of the sun. In exactly the same spirit, too, did the Pope issue his alleged "bull against the comet." The world would get on famously indeed, if those individuals could but govern it. They would at least have one thing strong, if nothing else; and that would be their own Church.

Now we would like to ask those good people upon what rational ground they claim to have found out more of the mysteries of God and the human soul, when they so fiercely and persistently oppose everything like free search for truth beyond the limitations of their own creeds. They lay down certain lines, and tell us we must not step over them. But who showed them just where to lay the lines? They will tell you—Revelation. Ah, but what is such a lucid revelation to them as anything but that to other souls quite as eager in the quest of truth as theirs. Then who is to decide between them? The fact of the whole matter is, when they come to this fork in the road, instead of asking their separating friends to call out and tell them if they find the true way, they stop and denounce the divergent multitude for not going the way they do. And this is nothing but passionate and petty denominationalism; not the humble and trustful search for truth. This is

holding up a book, like an image, for idolatry; not the spirit of true and brave Protestantism, afraid of nothing unless it is the going back to what has been long since discarded in the past.

As we said before, if this spirit of progress did not affect the temporal interests and authority of this and kindred ecclesiastical organizations, the members of them would waste no time in proclaiming against it, and denouncing it as the terrible Antichrist which was foretold. They realize too well what is going on, not only outside their Churches but within them. They may labor to tie the hands and tongues of men like the Beechers, but it will be in vain. The spirit of progress will of itself take hold of such men as these whom we have named, and it is but a proof of the actual advance of opinion in the Churches when these preachers are received with a grateful eagerness that is not to be described.

The Tragedy in Roxbury.

This community has not in a very long time been so shocked and alarmed as on the discovery that a young and innocent brother and sister, named John and Isabella Joyce, and aged respectively twelve and fourteen years, had been murdered in some woods in Roxbury for just one week, the barbarian who was guilty of the crime having had the entire interval to make his escape in. The girl had been outraged and then stabbed to death with a dirk knife. Her little brother was found lying on his face, not many rods off, also stabbed to death. Rewards for the apprehension of the murderer were at once offered by the city of Roxbury, the citizens of West Roxbury, the citizens of the Eleventh Ward in Boston, in which the children resided, and by the Mayor of Boston. These children belonged to Lynn, but were on a visit to their grandmother, their mother going out to do work as a seamstress. The little fellow had been to school during the forenoon of the fatal day, and came home at eleven o'clock, expecting to return again at two. In the meantime his sister proposed to take the cars and ride out in the direction of Roxbury, to see if the woods were as beautiful as those in Lynn. They entered the edge of what is called Bussey's Woods, and were both engaged in plaiting wreaths of oak leaves and pine needles, on the spot where the lustful eye of the murderer first fell on his innocent victims. The details are too shocking for recital. The girl received twenty-seven stabs and the boy eight. The funeral ceremony over their decomposed bodies took place in the Church of the Unity in this city, Rev. W. E. Copeland, of the Mission Chapel on Concord street, officiating. The family friends of the children were accustomed to attend his church. His remarks to the assembly and the afflicted friends were of a truly spiritual character and greatly consoling to their deep distress. He assured them the little ones were nearer their friends now than ever. This tragedy is the theme of universal talk in Boston.

The End of the World Theory Exploded.

This is what the London Spectator says of the end of the world: "Almost all European writers, whatever their subject, politics or society, now tacitly assume that the human race is to progress forever, or to state their latent idea more strictly, is to advance steadily for an indefinite period toward a nobler life and a higher civilization. The idea of a fixed term to history which so greatly influenced the Middle Ages has utterly disappeared; the semi-religious belief in a cataclysm to occur at a distant but visible date, though still entertained, has ceased to be professed by anybody but Dr. Cumming, and does not influence him. The reverie of the politician is no longer of the coming overturn of all things—an idea never absent from the great minds of the first four centuries—but of a 'coming' millennium, when all mankind shall be allied, and the motive force of the European, and the subtle brow of the Arab, and the deaf hand of the Mongol shall all be employed together in making earth more lovely and more convenient for its people." What will our Second-Advent friend, Miles Grant, say to this? It only proves that his "calculations" have been mere moonshine, as we have always supposed; and we believe the writer in the Spectator takes a common sense view of what is to be in the future ages. This is what Spiritualists teach, and what the angels endorse. The time will surely come when all bitter feelings between man and man must cease—Nature demands this—the hosts of living intelligences pray for it—then, indeed, shall earth become a paradise.

True Charity.

It is surprising to such as never trusted it nor believed in it, what wonderful results are wrought by a spirit of kindness and charity. Wherever it is shown in the South the effect is magical. The lesson is one which, but for this war, the nation would never have had such an opportunity to learn. Southern men go away from the President, overcome with his expressions of kindness. They never seemed to know the power of forgiveness before. A new rule is springing up all over the South, and the exact opposite of that which has been tried there for four years past—the rule to be kind one to another. It so happens that all need its application, and so it becomes easy to all. The spirit of hate and of war has been laid, and a spirit of forbearance and kindness is fast taking its place. It is found that the exercise of charity and benevolence is a great deal more effectual than violence; and in this way the lesson of brotherly love is being learned as fast as it can be.

Napoleon's Troubles.

If the Emperor of the French has any special bother at this time, it is from his cousin the Prince, who was so very indiscreet as to assail his policy in his speech at the inauguration of the Bonaparte statue in Corsica. The Emperor at once wrote the Prince a letter of reprimand, as soon as he heard of the speech, and the Prince lost no time in resigning his seat of President of the Council. The good feeling between them is therefore all gone. Nobody versed in French politics expects that a revolution is likely to grow out of this; but it makes a decided stir for the time in France, and especially in the Emperor's family. It may be that the Emperor was at heart just as liberally inclined as the Prince; but it would not do—so he reasoned—to let the younger lord swallow up the older one. The Prince has traveled but recently in the United States, and is of course friendly to us. He has no sympathy with the Emperor's policy in Mexico.

Strawberries.

The market is filled with this delicious fruit. The present season has produced a great yield. One of the most successful gardeners we wot of is J. S. Adams, Esq., of West Roxbury, whose fruit is of the choicest kind—rich in flavor, and of large size, a desideratum not often obtainable. We speak from knowledge; and take this occasion to tender the thanks of the Banner folk for the bountiful supply we received from friend Adams.

Lycium Hall Meetings.

"The Relative Position of Abraham Lincoln and J. Wilkes Booth in Spirit-Life" was the subject of the lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten, on Sunday evening, June 18th, at Lycium Hall, in this city. The discourse was marked by its fairness and large practical charity for the misguided and erring; and the glorious position it assigned to the martyred patriot.

At the close of the address, under the influence of another spirit, Miss Doten delivered the following poem, which is on the same subject and in harmony with the discourse, foreshadowing the future that is to be of the spirits of Lincoln and Booth:

"IMPROBO PACE."

I pray for Peace! Oh thou Eternal Power!
Before whose face my sins stand all confessed,
Grant me a respite for one little hour—

From this wild torture, give, oh give me rest!
Oh this undying worm! this quenchless fire!
I writhe in anguish, but cannot escape.

I pray for Peace! Be merciful, oh God!
To one who stumbled in his earthly way;
In doubt and darkness all his path I trod,
And deemed it virtue when I went astray.

Oh, that fierce flame which scathed my erring heart,
Still through my being sends its fiery smart.

I pray for Peace! Oh thou who didst create,
And mold my being through thy sovereign will
Was I not moved through wrath, and murderous hate,

Thine own mysterious purpose to fulfill?
Then wherefore do I thus in anguish lie?
Let "mercy, seasoning Justice," bear my cry.

I pray for Peace! Before my troubled soul
Pass long processions, mournfully and slow,
While funeral bells, with deep and solemn toll,
Smite on my "wounded spirit" blow on blow;

And on my hand, behold a crimson stain
Of blood!—the witness of the martyr slain.

Oh ye whose nerves will shrink at touch of steel
Who fall before the cannon's fiery breath—
Rejoice, if 't is not yours to also feel
The keener anguish of the "second death."

The soul, with pride and passion still at strife,
Must die to these ere it can enter life.

I pray for Peace! Oh let the cooling rain
Of pitying tears drop, greet me from above;
Send down some messenger to soothe my pain
Oh let the white-winged, olive-bearing dove
Descend, and let this raging tempest cease.

I pray for Peace! Oh God! I pray for Peace.

My prayer is answered, for, a voice I hear,
And kindling brightly, like a star in space,
There beams at length, upon my vision, clear,
The radiant outlines of an Angel face.

Oh God!—a well known face!—my sight grows dim—
Send me a helper, Lord—but oh not him!

He speaks: "Oh thou! whose parricidal hand
Opened for me the shining door of heaven,
My soul cannot to fullest life expand,
Till I forgive, as I would be forgiven.

Take then this willing hand, which I extend,
And trust me as a helper and a friend.

Cast thou aside the jealousies and hate,
Which so mislead the blinded sons of earth,
And seize those fair occasions which create
New elements of strength and moral worth.

Ay, 'come up higher,' and in heaven's pure light,
Thy soul shall see God orders all things right."

Blest spirit! I obey. 'A mighty law
Compels me to accept new life from thee;
My pride is humbled, and with reverent awe
I bow submissively to the high decree.

Oh world of mysteries! Oh wondrous land!
The slain walks with the slayer, hand in hand.

The air grows pure and cool—a peaceful calm
Falls like a benediction on my head;
And deep contrition, like a Sabbath psalm,
Its holy influence through my soul hath shed.

Oh sons of earth, I charge you, do not cease
To pray for Peace—for Heaven's eternal Peace.

Salsbury Beach.

The warm season being fairly inaugurated, all who can are leaving the crowded marts of trade, some for the mountainous regions of our country, and others for the seashore. Among the numerous watering-places on the line of the Eastern Railroad, we count Salsbury Beach as decidedly the best. We visited this locality a few days since, and were surprised at the improvements there in the building line that met our view, five new edifices, for the accommodation of private families, having been erected the present season. The Atlantic House, of which Mr. N. Kimball is proprietor, is overrun with guests—and no wonder, for his tables are spread with the best the market affords. The only drawback to making this the place of resort by all those who would snuff the cool sea breezes this hot weather, is the caseway between the main land and the beach; but this inconvenience will soon be obviated, we understand, as a company has been formed for the purpose of planking it. When this is done, it will be one of the most delightful "drives" we wot of, from Newburyport, Amesbury, Salsbury, Kingston, and other localities.

Visitors by rail to this beach should purchase tickets for East Salsbury, Mass., which is a few minutes ride east of Newburyport, thence they will be conveyed to the Atlantic House by coaches that run regularly to meet the trains.

The President.

President Johnson goes forward with his work of reorganizing the State Governments of the South with commendable speed. He simply aims to take hold of things by the handle. First, he would have a government of loyal citizens, order, and a return of industry everywhere; this once effected, he has good ground to go upon, and has faith in the people's disposition, after their trials and sufferings and disappointments, to do justly by one another, and establish society on a stricter basis of right than ever before. With the cordial support of the whole people of the country, the President will find it no such fearful task to bring back that harmony and real union whose interruption has been the parent of so many woes. Let us all stay up the hands of the magistrate whom we have called to the work of the country.

The National Debt.

U. S. Senator Sherman said in a recent speech, that our national debt, upon the basis of the present tax laws, will be paid off in twenty-five years, and without oppressing any branch of industry. This is reckoning only upon our present population; but when we come to reflect that our wealth doubles in ten years, and our population in thirty years, that hundreds of thousands of emigrants come annually to help us pay the debt, that we have undeveloped resources almost without a parallel, this vast debt ceases to give us any concern.

Editorial Perplexities.

An editor's is one of the most harassing occupations extant. He is continually beset by grumblers. Here are a few of the many complaints made against editors of newspapers by the class alluded to above:

If the type is too large, it doesn't contain enough reading matter. If the type is too small, they can't read it.

If we publish jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattlehead. If we omit jokes, folks say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are accused for being partial. If we do not, all hands say we are unfair.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous. If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend Sunday lectures, they say it is only for effect. If we do not, they say we lack faith.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to business.

If we wear poor clothes, they say business is slack. If we wear good ones, they say we are a spendthrift.

If we do not print a man's matter, when he has only his own axe to grind, he believes us. If we do print it, others censure us for so doing, and threaten to "stop" their paper.

If we won't print stingy people's advertisements gratuitously, they say we don't amount to much, and try to injure us every way possible. If we do print them, other folks cry "bogus," and censure us for allowing them to appear.

And so we might go on enumerating what an editor of a paper has to undergo, ad infinitum, if our space would allow. But the above will suffice for the present.

Diffusion of Spiritualism in London.

About two years since, Mr. J. Burns opened a Library in London (1 Wellington Road, Camberwell), for the purpose of giving circulation to Spiritualistic Literature, and, as we learn from the London Spiritual Magazine, has met with encouraging and satisfactory results. Hundreds of choice volumes have been thus circulated and perused, that otherwise might have lain on the shelf, and their enlightening and elevating influences been lost to many minds who have been blessed in their perusal, having availed themselves of the privileges offered through the means of this library. By this method Mr. Burns is doing a larger missionary work, in spreading the truth and furnishing light on the Spiritual Philosophy, than many people are aware of, for which good deed he will surely receive his reward.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT can always be procured at his Book Store; also, copies of all works on Spiritual and Reform subjects.

Crop Prospects.

So far as those great staples—grass and grain—are concerned, the season promises to bring forward a generous crop of both, and hand them over to the hands of the harvester. The early rains, alternating with the timely warm weather, made a fine stand for grass, and there will be a heavy crop of it everywhere. Upon that mainly depends the support of beef cattle, and of course the public supply of meats. The grain-fields of the West are bending with their abundant and welcome pledges of food for the nation. It is believed, if no unforeseen disaster comes in, that the product of this summer's crop of Western wheat will be unusually large, thus reassuring us all of a speedy revival of the national strength. Even in the desolated South, reports say that agricultural matters look more than usually encouraging and hopeful.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Tour.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, whose superior mediumship for physical manifestations is creating so much attention in the public mind, has gone to Concord, N. H., where she will hold sances. It is her intention to visit various portions of New Hampshire and Vermont during July and August for the same purpose. We congratulate our friends in those parts for the opportunity this will afford them of witnessing this phase of the spiritual phenomena, in presence of one of the most reliable mediums of the day, and whose integrity is unquestionable.

Children's Lyceum.

We are glad to see that the work of establishing a Sunday Lyceum for children in this city has been taken hold of in good earnest, and we doubt not will be carried through successfully. The only obstacle is the want of a suitable place to meet in. This could easily be remedied if our friends—who are abundantly able—would go a little further in a noble cause, and build a substantial edifice to be used exclusively for our meetings.

Another New Paper.

By a note from Elder Moses Hull, late of the Kalamazoo (Mich.) Progressive Age, we learn that he contemplates issuing a weekly paper at Decatur, Mich., the present week, to be called the "Decatur Clarion." We wish our brother success in his new undertaking.

Mr. Hull desires us to inform his friends that his post-office address will hereafter be Decatur, Van Buren County, Mich.

Spiritual Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of De Witt, Clinton county, Mich., and vicinity, will hold a three days' Grove Meeting on the 2d, 3d and 4th of July, commencing Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock. Some of the ablest speakers in the West are expected to be present. Vocal and instrumental music will enliven the meeting with spiritual songs and chants. A most agreeable and profitable time may be anticipated.

"Be Thyself."

The very able discourse by Prof. Wm. Denton, bearing the above title—and which we printed in the Banner some time ago—has been published in pamphlet form. We have received a great number of calls for it in this shape, and those friends, as well as many others, will rejoice that they can now procure it. It will meet with a rapid sale, for it is a document of marked ability.

Lithographic Pictures.

Our neighbors, L. Frang & Co., 159 Washington street, who have won an enviable reputation for the admirable manner in which they execute album size lithographic pictures, have just issued other series of finely colored cards, entitled "Street Scenes in New York," "The Ten Commandments," and "Friendship Cards." These little gems are fast winning public favor.

Lynn.

Mrs. Mary M. Patterson will address the Spiritualists of Lynn in Amory Hall, on Sunday evening next, July 2d, commencing at half-past seven o'clock.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Invocation.

Oh Life, beautiful and perfect Life, we would be baptized in thy boundless fountain of goodness. We would bind our brows with a wreath of laurel, whose every leaf shall be some holy deed, some holy thought. Oh Life, we reverence all thy manifestations, and ever bow down before thy beauty and thy power. We worship thee, whether thou hast a name, whether thou hast a form, whether thou art Lord or Jehovah; 'tis all the same to us. We love thee, we adore thee, we look to thee for strength. We know that from thy boundless Eternity we have come. We know we are sustained by thee. We know thou wilt never disown us. We are thy children, and thou art both Father and Mother. It matters little whether men give thee a name or not, or whether thou art the Great Principle sustaining all things. That we know; because we are and because thou art, we expect we shall ever be, for we know thou art immortal. Oh Spirit that has guided with power and wisdom and love in this, the home of our physical life, we know thou hast no need of praises from us. We know thou hast no need that we offer our petitions unto thee. We know there is no need that we ask thee to still guide us in love, mercy and power. No, no; for the nation belongs to thee, is dear in thy sight; thou wilt hold it all in thy grasp, and carry it safely through all storms. Some fainting hearts predict that it will come to naught; that even now its grave stands ready to receive it. But we know, oh Spirit of the Hour, that instead of a grave, there is awaiting it a temple, grander and more glorious than any it has yet dwelt in. Oh Father, Spirit, may thy children in mortal learn to know thee in all thy works. May they know thy hand is leading them in darkness as well as in light; that thou art never forsaking them. Oh, teach them, Great Spirit of the Hour, that all things belong to thee—every atom, either of spirit or that which belongs to the material world. Oh, then, all things are good and holy and perfect. Father, Spirit, receive the prayers of these thy children while they go outward and upward toward the Great Being they worship. Oh may they return with blessings. May they return sweet messengers of love. Unto thee we commend them all, praying, oh Father, Spirit, that, of all blessings, thou wilt confer the knowledge of thy most holy law upon them. May 16.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now answer the inquiries of correspondents.

Q.—Has the Antichrist, spoken of in the New Testament, already appeared? or are we to expect him in the future?

ANS.—We conceive that the Antichrist spirit spoken of in the New Testament is already your guest.

Q.—Is the Christ spoken of in the New Testament also now on earth?

A.—In our opinion that same spirit is now on earth.

Q.—What are its characteristics? How may it be known?

A.—Gentleness, love, mercy, justice, are some of its leading characteristics.

Q.—What are the characteristics of the Antichrist? How may it be known?

A.—Reason teaches you that they are directly opposite to the characteristics of the Christ principle. All that which runs counter to goodness, in all its various forms, may very properly be termed Antichrist.

Q.—Are those who seek for the blood of their fellow-men, under the name of justice, in the spirit of Christ, or Antichrist?

A.—We should say, certainly, they have the spirit of Antichrist. It will be long before the spirit of Christ, or the Kingdom of the Great Reformer, will be set up on the earth. You have not yet outgrown the swaddling clothes of barbarism. We speak what we know to be true, and what you yourselves will admit to be true, if you will only pause and consider.

Q.—Is not an exception made in the case of oligarchy who preach revenge in the name of justice? or do they come under the same class?

A.—We should consider that they exhibit the spirit of Antichrist in the largest and broadest sense. Inasmuch as they profess to be teachers of the people, if they send forth such poisonous virus and call it the Christ principle, so much greater is their condemnation, provided they do this with an internal knowledge of doing wrong. We know many clergymen who, in their inner lives, know, for an absolute certainty, that they are preaching falsehood. Their consciences, even in the external, know this. They tell you they preach this way because the people demand such kind of spiritual food, and they must give it them. And so, for the filthy lucre of human life, they sell their birthright to heaven.

Q.—What argument would you give to show that there is not a controlling power of evil?

A.—We spirits recognize only one ruling power, and that is God; only one principle by which we are and through which we exist. This being true, there is no room for the opposite principle of evil, or what men call the Devil. Educate humanity to respect themselves, and evil will be very sure to disappear, or the God will be unfolded most beautifully, perfectly.

Q.—Did I understand you to state, the other day, that there was no need of the Bible in order to educate men to an idea of God?

A.—We did so state. There is no need of a written record in order to educate men in the idea of God.

Q.—Is God a God of love?

A.—Yes. Love being one of his attributes, as justice is one of his attributes, we may just as properly call him a God of love, as of justice. When we speak of him as a God of love, we do not intend you to understand that he is possessed of all love, by no means. You, in human, are possessed of love. It is an element of human na-

ture. Now, that same human nature is a child of God.

Q.—How do you explain the fact that Christianity was the first power that introduced the idea of a God-principle?

A.—We deny that Christianity was, by any means, the first power that introduced men to the idea of God.

Q.—When was it introduced?

A.—Many, many centuries before Christian religion had a name or existence upon the earth.

Q.—By whom was it recognized?

A.—By all ancients in every part of the globe, throughout the various planets inhabited by intelligent life. The rude savage recognizes that this God has an element of love in it; "for," he says, "I will try to do good, for then the Great Spirit will love me, be pleased with me. If I do evil, the Great Spirit will frown upon me, will visit me with storms and tempests; the sun will withdraw its face." So you see that these uncivilized children of the forest knew something about God's love.

Q.—Is it not possible for a man to have pleasurable emotions and yet not possess the element of love?

A.—These same pleasurable emotions, in our opinion, are founded in love.

Q.—Then, coming from God, we must be a part of God?

A.—Yes, certainly. We so intend you to understand us.

Q.—Might you not, as well say that because a man makes a watch, the watch is a part of the man?

A.—Yes; and a part of God, also. Now understand us to declare that the watch is a part of the maker of it, and of God, also. God takes care of the watch, also they never were made at all. We have before stated that we do not believe but in one Supreme Power, governing and preserving all things; therefore this same power governs and preserves the watch that governs and preserves you. The watch is but thought in form. The watch existed in thought before it ever had its external form.

Q.—Then there is no individuality about God?

A.—God is everything, is everywhere. God is the human being, is the watch, the tree, the flower, the planet, is the table. He is everything.

Q.—Is the present state of our government such as to insure a speedy peace to the nation?

A.—The present state or condition of your government may not be such to-day as to insure peace, permanent peace, but it is by no means sure that that government may not be remodeled; so much so as to eject from its body that poisonous plant that has been the cause of discord among you. To-day your government is not entirely convalescent. It is being purged, is in the hands of the Great Physician, and he will never leave it until it is either dead or cured.

Q.—I would like to ask if the spirits do not think that some of our Generals, such as Sheridan and Sherman, have shown a great want of wisdom in the manner of settling difficulties, such as accepting the parole of honor?

A.—It is not to be expected that Generals Sherman and Sheridan are possessed of all wisdom. They do not claim to be readers of human hearts; do not claim to judge men from their thoughts. They judge from their acts, their speech; and, in doing this, they very often make mistakes. But by these same mistakes they are to learn wisdom.

Q.—I have been impressed by the spirits that neither Sherman nor Sheridan should be elected to high places in our Federal Government, because they are not qualified for such important positions.

A.—It is not probable that either of these Generals will be trusted with any part of Governmental affairs, outside their own military department. They have served you very well; have made many mistakes, but who would not?

Q.—Do you think that tried and convicted traitors should be hung?

A.—There are various opinions concerning this subject. Many are opposed to this mode of treatment; many are in favor of it. It is the opinion of your speaker, that to confine such persons in some place where they would be prevented from doing any further harm, would be the best way of dealing with such offenders.

Q.—Do you think the American nation will be free from traitors until some traitor is punished for treason?

A.—It is our opinion that the American people will never be satisfied until these arch-traitors are hung. The entire spirit pervading the American nation seems to demand it. It is our opinion that that spirit will rule in this matter.

Q.—Do you think it will be well for the morality of the nation to hang traitors?

A.—In one sense it will, in another it will not; for, on one hand, it will nourish and foster the spirit of ancient barbarism, and, on the other, it will say to every individual, "Beware of treason!"

Q.—By sending traitors to the spirit-world, will they not have more power to do treason?

A.—We are not positively sure that they may be permitted to return, executing their vengeance upon the American nation. There are laws in the spirit-world for restraining wrong; but, however, it depends very much upon your position whether they are attracted to you or not. If you conduct yourselves, as a people, uprightly, if you seek earnestly to be led in the better way, if you ignore war and love peace, if you are willing to live in this world—mark us—with a competency, enough to serve your own happiness, if you are satisfied with yourselves, then be sure no traitors, whether in the spirit-world or world mortal, can ever harm you.

Q.—Are spirits dependent upon mediums for power to act upon material things?

A.—They are, most certainly.

Q.—I notice that there are many mediums throughout the land, who seem to be kept in idleness. Is there any object to be attained by spirits in their doing so?

A.—There are a great many things attributed to the action of disembodied spirits with which they have nothing to do. Many mediums commit evil acts—as it is said—through spirit-guidance, when, in truth, any spirit, aside from their own, has no guidance of them. And yet there are many cases where mediums are led this way and that, whether they will or not.

Q.—Do you perceive a necessity to keep the mediums in idleness?

A.—No, we certainly do not. The law of their physical nature demands that they should be employed. That law should be obeyed, else it will turn and rend them, sooner or later.

Q.—It is said that Jesus and his disciples were of that class of mediums?

A.—Yes, we know the record says so, but we know, also, that these same people were not the idlers they were represented to be.

Q.—How are we to know that?

A.—You cannot; all knowledge comes by experience. Unless you have had some experience with these persons, you cannot know that they did or did not labor.

Q.—Do we know that Christ ever lived at all?

A.—No, you do not know it positively. You

are told so. The testimony of various individuals is brought to bear upon it. You believe it, you do not know it. Did not we tell you many times that the record has been very imperfectly rendered?

Q.—Then I might say that I never had a father, because my father happened to die a few months before my birth.

A.—That is an absurdity.

Q.—Is it not the other?

A.—No; reasoning from common sense, you know you must have had a father.

Q.—Well, then, what positive evidence have you that such a person as Christ did exist?

A.—The evidence of testimony. We cannot believe so many were deceived. Well, after all, your belief is only negative belief, for positive knowledge comes only through experience. You do not know—you only believe it. Your evidence comes from the testimony of others. Now, our good friend, we honor you for the position you have taken. It is an honorable position. You have received the testimony of great and true men upon this subject, and although, as we have before said, your sacred record has been imperfectly rendered, nevertheless there is enough of truth there to bring this conviction to your mind, that such a person as Christ did exist in human form at the time stated; that he did have many enemies, because of his great spiritual powers; that he did perform the so-called miracles that were ascribed to him; that he was in every sense good and true. Seek on, friend; you are in the right way; we honor you for the testimony you have accepted as truth, and we know that, sooner or later, it will crown you with something better than you have now.

Q.—How is it that there are no persons upon earth at the present day who can perform miracles?

A.—There are plenty of them, if you will seek them out.

Q.—Do they perform miracles in the midst of their enemies?

A.—They certainly do. It is no uncommon occurrence; on the contrary, it is quite common. Yes, these self-same so-called miracles have for years been performed in the Society of Friends called Shakers, and surely they are honest people, very good people.

Q.—Of what benefit are their miracles to those by whom they are surrounded?

A.—Of what benefit were the so-called miracles of Christ, to any save that little special circle wherein he moved when on the earth?

Q.—Will you mention any one who at the present day performs miracles?

A.—J. B. Newton does the same thing; many hundreds of persons will bear testimony to the truth of our statement.

Q.—Do you ask us to believe that this Dr. Newton has power, like Christ, to raise the dead?

A.—No, we certainly do not, neither do we believe Christ ever did this. He never claimed to do this when on the earth. Even at the grave of Lazarus, Jesus himself says, "Lazarus is not dead, he only sleepeth." Now we want no better evidence of Christ's sincerity than his own words. We cannot believe that Lazarus was dead—so far as the body was concerned. Common sense teaches that such a thing would be a violation of law, and this good Nazarene never broke law.

Q.—Was it true that Lazarus laid in the grave three days?

A.—It might have been true; as to that, we cannot say. One of two things is certain: he was not dead, or if he was, he never was restored to animate physical life.

Q.—But the record says Lazarus had lain in the grave three days when Christ restored him?

A.—Well, then, we do not believe that Lazarus had lain in the grave three days.

Q.—Then you do not believe in the resurrection?

A.—No, we do not.

Q.—Do you think it possible for Christ to have been resurrected after his body was laid in the grave?

A.—If you ask if we believe that he was resurrected bodily and physically from the grave, we shall say no, emphatically NO. We ignore that. The theory is false—without foundation. If you will but wed your science to your religion, you will find this could not have occurred. Science proclaims to the contrary. Again, science also proclaims that this same Jesus so clothed himself in physical life after death, as to appear in the midst of his friends. But that harmony could be restored between the spirit and physical life after the body of Christ had passed through death, we do not believe. We know this could not be. We deny that these physical bodies, after they have been resurrected, they may come up in the form of grass or daisies, but not in life human, for such a thing would be contrary to law.

Q.—Who gave the law?

A.—The Law-Giver, and no one has power to break that law.

Q.—Who is this Law-Giver?

A.—The Great Principle of Life. May 16.

Hugh Fitzwilliam.

I am forced to return, forced to enter the condition of those I have left, and by the power that seems to attract me to them.

Early in the rebellion I was almost absolutely compelled to enter the army, and at one time I expressed myself in favor of the North. I said something like this: "I believe that slavery is the cause of all this misunderstanding; and, for my part, I hope that it will be wiped out before we lay down our arms."

Well, I was waited upon by some of my neighbors, who denounced me as a dangerous man, and declared their intention to deal harshly with me unless I raised the rebel flag, and, what is more, shouldered the musket.

I said, "Do you worst; I shan't do either." Well, they came to my house late one afternoon between sundown and dark, prepared to act like anything but Christian people toward me. My wife and children were there, and through their prayers I was induced to obey their wishes.

"For," said they, "what will we do without you? What will become of us? Oh, for our sakes, if not your own, raise the flag and go into the army. Don't let them kill you, for we could not live without you."

Well, my patriotism said, don't raise the flag, don't shoulder the musket; but my love for my family triumphed.

I raised the flag; shouldered the musket, and I cursed them at the same time. I contemplated deserting quite a number of times, but then I knew in case I did that my family would be likely to suffer thereby. I saw no way of getting them free. If I deserted myself, they could not, and I knew they would be left to suffer in consequence of such a step.

Sometimes I'd think, I can't stand it any longer, I'll get free somehow; but when I'd think of them, I'd plod on.

Since your Union armies have entered Richmond I've entered the spirit-world—died. I was in the hospital at the time, and while I was there I learned something about coming back. There

was a good many of the soldiers there who were from New England, and they were posted about these things, and want to tell of 'em, either, to those who were about crossing the river to the other side.

Now I have the faintest kind of a hope that I may reach my family by coming here to-day. I'm unhappy because they're in want, and the old saying is, "one that is drowning will grab at a straw." So I have come here, hoping I may be able to reach my family. Now that peace is expected, it is possible your Government may seek them out and deal kindly with them. But there's so many of them, I fear that some may be overlooked.

The name of my poor body that I laid off here was Hugh Fitzwilliam. I was forty-one years of age. For about thirteen years I was in the turpentine business. I had enough, and never knew what it was to want for anything that makes people happy here, since the days of my boyhood. I saw some pretty hard times when I was a boy, but got along very well in after years. But I suppose it's a well known fact that the greedy war of the Southern rebellion has taken in the property of many beside myself. I was without the means to help my family, and dependent upon strangers, at the time of my death.

But I call on those that are left, that induced me—there are two, I think three, left, who induced me—to enter the rebel army against my wish, in the name of the God they know very little about, to seek out my family and give them assistance. So sure as they do n't, so sure, some day, vengeance will be visited upon them. If I don't do it, somebody else will. [Where did you reside?] Well, the place I called my home was about four miles from Danville, Georgia. They'll any of them tell you where Hugh Fitzwilliam's plantation is. My place has been used, well, I believe at one time as a hospital barracks, and God only knows for what else, I don't. [Is your family there?] At last accounts they were in one of the cabins, negro quarters. They removed from the big house. The Confederate Government ordered it, demanded the house, and they had to give it up. Well, perhaps it's right, but it's the kind of right I don't recognize. I beg pardon for exhibiting my feelings. I am honest. Good-day.

May 16.

Willie Short.

I'm Willie Short, sir, from Buffalo.

I'm here to answer a call that's made upon my father, because he can't come to answer it. When my father was at Johnson's Island, on Government business, he met a gentleman there who was also in Government service, by the name of Thompson, that questioned something about this coming back of disembodied spirits, and my father told him at that time, that if he died first he would just as sure come back and manifest to him, and, he would speak, also, of their conversation, as sure as he was talking with him then.

Well, my father says he had so many things to think of that he forgot the circumstance, until the gentleman here just a few days ago had recalled it to his mind by thinking something like this: "Well, I think that friend Short's spiritual theory was a humbug, for he's never fulfilled his promise to me."

The conversation was upon the subject of war, my father contending, as he says, that the war was a necessity, and as such a Christian necessity—as any other manifestation of life. Well, the gentleman believed so, but he didn't see how my father could argue in favor of war because he professed to believe in Spiritualism; especially as he'd often said that he'd rather suffer wrong than do wrong. But still my father persisted in declaring the present war to be a necessity, that it would continue until slavery was crushed out, and then there would be perpetual peace. So that was the subject of the conversation; and my father wishes him to know that he has come back already, himself. He don't want him to think hard of him, or that he meant to deal unfairly with him in not returning to him, but there were so many other matters to call him to earth, that he entirely forgot the circumstance. He could n't think of everything; that's what he means.

My father says, if Mr. Thompson will meet him where there's one of these Bibles to be found—he used to call the mediums his Bibles—and, by the way, he says they're the only Bibles worth reading—so now he says where there's one of these Bibles—a good one, he means—he'll be there himself, and manifest in such a way as to let him know it's Levi Short, and nobody else.

Tell my mother, sir, that Charlotte—that's my sister, and never spoke here; she lived here most twenty-three years, but she was deaf and dumb; but since my father has been in the spirit-world, he's been laboring earnestly to learn her to use the vocal organs of a w. dium—Bible, my father says—and he thinks he shall succeed; and soon as he does, if he does, Charlotte will speak to her mother. Good-by, sir.

May 16.

Invocation.

Spirit of the springtime and the harvest, and the summer wind, and heat, and shade, oh, let us hear thy voice sounding over the billows of life, calling us to enter the temple of wisdom and learn of thee, through thy law. Oh Soul of Eternity, thou to whom we can give no name; Presence sublime, whose life we cannot analyze, whose being is to us all life, hear thou our prayer; lead us through thy law until we shall know thee better. Then we shall love and serve thee more perfectly. Talk to us through the flowers and winds, through the tempest and calm, through sunshine and shadow. Talk to us, and we will listen to thy voice. Speak from out the mysterious past, and we will hear thee, ever thee. Bless us in the glorious present, and we will praise thee in that present. Prophecy unto us of the future, and we will sing thee a song that is born of hope. May we be teachers of thy law in Spirit and in Truth. May it be with faith signifying to thy mortal children thou art a Spirit and they must worship thee in Spirit and Truth; that thou art in all things, therefore everywhere. Thy love is deep, and wide, and high. It filleth all life, taketh in its embrace all things. We lay upon thy sacred altar all the aspirations of thy children. Thou wilt bless them, we know; thou wilt answer confidently, and so we return thee praises for that we pray for. Amen. May 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will consider the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—J. I. writes as follows: QUES.—I have heard singing in my head for seven or eight years. One woman sings in the left side, and two men sing on the right side. They will sing any tune that I am familiar with, and seem to be governed by my thoughts from one to another. Can you explain why this is so?

ANS.—Inasmuch as we have no special knowledge concerning the case in question, we cannot give any opinion concerning it.

Q.—[From the audience.]—Do spirits, in the spirit-land, follow after wisdom, and find the ready means to obtain it?

A.—Yes, they do. The spirit is ever seeking

for wisdom, whether within the confines of mortality, or freed from it; ever seeks for wisdom, in one way or another. Some seek for it through thorny paths, and some through paths strewn with flowers.

Q.—Is there perfect freedom of not and will?

A.—The soul is governed by law. It never trespasses upon law. It is free, so far as it acts in accordance with law. But should it desire to pass beyond the limits of law, it would find itself restrained.

Q.—It is affirmed that spirits move from place to place with great rapidity. How and by what means is this transportation effected?

A.—The spirit is more subtle than the medium, or spirit atmosphere in which it dwells. That atmosphere offers no resistance to its bodily motion. It passes from one point to another with the rapidity of thought. You know how fast you can think, so you know how fast you can travel in the spirit-world.

Q.—Is the moral status of man the same, immediately and for some considerable time after entering the spirit-land, as before? That is, is "He that is unjust, unjust still? he that is righteous, righteous still?"

A.—Yes, the disembodied spirit is precisely the same immediately after the chemical change called death, as it was prior to that change. In many instances, they continue to stand upon the same spiritual ground for an indefinite length of time.

Q.—Were those persons in the time of Christ who are called demoniac, verily possessed of evil spirits, or simply lunatics, or mad?

A.—They might have been possessed by disorderly spirits. And again, their peculiar condition might have been induced by some physical inharmonious. It is affirmed by the record that they were possessed of devils, which means disorderly spirits; intelligences that were disposed to do evil. We are of the opinion that the record gives you truth, and not falsehood. We believe these persons to have been possessed by evil spirits, obsessed, taken possession of, controlled.

Q.—It is claimed by clairvoyants, that while in the mesmeric state, they possess greatly enhanced powers of understanding; and their discourses and revelations seem to confirm this. If this be true, is it justly inferable thence, that their extended mental vision is due wholly to the proximity of the soul, while in the mesmeric state, to its condition after dissolution? and that all men, when disenthralled from the body, have a similar experience?

A.—Yes, the soul, or spirit, or thinking part of human life, is ever clairvoyant. Its powers are far superior to the powers that are exhibited through human life. It cannot project the full force of its own God-given power through the senses of the body. But when it is removed from those senses, or brought into the atmosphere of the soul-world, then its senses are used through the spiritual body. The faculties of soul then do not really become stronger, but the manifestation is stronger.

Q.—Where was the ancient Ophir, whence Solomon's ship, in a voyage of three years, brought gold, precious stones, spices, &c.?

A.—In the far distant East.

Q.—Is that land above or below the waters of the earth now?

A.—It is said by certain scientific intelligences that the locality known as the ancient Ophir is at present entirely submerged. Of ourselves, we do not know.

Q.—Is the account of the creation of the world, the fall and condemnation of man, as given by Moses, to be understood allegorically, or according to the letter?

A.—There are many symbols given in the present day representing conditions, representing ideas, representing localities. This written symbol is, in our opinion, but an allegorical picture.

CHAIRMAN.—A. E. G. asks the following questions:

1st Q.—Last evening, May 17th, at about half-past eight o'clock, I sat upon the piazza of my house and observed the phenomenon of a thunderstorm. The evening was not so dark but that I could see whoever and whatever passed up the street, but not so clearly as to identify persons, except when flashes of lightning revealed them clearly to my vision. The street on which my house is situated lies on the side of a hill. Suddenly there appeared, as it were, in the street, and about four feet above the surface, a dark shade and outline of an animal about the size and form of a cat, and with almost inconceivable swiftness dashed by me up the hill. I was surprised, and queried as to the

Correspondence in Brief.

A Note from Mrs. Townsend.

DEAR FRIENDS—The reason I have made no engagements to speak in any of the many places where I have been invited, is because I feel that I must rest from the lecturing field for a time. In order to be able to remain in this sphere of existence, and be in any way serviceable in coming time. Both physical and mental, need rest and opportunity to recuperate, and I am going among my native hills, where I can breathe the pure air; drink the fresh clear waters, "clear as crystal"; see the cattle grazing in the fields; hear the birds chanting their melodious anthems to the Giver of all good; lay my weary head upon my blessed mother's bosom, and hear again the voice that sang the lullaby song to my listening babyhood, ever rich and sweet with its undying melody; look upon my dear father, whose hair is silvering with years; listen to the songs my brother and sisters sing, and luxuriate in the autumn ripeness of my dear old grandfather and grandmother, whose peaceful souls are young in the glory of our sacred philosophy, and in that pure love which has cemented their lives as one, during almost sixty years of married life. More than wealth and all worldly honors do they prize their home, and all I want to "go into the mountains," all alone with God and nature, shake off the dust of the world from my feet, and the conflicting and poisonous magnetisms I have accumulated from human conditions, from my mind and soul, and learn what I am!

I shall often think of you, dear friends, and pray that I may make myself worthy to bear to your homes (when again I come among you) rich offerings from Nature's pure altar, to refresh and strengthen you, also, in life's weary pilgrimage. Think of me as one who loves all our Father's children, one who has no condemnation for His children, one who in my ignorance I cannot comprehend all; and if you feel disposed to write me your thoughts or feelings, address me at Bridge-water, Vermont, after this month until further notice.

Yours ever for Eternal Truth,
M. S. TOWNSEND.

Chicopee, June 14th, 1865.

Appreciative and Encouraging.

DEAR BANNER—I return to you my grateful acknowledgment for your timely arrival at my rural home in the Green Mountain State. Many thanks are due your numerous able contributors for their untiring efforts to create the minds of people, and point out the erring humanity a path that will lead them to a higher destiny and influence their minds to a true sense of right and duty, and inspire them to cultivate an appreciation for the truly beautiful. Would that all could esteem your worth—but alas! too few can perceive your real merit. To me you are indeed twice welcome, for from your sacred pages I have learned many truths. Success to you always, and a bountiful reward to all laborers in your noble cause. For all earnest investigators and searchers for truth, there is, indeed, to be found on your bright pages an unlimited amount of spiritual food, that is always nourishing, and what health must crave. As time rolls on, and all have necessarily advanced one step up the ladder of progression, may more sorrowing hearts be cheered by your soothing influence, and many more be guided by your friendly hand of virtue; yet there are already vast numbers that find consolation in gleaning from your fields of knowledge a spiritual harvest; but how much more could earth's erring children be benefited could you claim a more extended circulation. However much there is to be regretted, we will cherish the hope that the future will crown you with undying honor.

As I am deprived of the privilege of associating with many of the readers of the Banner, I would be pleased to open correspondence with a limited number of progressive minds for improvement.

Miss CARIE BROWN.

Quebec, Vt., 1865.

A Spirit Portrait.

Permit me, through the columns of your excellent paper, to mention a remarkable test of spirit manifestation, through the mediumship of Mr. N. B. Starr, of Cincinnati. It is a life-sized portrait of my spirit son, whose fair hand and face, the blossoms of his bright summer, it is now five years since his advent to the spirit-world. The features have not changed, as I had expected from his surroundings, but on the contrary, are quite natural; and I could readily have recognized them in any place, a fact giving ample evidence that spirits do retain their identity after the form is laid aside.

What sweet consolation does this cherished faith impart to earth's sorrowing ones. Instead of passing weeks, months, or even years, in bitter sorrow, we ought to rejoice in the blessed assurance that our dear ones are disenthralled from pain and disease, disinherited of all trials incident to this life, and are rejoicing in the re-creating powers of holy affection in that higher sphere of action and of love, to which we are all hastening.

Mr. Starr is a personal stranger to me, having only heard of his blessed mission through the Banner of Light; I was induced to address him upon the subject, when a most beautiful vision was presented him of my child, and afterwards, a perfect view of his residence, then in the State of New York. Mr. S. assured me that he was induced to take his brush and commence the portrait, which I have now received, and which is pronounced a splendid painting; so natural and life-like, that I oftentimes feel as if I must hear the voice. In all, it is the source of great comfort; and my unfeigned gratitude to the blessed influence who controlled Mr. S., and also to him as a medium, is beyond expression.

Most respectfully,
Hartford, Mich. Miss C. M. TITUS.

J. H. W. Tooley in Cincinnati.

Since the advent of our friend E. V. Wilson, of whose success in this vicinity I lately gave you an account, we have been favored with a visit from Mr. Tooley, and assuredly have our Spiritualist friends in this quarter been benefited thereby. The noticeable features of Mr. Tooley's lectures, and what should bring them within the sphere of the "secular" press, is the subject matter of his discourses, and the method he uses to illustrate them. Professing to speak from a purely scientific standpoint, he rears, without being a disciple of Prof. Huxley or of Huxley, the doctrine of the incompatibility of temperaments, and presses into his service charts, diagrams and pictures, and brings the human head, face and body into scientific significance.

The health, beauty and derangements of the temperaments occupied one series of lectures on consecutive Sunday evenings. At the close of each lecture, examinations of character were made psychographically (i. e., from writing), phenologically and physiologically. And what makes this course of lectures so significant as a sign of the times, the willingness of large audiences to come together and listen for over two hours to a practical exposition of the physical side of anthropology, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather.

Mr. T. entered minutely into the affairs of everyday life, and riveted the attention of old and young. It is hoped he will revisit us early in the fall.

WILLIAM M'DIARMID.

Cincinnati, O., June 14, 1865.

Griswold's Pictures.

Within a few days, dear Banner, I have called twice upon our sick brother, Dr. Griswold, at Batavia, and find him mortally stricken with pulmonary disease, and gradually sinking, and pushing at no distant day to put off the mortal and enter upon the realities of the higher life. Notwithstanding his very feeble state, he is laboring diligently to sketch and perfect another of his beautiful and impressive original paintings of the "Descent of the Angels." He hopes to be able to complete this painting before leaving for the bright Summer-land, that he may leave the perfected set as a priceless legacy to his family.

He has constantly on hand photographs of the paintings already completed, notices of which have appeared in the Banner, one or more of which will be a good investment for an appreciative purchaser; besides, by sending in orders, the means will be of much service to him in defraying the expenses attending completing and mounting the set. Let us, by bestowing a discriminating patronage upon our brother, cheer him in his confinement, and cause his last days on earth to be his happiest. He has devoted his best and his highest efforts for many years to the promulgation of the glorious Gospel of the New

Dispensation, and feels that the present is the crowning work of his life. Forward your orders promptly. Yours for progress, J. W. SEAVEN.

Byron, N. Y., June 1, 1865.

Pleasant-Wisconsin Soldiers' Home.

[The following note came too late for last week's paper. We give it an insertion now; though late, it is not too late for those who are disposed to aid in the noble object alluded to.]

The Spiritualists of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the country and villages adjacent, will hold a picnic on Tuesday, the 27th instant, at the Forest Home, three miles east of Waukegan, on the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad. The main object of the picnic, aside from the social reunion and recreation of the occasion, will be to gather a liberal contribution in aid of the Wisconsin Soldiers' Home, which is to be established through the aid of a great fair which will open in Milwaukee on the 28th.

The picnic will be enlivened by good music. Several popular speakers will be present. All societies and orders of men are responding nobly to the call for means to erect and ably sustain a permanent Soldiers' Home for the battle-bruised and war-worn veterans of Wisconsin, who have so faithfully and bravely upheld the pillars of our shattered national edifice, and restored its foundations solid and sure; and Spiritualists ought not to be behindhand in their contributions in aid of the cause.

Contributors are asked to send to E. V. Wilson, Milwaukee, or handed to E. V. Wilson, who is lecturing in the State at present, will be thankfully received and promptly appropriated to the general fund.

GEORGE GODFREY.

Meetings in Worcester.

Spiritualism is still alive here, and on the increase—the cause being stronger to-day than ever before. Meetings are held every Sabbath afternoon and evening in Horticultural Hall, which is well filled with attentive and appreciative audiences. During the present month we are enjoying the labors of C. A. Hayden, whose lectures have been replete with thrilling interest. He is certainly a very powerful exponent of our beautiful faith. During July Miss Emma Houston is to speak to us. This is her third engagement in this city. Being a very graceful and eloquent speaker, and one of rare inspirational powers, she holds her audiences attentive listeners to the close of the discourse. She has made many converts to Spiritualism in this city, for she combines an irreproachable character with a true spirit of charity, which cannot fail to inspire the most fastidious minds with love and respect. From this place she goes to Buffalo for a month's engagement; thence to Cincinnati and other Western cities. We congratulate the Western people in being able to secure so able an advocate of the cause, and we only fear they may retain her too long among them. May the good angels go with her, protect and direct her in her labors in the glorious cause.

M. P. J.

Worcester, Mass., June 16, 1865.

From California.

I hope this will reach you before my subscription is out. I have been from home, and could not write before. It is impossible for me to live without the Banner. It has been a light in my household for the last six years, and although I have become poorer, as regards money and property, still the heart of the Banner has been a flow from our heaven-born philosophy, published in the Banner, cheer me on the rugged, weary path of life. The Message Department is of great interest to me. It is the first thing I read, and oh! how anxiously do I look for the names of dear friends who have crossed the beautiful river. Some day they will visit your circle, and send a message to me in this far-off land of sunset and gold. I have had some beautiful tests of spirit identity through Mr. Mansfield, and have listened with delight to the sustaining words spoken by Miss Harding. These Oh, yes, light is breaking here in California, and I believe that we will become more spiritual. My prayer is, that the Banner may float and wave throughout our State, and its light shine in every household.

Yours for Truth, E. SMITH.

San Francisco, Cal.

To Speakers Going West.

I have been requested to say that at Havana, Mason Co., Ill., speakers and mediums, who can labor to edification, will be welcome at the pleasant home of Mr. James Boggs, and for services rendered will be properly rewarded. Havana is a thriving town on the east bank of the Illinois River, and on the Peoria, Pekin and Jacksonville Railroad, between forty and fifty miles below Peoria. I have just given the friends there four regular lectures, and a general discourse on the doctrine of Dr. R. G. Nye, a homeopathist of fine reputation. The course called out the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. McElroy, who thought our religion was "refined infidelity." We think to visit them again this fall.

L. K. COOLEY.

Havana, Mason Co., Ill., 1865.

The Spiritualists' Platform.

The recent Convention of Spiritualists, held in Boston, adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the present systems of civil polity, ecclesiastical, and political, are radically defective in ignoring the elements and principles now being unfolded in the light of the congregated intelligence of the spiritual world; therefore,

Resolved, That the time has come, and the revolutions now agitating our country, when Spiritualists, and all who can co-operate with them, should come into council to discuss the best methods of the lecture or oration, and the elements and principles may be effectually applied and carried to the reconstruction of Church, State, and Society in every department, and to the adoption of new methods for making reform, signs of encouragement in the great cause of ecclesiastical freedom.

Resolved, That Spiritualism adopts and re-publishes all that is true to the religion of the Indian, the Jew, the Mohammedan and the Christian, and demonstrates again and anew the brotherhood of the race, the immortality of the soul, and the actuality of spiritual existence.

Resolved, That Science, not Theology, interprets the nature and constitution of the mind, the health and beauty of the body, and fittingly translates the wealth and nature, the poverty of the ages, and the best methods for making reform, signs of encouragement in the great cause of ecclesiastical freedom.

Resolved, That individual conscience, under the quickening and illuminating influences of angel intelligence, is the only reliable guide of the individual and of Spiritualists, therefore, ignore the authority of sects and institutions, in seeking to erect arbitrary standards of creed and discipline.

However else Spiritualists may be divided, on one point they are united: the Bible must be put down. The attacks of some are open and avowed, those of others covert and insidious, and made under the guise of friendship. But the assaults of both classes will fail, by and by the book which they have labored so industriously to destroy they will be judged in the last day.—Ez.

I clip the above Resolutions, Mr. Editor, from *The World's Crisis*. I am rather at a loss how to deal with Bro. Grant in this matter, for he appends "Ez." to the article, intimating that it is copied from some other paper. But I am prepared to say that the assertion contained in the introductory paragraph is false, in whole and in part. No such Resolutions were passed at the "recent Convention of Spiritualists held in Boston, nor were they before the Convention for discussion. If they were read there, (which I can neither affirm nor deny) it must have been done by some individual, on their own motion, for had they been accepted, they would have come into the possession of the Secretaries. I do not wish to convey the idea that I think the Resolutions would have been inappropriate for such a Convention to adopt, for I substantially endorse them; but let truth be spoken. We will be approved or condemned for what we say and do, not for what is falsely attributed to us. Will Bro. Grant correct his misinformed?

But I have one word more upon the asserted unity of Spiritualists, in putting down the Bible. This is as false as the declaration that the Convention passed those Resolutions. There is no topic in reference to which they are more divided, as the speeches at this same Convention made manifest. Spiritualists have no desire to "put down the Bible." This and similar misstatements are continually thrust upon Spiritualists by clerical bigots, who do not let the people the facts respecting the Bible, nor allow it to be done by others. We, as Spiritualists, have no war with the Bible. We understand it, for we, and we alone, have the

key of its interpretation. The so-called Christian world is groping in the deadly darkness of the letter, biting and devouring each other, in the confusion worse confounded of opposing texts and contrary interpretations.

In one thing we are united, if in nothing else; we have solemnly resolved that we will no longer be led by theological teachers, nor submit to pious cant as the word of God; nor allow their claim of being the special ambassadors of the Most High. This is our offense. We defy their impotent threats of God's vengeance, for we are his children. We repudiate their unsupported assumptions concerning the Testaments, and take the testimony of the Books and history instead.

It is not because we are irreligious, or infidel, that we are persecuted and belied, but we have dared to repudiate the priesthood. They will forgive anything except what trenches upon their authority or perquisites. Where these are concerned, they are as relentless as their own fabled Devil, as unforgiving as their angry Deity. All forms of ordinary sin cloak themselves with the broadegis of Church approval, provided the clergy are honored and well fed. But no amount of moral rectitude and benevolent living can save any man from priestly malediction, if he refuses to pay them homage. Spiritualists have incurred this crime, and the article quoted above is only one of a multitude of proofs of the fact. Because, we do "labor industriously to destroy" the perverting and demoralizing influence of the clergy upon mankind, they very audaciously endeavor to beslime us with an opprobrious crime, by asserting that we are to a man seeking to "put down the Bible." Gentlemen, this dodge can't save you. We are too well acquainted with you, and your craftiness. We war not with the Bible, but with you; and with you, not as men, but as priests.

In conclusion, I invite any regular clergyman to discuss the following questions, at such time and place as may be agreed on hereafter:

1. Is the Bible, as a whole, historically and chronologically true?
2. Is there any sufficient evidence that it was written by the persons whose names are appended to the several books of the same?
3. Is there any evidence that the writers were inspired of God, or that God ever commanded one single book thereof to be written, or sanctioned it, when written?
4. Is there proof that the original writings, if such there were, have been preserved unaltered and uncorrupted, and then correctly translated.
5. Is there any evidence to show that the mode in which the seers and prophets of Bible story received their asserted inspirations, was any different in principle from that in which spirit mediums of to-day receive theirs?

I will see that the negative of the above questions is cared for, when the champion of the affirmative appears.

J. S. LOVELAND,

Secretary of the Convention.

Apparition of Queen Sophia.

The Queen Sophia appeared several times to her husband, George I. of England, announcing each time his approaching death. Not succeeding in breaking up his liaison with the beautiful Lady Horatia, and as the king always doubted the reality of her appearance, she died one day a knot in a lace cravat, and said if any mortal hand could untie it, the king and his mistress might laugh at her words. Lady Horatia tried to untie the knot but could not, and angrily threw the cravat into the fire. The king hastily snatched it, all blazing, from the grate, and by accident set fire to the light robes of his mistress, who, enveloped in flames, ran shrieking through the palace, and died in horrible sufferings. The king died two months after, in 1727.

Jommy Gordon, meeting the prosecutor of a felon, named *Pilgrim*, who was convicted and sentenced to be transported at the Cambridge Assizes, exclaimed, "You have done, sir, what the Pope of Rome could never do; you have put a stop to *Pilgrim's Progress*."

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the United States and Canada the National Executive Committee send Greeting.

THE SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1865, and continuing in session from day to day, till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members.

This call extends to all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization.

All Spiritualists and other Reformers throughout the world, are respectfully invited to send delegates to attend and participate in the discussions of the questions which may come before the Convention.

S. S. JONES, Chairman,
F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec.,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.,
M. F. SHUEY,
SOPHONIA E. WARNER,
MILCO O. MONT,
WARREN CHASE,
SILVER J. FINNEY,
H. B. STORER,
MARY F. DAVIS,
A. M. SPENCE,
M. M. DANIEL.

April 15, 1865.

Annual Festival—Basket Picnic.

The sixth annual festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society will be held at the Grove in St. Charles, Ill., commencing on Saturday, and continue till Sunday evening, July 1st and 2d.

Trance and normal speakers are, as usual, especially invited.

Let free-thinkers from far and near come, laden with cheerful souls and well-filled baskets, and will, as usual, have a "feast of reason and flow of soul." By order of the Executive Com.

A. V. SULL, Sec.

St. Charles, June 1, 1865.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting on the 4th of July next, near the village of Laphamville, Bent Co., Mich. Rev. J. M. Peabody will address the audience at nine A. M., and Mrs. M. J. Kutz at eleven A. M.; Rev. J. M. Peabody again at two P. M. A large attendance is expected; a good time anticipated. A general invitation is extended. Come all. Our mansion is large and commodious.

GEORGE FRENCH, Cor. Sec.

Laphamville, Mich., June 13, 1865.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Cadiz, Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th, 26th and 27th of August.

SILAS L. BRAFFITT,
DR. S. SMALL,
DR. COOPER,
AGNES COOK,

Committee.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Verona, Me., and vicinity, will hold a Grove Meeting at their place, one-half mile from Bucksport, on Tuesday, July 4th, at 10 A. M., and 2 P. M. Isaac P. Greenleaf is engaged to attend, and several other speakers will be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all, as the platform will be free. Come one and all, and let us have a good union meeting. Per order Committee,

Verona, May 15, 1865. NEHEMIAH BASSETT.

Spiritual Festival.

The Spiritualists of Eden Mills, Vt., and vicinity, will celebrate the coming 4th of July, and hold a Levee in the evening at the Hall. Speaker for the day, Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday morning at 10 A. M., in Northern Middlesex, at 105 A. St. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, truce speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

PROGRESSIVE SERVICE, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. Free.

CHESAPEAKE. The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, for regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie R. Taylor, Oct. 18.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in the afternoon at 2 P. M. Speaker engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuffy, July 2 and 9.

ROCKLAND, Mass.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker engaged—Charles A. Hayden, July 2. Meetings during the summer months at 1 P. M. and 8 P. M.

TAUNTON, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concert Hall, 74 P. M. Admission 5 cents. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Cuffy, July 16, 23 and 30.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during September; Mrs. Fannie R. Taylor, Oct. 18.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden, July 9 and 16; Mrs. F. L. Wadsworth, July 23 and 30; Mrs. Nellie Temple Hingham during September; Charles A. Hayden during October; Mrs. F. L. Wadsworth during November.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. F. L. Wadsworth, July 2 and 9; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; J. M. Peabody, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 and 10 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 A. M. Speaker engaged—Miss Emma Harding during September.

FOXBORO, Mass.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, corner of Congress and Elm streets. Free Conference in the forenoon. Speakers engaged—Mrs. F. L. Wadsworth, July 2 and 9; Mrs. Laura Cuffy during October.

OLD TOWN, Mass.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Sullivan hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.

ROCKLAND, Mass.—Meetings are held at Rankin Hall every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Regular speaker—J. N. Hodges.

DOVER AND FOXBORO, Mass.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Universalist church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. Speakers engaged—Miss Emma Harding during July; W. K. Peabody during August and September.

NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel every Sunday. Seats free.

Meetings are also held at Exhbit Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 P. M.

VIRGINIA, N. J.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings at Union Hall.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, 10 and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves the Spiritualists and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a person who is known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

MISS LIZZIE DUTCH will speak in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many correspondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, of Fremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CUFFY will lecture in Quincy, July 2 and 9; in Taunton, July 16, 23 and 30; in Haverhill during August; in Lowell, Mass., during September. She will answer calls to speak week evenings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Lowell, July 2, 9 and 16; in Haverhill, July 23 and 30; in Seymour, Conn., during August; in New York, during September. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

DR. L. C. COOK will lecture and heal in Havana, Spain, Lacon, LaPrairie Centre, Henry and Peoria. Address until July 15th, Springfield, Marshall Co., Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

M. H. Houghton will speak in Locke's Mills, Me., July 21, in Stafford, Conn., July 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the coming fall and winter. Address as above, or West Paris, Me.

Moses HULL will speak in Juncosville, Mich., July 2. He will attend grove meetings, if applied to in season. Address accordingly, or Decatur, Mich.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CUMMINS will lecture in Bangor, Me., during July and August, and in Milford, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven, Conn., or Bangor, Me.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Foxboro, July 2; in Haverhill, July 9 and 16; in Bucksport, Me., July 23 and 30; in Chelsea, Mass., during September; in Lowell during October. He will also lecture during November. He will make engagements to speak in the West through the winter and spring of 1866, if the friends desire. Address as above.

ALBERT E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the 1st Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHASE's address will be South Hardwick, Vt., during July and August, and in Milford, N. H., Sept. 3 and 10. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Woodstock, Vt., July 9 and 16. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

Mrs. H. T. STEARNS will lecture in Dover, Me., July 2, in Kenduskeag, July 9; in Glenburn, July 15; in Bradford, July 23. Address, South Exeter, Me.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., and in Taunton, Mass., during July and August. Address as above.

MISS EMMA HARDING will lecture in Providence, R. I., during July. Address, 8 Fourth avenue, New York. Her time is all taken up prior to leaving for Europe.

J. M. PEABODY, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during September and October.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in St. Charles, Me., July 2, and Aug. 6, in Glenburn, July 23, and Aug. 27; in Lowell, July 16, and Aug. 20; in Newport, July 9, and Aug. 13; in Haverhill, Mass., during September. Address, Exeter Mills, Me.

Mrs. E. M. FLETCHER will speak at Sheddville, in West Windsor, Vt., July 9, 16, 23 and 30, and in South Exeter, Me., during September. She is requested to consult her letter, directing their communications to further notice, to Woodstock, Vt.

ALONDA WILKINS, M. D., inspirational speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri, July, Aug. and Sept. in Kansas, Oct. Nov. and Dec. Address, in care of Jas. Hudson, Peoria, Ill., until late.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak