

BANNER LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

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JESSIE GRAY, in the Clerk's Office of the District
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JESSIE GRAY.

Written expressly for the Banner of
Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER III.

"Another little form asleep
And a little spirit gone,
Another little voice hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the sky,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.
The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem;
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply.
For that silvery voice is blended with
In minstrelsy on high."

It was a very exciting time in Dalton, in the Fall of this year. John Selden was ambitious to retain his seat in Congress. The Judge had refused the nomination, but was a zealous partisan for the candidate of his party. Selden was pleased at the withdrawal of the Judge, knowing that he was the most powerful competitor which could be brought against him. He determined that neither time, money, nor any other consideration should stand in the way of his success. The Judge was as determined that if he could prevent it, John should not succeed; and when Carrie laughingly said one day:

"My dear wife," said the Judge, seriously, "it is for John's good that I am now opposing him. My respect for his mother prompts my course. You cannot understand it; I see, and I am glad you cannot. I hope John will not be elected; and I shall thus be saved a most painful duty. You are not troubled that I should have any secret from you—such a subject as this, are you, Carrie?"

"Not at all, guardian," she replied. (She often used this phrase of her childhood, especially at times when would show her perfect trust.) "You are right, no doubt, now, as you always are. My only trouble was, that you seemed to have forgotten our obligation to dear Annie. I do not think John will make any difference with regard to Birdie. I must, at great sacrifice even, have the dear child with me as much as possible. I am sorry to see that Anna takes the opposite side in politics from her husband. We will not encourage her in so doing."

"By no means, Carrie; never let the subject be mentioned in our family circle. If Anna introduces it, tell her decidedly that you prefer to say nothing. Poor Anna! I foresee only trouble for her. John has not forgiven her taking the child away in the clandestine manner she did last summer. I understand his disposition too well for that, and I am sure he will have his revenge. I wish Anna could have seen that forbearance and gentleness, as she will move him. It is too late now; they will never be in full harmony again, though I hope for the best."

"Yes, poor Anna. She is less to blame, I think, than John; and if I could soften his heart toward her, I would rejoice."

"It is a terrible temptation, but perhaps it is just one, for a woman who marries from mercenary motives. I have been thinking if we should invite Mrs. Homer here, there might be more hope of reconciliation for Anna and her husband. She is a constant source of irritation to John, and I am not sure but she might be also to me; had I not a wife who would be a safe conductor for the electricity. She resembles her mother in disposition, and I was never very fond of my father's second wife."

"She would not be a very pleasant addition to our family circle," said Mrs. Perry, "but if there is any hope of reconciliation for Anna, I would gladly submit to it."

The invitation was accepted by Mrs. Homer, who had become weary of the second party which she was obliged to act in John Selden's household, for the manager had restored Hannah's rights, and she now made pickles and everything else in the kitchen department, as she had formerly done under Mrs. Selden's elder.

It was a strange household—this of John Selden's—the wife remaining most of the time in her own room, occasionally going into the drawing room when her husband was absent, or walking in the garden with Birdie during the office hours; but when he was at home, she made her appearance only at the table, where great formality prevailed. Occasionally he gave a dinner, and then Anna presided with so much grace and dignity, that the guests were charmed, and congratulated Selden over their wine, upon his choice of a wife. "Let us drink her health, gentlemen," he would say, and addressly turn the conversation. To these dinners Birdie was never admitted, but found shelter either in the housekeeper's room, or over at Aunt Carrie's, where she was always welcome. Selden never courted admiration for his little one. Her picture, painted by one of the best artists, hung in his room. The richest clothing adorned her little person, and he never went from home that he did not return laden with choice gifts for her. But she was to him like gold to the miser. He seemed jealous of any earnest given to another. Every morning when he was at home, she rode with him; and he who was so reserved and haughty in his manner, to those who were not numbered among his particular friends, who had few words for the faithful domestics who had served him from boyhood, was always gentle and social with Birdie. No wonder she loved him, or that Mrs. Perry, who saw her unspooled amid all this indulgence, hoped much from her influence over him when she should grow older.

One day he brought a rare little perfume case, containing cologne, Hungary water, &c., for the toilet. Mrs. Perry and Willie were in the orchard with Birdie, when he came out with it. "Beautiful! Beautiful! dear papa!" and she kissed him, and asked him to put some cologne upon her head, as she had seen older persons do. Suddenly looking very grave she said, "Mamma sick! papa give some cologne to mamma."

He did not appear to heed her, but she persisted. "Papa, mamma sick; give mamma cologne." And to pacify her he said, "Yes, if you wish."

Taking the case, she flew—little Birdie that she was—to her mother's room, and giving the case to her said, "Papa sent mamma, to cure her headache." Blessed little peace-maker God methinks her to be! said Mrs. Perry to herself.

At another time, Willie was in the library, when Birdie came to sit with her father. All she went to bed. She wore her long white nightdress, and looked very sweet and pure, as she was fresh from her bath, and the damp curls clustered thickly around her fair, white forehead.

"And now Birdie say her evening prayer, and Willie, too," she added, as she motioned to him to kneel on a little chair. "And papa pray, too; please papa pray too, like Uncle Judge." He did not heed her. "Please, papa," and she clung around his neck and kissed him, adding, "Papa kneel and Birdie pray."

He could not resist—he never could resist any request of this child. He knelt, and clasping her tiny hands she prayed, "Our Father, and when that was finished, she prayed for all she loved, not forgetting her kitten and Pompey. Then after a moment's hesitation she added, "Please God, bless papa and mamma, and may they love each other dearly, like Uncle Judge and auntie."

Willie was the only spectacle of this scene, but when he told his mother that evening she could well understand that John Selden must see that very soon Birdie would know the position of the parents, and for her sake, a reconciliation must take place. "I am so glad," she said to herself, "Mrs. Homer is here; we'll be as forbearing as possible to the old lady."

It required patience on the part of Mrs. Perry, for her own family were not as friendly with her as would have been pleasant. Her means were limited, and she wished to live with her only daughter; her own plain New England home did not satisfy the ambition of that daughter, besides, she knew that Birdie could not live away from her father. Madam Homer had come to Dalton with the hope of aving her son-in-law into submission to her wishes, and great was her disappointment to find him made of most impenetrable stuff.

Meanwhile the political contest waxed fierce. Selden was away from his home many days and nights; and to the surprise of every one who knew how deeply the Judge was interested in the contest, he left for Washington, to be absent two weeks. Carrie always regretted her husband's absence; their home, lost its greatest charm, and for some years, he had given up active business and devoted himself to his family. "I am so glad," said his wife to Miss Gray, "that he is absent at this time. Selden had a great dinner party yesterday, and Anna tells me that the party are very sure of victory, and I only hope my good husband will remain till the rejoicing is over. I can't imagine why he is so determined that John shall not succeed; it is unlike himself, and perhaps he is sorry for the part he has taken, and is absent for that very reason."

"I am so glad," said Miss Gray, "that he is absent at this time. Selden had a great dinner party yesterday, and Anna tells me that the party are very sure of victory, and I only hope my good husband will remain till the rejoicing is over. I can't imagine why he is so determined that John shall not succeed; it is unlike himself, and perhaps he is sorry for the part he has taken, and is absent for that very reason."

"She is almost a regular pupil," replied Miss Gray, "and Willie is really a better and happier child when Birdie is with him."

"Yes," said his mother, "it has been a good discipline to Willie's quick temper to yield to Birdie. I have had many anxious hours, Miss Gray, about Willie. I know, by experience, the trial of quick, passionate nature, and little Willie inherits his from his mother, as you may have found out by this time."

The governors looked at the calm, regular features of the Judge's wife and smiled. She certainly had not yet found out. She was dressed in a soft cashmere, a little rich lace around the throat, fastened by a cameo brooch, containing the profile of her husband, cut when they were in Italy. Her hair in rich, wavy masses was parted simply on her forehead and wound in many braids around her head. She was never so beautiful as now, and the little, pale governess thought she must be mistaken when she accused herself of having a quick, passionate nature. She could not understand how beneath that calm exterior Gray might alumber the elements of volcanic passion. She made no remark, but smiled as she looked at her friend.

"Yes," said Madam Homer, "I have heard that you had a terrible temper when a child, and that nobody could govern you but Judge Perry; and I perceive he still retains his power over you."

"There was a deep flush upon Mrs. Perry's cheek, while the little governess opened her eyes in astonishment at the rudeness of the guest. The latter continued: "Now there is Anna; I never had any trouble with her temper at all when a child, but her husband and some others, I fancy, looking askance at the governess, seem to think she is possessed with a very evil disposition."

"She has had a great deal to try her temper," said Mrs. Perry gently.

"Yes, you and I may think so, but some others do not. I heard a certain lady tell Judge Perry the other day, that she thought if Mrs. Selden were a little more compliant to her husband's wishes and opinions it might be for her happiness. Aside from the impropriety of a dependent interfering in the affairs of her employers, I think the remark was in bad taste from one who seeks to gratify that estranged husband by the charms of her society and her music."

Poor Miss Gray! the blood rushed over cheek and brow, and then her lip trembled and her eyes filled with tears. She could not speak, and rose to leave the room.

"You need not be so sensitive all at once, Miss Gray! did I not find you singing some time since, in the library, to Mr. Selden, who was a most admiring listener? and was not there a repetition of the scene only last evening, with little Birdie upon your lap and the other children grouped around you? You made a fine tableau, I assure you. A little art makes amends in such a picture for lack of beauty."

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"Aunt," said Mrs. Perry rising, "this must not be. Miss Gray is my friend, and her feelings must not be wounded thus. Jessie," and she threw her arm carelessly round the neck of the little governess, who stood pale and fearful, but silent, "do not be troubled! I will explain: Madam Homer, it was at my request that Miss Gray went over to Mr. Selden's library, or rather, little Birdie teased her a long time to 'come and sing to papa, for papa was very tired and sad.' You are well aware that Anna was at that very time dressing for a large party at 'Square Hotel,' and you are aware, also, that though Anna is a fine performer, she was always very reluctant to entertain her husband in that way, even before Mrs. Selden's death. Anna is very dear to me, but I think, with Miss Gray, that a little more yielding and gentleness would help to soften John's resentment. Excuse me now, I am needed in the parlor."

She passed out with her arm still round Jessie. Miss Gray laid her head upon her friend's shoulder and gave vent to her feelings.

"Never mind," whispered the comforter, "that old woman's malice cannot harm you! there, now, forget it all, and let my love and the love of all my family comfort you!" and there was a sincerity and warmth in her manner that won the entire confidence of the younger.

There was some contrast between the two; one larger, more fully developed, queenly in her beauty, the other, pale, a wee, trim, little figure, but not at all handsome; hundreds would pass her without a second glance; but not so Mrs. Perry; there was a rare beauty that won the beholder at first sight.

Madam Homer sat a few minutes and then passed out, through the porch and the garden, to the other house. That she did no good there was evident from the abrupt manner in which John Selden entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Perry that evening, and, finding the family seated there, begged Miss Gray to play something from Mozart and Beethoven. Mrs. Perry immediately mentioned a favorite sonata, and Miss Gray executed it with a little less skill than usual perhaps, for Madam Homer was sitting in an easy chair near the piano, in her evening dress of black silk, with her stately turban upon her head. However, as Jessie continued to play, she gradually acquired her self-possession, and played for an hour with great acceptance to all her audience save one. When she rose from the piano she saw an expression upon the face of Madam which made the young girl turn pale. "For some uncomfortable reason the old woman hated the innocent young girl."

Let us take a look at John Selden at this time. He has become almost portly, and his face, though it bore no traces of dissipation, showed the effects of indulgence at a plentiful table. He was certainly improved from the boy; his manners were easy, his dress fashionable, but there was the same short neck, and sinister look of the face, caused in part perhaps by a slight squint of one eye. Mrs. Perry fancied that he had improved very much under Birdie's influence, that there was more softness of manner and gentleness of voice; but Madam Homer laughed at that idea, saying that if Mrs. Perry could see him at his own table she would find the old, stern, haughty manner had not improved.

But there stands John Selden on the evening previous to the day which was to decide his political fate. He had come home for a little rest, and finding Birdie had not returned, went over to his neighbor's for the child and the music. Together they had made him forget the vexations of political life, and as he rose to go, with Birdie in his arms, he stopped for a moment before the fine oil-painting of his mother which hung above the piano. Turning to Birdie and then to the picture, he asked Mrs. Perry if she could see the resemblance.

"Yes, it is very striking, and grows more so every day. See the same arch of the eyebrows and curve of the upper lip, and then, here Birdie! The child smiled, as she turned her chubby face to Mrs. Perry. "There, don't you see the dimple? Do you remember it in your mother, in our childhood days?"

"Yes, well; before my father died, when he would praise her table, or her dress, my mother must have been a very handsome woman in her prime."

"She was; and I remember my pleasure in looking at her when I was quite a little girl."

Selden still looking at the picture—"The handsomest woman but one that I ever saw. Carrie, do you remember the one great party of our childhood, when my father was elected President of the State Medical Society? My mother thought it a distinguished honor, and as the Convention met in Dalton, she invited all the members; and how splendidly she looked in her black velvet dress and diamond cross. I was proud of her, little shaver as I was."

"Yes," said Mrs. Perry, smiling—she had observed that he called her Carrie, the first time for many years. "Why, do not you see the same cross now? It was your mother's last gift to me, and I intend to preserve it for Birdie."

No, he had not thought of it then as being the same; but he recognized it now, and he would like very much to have his child come into possession of it some day.

Mrs. Perry did not add that she had donned a rich, black silk, and that plan, because she was expecting her husband that evening.

"I so sleepy," said Birdie, and her head drooped on her father's shoulder.

"We'll go then," said her father. "Good-night, Mrs. Perry, good-night, Madam Homer, and allow me, Miss Gray, to send you some rare German music which I found in the city last week."

After he left, Mrs. Perry sat down and seemed lost in thought; she was only roused from her reverie by the stopping of a carriage on the gravel path before the door.

The next morning the Judge was in the room, surrounded by his happy family.

"Only too glad to be at home, Carrie, I think I must be getting old, I cling to home so much more than formerly."

"Getting old, father! Why, you don't look old a bit," said Willie. You can't be, 'cause mother is only a little older than Miss Gray, and she's young, aren't you?" he said, turning to her. There was a general laugh.

"And so, Willie, my boy," said the Judge, drawing the child toward him, "you are right; I can't be very old while your mother is so young."

"Why, Carrie," he said, looking at her more attentively, "you remind me of Mrs. Selden this evening, only I do not remember her as ever looking as young."

"That must have been the reason that John Selden was reminded of his mother to-night; but I wonder who the handsome woman can be," said Madam Homer.

"His wife, perhaps," said Mrs. Perry; "Anna was very handsome when she married."

"Nonsense; you know better than to suppose that he meant his wife. Did you ever hear him speak of Anna? I mean, speak kindly of her?"

"Yes, often, in the first year of their marriage."

"But never now, save tauntingly or rudely," said Mrs. Perry.

"Carrie, dear, shall we have worship and re-fore? I am wearied this evening," said the Judge. "Will you sing an evening hymn?"

Mrs. Perry went to the piano, and the family joined in the sweet song:

"Father, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits steal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal."

you. Here it is," and he produced from his pocket a letter with a foreign post-mark.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—You will see by date that I am still in Paris, where I have been more successful in my studies than I hoped before I left the United States. My good father, (God bless him, for out of his small means he has aided me liberally,) sent me a remittance just when I needed it most. I think I can say now confidently, that I have made, as a Frenchman would express it, 'one grand discovery,' for the alleviation of human suffering. I have also devoted two hours a day to surgical operations, though my speciality has been the department of chemistry, analysis of poisons. It is astonishing how many cases of subtle poisoning have come under my eye in Paris. The old art of the Italians seem to be revived. Your letter, and one from my father, reminded me that the little governess, the sweet singer of my native village, was with you, and I am glad that you are pleased with her. I was sure you would be with her voice, and I am yet so unsophisticated, as to prefer it to such music as most opera singers in America give us. I find the opera here a relief once in awhile from my studies; but I am sure it will not make me less pleased with the sweet ballads that Jessie used to sing in my father's old homestead."

I am hoping to be with you next fall, before Selden begins his new term in Congress. I wish, for my part, he had chosen some other career than politics, but 'non quatuor dignatur.'

Please say to Madam Perry, that I have found her 'written guide' a great aid, and I anticipate much pleasure in reviewing the city with her. We will talk French fast enough when I return to amuse the little ones, who I hope are improving in the language."

"Well, Miss Jessie," said the Judge, "we have become warmly attached to your townman, the Doctor; a noble fellow; sure to rise in his profession. I am sorry he will not be with us this summer, to help us carry out our summer campaign."

A look from his wife caused him to pause.

"Oh, excuse me, Carrie—State secrets, eh?"

"You are no Tallyrand," she said, smiling.

"Not I; it is as much as I can do to manage oneself, and to have a double, as the wily statesman had, would be beyond my power."

"A double, papa?" said Nettie. "What is a double?"

"There was a comical look on the Judge's face, as he turned toward her.

"I think, my darling, it would be difficult to make such a little transparent body as yourself understand Tallyrand. He could control his countenance so as to express no emotion in his face—he could be very happy, and not look so; or very angry, and look pleased. Neither surprise, nor joy, nor hatred, nor anger were manifested in his countenance. He was a great diplomatist, my child; and if you will come into my library to-day, I will show you his picture, and tell you more about him."

This conversation took place at breakfast.

"Well, papa," said Nettie, "Miss Gray is no diplomatist. I can tell the moment she feels sad, and when she is happy. Look at her now, papa; see how pleased and happy she looks!"

Poor Jessie blushed deeply when the attention of the family was called to her. She was not aware how placid was the expression of her countenance, for her thoughts had been far away, led by that letter, to her home where James Barton and herself had spent so many happy hours. He had remembered her even in Paris—that was like old water to a thirsty spirit. Poor little Jessie! the Doctor has a very pleasant memory of his playmate, but it is a picture which he gazes at, enjoys, and then passes on. If you were to do, little Jessie, he would look sad when he heard the news; he would perhaps recall for a moment your sweet voice and graceful form, and regret that you passed from life so young. But he would not grieve long or deeply; his studies would engross his thoughts, and your loss would be no deep grief to him.

If he were to die! Ah, Jessie, you would not say much, perhaps not one word; you would wear no badge of mourning; you would try to smile, that none might know the pain at your heart, but there would be a great void in the world to you. I fear, Jessie, you would never be the same happy girl again, and yet you have not whispered, even to yourself, that you love James Barton. No; and how angry that you feel if any one should imagine that you did! To be sure, you refused the young minister who settled in Hartford last year, young, talented, handsome. "Why could not you love him?" And you refused the rich young physician who studied with Dr. Barton, Senior. "A most worthy, exemplary young man. I wish, my Jim was as handsome!" the good old Doctor said; and then the prosperous farmer, that came a wooing when he saw how unhappy you must be without Aunt Betsey.

Poor Jessie! I say again. Like many a woman before you, you have risked your richest treasure in a bark that may sail o'er many a sunny sea, but never come back to you.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" said Willie, who had stepped out unobserved, and now came running in full of excitement. "Mr. Selden is going to have an illumination to-night, and there is a band coming to surround, and we're going to have lots of fun. Peter says he is to have two candles to every pane of glass, and there is wine and cider and beer enough for the whole town. Oh! mother, may I sit up to see it all to-night?" and the little fellow was breathless with excitement.

"Come here, Willie," said his mother; and she smoothed his tumbled hair, and straightened his collar. "What is all this for?"

"I asked Peter, and he told me that the morning paper said that the 'American Union' had been saved, and he showed me the paper—'The Sentinel.' Here it is, mother," and he pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket. "Great triumph! Our

country safe! "Complete victory over the enemy!"

The Judge took the paper, and smiled. "You may sit up to-night, Willie, and see the illumination till you are sleepy."

"Will you illuminate, papa?"

"Not to-night, my boy," said his father, a little sadly, and passed out of the room.

Peter obeyed orders faithfully that day, and practiced a very judicious silence. He went from window to window, arranging his candles. Mrs. Selden's room was a large front chamber, with three windows. When he knocked at her door with his tray of candles all placed in their recesses, she said:

"I will attend to this room myself."

"Shall I leave the candles, ma'am?"

"No, Peter."

And he passed down, shaking his woolly head, and muttering, "Look out for a storm 'bout dis yer time." But Peter had resolved upon silence that day, and while he looked as if all wisdom dwelt with him, he imparted none of it.

Let us look a moment at Mr. Selden that morning. Success had brought him sleep—a profounder sleep than he had known for weeks, and he was awakened in the morning by Birdie, who had stolen in, fresh from her morning bath, and was kissing papa's eyes open.

Selden's triumph made him very happy; but as he looked at the beautiful child before him, he said to himself: "I would give it all up, if need be, to save this child one moment of pain."

It was a cold morning, and she wore a rich crimson merino and a white apron. Her hair was fresh from the touch of dainty hands, and her round, plump face was bright and healthy.

"Who dressed you so nicely this morning, my Birdie?"

"My dear mamma; and I love her very much! Don't you, dear papa?"

"I love you, my darling!" he said, as he kissed her again and again. "What will my Birdie have to-day? Shall I buy her a new book with pretty pictures, or would you like some oranges? I saw some oranges in town yesterday."

She shook her curly head.

"What! not a nice big orange?"

She still shook her head.

"A new doll, then?"

The head still answered no.

"Come and tell papa."

She bent down, and whispered in his ear:

"Some love for mamma. Mamma cried and cried yesterday; and I heard Aunt Carrie say, 'Anna, dear, you want your husband's love. Are n't you mamma's husband, papa?'"

The child could not understand the fierce, dark expression that for an instant shadowed her father's face. But she instinctively shrank away. Alas! there was no buried love for the touch of this angel's hand to bring back to life. John Selden firmly believed that his wife bore him none when she married him. He did not realize that he might perhaps yet win the love which his heart had once craved. He now felt that only two hearts had ever loved him; his mother's love he had never learned to prize till he had become a man; and now, as her eyes looked out from his child's face upon him, all the affection of his strong, persistent nature was lavished upon her. He had always believed that had not Judge Perry come between herself and Carrie, he could have won her. This disappointment had made him morose, suspicious and revengeful.

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we are to be,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

(Original.)

A TRUE HISTORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

ANNIE FRANCES WHITE.

When I first knew Annie she was six years old. No child could ask for a pleasanter home than was hers. Just as the garden lily stands in the most favored spot beside the garden walk, and rejoices in the sunlight and in the moonlight, in the softly-falling dew and the warm south wind, so little Annie's lot had fallen to her in pleasant places.

All the good things that a loving, generous, self-forgetting father could bring to her were hers. She had a mother ever thoughtful of the comfort of others more than of her own, and who possessed a wonderful power of knowing what was most useful as well as desirable to those about her. She had sisters to pet her, and brothers to be proud of her, and a grandmother that never forgot that she was once young herself.

Some would have said that there was everything to make Annie selfish and disagreeable, because she had so pleasant a path to walk in, and so few real troubles to ennoble her spirit. But when the rose and the violet put forth their perfect leaves, and open their lovely buds into blossoms, it is not because they had hard, cold winds to blow on them, or dark, cloudy days alone. And it is true that nothing good and beautiful can injure a good and beautiful spirit.

So it was with Annie. All the wealth with which she was surrounded, and which she of course knew belonged in some degree to her, did not make her proud or selfish. She never let her own pleasures cause her to forget the sorrows of others. There never came a poor beggar at the door that was turned away empty-handed when she was near; for she would beg with her own pleasant way for a little more of the good to be bestowed, though there was never any withholding by her parents when she was near.

If there was a poor boy or girl at school lily clad, and perhaps despised by the other children, that one was always sought out by her, and received her particular attention. She knew if any one was without a dinner among the scholars, and with eager steps she would run home, and come back with a good supply. But mark this: if she had given a poor boy his dinner in sight of the other children, they perhaps would have laughed at him; so she always crept away into some quiet place where no one could see her, and there bestowed her bounty.

She was early taught that God loves a man with a clean skin just as well as one with a white one; and she took the teaching into her heart, and acted it out in her life. When she was nine or ten years old she went to Boston with her father and mother, and attended with them the Anti-Slavery Convention. She sat for a time looking about upon the people, when some one attracted her attention. It was not a girl with a hat more showily trimmed than hers, or a lady with fashionable dress; but a poor old colored woman. She sat in the gallery all alone! Her garments were very mean, showing her to be very poor, and her face was black and homely. She had taken a seat quite apart from ever one else, as if she feared

that her presence might be disagreeable to some one.

Anna turned to her mother, and whispered:

"Do you see that poor old woman up stairs?"

"Yes."

And then there was only the listening to the speakers for a time. But Annie was living the principles of anti-slavery even then, for her heart was full of sympathy for the poor, forlorn woman, a stranger, and yet one that needed sympathy.

"Say, mother, may I go up there and sit with her?"

"What! alone?"

"Yes, let me go."

And she crept out softly and ascended the stairs to the gallery, and soon found the place she desired beside the old negro. She talked a long time with her, asking her many questions and finding out her history. She was full of sympathy for her, and talked as one who let her words go only where her heart had gone. It was a pretty picture, that of the old woman and the child, listening to each other, and each gaining something sweet and blessed.

If that old woman is living, how gladly would she come to us and tell all that Annie told her, and repeat the words of sympathy, that we might learn from them how easy it is to give good gifts to them that need.

Annie had all a child's love of fun, and her goodness of heart did not make her life less cheerful. She had her dolls and playthings, and kept with great care all her little gifts. But she did not forget those that had fewer pleasures. She often carried her playthings to a little girl whose mother was poor, and said, "You can keep this till I want it. I shan't play with that doll for a week, and you can have it as well as not."

In this way she kept others supplied with playthings, and yet did not sacrifice the real love and attachment that she had for her own little treasures.

She could never bear to have any one ridiculed, and was quick to say, when she thought that some one was being made sport of, "How would you like to be laughed at?"

There were often lectures given by the Sunday-school to which she belonged, and of course many children of more humble circumstances than hers were there. Her first thought was always to care for such in a quiet way, unnoticed by any except those who knew her best. She would go to her father, and whisper:

"I guess that little girl has no money to buy an ice cream with," or "I think that that little girl's father could only pay her fee at the door."

And the little ones were brought up to share in those luxuries which she never forgot were as sweet to others as herself. Sometimes several dollars were spent in this way, and no one knew what this little benefactor was about.

She often walked on the street with girls who, like herself, had homes of plenty, and knew no want; but it mattered not who she was with, she was never ashamed to notice and speak to a poor woman, or humble child, and she usually had something more than a nod; she would stop for a friendly word, or a pleasant inquiry.

If any little party was given, she always drew together those who seemed most alone, and introduced some game among them to interest and amuse. And all these things Annie did because her heart was filled with that love to all, with that spirit of humanity that makes one seek ever to bless every child of earth.

It was in this way, with thoughtful love for others, and especially the poor and suffering, and with sense of right ever uppermost in her heart, that she lived through thirteen years. In this time she had gained many true friends. They were among the old as well as the young, and the poor as well as the rich, and all thought that her life would be full of pleasure and usefulness, because of the sympathy that went with her every where, and the love which it was so easy for her to win.

But there came a hush to her busy life, and her step grew slow and lost its elasticity, and she gathered nearer to her all that she loved best, as if to keep fast hold of them. For her life was too happy for her to wish to give it up. She talked of days to come when she could be out again among her mates, and longed for the festival of Thanksgiving, when it was her wont to go with her father to distribute offerings among the poor.

But the angel of death came nearer and nearer to her, and at last bore her spirit away, to a life where she can still find the sorrowing to pity and the suffering to aid. When her body was borne forth to its beautiful resting place among flowers and green trees, and within sight of the river and the grand mountains, hundreds crowded to testify of their love and sorrow. The rarest offerings of flowers were borne to her, and wreaths and crowns of white flowers, spoke for hearts that were too sorrowful to utter words.

But none of these gifts shining in their white beauty, were so lovely as the heart offerings that were given there. Crowds of children that loved her, and the poor that she had befriended, were there to recall her goodness and mourn for her loss. One poor Irish boy followed the hearse on foot all the long way to the cemetery, and lingered about the grave long after all had left, for he knew that one of his best friends was gone, where he should not more know of her kindness.

And thus that life ended here on earth, and it seemed to many most odd that it should thus end. But how many lives that end, are as full and rich as that one? How many treasures think you she had laid up in the heavenly home to which she went? Treasures of thoughtful love, of sympathy of kind words and righteous deeds? Was it not better to be followed to the grave by that one poor boy, with a heart tender in its memories of the good that had been given, than to have lived many years of a selfish, thoughtless life?

But Annie's life is not wholly ended on earth. She lingers near those she loves, and inspires their hearts. She speaks her thoughts in those gentle influences that come when the heart is quiet, and she will still care for the poor and the suffering of earth. And cannot you think how beautiful her life must be in the new home she has found? She has not got to labor to undo what she did here on earth. She has not got to struggle with pride or selfishness, but enter into the joys of the good and the pure, because they are the natural life of her spirit.

And now I feel as if I had a glimpse of her in her spirit home. It is a real home with its beautiful mansion, where dwell those that had gone before, and who had watched over her young life. I cannot describe the flowers that seem to glow with a radiance that we can only compare to flowers of light. All the things that she most loved on earth, have a semblance there. She was a lover of the green fields and of the forests, and she finds the same delight now, where the grass fades not, and the trees never lose their freshness. There are broad rivers and gem-like lakes, whose waters flow with a silvery cadence, and on which, boats glide without an oar. There seems to be in the atmosphere something restful, and the songs of birds, and the sweet notes from gay insects, make the air glad.

Does it seem sad to be transplanted to a home

like that? I hope we shall not selfishly grieve for those that have gone to such an one, but be every day trying to prepare ourselves to enter one as full of joy and gladness. I am sure Annie speaks to us from that home, and tells us that she is glad for every deed of kindness that she performed, and that she finds by the loving thought of her friends on earth, the easy road to return and still bless the world she loved so well.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

I have received several letters in relation to the Children's Lyceums, and have been asked many questions in regard to my opinion of them, and the surprise has been expressed that I said nothing in the Children's Department of the BANNER, in relation to them. Therefore I think it perhaps best to express the feeling, that, after much thought, has come to be a conviction.

My whole heart is engaged in any work that shall instruct children, and help them on the road to lives of virtue and spiritual truth. I rejoice heartily, that the little ones are being gathered together, to receive purer truths than they could find in the old methods of instruction, and in books given out in the Sunday schools of almost all the Churches. And it is because I do so gladly acquiesce and rejoice in the movement among the Spiritualists, that I have hesitated to find any fault, lest I might seem to oppose the movement.

I know well how readily children accept spiritual truths. In the year 1859, my husband and myself, gathered a group of children in our home in the West, and for five years held together the little band, by the mere love of receiving the sweet religious lessons, which it is easy to give to children, when the dry husks of theology are left out. I should want no better proof of the perfect fitness of spiritual truth to the human mind, than that company of seventy-five children. They readily accepted the philosophy of Spiritualism into their hearts and understandings, and what puzzles many mature reasoners, found a ready solution in their minds. I used often to think that I should never know myself nearer to the kingdom of heaven, than when I sat with those beloved children, and listened to their beautiful interpretation of truth.

It is for this reason that I long to see children taught in simplicity and purity, and believe that the world can be more speedily redeemed from its errors in this way than in any other. And it is because I know the power of truth over the minds of children that I do not like to see other bonds used to hold them. That is, I do not like the parade of the Lyceums. If the paraphernalia is used I would let it be on festival days and occasions of special meetings. And this is not because I think that Sunday is desecrated by the evolutions and marches and parade of banners; it is because I believe by it a child's love of display is cultivated, and that the tendency is to make the parade of greater consequence than the pleasant interchange of thought and good feeling.

I know many who feel as I do, that the marching fulgures, after a short time, and seems a monotonous and wearisome exercise. I chanced to board for a few weeks opposite one of the New York public schools, and there I watched the little children going through their gymnastic exercises until my very heart ached for them. The little arms went so wearily through the prescribed routine, and the eyes looked so tired, while the little forms sought relief in every possible way. It is because these gymnastic exercises are carried to excess in almost all our public schools that I would give the children one day's relief from them and not introduce them into Sunday.

What would you have, then? you ask. The old order and dullness and inertia? By no means; but I would not keep up an excitement and a love of display. If marching needs to be done, which I do not conceive is necessary, if the schools keep in session an hour and a half, I would have it done without banners and for the sake of forming into classes or groups. The badges are useful in arranging the school, and the targets serve to make the school represent an orderly body. But all these are expensive, and many schools can ill afford the cost of them and that of a good library, and I do not see why a good school cannot be started without them if necessary. On gala days and festivals the display of banners would be a delight to the children; but if they could not be purchased there need be no loss of a good time and a plenty of amusement.

I like, too, the old name of Sunday School. If I were to attempt a reform in the system of general education, (which is greatly needed,) I should not think it necessary to designate my efforts by any new name. I would have Spiritualists so engraft the truth into the old vines that beauty and richness shall grow therefrom. But this matter is of no consequence, since a name signifies little. But, to me, the other criticism is of consequence, since it has to do with the best interests of the children. I am told that several of the schools have given up their banners, marches, &c., and that some of the California schools omit the gymnastic exercises. Therefore I believe that experience is teaching to others what it has to me. Our American customs and modes of education all tend to make American children fond of anything that shall draw attention to themselves; hence our young men and women lose all that grace that is so natural to childhood—self-forgetfulness.

Nothing tends more to take away from men and women the unpleasant and disagreeable habit of turning perpetually to self, than the pure truths of Spiritualism. Many whose self-consciousness led them continually from habits and manners of ease and unconscious simplicity, have found that when the pure and elevating truths of Spiritualism entered their hearts, so as to enkindle the living fires of self, and began a life of spontaneous and hearty feeling. If this is true of men and women, then surely childhood can be kept in exercise of those manners of simplicity and artlessness, so sweet and to be admired, by the inculcation of the truths of that philosophy which ever tends to the true, the pure and the good.

But I have faith that what is not healthy and beautiful will, in time, drop off of every social organization, just as the withered, sickly leaves drop from a healthy vine. And I doubt not that experience will teach all the best methods of organization and education. But let us all beware of adopting a routine, or following too much in the ruts of others. There is use and beauty in every one's ideas and methods, but a harmonious and perfect plan, for any system, comes from the experience and thought of the many.

With best wishes to all who labor for the children, and a God-speed to every effort toward a freer and a grander and a more useful and a better system of religious and secular education, I am

LOVE M. WILLIS.

Transposition.

Tillet drilnech salneq ay.

Veol hase horte ayd yb day.

Eb stewe, nad letneq, dink dandretu.

Hent slange grithdwi mdece ay.

Answer to Transposition in our last.

MALE LEAVES.

The maple leaves upon the trees
Flutter in the autumn breeze,
Or gently floating to the ground,
Scatter crimson glory round.

BRIEF REMARKS.

In Oursery Review of Dr. A. B. Child's Book of "Christ and the People."

BY A. G. W. CARTER.

The writer of this has been reading with much care the recent book of Dr. A. B. CHILD, of Boston, bearing the above fit and appropriate title, and he takes occasion to say, that with the perusal of no book in Spiritualism, or out of Spiritualism, has he been so well pleased, entertained and edified. The book contains but little over two hundred brief pages, and is, in its external "make up," a little book; but I undertake to say that so much genuine, new and fresh wisdom has never before been comprehended within such small compass; and, in its comprehension, therefore, it is a great book. Its very title is significant—it is *Christ and the People*; Christ unfolded to the people; the wisdom of the acts and deeds of Christ idealized and put forth in plain and familiar language for the understanding of the people.

Its chapters are: 1. CHANGES. 2. SACRIFICES. 3. JUSTICE AND CHARITY. 4. THE LAWS OF MAN. 5. EXPERIENCES. 6. THE NECESSITY OF SIN, AND ITS USES; and 7. A LECTURE: RESIST NOT EVIL. These chapters are all new in nomenclature, and they are new in the manner in which the subjects of them are treated. In reading them one by one, our minds are positively invigorated with the strength and freshness of thought which abounds in every sentence; and at the end of every aphorism, we feel we have partaken of some new and fresh intellectual and spiritual food, which is good and nourishing. The style of the chapters is plainly aphoristical, with no attempt at trope, figure or metaphor, and with nothing of the gloss of rhetorical flourish, and totally unostentatious. The language is so plain and simple that a child may read and understand; and yet the thought is so pure, so great and lofty, that angels may be attracted by it. Indeed, it might be well added here, that children and angels will do so, and understand and comprehend the work much more readily than the conventionalized and indoctrinated men and women of the time.

The standpoint from which the author of this book has spoken is certainly very high—far, far above the common wisdom of this world. It is the wisdom of the angels seeking to be adapted to this world. Never has author written from such an elevated standpoint; and we must have our spiritual eyes opened before we can see what he sees. We must stand exactly where he does to see the whole scene as presented to him. The author is truly a spiritual being; his home and abiding-place is in the spiritual world, and he looks from there to tell humanity what is best. If humanity would adopt what he says for their rule and conduct of life, then indeed would we see such a practical step in the progress of humanity as would render us just a little lower than angels upon earth, and make us know and recognize that heaven was within us, and we should not have to look afar off to find it.

But although the author speaks as if from the spiritual world, he by no means seems absent from us; but in what he says he truly seems of us, and with us, and is indeed one of us; but oh how beautifully spiritual he is, and what halos of luminous brightness adorn the pages of his book! Would that this brightness were not so dazzling to the plodders of this world. Would that we were all sufficiently spiritually elevated to bask in the radiant beams of such light.

Begins the author:
"There will be great changes in the nineteenth century."
"Things that now look dark and mysterious, will be made plain before the sight."
"Mysteries are going to be revealed."

These sayings he cites in the spirit of prediction or prophecy. Those who cannot see so far will labor and wait.

He proceeds further:
"A religion more spiritual will be discovered and acknowledged—a religion that money cannot give glory to, that creeds cannot define—a religion that needs no rites, no ceremonies—a religion without written laws, without commandments, without creeds—a religion too sacred to be spoken, too pure to be defiled, too generous to be judged, resting upon no uncertain, outside standard of rectitude, upon no dogma of another, no purity of earthly life, no glory of earthly perfection—a religion that every soul possesses by natural endowment, not one more than another."

Such a religion does he predict to be speedily ours. Looking at the present condition of the world, I am fearful that the author is too sanguine in his prophetic expectation. But this I do know, that in the above paragraph are contained the elements of that religion which would bring peace upon earth and good will to men, and God speed the time that such a religion shall exist among us. It is the religion now of the spiritual world, and if we would not trammel ourselves by creeds, dogmas and doctrines, it would be ours soon. If we would live up to Nature only it would be ours, for it is emphatically a natural religion.

In the same spirit the author continues his chapter on Changes, laying a foundation upon which to erect the chapters which follow. And first comes the chapter on SACRIFICES, and he begins by this defining Sacrifice:

"Sacrifice is letting go that which is dear to self."

And then briefly explains:

"Selfishness receives; Sacrifice gives."

And then shows the necessity:

"All that man has received he must give back."

And cites from Christ:

"He that would save his life must lose it."

And continues amplifying the necessity:

"If man does not make willing sacrifice of what is given him, Nature will make it for him without his willingness."

And from these premises enforces in detail principles of sacrifice which must be practiced. I doubt if any one reading these short aphorisms in the inner temple of his nature, can deny the truth of one of them.

Next in proper order comes the chapter on Justice and Charity. And, this, in the common wisdom of the world, is indeed a new, a novel chapter, and causes many readers to stare, and wonder if it can all be true. From the Christ standpoint, it strikes my mind, that every aphorism of this chapter, as singular as they may seem at first view from our earthly standpoint, is veritable and valid. This is his definition of justice—the world's justice:

"The meaning of the word Justice, as here used, is the same the Church and State have given it by their profession of it and practices in it."

And then he gives those professions and practices of Church and State in "conspicuous and brief detail—All summed up, perhaps, in the Latin idea of the *Leviticus*, and this he properly condemns. Some persons—many persons—may find fault with his definition of justice. But he takes up abstract ideas, or gives an abstract definition of justice. He takes the justice of the world as it practically is, and nobody can accuse him of giving what he says in regard to it in this view of it from a spiritual standpoint.

He then shows what Charity is, and contrasts the practical operations of its influence with that of Justice. In these aphorisms is comprehended

his sublime idea—the working of Charity against Justice.

"The only security for the social, moral, political and religious world, in the Golden Rule, which rule the demands of justice are superseded of charity is clothed with the garments of sympathy, forgiveness and love."

"He manifests Christ and his conduct of life, the illustrious example of the workings of Charity against the justice of the world, and concludes properly, that nothing but the practical operation of these true and pure elements of genuine charity will save the world and the people. And must and they will be, in the proper progress of humanity, the common practice of the people. We are coming to. In the abstract we glean Dr. Child would have no truth without love—no intellectuality without affection—no condemnation without mercy—no justice without charity. Like the angels, he believes in the wisdom and justice which comes from love. He trusts the light that comes from heat. He loves the light which comes from the heat of the blessed sun. He rests in the wisdom which comes from the love of God."

In the next chapter in regular series, we are prepared to understand and adopt the truths contained in the aphorisms on "The Laws of Man," the laws which men make, and which are the only causes of sin in this world; and without there is no sin. Hear the author a word or two:

"The wages of sin is death."

"Sin is the breaking of laws that man makes."

"Without man's laws there is no sin."

"Only man's laws can be broken."

"Where human law and commandment exist, there is no sin, no evil."

"The law worketh wrath."

"Where no law is, there is no transgression."

"Who can measure the woe which the 'wage of man's law has brought upon humanity'?"

"Who can number the murders it has committed by war and pestilence?"

"For every murder thus committed there have been many mourners in grief and sorrow."

"Who can tell the liberty it has stolen, and slavery it has created?"

But he continues:

"Every law must be passed through."

And cites:

"One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

He continues, summing up in brief, in the words of contrast:

"The laws of men judge men."

"Christ judged no man."

"The laws of men punish men."

"Christ forgave them."

"The laws of men resist evil."

"Christ resisted no evil."

"The laws of men deal out hatred to humanity."

"Christ gave love to humanity."

"The laws of men drive men."

"Christ invited men."

"The laws of men produce disease and death."

"Christ healed disease and raised the dead."

"The laws of men make men wicked."

"The precepts of Christ make men holy."

From the above quotations we get at the tenor of the author's view on the laws of men.

looks at them as made in the light of that intellectual justice of which he has spoken in previous chapters, and only regards them, at all, as necessities of man's progress to happiness, that they are the ordinal through which man necessarily go—never finding happiness, however upon earth—until the laws of the spirit of Christ prevail; and they are not laws at all the sense of the present laws of men.

The author logically concludes this chapter with these truths, combined in a single paragraph:
"And thus it is that human law makes and defines sin, and sin makes and continues unhappiness, and unhappiness is the way that leads to the childhood of the race to the manhood of Christ," which beautifully comprehends strength, force, and effect of the whole chapter.

Now in close and legitimate series, we have chapter on Experiences, and what a soul-inspiring collection of sayings of wisdom! The author shows truly that all experiences of men and women, no matter of what character they are in estimation of the world, high or low, greater or

advanced and placed upon a book, upon whose back, in plain golden letters, she read as it passed, CONSTITUTION.

I keep a diary of "such foolish things," in which can be read this opinion, or predilection, and which was expressed to the lady at the time of her relation: "If your dream meant anything, Abraham Lincoln will not be the man who will bring us through our troubles."

"A SHORT, THICK-SET MAN!" "CONSTITUTION!" There are many "short, thick-set" men; there is but one "Constitution." We shall see.

New York, Sept. 3, 1866. PATRICK WELCH.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION.

THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING,

At Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 10, 11 and 12, 1866.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

The Convention was called to order at 10 A. M., by the President.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence sang a song, the "New Era." The Constitution and By-Laws were read, and minutes were admitted.

It was proposed from the Executive Committee that three agents be appointed, with salaries of fifteen dollars per week, to act in the missionary work of the Association.

Mr. Richardson called for the reading of the Constitution and By-Laws, supposing the matter of salaries was provided for. Upon the reading, much discussion was excited.

Mr. Robinson asked for the appointment of a committee of three to revise the Constitution and By-Laws.

The President favored the motion.

Prof. J. H. W. Toohy, E. S. Wheeler and A. C. Robinson were nominated as such a committee, and the motion was carried.

The committee was asked to draft an address to the people setting forth the purpose and condition of the Organization. The committee on revision were empowered to act upon the address.

Mr. Toohy suggested the propriety of deferring the appointment of agents until the January Convention, when more favorable conditions could be had. He said that the provisions of the Constitution required \$500 in the treasury before such action was taken.

Mr. Greenleaf asked to refer the matter to the Executive Committee, whose business it seemed to be. He recommended the selection of mediums as agents, saying the people complained that lecturers were "too starched up," and would not hold circles or do anything but talk. The great demand is for tests, and such things as mediums alone give.

Mr. S. Wheeler confessed that he had found public speaking hard work, quite hard enough without acting personally in other phases of mediumship to any great extent. He said each medium must be a specialist in order to secure the best results. Phenomena, tests, communications, and lectures, all belong together, and supplement each other; but no one person was competent to fully give them all, at their best places. That which is needed is a troupe of mediums, the best developed of each class, who shall travel and teach Spiritualism by actual manifestation, by scientific method, and philosophic statement. Spiritualism is at once knowledge, science, philosophy and religion. I want \$3,000 worth of apparatus to teach Spiritualism with. I want physical and test mediums to give the age an opportunity to collate the results of observation, and sound philosophy to develop the laws involved in that which is made manifest. From this science and philosophy, RELIGION will unfold as naturally as fragrance from the rose. Our Missionary work involves the best methods of education. As we have taught the pulpit sense and reason, so we shall teach the people sense and reason. Our lecturers shall be exhibitors, our exhibitions lectures. Our science a religion, our religion a science. The developments of Spiritualism are sufficient of themselves to interest, to attract, to instruct and bless mankind. Our mission is to make the wisest use of all the spiritual world has given us.

Mr. Robinson said the Executive Committee could not at all ways cooperate readily, as they lived at some distance from each other.

Mr. Richardson proposed the selection of two of the committee to act for all.

Mr. Wheeler suggested it was functional with the committee to make such selection.

Mr. Greenleaf expressed himself of the same opinion.

Mr. Toohy thought that the discussions growing out of our business reports authorized a larger committee and a diffusion of responsibility; we must not only avoid the appearance of clique, but so rule as to make favoritism an impossibility. The matter therefore demanded consideration in a different way. He saw no great difficulty in the way of the Executive Committee in the matter of cooperation. The mails, at all events, were at their service. The matter of appointing agents is of no importance. He was of the opinion that if we got where we could insist upon intellectual qualifications as a requisite in those who command the position of speakers. Mediumistic susceptibility is not all that is required. Scientific culture must be theirs and ours if we are to reach and influence the intellectuals of the age. Some of us are thrown by the angels back upon ourselves, to our own lessons, and to our own efforts. He was obliged to Bro. Wheeler for his statements of that which was needed, and was glad to see him ready to take such a position.

B. M. Lawrence: The remarks of Bro. Toohy have touched my heart. We must overcome the selfishness within ourselves. He endorsed the method of Bro. Wheeler, and had the best of reasons for knowing how practical his ideas were. It is very common for poets, dramatists and musicians, the sons and daughters of genius, the masters of talent in every walk of life, were Spiritualists, though for the present public bigotry kept them from an avowal of their sentiments. They would rejoice to lend their talents to aid the cause they loved, when we took and kept a firm definite position before the world. His own experience in the concerts given year ago for the benefit of the Kansas sufferers, had learned him how amusement could be combined with philanthropy, and it would be found that charitable amusements would in time be the only ones well patronized. He might have been somewhat premature in some of his efforts, but the pleasure involved in his plans would ere long be actualized.

Mr. Toohy moved that the Convention resolve itself into committee of the whole to increase the fund of the Association and forward its purposes in general.

Motion seconded by Mr. Greenleaf.

Mr. Toohy's motion passed unanimously.

Mr. Wheeler spoke of a Tellurium of an improved character, given to Dr. Campbell by spirits, and claimed as a new method of apparatus he required as a public teacher of the most profound of all sciences, Spiritualism. He was tired of appealing only to people's ears; the mind must be reached through the eye also.

Mr. Toohy spoke of a remarkable instrument in the possession of a friend of his.

The Corresponding Secretary was called upon by the Chair for the programme.

Dr. C. T. Lawrence, of Salem, and Mrs. Susan Willis, of Lawrence, were announced as the regular speakers of the afternoon session. Prof. J. H. W. Toohy, of Boston and Mrs. Lois Wabrooker were announced for the evening meeting.

Adjourned until 21 P. M.

Afternoon Session, Oct. 11th.—The Convention assembled at 2 P. M.

The Chairman called the meeting to order.

Dr. Lawrence sang a song, "Free Thought and Free Speech."

Mr. Greenleaf called for the reading of the Constitution and By-Laws and urged the claims of

Circle conducted by Theodore Parker, closed
by Paul Howard.

Mediums in Boston

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