

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 13.

THE UNDERGROUND CITIES OF CIVILIZATION.

LUNAR GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELDS OF
TRUTH TRODDEN BY THE MAN
IN THE MOON.

BY EMMA HARDING.

It has been affirmed, upon the unquestionable authority of "what everybody says," that the world's best astronomers are shepherds, sailors and savages; that the best natural geologists are miners, stone masons and grave diggers; the best critics on dress and manners, policemen and street-sweepers; the best judges of character, your cook and laundress; and the best natural philosophers, little children, building mud castles and card palaces, and conducting physiological experiments, by aid of pins and needles, on butterflies' wings, and the vivisections of caterpillars.

If the various natural sciences are thus easily acquired at the cheap rate of observation merely, what an immense store of information on things in general, and the sayings and doings of his own system of revolving satellites in particular, must be stored away in the brain of that sleepless and untiring watchman of the eyes, the bright Polyphemus of the sky, the one-eyed giant of eternity, the ever wide awake sun of our own solar system. Think of it! Here is an eye of fire that was lighted (say for round numbers) half a billion of millions of years ago, and has never been once closed since, and during all that time, besides the large and thriving family of satellites of which this blazing sovereign has become the parent, the elevated position which he enjoys in space has given him the opportunity of taking notes on the domestic habits and manners of innumerable starry republics in kindred firmaments, of whose very existence our shepherds, sailors, grave diggers and other highly informed natural philosophers of earth are wholly unconscious.

The incalculable arithmetic of the skies falls to number up the full sum of the actual birthdays at which this heavenly sentinel has presided; and when we remember that over every shining blossom of the sky within his orbit that eye of fire has kept its ceaseless watch, besides establishing a telegraphic communication by means of magnetic cables with an infinite ocean of systems outside his own, we can readily believe that he knows a little more about earth and its doings than even wise King Solomon, who complained that there was "no new thing under the sun," though he had not stirred out of his place in Palestine to look for novelty, and had certainly never heard of "Young America" and "Yankee Notions." And yet whilst allowing all possible scope for the exercise of solar observations conducted upon a surface of square miles the sum of whose cyphers alone would fill up this page, and for a period of time as above stated, commencing at an early date in the experience of old Time's ancestors, I doubt whether the sun knows everything that is going on, even upon this little "dew-drop floating in space," as some large-headed poet has called our earth.

Carrying on my observations from a different standpoint, both as regards time and place, to that of my great principal, I have come to the conclusion that there are fellows existing "on this footstool" cunning enough to dodge the crafty old dragon of the skies himself, much more a right-minded, straight-forward luminary, who looks every one full in the face, and never concealed anything in the course of his long protracted existence, even to the fact that he had iron and nickel mines in full blast somewhere away in the western department of his atmosphere; in a word, the sun, who never hides a mean thing or dirty trick, or fails to record the existence of beauty even in so small a thing as the scale of a poor green beetle—even this indefatigable daguerreotypist of eternity cannot do duty on all sides of a round body at once, and so earth's "artful" have found out; and under the impression that the inhabitant of a little watch tower so fair and mild and sweetly subdued as the one which serves me for a post of observation, can't matter much in the way of detecting murders, burglaries, and such other little eccentricities as the relentless sun sternly frowns upon, these and a great variety of similar performances are removed from his sphere of observation, and very recklessly exposed to mine. Besides the class of decidedly objectionable experiences in the destructive and appropriative line which the sun won't wink at anyhow, there's a whole world of human action that never comes into play at any other time than when he is busily engaged at the antipodes.

True it is that at such periods I carefully gather up the reflection of his departed glory, and putting myself in the most favorable attitude for catching a faint ray of his sparkling eye-beam, as it blazes away at that point of the compass convenient for the operation, I imprison the ray in a carefully prepared lantern, steep myself in a solution of atmosphere peculiar to my very rugged constitution, and convert myself into a daguerreotype plate, whereon I try to exhibit the radiant features of my luminous parent to such advantage as my position will allow; and although I succeed in presenting now a quarter, then a half, sometimes three quarters, and finally a full view of myself, lantern, "dog Tray," and all, the cunning eyes of earth know I am only a shadowy semblance of the living substance gone. In fact, they rather like to have me there, as witness of the deeds they fain would hide from the face of heaven. My beauty glides their ugliness, and the holy calm and stillness of my beams illuminates, and sometimes even sanctifies, a world of moral darkness, that but for me would else make night "too hideous to bear." And so I behold a shadowy side of human nature, a kind of pale, ghostly night, more wild, more sad, and even wonderful than ever noonday sun has gilded, or earth's blasé Solomons dreamed of.

Many's the new born babe whose sweet blue eyes I've looked into, shining one moment like a round piece of summer sky with a star in the middle of it, the next quenched in unnatural death. I have seen the white, trembling hands of fair young mothers do the deed, and peered in the shadowy corner where the little lump was hid away till the man in the moon should fall asleep, and then—oh yes, I understood what then would happen. I've had some thousands of years experience in such arrangements, and when I fain would learn how murder might improve with the march of intellect, I had but to draw a veil of clouds across my face, then peeping out through rifts and rents I tore for the purpose, watch the wretched mother, (who should be then so weak, but is ever so strangely strong when new born babes must live and die in a single minute,) and watch how she acted out the same old story. First it is wrapped in some worn-out garment—a shroud of the nearest rag—then she conceals her strangely altered form in some screen, a cloak or shawl, and beneath it hides away the dreadful thing, then moves toward the door, when lo! a faint, low cry arrests her steps. Agitated she pauses. "Heaven! what was that?" What a wild and fearful look her features wear! and what a strong, dead, sudden pause she makes! And now—she stops to listen. No footsteps near—but that piteous wail is heard again beneath her cloak. It is a living thing she carries. Oh thought most horrible! that living thing is shame, abhorrence, the cold world's scorn, the parent's curse, the outcast's doom, the streets, the dreadful night haunt, the intoxicating cup, then hunger, cold, and at last the outcast's winding sheet, the black mud of the river, where a suicide finds rest! And so the whole dismal phantasmagoria flits before her eyes. She and I alone can see and read it. She stops and unfolds the little shroud, then looks into those eyes of blue, that seem to gaze so piteously on her. She touches with strangely new emotion that little hand, and feels it feebly clasp her finger, as it were a greeting—a baby's tender greeting to its mother!—for she is its mother, and that waxen, living thing is her own love's pledge, her child. For one single agonizing moment she clasps it to her breast, then—kiss! no matter how—I've seen it done ten thousand times, and in ten thousand ways!

That great old sun, unconscious of the deed, beholds some day a little body festering in an ash heap, floating on a pond, dragged from a mass of filth, or found in a well, polluting the draught of cities, and he wonders (great ancient blunderer!) who could have the heart to kill such a holy innocent. He sees the hue and cry of murder, shines on the streets where baffled justice searches day by day, stares into the faces of unconscious, happy mothers, and beholds great unlit placards posted on every wall of huge rewards to find out murder.

My still small voice is hushed when the strong-mouthed sun is prating of his whereabouts; but when he is off again, and, mounting his purple chariot, wraps himself in a grand striped crimson robe with golden edges, when fainter and fainter grows his touch, and the last long pencilled line of light goes out like an old man's life in quiet twilight—I string around my neck a rosary of stars, and walk straight within the chamber of the murderess, and stand before her.

All day long the fierce, bright sun has stared her in the face, and seen her toiling with weary limbs and fainting frame to hide a secret he cannot penetrate. All day long he has lighted up the path of the sleuth-hounds on the track of murder, and done his very best to comprehend it, but all in vain. He has gone away now, and every one is asleep, and only her and I are waking. She sees me enter at the uncurtained window. She knows I saw it all, and though she thinks, ay, knows that I am a sentinel of God, and have told him of her crime, and come to talk with her about it, she does not fear or shun me, for I can tell what no one else can—how it came about.

I saw her when, a blooming village beauty, she moved like a thing of joy around her old father's homestead. I saw her through the dazzling beams of day, which hid my humble face, but lighted up the earth, and I laughed with her in glee as she led the little ones to school, and with swift, light feet sped back again to help the pious mother in her daily household cares. That stupid, glaring sun might have seen then, as I did, the handsome stranger stealing from the wood, where but half revealed he was waiting for her, who beheld in him her life's beau idéal, the rich, the accomplished, the all-conquering city gentleman. It was but a moment that he crossed her path, but in that moment a meteor had flashed on her. The lifted hat, the deep, respectful bow, the graceful, polished gesture, the eye of pride bent low to her, the humble country maiden! How different was air, and dress and gesture, speech and eye, from the rude bores who thronged around the village rose, and in their rustic mouthings served but to form a painful contrast to her grand, bright idol. She knew not who he was—she only knew he had stolen from the charms of wealth and pride, and city pomp, and "all for love of her," a rude country beauty. She knew, too, that he was no mate for her, or she for him; that her parents' sternest frown had banished the graceful stranger from the old farm-house, where he had sought by craft to enter. The sun had seen him go, but the pale, sad moon saw his return, and where the archer forest threw its sombre shades over avenues of broken beam and moonlight, I had watched her sweet face upturned to his, till the sparkling stars grew dim in her eyes' bright radiance.

Night after night I had lighted her secret tray. 'T was nothing new to me; I had seen it all as a thrice-told tale, since my lantern shone on man, or gilded the face of woman. I could have spoken a thousand years ago the words he poured within that victim's ear—how fathers were unkind; mothers unyielding, guardians stern, but a secret word once spoken, in time and place and proper opportunity, all would be well for both.

She should be called from her too lowly lot, and placed in the station she would grace so well; she should be the lady of his city mansion; the star of his European mission; palaces should receive her; potentates should greet her; a lofty destiny should elevate her humble parents, with herself, would she be his, and fly from the moonlit shades of low obscurity to the sunlit glare of splendor.

All this, and much more, I heard, and wished, as I'd wished ten thousand times before, that such words were spoken in the noonday, and the strong, bright, truthful sun, not I, were their shining witness. But the tempter's words are seldom spoken in the sunlight. The surface-world is the sun's; I am the prince of the "underground cities of civilization."

And the lover's story ended, the unwedded mother's began. Not even beneath my pale and speechless beam could the victim fly from the parents' sheltering home with the serpent's coil around her. She tried to do it, but when I cast a flood of light on the old white gate, the long green pathway, and dear, familiar porch, where her father's silver head had so often bowed beneath the drooping rose-wreaths her childish hands had planted, when I showered my broken rays like stars on the little diamond panes where a loving mother's face had so often peered to watch her Lucy home, and stretched away a long, long beam of light on the quiet mounds where, beneath the summer sods, the violets bloomed that her loving hands had planted over the mouldering forms of two dead young angel sisters—moonlight falling on home and blossoming bowers, father's rustic chair, and mother's unfinished work, the peaceful city of the dead, the dear white school-house shaded by the elm, and the dear house of prayer where her own sweet voice had implored God's blessing on her path of duty—all these in my glowing radiance became to her startled fancy a gospel so full of warning that she could not, dared not fly.

Oh world! cold world! when maidens fall, and the serpent tongue of base seduction beguiles a young heart from its first home loves, blame not the moonlight, nor yet the man within it. He is a preacher of love, in its truth and purity; his voice is the evening hymn, and his words are, "Peace, be still."

No, 't was when my lantern was obscured by storms, and cloudy mountains wrapped about my watch fires, that Lucy fled, and I saw her not again till face to face I met her in the city street, alone, seduced, betrayed, deserted! I have seen her pass the night on many a doorstep without a place to lay her restless head. I have seen her gather crusts from out the gutters, and fight with dogs for bones. I saw her collect her last poor shreds of finery—the pretty things with which he had bought her fancy, now grown so old and shabby she dared not show them to any one but me—then change them all 'or one coarse and humble garment, stand for the livelong day waiting for service—anything that would give a hungry, homeless, nameless girl a crust of food and shelter!

She was so all unskilled in the ways of man, when he grew tired of her and left her, that she knew not where to go, or what was best to do. So she went forth and walked and walked all day, and lay down on steps all night. She never tried to find him—she knew it was no use—knew he was tired of her, and knew he had left her forever. Her fair face and graceful form, wandering and lonely, her vacant stare, wild eye and friendless gait, drew shocking words of dark and foul temptation from many a passer by, and then she fled away and hid herself awhile, and then came forth again, and paced the streets till night, crying softly to herself, "Would to God that it was night!" and when night came, "Would to God that it was morning."

At length she thought of service, exchanged her pretty, faded gown for a poor, coarse, laborer's dress, and found a place. I saw her when she climbed to her humble attic, the first night that she slept beneath a roof since he had left her. Wearied out with unusual toil, and broken hearted, she laid upon her humble bed, so glad to rest—to rest and think; and as she thought, I heard her piteous cry in that lonely chamber, "Oh father, mother, little Tom and Charley, have you missed your Lucy? Perhaps they're dead," she murmured. "Dead! dead! dead to thee!" replied the solemn tones of midnight. "Oh if I dared go back!" the outcast thought. "The child dishonored never more may cross thy parents' roof," the voices said; and, "nevermore nevermore!" resounded far and wide the echoes of sad memory, as she recalled how sternly her deacon father had helped to rid her village, long ago, of a poor fallen girl who had sought again its shelter. Her mother, too, and her pious, prayerful aunt had raised the cry of "outcast" on the wanderer, and taught her infant voice to hiss with shame against a ruined woman. "I dare not go," she murmured; "they will drive me forth, and the little ones will hiss at me, as I myself was taught to do to her. Farewell, dear home, forever and forever!" "Forever and forever!" echoed the midnight voices.

And so, night after night for many succeeding months, Lucy and I communed in that dreary attic, all to ourselves and God, of a ruinous past and a hopeless future—a future whose ghastly certainty stole on apace, while my crescent light, now growing with the coming time of dread, now waning into clouds, became her dial-plate, whereon she numbered up the fearful nights that must elapse ere the last dread strait of misery and sin fell on her. She knew (unworldly as she was) enough of those around her to apprehend her fate should the shameful truth be known.

The matron of the household was no worse a woman than other matrons are who live within the shadow of the world's opinion, and entertain for counsel and adviser honest "Mrs. Grundy." The younger ladies of the household had heard of such "creatures" as young unwedded mothers, but if by chance allusion to them were made in

their virtuous presence, they would thank their stars their unpolluted garments had never brushed them by. The father was a "justice," and in his high place of power had given sentence on too many such "shocking persons" to question what their doom should be. "The old blue laws of the Puritan days gone by"—these were, in his opinion, "needed for such wenchies," and for his part, (glancing at his winching sons,) he would "those pernicious syrens who led away masculine virtue down the flowery slopes of crime, were pilloried and whipped as our good forefathers would have served them. He sent them to the hospital! Not he indeed! The penitentiary or graded dungeon was too good for them, the husbands! He knew them well!" And so he did, good man! in his unofficial character.

And Lucy heard, and shuddering stole away, to wildly stare into my great, white, solemn face, in her uncurtained attic, gleaming coldly down on man, but ever kindly on a lone, deserted woman. The rest is told, but told now for the first time in my long career of silent observation. If it may be asked why I make these revelations now, and why in such mystic form—that whilst I tell of men and things, not imagination or romance, I am still a useless revelator for the purposes of justice, holding my lantern, in my "moonlight" way, only on such parts of the truth as disclose its being, but not its whereabouts, I answer, in the first place, that I am weary of seeing one-half the world in such total ignorance of how the other half subsists. The sun glids only the myriads of gay butterflies that flutter through our city streets, but shies not on the dreary dwellers of the mournful tenement house, the reeking cellar or the roofless garret. The sun shines gaily on the glistening stores where idle womanhood consumes her time in selecting toys to adorn her decaying beauty, but denies its beams to the shivering outcast who scarce veils her wasted form in the fluttering rags of poverty; and while mimic suns in blazing girandoles illuminate the luxurious boards of wealth, 't is beneath my beam alone that the hungry, ragged poor come out to pick up refuse from the gutter. I am tired of ever shining only on the wretched; tired of the things I know and see all night enacted beneath my holy beam, whilst the sunlight, glowing only on life's surface, conceals the cavernous world of woe and want beneath. I would our pretty, idle dames who seem to have no other use for wealth than to spend it in vain idleness, no other use for time than in sunlight glare to display it, knew how many ragged wretches shrink beneath my beam, dying of want and famine. I want to show our pompous merchant princes, reveling in vast mansions of pride they cannot half inhabit, how many thousand hapless human creatures herd in shameful sin and loathsome filth in the single chamber of the reeking tenement-house. I want to show the justice on his bench that the criminal he dooms to cells and fetters is but too often manufactured in the crucible of that most unjust system, where the rich are so very rich and the poor so very poor; where each sunlit day beholds the rich man growing richer, each moonlit night beholds the poor man growing poorer. Stop! shouts the God of ages, through the lips of stern Reform. The wheels are still; the guilty riot ceases; and in the breathless pause, when Truth and Justice, hand in hand, mount the tribunal seats of earth to deliver judgment on society, the underground and surface cities of civilization are placed side by side on trial, and I, the man in the moon, am called in as a witness.

As to the second query or count against me, worthier reader, I beg to say, if I reveal a crime (as in the case of Lucy, the child-murderess,) but fail to disclose those points of evidence that would bring her to the bar of human justice, it is because I have more faith in God's justice than in man's. God's justice will overtake her yet, for his laws avenger all debts unpaid, even unto the last farthing. But alas for man's! I know by experience he would only do the work by halves; and whilst he would hang "the wretch who killed her child," he would never touch the man who drove her to it. "Let the victim die!" Kill out by the arm of law the country fool, who, in ignorance of life, descending one false step in the slippery road of crime, sinks deeper and deeper yet, till, deserted, ruined, lost, retreat through the path of shame seems worse than a chance through that of murder.

Thus much for her; and what for him—what for the seducer? "Nothing," responds society. "Then leave him to God," whispers the still, small voice of "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

Kind reader, the light of my little lantern does not gleam on garrets and cellars alone. I am the confidant of others beside robbers and slayers, and can tell of other phases of human life than remorse and heartbreak. I have inspired realms of beauty to reveal to you, paths of peace and pleasantness to guide you through, and many a sweet face, made sweeter in the pure white light of my gentle eyebeams, to picture to your mind's eye; only follow me patiently through some of those untrodden ways that underlie the well-beaten tracks of gaudy sunlight civilization; and if the perusal of my mystic journal may cause you to close the volume in somewhat sadder mood at times, at least you shall have cause to own its truths have made you wiser. M. T. M.

Twelve quarts of root in a hoghead of water will make a powerful liquid manure, which will improve the growth of flowers, garden vegetables, or root crops. In either a liquid or solid state it makes an excellent top-dressing for grass or cereal crops.

Mr. Youatt, the famous veterinary surgeon, who has been bitten eight or ten times by rabid animals, says that crystals of nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound, will positively prevent hydrophobia in the bitten person or animal.

Silence is wisdom, and gets a man friends.

Original Essay.

MIRACLES AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

The rapid growth of modern Spiritualism is of itself a miracle. It has been estimated at an average rate of increase of three hundred thousand believers per annum. If this estimate is correct, Spiritualism outstrips all other religions at their respective periods of introduction into the world. Vainly has it been pronounced a diabolical epidemic, a delusion, the effects of magnetism and electricity, which would soon be exposed and die out. Professors have said the manifestations were produced only by those who had large brains, some influence acting upon that organ causing the phenomena; but when the wonderful musical medium, Blind Tom, appeared, it was found that he was idiotic; yet a weak intellect was no hindrance to the controlling spirits. Prophecies uttered by the lips of mere children, above their capacity to compose or comprehend, have been verified. Tables have been lifted without contact; raps heard at a distance from the medium. Thus the theories advanced by the professors have exploded one after another, and the mystery still remains unexplained.

Miracles are as necessary to-day as they were in the days of the apostles, and greatly increase the power of the priests, for the blind worship of their congregations springs from attested miracles. Faith must be kept alive, and miracles are gifts of Christ to his church, but which the priests envelope in mystery and secrecy, while they acknowledge nothing miraculous outside of the church. They fear the revelations of Spiritualism, which take the power out of their own hands and weaken the hold they have upon the supernatural fears of the people, while they deny that the gift of healing has ever been bestowed on any but the anointed servants of the holy and visible church and the prophets of Christ.

Abbe Paris, Grenetier and others were called impostors in the face of facts, and even the testimony of the persons cured. Miracles, by their frequency, lose value in the eyes of the people. Old people relate cases of healing which occurred years ago—of burns being cured by stroking and talking to them; of tumors or cancers having disappeared if a seventh son gently breathed on the diseased parts; of warnings of death noticed; but tell them these things were accomplished by spirit-power and they will sneer at you, although they were done in the same manner as the miracles recorded in Bible history. Others say it was magnetism. If so, where laid its power? Pain will vanish at one time by laying on of hands; at another time it will remain, in spite of manipulations. All persons do not possess the gift of healing, and cannot always control the conditions necessary to effect a cure. The requisite power is there, but spirit must put it into action. Many lose their healing powers, and they are never restored—being given or taken without human agency.

Among the Indians certain men carry the "medicine-bag," who heal, prophesy and perform miracles. We read in history of Arabian physicians who heal by dipping a silk purse several times in water, and then giving the water in cases of fever, which produces a trance-like sleep, from which the patients awaken to health and vigor.

The Brahmins of India, while chanting hymns, are elevated in the air and work miracles. Indeed, their visions are far above the usual clairvoyance. While in the ecstatic condition they are totally insensible to outward influences, enduring surgical operations or self-inflicted torture with a smile of unconsciousness; and flesh and blood have resisted blows that in a normal state would have destroyed life itself. Delicate women have been suspended in the air by hooks penetrating the flesh on their backs, for hours, without one groan or complaint, showing the power of the will or soul over the body.

Montgeron gives miraculous accounts of the endurance of pain and insensibility to suffering among the "convulsionaries."

Those who have read of the wonderful cures effected by the touch and prayers of Madame St. Amour, believe them, for they are well authenticated, but deny that mediums of the present day are alike gifted. Dr. Newton and many others are performing the same miraculous cures at the present day, but as Spiritualists they are not sufficiently appreciated. When in Europe Dr. N. should have had the highest honors and respect paid him, instead of indifference and misrepresentation, no matter what his religious belief. God has bestowed on him the gift of healing, and as his apostle he is entitled to the reverence of all men. Cassner, although healing hundreds a day in the same manner, was accused of witchcraft and sorcery; while Spiritualists are denounced as idiots or insane by unprincipled men who own that they themselves deceived the public by base imitations of spirit manifestations and mediumship, and whose statements are gladly placed in print by the enemies of modern Spiritualism, and its pretended exposure hailed with delight by the churches, who hope by its downfall to renew their ancient power.

Every new religion requires a certain amount of excitement to keep up the interest. This Spiritualism has accomplished. Each day we hear of new phases of mediumship, some new cures, or wonderful developments. The power of spirits is shown in causing young and timid women to stand before large audiences and utter truths that convey a powerful meaning to the hearts of the hearers, unheeding praise or censure from the multitude before them, subservient only to the invisibles who control their organizations. Musical instruments are played upon, in daylight, by spirit power; communications received of attested facts from the "circle room"; portraits taken of

departed spirits, and recognized by the surviving friends, by mediums who were ignorant of possessing the required talent for drawing. All this, so convincing to believers, serves to close the eyes of those before whom the dark shadows of the church intervene like a veil, and a moral deafness prevents them from hearing the footsteps of the angels that ever walk patiently beside them, waiting for the light to shine on their souls—the light that Spiritualism is throwing over the world in floods of glory—until every land shall be lighted with the splendor of this, God's best gift to man, and become in harmony with his divine nature, which pervades all space. Each believer adds to its brightness, for the halo of the new religion surrounds him as he advances in the path of spiritual progression. He knows that spirits exist, because he sees into spiritual life, and acknowledges a grand and universal providence at work in the world, overthrowing dead forms and impious mockeries of a religion that is comfortable to live by but affords no consolation on a death bed. If it is based upon a miraculous foundation, so is the Bible, from beginning to end. Each miracle performed by Christ on earth can be reproduced by mediums, if it is the will of God; and who can deny His power?

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Lily of the Valley (*Convallaria Majalis*).

This delicate sweet flower, the emblem of love, seems to give to our gardens the fresh beauty and grace of the meadows and woods. It belongs to the same class, order and genus as the wild Solomon's Seal, the dwarf variety of which is sometimes called the wild Lily of the Valley; and rightly, for its leaves are not unlike, and it has a delicate beauty that would seem to make it a near relation of our garden pet.

This grouping of plants into families, seems so friendly and natural, that I wonder we do not talk of the sisters and cousins that we arrange in our bouquets.

The Lily of the Valley sends up its green leaves with a vigorous push, as if it loved life, and felt the full enjoyment of sunshine and the pure spring air. But its blossoms hang their sweet pearly cups with a timid grace, and we can almost fancy them whispering to themselves of the wonder and beauty about them, but not daring to utter their words to the brave, hardy daffodils and gaudy tulips.

Such blossomings of beauty and sweetness come from some lives, and such tender thoughts spring up and perfume all the spiritual air from some quiet, unobtrusive minds.

Albie Lotherop had a severe illness, that made him an invalid and a cripple. All that wealth could do for him had been done, and yet he pined and seemed to lose his hold on life. Somehow he felt himself to be a burden. He saw his brothers full of sport, and strong in their health, and his sisters with their fresh beauty and energetic wills, and then he looked down upon himself in his helplessness, and he did not want to live.

He thought of heaven and dreamed of heaven. He conned over all the pleasant stories about the rest and health there—no sickness, no pain there—until it seemed as if heaven was indeed his rightful home. And so at last he became reconciled to the thought that it was, and that he should die one of these days not far off. This gave him a contented mien, and his brothers thus thought him quite happy, and his sisters called him their dear darling brother; but they all left him to his thoughts, while they played heroic games in the strong, vigorous sunshine.

Sometimes he looked at them with longing eyes, but oftener he wished he was dead. His mother could not coax him from his sad thoughts, for she was a busy body, and careful about many things. She mourned with a mother's heart for her helpless boy, and then went out to her pines and cypresses as if they were of more value than one of his smiles.

It was only when his father came home that Albie had a little real enjoyment. He took the poor fellow on his knee and talked to him of the day's pleasures, and of the active life in the world, until the tired eyes kindled, and the face seemed to say, "This is a good world, after all."

It was into this home that Pettie, the mountain Violet, came. Her heart was full of brave thoughts as her life had been of brave deeds, and yet she was full of gentle tenderness. As she arranged and dusted Albie's room, she threw so much of gladness into her work that he felt refreshed and strengthened. She looked with longing at his great pile of books, till he said one day, "Take one, take them all; I am tired of them."

So she took a book, and then they talked about its wonderful stories of travel while she worked at her tasks. After awhile Pettie read aloud to him, when she had nothing else to do, and she asked him of that which she could not understand. This did him a world of good, for he felt himself to be of some consequence, and he offered to teach her the lessons that he had learned, for he had the best of teachers.

And Pettie with her cheerfulness and courage listened to all he said, and studied faithfully as he told her. She heard all he said about heaven, also, with a wondering awe, and then she talked of her home among the hills, of the great strong trees, and the tender flowers, of the birds and the squirrels, telling many a wonderful story of their habits, till Albie's face fairly glowed with pleasure.

It was evident that he was growing stronger every day, and as soon as Pettie could she coaxed him to be brought out into the garden. Here she gathered for him all the sweetest flowers, and she taught her how to arrange and press them, and to classify them. She was never tired of listening to all he said, and nobody interfered with their pleasant chats.

"Oh, if I was n't lame," he said one day, as if at last he would be glad to be like his brothers. "But if you were not lame what should I do?" said Pettie. "I should know nothing, for who would teach me? You would be just like your brothers, who want me only to wash the dishes and scrub the knives. Oh I wish I did not have to scrub and wash."

"Then what should I do?" said Albie, "for you would be just like all the rest, and care not at all for me?"

And then they both laughed, and entered with fresh zeal into their labors and pleasures. From this time it seemed as if they had a better understanding of each other and themselves. Pettie took hold of her work with a more resolute zeal,

and Albie thought less about dying and more about helping his new friend.

The studies progressed bravely. Pettie easily mastered her lessons, and day by day was becoming quite accomplished, and Albie tried new branches that he might better instruct her.

"And who is this fine drawing for?" said the father one day, as Albie sat busily engaged on a pencil sketch.

"It's one my pupil drew, and I am touching it up."

"Your pupil! and who may that be?"

"Oh, Pettie; did n't you know?" said Albie.

"The girl that washes the dishes? And what business has she with pencil, and to work with such skill?"

Albie looked straight into his father's eyes, but seeing there only a little bit of fun and a great deal of good nature, he replied:

"The business of her kind little heart, I suppose."

"And you want to help her? Then tell your drawing master to stay and teach her, too."

"And Monsieur Vieux also?"

"What! she learn French?"

"Oh papa, she speaks it so prettily."

And so little Pettie had her lessons in drawing and French twice a week, and yet she did not despise her dish washing and dusting, but made the house neat and trim, and had time to read to her father, and to praise his trim garden, which he had come to love better than anything else.

And so years went by, and Pettie was an accomplished and really beautiful young lady, and Albie had grown to be quite healthy, but was still very lame, so that he needed Pettie's care. But most he needed her cheerfulness, for he could not quite feel yet that this world was meant for him.

One day he said, "Pettie, will you marry me?"

"Yes, if you will," said she.

But not so said the mother, who had no idea of losing Pettie's dusting and scrubbing, and finding a daughter in place of her willing maid-of-all-work.

And not so said the father, who thought it not quite the thing for his son, if he was a cripple, to marry a serving-girl, if she was pretty and accomplished.

And so there was a great commotion in the household, and the place was too uncomfortable for Pettie, with all her forbearance and good nature, and she said, "I will go back to the little cottage under the hill; I have needed its peace and rest for a long time."

"And leave me?" said Albie. "What could I do without you? They none of them care as you care."

"But I must go," said Pettie, bending down her head to help keep back the tears.

"Then I go too," said Albie, stretching himself up in his newly assumed manliness, and looking a head taller.

"If you choose to disgrace us," said the father, "you can go, but you go without a penny from me."

"And of course Pettie can't expect any wages, when she has had good clothes, and all her lessons quite like a lady. Why, they say she knows a deal more than Adalade or Frank," said the mother.

Then Pettie tried all her persuasion to have Albie stay.

"It will be better; for cannot we love each other just the same?" said she.

"But, Pettie, what do you think the little flowers would do without the sun? Better than I could do without you. What do you think the night would do without the stars? Better than I can do without you. What do you think the summer would do without the song of birds? Better than my heart could miss you. Tell me that I may go to the little home under the shadow of the hill; that is all I ask."

And so Pettie became his little wife, and they went to the little brown dilapidated house, that had been the home of the spiders for so many years. How desolate and dreary it looked to other eyes than theirs!

What a dusting there was the first day! Little Pettie laughed and flitted about like a glad child in the beautiful joy that was hers. To feel that Albie was all her own, that she could love him just as dearly as she chose, and serve him just as faithfully as she would, was gladness enough. And Albie followed her with his eyes, and arranged the flowers she brought, and scrubbed up the old rusted knives, and felt his heart throbbing with an exquisite joy, for was not that love of a wife all his own, to bless, to caress, to be proud of?

"But where's the supper?" asked Pettie, at last.

"Trust me for that," said Albie, with a proud glance of his eyes. "I sold that pretty picture, and got such a lot of flour, and sugar, and everything the grocer said we needed; oh we'll live like princes."

What a merry laugh Pettie gave, and she soon had a brisk fire in readiness for the arrival of the uncooked supper.

It is surprising to see through how many straits a loving, energetic woman can pass, and yet be still fresh and untouched by real trouble. Pettie managed to get the house in order, and then the garden; but oh how she longed to do more. She knew Albie must miss many things, and to give to him was her great desire. With this wish in her heart, brimming it over and filling it so that it showed itself in falling tears, she left him asleep and went out to her little Bethel—the solitary place under the brow of the hill and overlooking the peaceful valley.

"Oh if I knew," thought she, "what to do," and then she kept her heart still and one of those sudden inspirations came to her.

"Why not teach?"

She rushed back to the house to announce her great discovery of a fortune.

"But," suggested Albie, "where are the scholars?"

"Oh anywhere, as thick as strawberries in the meadows; there's little Sallie wants to learn to draw; let's begin with her at once."

And so there was a school, and it consisted of one scholar at ten cents a week. Aunt Sally came in one day to see what progress her little one was making. She looked Albie all over—measured him with her eye—and then went into the garden and called Pettie after her with her old manner of command.

"I say, child, what did you marry that hunch-back for?"

A flash of anger covered Pettie's face, but it passed away, and there came in its place a sweet smile; she paused and looked far off down the meadow, and said, "Bring me a lily from the pond down there, and I'll show you how fair his soul is; bring me a wild rose from the meadow, and I'll show you how true he is. Oh there is not an arethusa or an orchis but is written all over what he is. He is the sunshine and the star, and the mountain and the forest to me. Don't say he is not beautiful."

And Aunt Sally said no more, but the next day sent another scholar, who soon brought another,

and thus there was soon a school and teaching enough; and from this little beginning came the famous Maple-Wood School, with its fine buildings and its ample accommodations.

And the centre of all the mental life around which the lessons and the exercises revolved, was Albie; but the centre of all the heart-life was Pettie, who saw the children as beautiful flowers to be fed with the sunshine of love and the dew of kindness.

And after all this had come to pass, the father and mother and brothers and sisters forgot their resentment, and without word or question visited and begged for visits from their dear children of the famous Maple-Wood School. As Pettie and Albie never remembered a wrong, they had nothing to forgive, and all love to them was like the shining of light—the fewer the clouds the brighter the sunshine.

Beautiful blossoms continually sprung forth from their lives, and no day was without its sweetness, and no night without its peace.

(Original.)

OURRAN—A SKETCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE.

How much can be learned from incidents in the lives of distinguished men who have risen from poverty to stations of honor and trust. The well known Curran, the member of the English Parliament, the talented lawyer, the friend of the oppressed, was, when a boy, a ragged apprentice, indulging in all sorts of mischief, and happy in the fun which he found and made.

One day he was playing a game of marbles in a village ball-alley. Full of enjoyment, because of his wit and humor, and thinking not of his miserable clothes and his empty pocket, he did not mind the presence of a fine-looking, benevolent man. The game went on, and the jests and gibes, and the pleasant-faced rector listened, studying the characters of the urchins before him. There was no word of reproach, no frown of dissatisfaction from the kind gentleman, for he was thinking of the future of these little fellows. His name was Boyse, and he was the rector of Newmarket.

He took a particular fancy to one of these boys; there was something attractive in his face, a pleasing intelligence. This was Curran, and the rector determined to draw him from his present life. He coaxed him with some sweetmeats to go home with him, and then by easy persuasion taught him his letters. Every day he used to teach him something, and he learned readily his grammar and then Latin, and when he was well fitted he sent him to school, where he rapidly rose, and after finishing his studies at school, he commenced the law. We will quote his own words for the rest of the story:

"I recollect that it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, and a good house in Bly Place, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned around—it was my friend of the ball-alley! I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed.

"You are right, you are right, sir," said I. "The chimney-piece is yours, the pictures are yours, the house is yours. You gave me all I have, my friend, and father and mother."

"He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the rector glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw his poor Jacky, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone, and no sutor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above."

How much greater does a great man seem as we find him thus mindful of those who have helped him from his humble life to a sphere of honorable use. How many little ones are there in our streets that might be helped by a few words and deeds to some position of honor and trust.

SUMMER WOODS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Come ye into the summer woods,
There'ereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see;
The burst of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-red columbine;

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true-love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's nightshade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the ferns so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook—
The brightest o'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill;
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill;

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flit their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree;
The little squirrels with the old—
Great joy it was to me!

And down into the running brook
I've seen them nibble go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants, they bow their heads,
As if in hearty cheer;
They spake unto those little things,
"Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood-shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet, nor is there strife
Among them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree,
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the greenwood tree.

A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental powers.

(Original.)

TRUE MARRIAGE.

FROM SPIRIT-LIFE.—BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Two hearts in one pulse beating,
Warm, passionate and free,
Two souls in one thought meeting,
For all eternity—

This, this is true love's essence,
Not less can true love be;
Rebuked from her pure presence,
Unholy things must flee.

No blaze of earthly splendor,
Nor din of worldly fame,
Can bid two hearts surrender
This heaven-lit, lambent flame.

Nor dull care for the morrow,
Nor dread, what lies beyond,
Nor sternest present sorrow,
Can part that perfect bond.

Nor death itself can sever
That marriage of the soul!
For true love lives forever,
It owns not death's control.

From earthly pain ascending,
A star-crowned mortal be;
Still onward, upward tending,
Thy home, eternally!

A Grand Exhibition in Philadelphia.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 2, of Philadelphia, gave their first public exhibition on last evening, May 24th, at the American Mechanic's Hall, in the northern portion of our city. They had a fine audience, and, as is always the case with the exhibitions of the Children's Lyceum, it was a grand success. Timid as is the young bird when it first attempts to fly from its parent's nest, our modest and unpretending co-laborers in the cause of progressive education were fearful they could not get up an acceptable exhibition; but with the promised assistance of the Lyceum with which I am connected, they took courage, made the effort, and have not only astonished the neighborhood in which they hold their meetings, but have surprised themselves. Their exhibition was an exceedingly creditable and beautiful illustration of the inherent powers and capabilities of the Lyceum movement, and the inspiration with which it nerves those engaged in it to continuous and persevering effort for the accomplishment of its purposes.

The Officers, Leaders and Members have all been assiduous and untiring in their efforts to do the best they could. Three or four weeks ago, Mrs. Dyott, myself and son attended a week-day meeting, assembled for the purpose of seeing if it was possible to attempt the getting up of an exhibition. They were without a musical director, and had no instruction or instructor in the gymnastic exercises, except the free exercises which were taught in their regular Sunday meetings; but the hidden treasures of genius, of song, of music and artistic skill were strown thickly around them in crude, uncultivated and undisciplined brilliancy.

Miss Effie Strong, an accomplished lady, a teacher of music, a member of Temple Group, attached to Lyceum No. 1, was induced to take charge of the musical department, and was unanimously elected to that position. Under her care, instruction and supervision, the musical exercises of the exhibition attained a proficiency that elicited the commendation of those proficient in the art. They were assisted by Prof. Shelling's children (who are musical prodigies), and two youthful violinists. My son took charge of the gymnastic department, and taught two classes of their members the wand and dumb-bell exercises. The skill and proficiency with which they all performed their parts would have done credit to those of larger experience in those exercises. The gymnastic ring exercises were given by a class of young gentlemen and ladies from Lyceum No. 1. The Infant Group, instructed and led by Mr. C. Baker, the worthy Conductor of the Lyceum, performed the free gymnastic exercises admirably. The march, led by their state Guardian, Mrs. Stretch, was excellent, and her motherly care and general supervision exercised over the whole affair was highly commendable.

The Officers and Leaders were assiduous in the performance of their duties, and the members were remarkably orderly, attentive, and desirous of doing the best they could, and they did it handsomely, and created such a sensation in the neighborhood that it will require one of the largest halls for their next exhibition. If no other results were obtained by their efforts to produce and present this exhibition, than the order, discipline, cultivation and improvement in their Lyceum, they would be abundantly repaid for all their labors; but they will realize a considerable sum, which will furnish them with the means of starting a library (the object of the exhibition).

After the Lyceum had executed their grand banner march, as announced upon their programme, by invitation of their Conductor, the following remarks were made by

Yours respectfully, M. B. DYOTT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—By courtesy of Mr. Baker, the Conductor of this Lyceum, I have been invited to make a few introductory remarks upon this, the first occasion upon which this Lyceum has appeared in the position it now stands before the public; and it being their first exhibition, it would seem most appropriate to say a few words in explanation of what the Children's Progressive Lyceum is, its objects, aims and purposes. But as you have doubtless assembled here this evening with the view and expectation of seeing and listening to that which we trust will be more acceptable and interesting to you than a speech, it is not my purpose to occupy your time with any such attempt.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is what would be perhaps better understood if I were to say it is the Sunday school attached to the various congregations of Spiritualists who assemble in nearly every city in the United States. This Lyceum, denominated No. 2, is the second of the kind organized in this city, and holds its meetings at Thompson-street Church every Sunday morning. As its objects and designs are the same as those organized elsewhere, I will state briefly a few of its distinctive objects and peculiarities, distinguishing it from what is generally understood to be those of other Sunday schools, and which may perhaps appropriately entitle it to the name of a "novel Sunday school." Its teachings and exercises will be practically illustrated this evening. They are based upon the universally admitted fact that man has a body, and is himself a spirit, and that the education, cultivation and development of one is of equal importance with that of the other. It inculcates and teaches that it is of more importance that we prepare our children and ourselves to live, than to die, as we believe and teach that there is no death; therefore to prepare for that which has no existence is folly; and that if we should serve God acceptably, we must educate, cultivate, refine and develop that physical temple, and make it a fitting residence and instrument through which the immortal spirit which inhabits it may express itself in harmony with Nature's God, and man's surroundings. Its first object, therefore, is to adopt such means as best adapted to the acquisition of a healthy body, believing it to be the best and surest way to obtain a healthy soul (and fit it for an endless, progressive life). One of its first exercises are the gymnastic movements, which you will see illus-

trated this evening. They are the "poetry of motion," and are designed to cultivate an erect carriage, to accelerate the circulation, give elasticity, strength and symmetry to the body; in a word, they are our prayers to the Almighty Giver of every good and perfect gift, for health, strength and vigor to enjoy life's blessings. This beautiful world in which we live, our marching beneath the star-spangled banner, keeping step with the angels in the march of progress to melodious strains of music, enables us to observe and practically apply the first great law of nature—Order—through all our movements and changes. It gives grace and ease of motion, cultivates a love of the beautiful, and engenders a reverence, patriotism and devotion to our country's flag, the only ensign of freedom that waves triumphantly over the footstool of the Almighty.

These being innovations upon the fossilized customs of society, I may be asked why we deprecate the sanctity of the Sabbath by marching with its onward march, and final triumph, if it is not more holy and sublime to carry the emblem of freedom in our march, and charge upon the citadel of ignorance, superstition and idolatry to unmeaning customs, than it is to carry it upon Sunday in front of the cannon's muzzles, training men for experts in the carnage of death, under the immediate supervision of the so-called followers and viceroyalties of the prince of peace, sanctified by their constant prayers and invocations to the God of war for his blessing and success in the slaughter of our brother man? Let me ask with what consistency can they withhold their prayers for its onward march, and final triumph, in the beautiful and Christ-like pursuits of the Children's Progressive Lyceum?

Musical in all its various departments is one of the Lyceum's most prominent teachings. Its refining and elevating influences are so universally acknowledged that it needs no eulogy from me. Our silver-chain readings are selected from the inspired poets of the present and the past, all being deemed sacred that have the elements of goodness and truth embodied in their sentiments. Our system of mental training is diverse from that of all other schools, being based upon the innate goodness of man, instead of his total depravity. We believe that man possesses the elements of goodness within him, and that by education and development they may be brought out in beautiful and symmetrical proportions; whilst other schools teach that man has nothing good in him, but that he is totally depraved, and desperately wicked, and they themselves so terribly bad that they deserve the torments of an endless hell. As they know themselves better than I do, perhaps they are right, and ought to be thus dealt with; but if they are, I am exceedingly rejoiced that I, my friends, and this Lyceum, have got out of such bad company.

To teach, to cultivate the reasoning powers and capacities of the children; to make them self-reliant; to believe that wrong-doing brings its inevitable suffering; that he who does a wrong must himself atone for it.

In the few moments allotted by prudence and circumstances, it is impossible to refer to but a tithe of the advantages of the system of education proposed by the movement denominated the Children's Progressive Lyceum. We therefore plant our target upon the eternal rock of truth, reason and common sense, for the aim of any and all to point their intellectual darts and criticisms, believing it invulnerable to all the arrows that can be brought to bear upon it.

The Lyceum in Foxcroft, Me.

At a meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Dover and Foxcroft, held this evening, being at the close of the labors of Bro. A. E. Carpenter, Mr. C. Chamberlain said:

FRIENDS—The present occasion—the termination of the engagement of Bro. A. E. Carpenter with us—seems to call for some expression on our part. His labors with us the present month, if they have wrought no other results, have certainly have introduced a change in religious action; and that change I believe to be an improvement. This experiment, and this brief experience, so far as it affects us peculiarly—in the transfer of some money from our pockets to his—gives us the greatest pleasure, for we believe we have never before made an investment so advantageous.

In behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Dover and Foxcroft, and its friends and patrons, I take the liberty to offer the following: Resolved, that in the work of organizing and instructing a Lyceum, we have a wider demonstration than in Bro. A. E. Carpenter the right man is found in the right place. Resolved, that in our acquaintance with Bro. Carpenter we have seen him in the position of a man called to him for the work in which he is engaged, and we take pleasure in recommending him to any people who may desire such services. Resolved, that when, under the care of his kind guardian spirit, he shall return to his home and friends, he will carry with him our kindest wishes and the purest loves of all our children, and that in whatever sphere he may call upon his part, we shall ever remember him as a kind, agreeable friend, an active worker, a rapid thinker, a pleasing medium, giving reference to the highest and purest thoughts from the angelic world.

The above resolutions having been adopted, on motion of A. K. P. Gray, a copy was requested for publication in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

E. B. AYERILL, Conductor.

CALVIN CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.

Dover, Me., May 25, 1867.

Chelsea Lyceum.

Our Lyceum, for the first time since its organization, has been called upon to mourn the loss of all that was mortal of one of its most devoted and loving teachers, who passed to spirit-life very suddenly, on Saturday evening last.

On the assembling of the Lyceum the following Sunday morning, appropriate remarks were made by Mr. John H. Crandon, who was also appointed a committee to draft Resolutions to be presented to the family, and for publication in the BANNER OF LIGHT, a copy of which is here annexed:

Whereas, in accordance with the great law and uniform order of nature in the unavoidable and necessary action of cause and effect, we have been called upon, very suddenly, to part with all that was mortal of our friend and co-laborer in the noble and noble cause of human development, ROBERT T. BICKNELL; therefore, Resolved, that we as a Lyceum recognize this sudden transition as a new birth, and that we will continue to mourn the loss of his physical form, by which we were permitted to travel the pathway of earth, together, we are consoled by the blessed assurance that he is not dead, but the spirit lives, and is still with us to counsel and to guide. Resolved, that we tender to his wife and dear children, who are thus severely bereft of a kind and affectionate husband and father, all the sympathy and aid which we can give, and that we will endeavor to express, and which they so

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION
ANNIVERSARY WEEK

Held in the Melrose, Boston, Mass., Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st, 1867.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Pursuant to a call issued by Dr. Gardner, the Spiritualists of Massachusetts convened as above, at 10 A. M. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Gardner, who read the published call, and briefly stated the main objects of the Convention.

On motion, it was voted that Dr. Gardner be temporary Chairman, and I. C. Ray, Esq., of New Bedford, Secretary.

Voted, that a nominating committee of three be appointed by the Chairman, to retire and report a list of names for permanent officers. This committee consisted of Messrs. George A. Bacon, of Boston, B. T. Martin, of Chelsea, and A. T. Foss, of New Hampshire.

While the committee were attending to their duties, Prof. J. H. W. Toohy engaged the attention of the audience with remarks of an appropriate and timely character, at the close of which the nominating committee presented the following list of officers: For President, Dr. H. F. Gardner; Vice Presidents, Rufus Elmer, of Springfield; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge; I. C. Ray, of New Bedford; Secretaries, Lewis B. Wilson, George A. Bacon; Treasurer, John Wetherbee—which was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Gardner, in declining the office of President, took occasion to express himself with reference to the motives which had actuated him in calling the Convention, and which had governed him in all his public labors in the cause of Spiritualism; and while they were as conscientious, disinterested and unselfish as is capable with ordinary mortals, yet he, as a man and as a public worker in a cause which was dear to him as life itself, had been misjudged, defamed and maligned without stint or measure. While what means, time and influence he had to command, were bestowed ungrudgingly, he had been obliged by force of circumstances to take a more conspicuous position than was either desirable or agreeable. But for this he deserved, if anything, friendly consideration rather than condemnation; merited approbation instead of reprobation—seeing that no one else would assume the ungracious task. His conscience acquitted him of all unworthy motives in seeking privately and publicly to bring the phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism before the world, and, therefore, in virtue of his decision made several years ago, to vacate the front bench and take a back seat, he must respectfully and emphatically decline the honor of serving the convention in the capacity of President.

Mr. Toohy, following, reprobated the gross injustices which were so prevalent among a certain class of Spiritualists, to defend and alter the character of those who, by virtue of their public position, were subject to most disgraceful criticism and wholesale denunciation from those who had neither the capacity to judge rightly nor the inclination to speak truthfully and kindly; from those who, in a spirit of all uncharitableness, sought to magnify every act of individual independence, every molehill of weakness into a mountain of sin, and to destroy the fruitful service of noble men and women who were devotedly and devoutly laboring in the cause of reform, humanity and peace in this world.

Mr. Foss, on taking the chair, made appropriate remarks of an introductory character. He expressed his interest in and devotion to Spiritualism, and related his conversion to it. He hoped he would live to see the shackles of superstition stricken from humanity as the shackles of slavery had been.

A Business Committee, consisting of Prof. Toohy, of Boston, B. T. Martin, of Chelsea, and Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, were chosen to prepare and arrange the order of exercises.

While this committee were absent, Mr. E. S. Wheeler, Missionary Agent, was called to the platform and gave a brief sketch of the operations of the Massachusetts Spiritualists Association. Spiritualism, he said, was rapidly spreading and enlarging its influence, but one of its great drawbacks was the silence of those professing it, they being, as it were, ashamed of their Christian neighbors. He represented the importance of organized, energetic action, stating that much interest has been awakened in Spiritualism.

The business committee submitted a report, recommending that a conference be held at 2 P. M., when members shall be invited to give ten minutes of speaking; that at 3 o'clock two addresses of half an hour in length each be made, and at 4 o'clock the conference be resumed. The report was adopted, and N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, and Mrs. S. A. Willis, of Lawrence, were appointed to make the addresses.

Prof. Toohy, Mr. Currier, of Haverhill, and Miss Lizzie Doten, were appointed delegates to represent in a spirit of fraternal fellowship the Spiritualist Convention to the Free Religion meeting in Horticultural Hall, after which the meeting adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention reassembled at 2 o'clock, the Chairman giving notice that the exercises would consist of a general conference, when all were wishing to speak would be permitted to occupy the platform for ten minutes. The first speaker was Mr. E. W. Shaw, of Providence, who gave in his testimony in regard to spiritual electricity, explaining the results of some thirty or forty experiments he had made in connection with his theories, which he wished the Convention to digest, and, if popular, list upon some plan by which these manifestations could be satisfactorily explained to children connected with our common schools.

The next speaker was a Mr. Lincoln, who occupied his allotted ten minutes in discoursing upon physical health as connected with spiritual manifestations, speaking of the many irrepressible intelligences that through the agency of the spirit operate upon physical substances. In earth-life there are those who have strong will power, the activity of which frequently destroys the manifestations that would otherwise be developed. One of the most important ideas advanced by this speaker was that spirits retain after death all the idiosyncrasies that they were possessed of while on earth.

Dr. P. B. Randolph (colored), of New Orleans, was then introduced, who proceeded to show that all mankind are brothers and sisters—that the dead have only passed away and gone heavenward, to put themselves in direct communication with those who still remain on earth, through the agency of that mysterious telegraph called sympathy.

Mr. N. B. Greenleaf, of Lowell, was then introduced as the regular speaker of the afternoon. In his introductory remarks he alluded to the very noticeable progress that Spiritualism has made during the past few years. It has come down to us by the bounty of God, and now the question is, what shall we do with it? Phenomenal Spiritualism has taken from us our infidelity, and now it should be the grand steppingstone on which to build for humanity a grand temple. We have already converted the infidel, and now we find clergymen who have been pledged to certain niggardly theological dogmas, ready to set the Bible aside and write in one common work for one common destiny.

Mr. Greenleaf then spoke of the lecture system as one of the most effective methods for enhancing the progress of Spiritualism, and recommended greater activity in that direction. The practice of sending the children of Spiritualists to Orthodox Sabbath schools, in order to keep them out of mischief or for some other purpose, he condemned in very strong terms, and advised the sending of their children to an institution where the children of the Progressive Lyceum, which he regarded as one of the best institutions of the age. In a brief space of time he thought that this Lyceum system would constitute a complete system of culture,

both intellectual, physical and spiritual. The details of this system were then explained at some length, and the conclusion arrived at that Progressive Lyceums should be inaugurated in every community, and he was glad to announce the fact that they were rapidly increasing throughout the land. This system, as explained by the speaker, embraces culture in the parlor, the church, on the street and the playground—anywhere that it is possible to feed the mind or give strength to the body.

Mrs. B. A. Willis, of Lawrence, delivered the next address, in which she made allusion to the sympathy which she declared was felt by spirits in the highest spheres. She also, in a most emphatic manner, ignored the idea of any one trying to get to heaven by throwing their sins upon the back of a Christ or any one else. In conclusion, she heartily approved of the Children's Lyceum movement as a most necessary and important instrumentality in spiritual circles.

The conference was then resumed. At this juncture Dr. Gardner announced the sudden death of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, the well known writer.

Short and pertinent addresses followed from Mr. Beardsley, of New York, Cephus B. Lynn, of Charlestown, Mrs. H. E. Wilson, the eloquent and earnest colored trance medium, and A. J. Davis, of New Jersey, (who briefly alluded to the radical position of Rev. Mr. Wells, and to the probable result of such timber in a free and radical organization), and Rufus Elmer, of Springfield. Prof. Toohy reported the results of the delegate Committee appointed to represent the Convention to the Radical Religiousists, and properly characterized their actions as discursive. Adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at 7 o'clock, and another conference opened for free discussion. A series of resolutions were presented to the Convention by Mr. Butts, of Hopkdale, which were laid on the table for after consideration. The following is a summary:

First—That modern Spiritualism is to exalt the material as well as the spiritual side of life, and to build the New Jerusalem on earth.

Second—That as a mere combatant of ancient superstitions, the work of Spiritualism may now safely be left to Orthodox dissenters and the left wing of Unitarianism.

Third—That the most powerful enemy of freedom and progress in this country is the money power—a power that now despises the claims of Northern labor as it does the prayer of the American slave—pouring its contempt upon the people through the columns of the daily press of Boston and elsewhere. That to strike the mightiest blow ever yet struck for the emancipation of men or angels, is to denigrate this wily serpent, the gilded charmer, whose fangs are in the hearts of the people.

Fourth—That as Spiritualists we greet with a hearty welcome the movement for the emancipation of labor, and the elevation of the masses to the position of true men and women in the full possession of their inalienable rights.

Fifth—That Spiritualism has done much to break the fetters of religious and mental bondage; that in advance of the equal rights association it has counted woman worthy of the gift of prophecy, and made her a speaker in the church and on the rostrum; that it has poured its inspiration into the lanes and by-ways of humanity, lifting the despoiled and the outcast into higher life and light.

Mr. P. B. Randolph, who had the honor of introducing one of the regular speakers of the evening, said, in view of the fact that Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, was present and might not be hereafter, Mr. P. was glad to yield him the time, that the very general desire to hear Dr. H. might be gratified. He therefore would occupy but the usual ten minutes, which he did with remarks endorsing the spirit of the resolves presented by Mr. Butts. The speaker had spent most of his days in preaching salvation hereafter; but forsaking all that, he desired to make up for lost time and to preach salvation now—that men should be saved to-day, that now, from this very moment, we should have a heaven on earth. He thought there was a want of enthusiasm among Spiritualists; that they did not take hold of the great reform movements in earnest, and he accordingly addressed to the audience a most earnest appeal to go into the field of reform with a determination to accomplish something in every direction.

The hour having arrived for the regular addresses, the President introduced Dr. R. T. Hallock, whose remarks had reference to the Philosophical Basis of Spiritualism. He said that before any permanent good could be accomplished by Spiritualists, many old oaks of error would have to be rooted out. When the errors are all gone, then the work of the Spiritualist begins—then the laws of the spirit will have full play, and our work will go bravely on. Dr. Hallock then proceeded to discourse at some length upon the doctrine of a uniform line of action between Church and State, contending that we can have no strong Government and no safe or perfect religion unless there be unity between the two. The unity of life, liberty and happiness is the corner-stone of the Government, and we must have a corresponding store on which to build our church edifices, or we shall have no church. A church, to be universal, must provide for every instinct in human nature. A church, to have the elements of universality about it, must be able to demonstrate the doctrine of immortality through the senses, just as any other fact is demonstrated. Reason is powerless without a fact to work upon—without something that the senses can be cognizant of.

The Doctor's thirty minutes speech enriched the Convention by its comprehensiveness, its striking illustration, its vigorous reasoning and its profound thought. No mere abstractness of doctrine to the matter, nor the pen reproduce the solid yet warm and earnest manner of Dr. Hallock's powerful address.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge, was then introduced as one of the regular speakers, and spoke at some length in defense of woman as a proper and powerful advocate upon the spiritual platform. Mrs. Byrnes's earnest address was listened to with great pleasure and satisfaction by as large an audience as could be convened within the Melrose.

Miss Lizzie Doten being called for, reluctantly responded. She had no thought of speaking on coming to the Convention. Had no strength in and of herself to occupy the platform, being overwhelmed with personal grief. Alluding in the most touching manner to the news which had just been brought to her, she gave an appropriate recital of her feelings over the recent death of her dear friend and sister, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, of Quincy.

Mr. Rufus Elmer, on rising, said that instead of consuming his ten minutes, he would request Dr. Hallock to occupy the allotted time and to finish his previous remarks, which the Doctor did to very general acceptance; at the close of which, and after announcement was made by the Business Committee relative to the proceedings to-morrow, the meeting adjourned.

SECOND DAY.

An increasing interest to attend the Convention was manifest on the second day, and at the hour of opening the forenoon session, notwithstanding the rain poured down copiously, the hall was full. Mr. Foss, on taking the chair, announced

Andrew Jackson Davis as the first regular speaker. The subject of Education was the topic for discussion, and Mr. Davis elaborated some of his ideas in regard to the education of Spiritualists, but dwelling more particularly upon the Children's Progressive Lyceum system, its objects, aims and good results. He styled it the new American idea, as far as practically carrying out of the plan was concerned, although it had its origin in the Summer-Land. Among the benefits of this system, he said, it taught children to grow up naturally, and in their lives to practice the golden rule. He held that the universe is the product of Divine Intelligence, perfect in attributes, harmonious in parts and purposes, that the human mind is a finite embodiment of the Infinite, and by searching, man can perceive and comprehend much of the nature and operations of the Infinite. Such comprehension is Wisdom; it differs from knowledge as much as substance differs from shadow. Wisdom is akin to the intelligence that lives in the life of things, while knowledge recognizes the shape, locality, color, and uses of things, without discerning their ultimate purpose and end. Knowledge is external; Wisdom is internal. True education consists in wisdom; but no man's education is complete unless his mind is stored with facts, which are essential to the principles that constitute wisdom. He proceeded to illustrate that

memory is aided by the use of signs, symbols, colors, &c., giving it permanency. All true education is unfoldment. The inner life must unfold like the flower beneath the influence of the sun. He would have the physical senses of the young developed first, as the most natural and easy method of reaching and developing the intellect and the life, and considered the Lyceum system the best method by which this can be accomplished. We cannot follow Mr. Davis through his lengthy and very interesting exposition of the Children's Lyceum system.

Rev. Mr. Hayward, of Milford, superintendent of the public schools there, said he was much interested in the subject of education. Though not a Spiritualist, he accepted much of the Spiritualist Philosophy, and read the BANNER OF LIGHT every week, finding much profitable instruction in its teachings. He was too radical now to be classed among the regular Unitarian clergymen. All reforms received his hearty support. He simply arose to ask Mr. Davis if he had any suggestion to make in regard to the application of his plan of instruction to the public schools which are now established.

Mr. Davis said he was not prepared to answer the question at present. The Progressive Lyceum had not been in operation long enough to warrant him from practical knowledge—in laying down definite rules for intellectual education. The Lyceum system was now devoted wholly to the moral, spiritual and physical education of the young; but he would communicate to the public from time to time any suggestions which, upon reflection, should seem to him judicious and of practical value.

Dr. R. T. Hallock, who came into the hall just before the close of Mr. Davis's remarks, was called upon to address the audience, and he received with hearty applause. His clear and eloquent manner in which this talented gentleman and eloquent speaker presents his thoughts to an audience, makes him a favorite. He proceeded to speak upon the needs of a change in the education of children. He repudiated in toto the religious teachings which were inculcated into the minds of children in the sectarian Sunday schools, as utterly false and pernicious in their tendency. If these children live to manhood, they will have to regulate their religious growth to regulate their life. This generation will be completely satisfied if their religion is owed it as a duty to its children not to subject them to the severe ordeal of doubt and mental anxiety which many persons present had gone through. He criticized the inconsistency of those who believed in the Spiritual Philosophy and attended spiritual meetings for instruction, yet at the same time send their children to the sectarian Sunday schools, where they are taught false doctrines, and of an entirely opposite character from any themselves receive and accept. Spiritualists, he said, should work to the rescue of their doctrine if they do not respect the respect. The Doctor's remarks were received with approval by loud applause.

Chauncey Barnes gave a brief biographical sketch of himself, interspersed with life experiences.

The Convention then adjourned to 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

President Foss in the chair. Mr. Butts, of Hopkdale, spoke on the resolution previously offered by him, on the labor reform question, claiming that the producing classes needed emancipation.

Mr. P. B. Randolph made a strong and stirring speech. He referred to the rapid progress which Spiritualism had made in a few years; of the various doctrines which had been abandoned for more reasonable ideas. Spiritualism has no creed, and should adopt none. It should not be cramped in any way. He strongly recommended the Children's Progressive Lyceum as a remedy for the evils which result from parents sending their children to the sectarian Sunday schools, where monstrous falsehoods are taught.

Then Robert Dale Owen was introduced. He said he was pleased with his visit to Boston, for it had given him a better knowledge of the extent and spread of Spiritualism. He then alluded to the great increase, within a short time, of the number of believers in the Spiritual Philosophy; an increase which has no parallel in history of any body of believers. He said while it is always difficult to judge of the designs of Providence, yet it seemed to him, when he looked back for a century and considered the progress made within that time in physical sciences and discoveries, that Providence, having enabled us to achieve all these wonderful things, was about to open upon us yet greater wonders and discoveries in the moral and spiritual realm. After alluding to the timidity of many in giving their assent to the doctrine of Spiritualism, he said that the true method which Spiritualists should pursue was the good old method of Bacon, the inductive method—accumulate facts rather than branch theories. Facts were the foundation upon which the doctrine must rest. Mr. Owen closed by reading a narrative of a most singular and wonderful visible appearance of a spirit to a young woman who resided in Philadelphia. After repeated nightly visits by the spirit, during the space of several weeks, it succeeded in making its presence visible, and also tangible to the touch—in the light—and finally spoke to the lady in audible voice.

At the conclusion of Mr. Owen's very interesting and suggestive narrative, the conference was resumed. Prof. Toohy, from the Business Committee, submitted the following resolutions, which were incidentally discussed by the various speakers:

Resolved, That labor is necessary to general development, social well-being and justice-loving civilization; and

Resolved, That present compensation for physical labor in general is grossly inadequate, and that the needs of improving and refining life, therefore,

Resolved, That the inequalities of labor and the severities of toil are to be regarded as necessary evils, and are unworthy of a justice-loving people.

Resolved, That physical health, social intercourse and general refinement are necessary to the progress of humanity, and that eight hours in twenty-four be considered the extreme of daily labor.

Resolved, That the work for the popularization of equity, and the just reward of labor, without reference to race, caste or sex.

John Wetherbee, on being called for, averred in beginning that he had not the remotest conception of the resolutions, not having listened while they were being read. Alluding to the doctrine that time is physical science and discovery, he attended those churches where their intelligence by going to sleep when the doctrines were being preached at them, and their good sense by going fishing on summer days and letting their wives and children go to church. Having made a very lively speech, with scarcely a reference to labor, Mr. Wetherbee was followed by Prof. Toohy, in remarks bearing upon the subject of the resolutions. He spoke with great earnestness and eloquence, and when he closed there were loud and frequent cries from the audience to "go on, go on."

Mrs. Hathaway, at this point, offered a protest against the proposed use of tobacco by the gentlemen, which practice she denounced in the strongest terms, saying, among other things, that it produced a great waste of labor in the raising and preparation for use—and after all did only mischief. She urged in support of her position the time occupied in preparing tobacco, its use, the manufacture of spittoons, and the cleaning of spittoons by women as being wasted, when it might be used in obtaining knowledge and elevating our natures.

This brought out Dr. Gardner, who admitted that he used tobacco, and asked for proof that it was injurious; and criticized the prevailing fashion of the ladies in wearing false hair which was gathered from nobody knows where, and which was often as unsavory, to say the least, as the obnoxious weed.

George A. Bacon said he supposed it was perfectly legitimate, instead of occupying his ten minutes, to give them to Prof. Toohy, knowing that the Convention would thereby be the gainer. He therefore called the gentleman to re-assert his position. Prof. T. then took the chair a second time. Referring to the subject of tobacco, the regular use of which in any form was a most filthy habit, he felt there was some extension of the use of the weed on the part of the laboring people, who were compelled to resort to some artificial stimulant or other, as a relief to their overtaxed systems in the drudgery and over toil which they had to undergo.

He proceeded to read a letter from Mr. Stewart, the mill-mechanic at New York, for whom he had been working as a freeman, and which he thought he ought to loan to industrious and worthy men for farming and business purposes, to enable each to gain a competence and develop the resources of the Great West.

Mr. Robinson spoke with moderation, but with

great clearness and pertinency, in advocacy of the leading doctrines of the labor reform.

I. O. Ray followed in a similar course of remarks, and related the incidents and the successful issue of a strike at New Bedford some time since, in which the effort was for a reduction of the hours of labor for children, and in which effort he took a leading part. One result of that strike he found in the recently enacted ten-hour law for children in factories, and of the origination of which he claimed the credit. Referring to the use of tobacco, he said the only reason he could give for using it was this: "I will use it."

Dr. P. B. Randolph was the next speaker. He said that as regards tobacco, nature had produced it, and he thought it was designed for some good use; as for labor, he had always found that no tobacco worked more than he could help; and as for the objection to the use of the India using every means to heighten their charms, and cultivating that instinct for the beautiful which was a part of their nature.

Walking down State street, he had witnessed with pleasure the operation of the new cow-milking machine; and he declared that the man who invented it was a true labor reformer and a practical benefactor of the human race. He believed that through the inventive faculty of man and the improvements of machinery, the time would come when four hours of manual labor per day would perform all the necessary work of the world, and produce more in proportion than is now produced. He predicted the good time coming, both as regards labor and the beneficent influence of Spiritualism; and said that the condition of America one hundred years hence would stand, as compared with the present time, as the present time does compare with the middle ages. The afternoon session was here brought to a close.

EVENING SESSION.

The President, on taking the chair, called upon Mrs. Wilson, the colored speaker, to occupy the platform. She improved the opportunity, or rather the intelligence controlling her, by delivering a fervent speech in favor of labor-reform and the education of children in the doctrines of Spiritualism.

The next speaker was Mr. A. P. Case, who said he was a disbeliever in Spiritualism, and was there to controvert it. Much that had been said he could approve. He liked their liberality in having a free platform. While he did not agree with Robert Dale Owen in his vagaries, fancies and ghost stories, in connection with Spiritualism, he did agree with him on the labor question. He also agreed with Mrs. Hathaway in her remarks about the culture and use of tobacco, and acknowledged the justice of the remarks of Dr. Gardner relative to the ladies wearing chicane, and suggested the propriety of ladies doing away with these useless appendages. With Spiritualism proper, that so-called deceased persons could return and communicate with living friends, he did not believe any intelligent man ever believed it. Mr. Wetherbee asked whether he considered him an intelligent man, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Mr. Case declined to answer the question, it being too personal, and proceeded to assert that all the spiritual phenomena could be accounted for upon the basis of electricity and animal magnetism. He affirmed that no manifestations could occur in his presence which he could not explain by these principles. Expiration of time prevented the further controverting of Spiritualism.

Miss Lucretia Webster then read very effectively one of Lizzie Doten's poems, entitled "Peter Maguire, or Nature and Grace." Mr. Peebles said he wanted to say one word upon a subject which had not, as yet, been alluded to—namely, Indiana. He then proceeded to read a manuscript plan in behalf of the red men, having first read upon an editorial paragraph in one of the morning papers, calling the attention of the representative men in session upon the various anniversaries to the action now being pursued by the nation toward the Indians, twelve thousand of whom he declared had been destroyed by starvation through the action of our government and who were now threatened with extermination by Gen. Sherman. The Indian spirits, he said, had once saved his (the speaker's) life, and he thought he would do for the Indians as he had done for the negro. He detailed the history of the Indian policy of our country, and England before the revolution, and urged that the Spiritualists should protest against the warfare now about to be inaugurated by the government.

At the conclusion of Mr. Peebles's speech, Chauncey Barnes was controlled by an Indian spirit, who expressed gratitude for the sympathy shown by the preceding speaker for the Indian.

I. C. Ray earnestly addressed the meeting in an admirable speech of sustained power and interest, upon the general and special character of Spiritualism, and its responsibilities in this and in the other world. He was followed by Cephus B. Lynn, in a similar strain, and concluded by calling upon the young men to investigate Spiritualism, and live lives in accordance with its sublime teachings.

A. T. Foss, the President of the Convention, made an earnest appeal in behalf of the outraged Indian, and laid the sin of the nation, in its inhuman treatment of the Indians, at the doors of the church. In the course of his remarks, he referred to the action of certain ministers of the Gospel, who in colonial times received scalp-money as payment for their religious services.

Dr. Mann questioned whether this was authorized by the English Government.

Mr. Wetherbee again addressed the Convention, taking strong grounds in behalf of the Indian, and advised a governmental policy that would treat them with consideration, kindness and respect, all over the world. Said Mr. Wetherbee, it is better to let our dog and his fish eat little fish, and this policy has been carried by the white man into the wigwam of the Indian, and now when we hear of cruelty on their part, it is only our own chickens coming home to roost. Mr. Wetherbee also said that they were a doomed race; that eventually they must pass away. The laws and necessities of civilization demand this, and if they stand in the great highways of civilization in its march over this continent, then they must get out of the way or go under.

The discussion upon the Indian question called up from the audience a grandson of a Puritan, Mr. Haskell, who avowed that the statement made by the President of the Convention that the Puritans treated the Indians with the utmost cruelty and barbarity, was not in accordance with the record of history. His remarks were of a rambling character.

Prof. Toohy submitted the following:

Resolved, Magnanimity becomes the strong, and to "love mercy rather than victory," a genuine virtue; and

Resolved, The history of warfare between our Christian fathers and the Indians of this country, has grown into an outrage against all civilized and acknowledged religious virtue and revolutionary principles.

Resolved, That the tyrannies of our forefathers, whether founded on the Bible, the authority of the Church, or the power of the State, are all alike tyrannies, and that the instincts of humanity; and that all limitation and further practice of such a policy by our present government, is a direct insult to justice, and is a disgrace to the genius of civilization.

Mr. George A. Bacon then read the following, drafted by Mr. Wheeler:

Resolved, That recognizing as we do the equality of political and social rights as the prerogative of every human being, we hereby express our righteous indignation at the past and present cruel and wicked treatment of the Indians, and protest in the most emphatic manner against its continuance.

Resolved, That the declaration of Gen. W. T. Sherman, the second highest officer in the regular service of the United States, that there is a present necessity for exterminating all our Indians, including women and children, while located on a straggled reservation, be thought an unworthy of a savage.

Resolved, That the condition and management of the Western tribes are a national disgrace, and we call upon all lovers of humanity and justice to demand and obtain national reform in all matters relating to Indian affairs.

Both series of resolutions were unanimously adopted. Prof. Toohy offered the following:

Resolved, Individuals rather than organizations have done the most for the cause of the oppressed.

Resolved, That the tyrannies of our forefathers, whether founded on the Bible, the authority of the Church, or the power of the State, are all alike tyrannies, and that the instincts of humanity; and that all limitation and further practice of such a policy by our present government, is a direct insult to justice, and is a disgrace to the genius of civilization.

of the Convention, eloquently urging the claims of the Massachusetts Spiritualists Association, showing the importance and necessity of continuing and increasing their missionary labors. The Association is doing a work, he said, never attempted before, yet long felt to be absolutely needed, namely, through organized, systematic effort bearing the gospel of Spiritualism to the hearts and homes of those who, scattered up and down the byways, along the hedges and through the lanes of the State, are deprived of the ordinary opportunities to hear from earnest hearts and inspired lips of the blessed Comforter which comes through the facts, the philosophy and the religion of Spiritualism—a work of grandest import and holiest needs, demanding at once, in the name of common consistency, human progress and spiritual liberty, their heartiest sympathy, active co-operation and most liberal contributions.

This is but a meagre attempt to convey the spirit of Mr. Wheeler's earnest address, and which fairly aroused the flagging interest of a protracted session.

At a late hour, and after two days of the most successful, harmonious and progressive Convention of Spiritualists ever held in Massachusetts, the meetings adjourned sine die.

I. B. WILSON, } Secretaries.
Geo. A. BACON, }

A. T. FOSS, President.

Correspondence.

Stonham, Mass.

DEAR BANNER—I am glad to report the Stonham friends as being earnestly moving in the right direction. Having occupied their platform May 19th and 20th, I found the interest deep, and manifested by very large and very attentive audiences. One important feature in the formation of a Progressive Lyceum, which although but a month old, already numbers over eighty scholars, and does great credit to the hearts, heads and hands of the spiritualistic friends. I have with me some of the officers' names: J. A. Lovejoy, Conductor, Mrs. Howard, Guardian, Mr. Thompson, Military Conductor, Mr. A. Hill, Musical Director, Mr. E. T. Whittier, Librarian, Mr. C. A. Edwards, Assistant Librarian. The energy with which officers, leaders and scholars alike, engage in the interesting exercises, cannot be too highly commended. One noble old man, thinking he could not physically take an active part, presented them with \$200, with which to purchase a library for the younger portion of the Lyceum, and every Sunday many a young heart mentally blesses the kind donor—Col. Eldridge Gerry—for his practical prayer for their success, and he himself feels, as he expressed to me one Sunday morn., while witnessing the exercises, "doubtly repaid." Thus these zealous, truth-loving and truth-seeking people, are triumphantly marching along. God and angels bless them! and all friends of progress will echo a hearty Amen! to all such efforts. And now my pen is in motion, I would say that all over New England the cry "Come over and help us!" comes each day with new and startling emphasis, and at every step the interest increases. This is true of each place I visit, and of none more so than of North Hanson, of which I have before spoken.

I will now fulfill a long-neglected duty of acknowledging the receipt, as a New Year's gift, of a lady's book, and presented to me by the pleasing inspiration of Mrs. Puffer, in behalf of the North Hanson friends; also for the grand surprise entertainment accompanying a large and well-filled May basket, during my last stay with them. For all this they have my spirit-thanks, for in these outward tokens I realize the spirit-prompts, and feel as if words would fail to convey the language of my soul to the generous donors.

Friends, let us move onward till jealousy and strife cease and humanity comes into more harmonious relations; till we remedy the past by allowing experiences to be lessons upon which shall be based nobler deeds and a more glorious future.

North Middleboro', Mass. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Spirit Portrait—Lectures in Portland.
The light of our beautiful faith still burns, gathering new lustre, penetrating the darkness of all sects; and oh, may it continue to shed abroad its radiance until every heart is warmed and blessed by its rays.

This thought came into my heart while listening to the fact of a portrait of a young girl in spirit-life having been painted by a lady of our pleasant town of Westbrook, who has no knowledge whatever of spirit communion, and has never seen a spirit portrait; but the young girl presented herself for her portrait, and she painted it. It is said to be a perfect likeness.

Thus the light breaks in where least expected, attracting the attention of different minds, and bringing knowledge and peace to the weary heart. I think we have no cause to be discouraged here in our vicinity, as we look about us and see the progress being made, see the new and anxious faces which greet us in our meetings, both in our Sabbath and our weekly evening meetings.

We are anticipating a rich feast during the month of June in Portland, when we shall have the teachings of J. Madison Allyn. He lectured for us in Portland, the first two Sundays of this month, and while listening to him, we felt that the soul was being fed. There is a pure spiritual element surrounding him, which all must feel who come into his presence.

Would that we had more workers like him. If so, our opposers would soon see that there is a spiritual beauty connected with our faith which will illumine the pathway of all who acknowledge its truth. May angels shower rich blessings upon his pathway.

Westbrook, Me., May 29, 1867. A. E.

Note from Mrs. Townsend.

The spirit of our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy is calling for true workers, for God and humanity; such as will seek to advance the soul to its highest plane of progress in this sphere, which no thinking being can for a moment hesitate to acknowledge is the plane where selfishness is sufficiently overcome in one's nature to lead him to suffer wrong rather than do wrong; which once attained, secures that sweet peace never known where "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is the law.

Human beings are as sure to rise to this "do unto others as you would have them do to you" kingdom, as God is the God of the Universe, and a Spirit of Love. "Tis coming up the steep of Time, and though we may not dwell in the form long enough to see "swords bent into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and men learn war no more," we shall thank God as we look upon human conditions from "the other side," that we put our shoulders to the wheel of the car of progress, earnestly, willingly, and added our mite of strength, where most needed, even though those who have long made Christian professions sneer at us because we simply ask to have those professions carried into our daily lives and made practical.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1887.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 2, 10. STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY,.....EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON,.....ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

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 in man; 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 this catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Anniversary Week.

(As Mr. Peckles, the Editor of the "Western Department" of this paper, visited Boston, on Anniversary Week, to attend the Spiritualists' Convention, we requested him to look up on the doings of several of the Theological Conventions. The result of his observations is given below.)

The sun has burst through the war-storm that a few months since hung darkly over Central Europe. Queen Victoria—a woman—inaugurated the peace movement. Roses now bloom upon the ruins of a demolished fortress. Our country is at peace. It has established a higher justice, a more catholic spirit. Freedom is its watchword. The dove and the olive-branch are its symbols. Such propitious signs of the times rendered the yearly anniversaries in Boston doubly earnest and interesting.

An arduous programme early marked the week. Not less than sixty different organic gatherings convened, each intent upon the accomplishment of some specific purpose. Members of old organizations met, burdened with the year's harvests; met to reclass hands, to rejoin hearts and report progress. New enterprises were inaugurated, and the freshest words of the day, the hour, breathed—forced in power and pathos half-divine, awakening the social element, lengthening the chain of sympathy, and arousing a fraternal joyfulness that will musically roll and linger along the aisles and corridors of the soul's heaven long after the mere form of service and festival has faded away.

High purposes were announced; plans laid down for the future; resources calculated; propagandists selected, and a divine zeal kindled, as well as a pleasant season of inter-familial and recreation, open to all, whether citizens of Boston or strangers from other cities and localities. These returning anniversaries will yearly draw their thousands of gratified attendants. They are among the bright spots, the pleasant places, the sunny nooks that dot life's journey. The movements of Universalists, Unitarians, the free religious association and Spiritualists among religious bodies most interest us.

THE UNIVERSALISTS.

These had their conferences, prayer-meetings, festival, communion service, &c. We cherish a deep interest in Universalism, as interpreted by its younger clergymen and broadest, best thinkers. As a mere system of faith it is beautiful. It ends, however, in faith. Their meetings last week were absolutely tame and dull, as compared with many others. They lacked enthusiasm, lacked that spiritual, inspirational power that thrills and feeds the soul. If this denomination had more such living men as Emerson of the Ambassador, Ballou of the Repository, Spaulding, Bartholomew and others, it might reasonably expect to accomplish a further work for religious freedom. Other counsels prevailed. It has become a denomination, a sect, with priestly incensures. Why, a few such stolid bigots as Rev. E. G. Brooks, of New York, chill all the surrounding atmosphere with a sort of sectarian nightmare. From pious scruples he took no part in Mr. Bartholomew's installation. If we hear right, God says to every sect, to every people: expand with the age, or wilt and wither—grow, or die and rot from the memory of man.

The Rev. G. T. Flanders, in a Conference meeting, expatiated upon integrity and loyalty to the denominational name, "Universalist," and sarcastically hinted at the movement then being participated in by some of their clergy, upon the subject of "Free Religion," in Horticultural Hall. By the way, the Rev. R. W. Conner, associate pastor in the Universalist School-street Church, was chosen assistant secretary of this branch of "come-outer-ism." The Rev. Mr. Blanchard, a Universalist clergyman of New York, took an active part in this Free Religious Association. Bro. Flanders used to have excellent medium powers. Mediums in Cincinnati, New York and elsewhere have inquired of us concerning his spiritual progress. He once gave us a fine clairvoyant examination. Signs follow believers.

THE UNITARIANS.

This body of Christians had unusually interesting sessions. Their culture always charmed us. Their past is interwoven not only with the best scholarship, but the highest moral interests of this country. Their present is up with the general progress of the age with quite a flush of apostolic fervor. Their future, as indicated by their younger clergymen, is exceedingly promising. Some of their speeches were as fresh and eloquent as rays and rich. Take these samples. Rev. Mr. Israel said:

"We have organized a church on a free basis. We have women on the board of trustees and women to help our men. We have determined never to have an auctioneer's hammer in our house; determined that where there is a Unitarian Church there shall be a free church and a free gospel. We have all kinds of men for members, Spiritualists, Radicals, and a few good old-fashioned, said Boston Unitarians."

The Rev. Mr. Hepworth said:

"The clock has struck the beginning of the new time. We are on the threshold of new and fresh events; like a giant, we are just waking up from our sleep and beginning to recognize the power that lies within us and to comprehend the import of the responsibilities that are before us. We have had in fifty years as wide, as large and as grand an influence upon the religious world as any other body. We have done more to modify the opinions of the world than any other ecclesiastical organization. Unitarianism and Liberty have been one and identical. There is hardly a single dogma of the thirty-nine that has not been modified by our men, our influence, our pulpits or our literature."

Our denomination is beginning to stretch out its long arms and to draw in those who have fallen and call in those who have wandered. It has left its old dogmas, gone away from the old ramparts of its theology, and recognizes every child on the earth as God's child, and bids a God speed to every reform, no matter under the shelter of what canopy it comes, whose object and end is the amelioration of the condition of the poor and the uplifting of the down-trodden or oppressed of every clime and every color. God grant that the day be not far distant when our churches, now so horribly respectable, shall open

their doors wide and call in those who are poor and needy, who need to have the Gospel preached to them, as well as those who have gilt-edged prayer-books."

It is well known that Mr. Hepworth is a firm believer in a present, conscious communion with the spirit-world. Accordingly he said:

"The first duty of this denomination is self-assertion—in no timid tones, with no voice of wavering, but with all our minds, with all our strength and means. If these truths are great and grand and noble, as we believe them to be, it is our duty not to hide behind them."

Rev. Mr. Collier said:

"I want to speak about organization. I want to show the Unitarians in Boston that the best thing in the world is to take their thirty or forty churches and fuse them into one life. I would not sacrifice my liberty. I left ecclesiasticism for the individualism of Unitarianism. And God forbid that I should ever place my neck again in the yoke."

These Unitarian sessions were characterized throughout by live men, a genial glow of enthusiasm, and earnest words from eloquent speakers, that could not fail to reach the masses, all bespeaking a more thorough consecration to the best interests of humanity. Some of them repudiated even the name "Unitarian." The Rev. Mr. Thilen said, "Away with this phrase, 'liberal Christianity,' and give us the thing itself." As an organic denomination they are dividing and disintegrating. Some of their clergy close their prayers with thanks direct to God—others, through their "Lord and Master" Jesus Christ. They are unsettled as to whether they shall consider Jesus of Nazareth, "Lord and Master," or a man and a brother. The latter is the growing idea. The stone that certain Unitarians rejected a few years since—Theodore Parker—is rapidly becoming the head of the corner.

THE UNITARIANS AND REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Several of the Unitarians at their festival and other gatherings, referred with profound respect to the sainted Pierpont, whose last public appearance was at the National Convention of Spiritualists. Some in making mention of him expressed sympathy, and others full accordance with his views of spirit communion. Referring to past social soul-communings, the Rev. Dr. Palfrey said:

"The last person who spoke on that occasion was the poet, philanthropist and patriot, John Pierpont. In his latter days he held the belief that the dead are like the stars by day, unseen but not withdrawn, and that they revisit the scenes of their interests and labors. To the majority of Unitarian Christians, this is not within the sphere of assured belief. We know not whether those we have loved and honored still watch over us in person, or whether they are summoned to duties incompatible with this tender guardianship. But we know that the spirit awakened by their labors lives in us and sustains us. And we feel that we have a right to join their venerated names with ours in bidding to the clergy of our liberal denomination a hearty welcome."

The Rev. Mr. Woodbury, of Providence, full of fervor, uttered these words:

"I cannot but feel the absence of one who was well known to us all—the form of my venerated colleague. And I rejoice to feel that there is, after all, some truth in the idea entertained by Mr. Pierpont, and that the spirits of the departed do linger around those they loved in the flesh. I think it would be well, on these occasions, to ask the laity to speak for the clergy."

So do we. Let the laity speak. They are generally in advance of their pastors. The clergy in the line of progress follow the people. In some nominal Unitarian congregations, the majority of the parishioners are Spiritualists. Yes, let them speak—and God and angels help them to act—to live up to the light, the truth that is in them.

THE RADICAL, "FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION."

At an early hour, Thursday morning, Horticultural Hall was densely packed. The movement was fresh, the moral sky bright, the uttered purpose broad and grand. On the rostrum were the literati of New England, with several old war-worn veterans, dusty from the field of reform. The appearance was imposing. A good home-feeling stole sweetly over us. Our heart beat high, and winged our hopes, for we saw no dark lining to the silver cloud. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham opened with a well-timed and excellently-worded address. He alluded to the initial step, the real purpose to be accomplished, the progress already made, and the culmination in the assemblage present. Ignoring delegates, the representations were as follows:

Rev. John Weiss, for the Unitarians,
Rev. H. Blanchard, for the Universalists,
Oliver Johnson, for the Progressive Friends,
Robert Dale Owen, for the Spiritualists,
Lucretia Mott, for the Quakers,
F. E. Abbott, for the Scientists,
Ralph Waldo Emerson, for the Transcendentalists and Intellectualists generally.

It was an august body of men and women, full of the "new wine" of the times. They met not as disorganizers—not as destructionists, merely, but as constructors, master-builders, and representatives of the better, higher wants of this wondrous age.

REV. H. BLANCHARD.

His remarks were exceedingly happy. Said he voluntarily left the Universalist denomination—a radical—believed in no man-made creeds, nor submitted to any priestly dictations. The history he gave of Universalism, through its Calvinistic, Unitarian and Restoration phases, was thrillingly interesting. The sect was now in process of another transition. The old landmarks were crumbling, textual proofs being abandoned, and the plenary inspiration of the Bible more and more doubted. Its clergy needed culture, more scientific attainments, greater breadth of thought and toleration toward those who took advanced steps. Other clergymen would leave the denomination. He heartily welcomed this "Free religious" movement. It was another Star in the East—a sign of angel presences, and a prelude to a higher dispensation.

REV. JOHN WEISS.

This was an unfortunate selection as a representative for the Unitarians. Rev. D. A. Was-

son should have been the man. Theodore Parker that was, is Mr. Weiss's stock in trade; clear, pungent and pointed, he is neither broad, catholic nor tolerant. Some imagine he wrote the life of the ascended Parker. This is a mistake. He collected his letters and commented upon them—that's all. His speech at this radical meeting might be summed up thus: God; a recognition of God; God's presence in America; in all souls to-day; in all human affairs. Immediately following the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, he took exceptional pains to say he "did not believe one jot or tittle of this modern Spiritualism." A part of this uncalled for bayonet thrust was couched in these words: "I do not believe one fact nor one thought connected with Spiritualism."

Now mark, Mr. Owen, formerly minister to Naples, and Senator; the frequent adviser of Lincoln in the darkest days of our national struggle; the scholar and the modest gentleman everywhere, spent much of his time during twelve years investigating the phenomenon called Spiritualism, in this country and Europe; then by invitation makes his report, or expresses his convictions of its truth, with the facts and reasons for said convictions. When through, up bounds Mr. Weiss, a wiry, nervous, shrill-voiced iconoclast, and denies everything connected therewith. Yes, denied all, in

the face of some "eleven millions" of believers! What self-sufficiency!

REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

As berries around where briars grow, so are antidotes ever found in close proximity to poisons. Col. Higginson made the speech of the meeting. He reviewed the past, and with a prophet's vision comprehended the present. Rising higher upon the mount, he forecast the future. It was glorious. Our soul intuitions said, amen. Listening to his eloquence, all seemed to catch glimpses of the oncoming Eden for humanity, through the cultivation of intellectuality and its deeper baptism into fraternity and spirituality. He clearly stated his belief in Spiritualism. Though some of the so-called facts might be doubted, there were enough, he said, "clearly established facts," adding, "facts are facts, and the age needs them to strengthen its belief in a future existence." He further said: "Immortality, dead in the churches, lived and flourished in freshest beauty throughout the ranks of Spiritualists. Mere faith in another world did not satisfy the soul. It demanded knowledge, and Spiritualism gave that knowledge." Referring to the comforts and consolations derived from communing with the spirit-world, he mentioned a touching incident connected with the widow of an army officer. A well-attested communication from her husband in spirit-life each week, had saved her from the commission of suicide. His whole speech, of mingled argument and incident, was beautiful, charitable, telling. He was loudly cheered.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

This sainted woman's presence is a power in any assembly. To clasp her hand is a benediction. Glad are we that she lives to see something of the harvest of her early sowing. In her speech, calm, tender, and yet broad in sweep, she referred to the English reviews, Colenso, the progress of religious ideas in her day, and the breaking away from the old superstitious ideas of the past. Her views being extreme, she represented herself rather than the Quakers. Happy of the present opportunity, she welcomed the "new light," come from what source it might; adding, "some of my most reliable friends have told me that Spiritualism had done more to break the shackles of bigotry, unchain the creed-bound, and promote religious freedom, than any other religious movement of the times." Said she was glad to hear it, and then counseled the audience to turn away from no new light, however unpopular in the first stages, for angels in the Biblical past were entertained unawares.

HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN.

His lecture upon this occasion will soon be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT; hence we will only say it was worthy the man and the hour, elucidating the philosophy of Spiritualism, and the phenomena, with their manifold bearings upon the social, moral and religious world. It was clear, cogent, sound and logical, and delivered in a very calm and impressive manner.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

This man, our country's Plato, appeared on the platform 'mid rounds of applause. The world has its thinkers, sayers and doers. Emerson is a profound thinker, brilliant writer, but not talker; and yet, in the deepest, divinest sense of talk, he excels all talkers, for every thought is golden-winged, idea diamond-tipped, and every word a two edged sword, pushed out by mighty conscious soul forces. His simplicity and modesty are only excelled by his research and wisdom. In our soul we admire, love him, for his presence is at once a trinity—baptism, inspiration, benediction. He expressed himself in sympathy with this radical movement, hailing it as a son whose birth he had long expected.

At the commencement of the afternoon session the committee made their report. The articles of this new religious association were embodied as follows:

"1. This Association shall be called the Free Religious Association—its objects being to promote the interests of pure religion, to encourage the scientific study of theology, and to increase fellowship in the spirit; and to this end all persons interested in these objects are cordially invited to its membership.

2. Membership in this Association shall leave each individual responsible for his own opinions alone, and affect in no degree his relation to other associations. Any person desiring to cooperate with the association shall be considered a member, with full right to speak in its meetings; but an annual contribution of one dollar shall be necessary to give a title to vote; provided that those thus entitled may at any time confer the privilege of voting upon the whole assembly, on questions not pertaining to the management of business."

These articles were discussed and finally adopted. The following are the principal officers of the Board elected: President—Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Vice Presidents—Robert Dale Owen, Isaac Ames, Lucretia Mott. Secretary—Rev. W. J. Potter.

On the whole, this was a splendid meeting, a grand success, a sign of promise in the theological heavens. It had—the movement has our soul-sympathy. We belong to it, and it belongs to us. We believe all embodied in its articles, and a great deal more. It is the object of all thoughtful Spiritualists "to promote the interests of pure religion, to encourage the scientific study of theology, and to increase fellowship in the spirit."

Our Convention.

It was a perfect success. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the entire two days' sessions. The debates took a wide range, embracing subjects of vital importance to the future well-being of humanity. The able and eloquent speakers seemed imbued with an inspiration that we doubt not took deep root within the hearts of all present. The hall was crowded at every session with eager listeners, many being skeptics to our sublime faith. Yet we have reason to believe they will, in good time, throw off the sombre garments that old theology has cast about them, and embrace the living truths of Spiritualism.

The resolutions condemning the policy of the Government as tending to the annihilation of the Indian tribes upon our Western frontiers, were timely, and passed unanimously.

The resolution complimentary to Dr. Gardner for his indefatigable efforts in inaugurating and carrying on successfully spiritual meetings in Boston for many years, in the face of fierce opposition, was also unanimously passed. The Doctor responded in a very feeling manner, conclusively showing that he felt fully repaid for the long services he had rendered the cause by this unexpected but deserving tribute to his zeal and perseverance.

A report of the proceedings of the Convention may be found in this issue of the BANNER.

Lecture by Dr. Newton.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the great healing medium, whose success is so widely known all over the country, and to whom thousands of suffering mortals owe a debt of gratitude which they can never pay, will address the citizens of Chelsea, in Liberty Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 15th, and give a demonstration of his powers. Free to all.

Obsequies of Miss S. A. Southworth.

In our last issue we made brief mention of the departure to spirit-life of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, the talented authoress, in the 27th year of her age. She was seriously ill but a day or two, and her friends were greatly surprised on hearing of her sudden change of worlds, for her healthy appearance and bright, cheerful countenance gave promise of a long life of usefulness. She possessed fine talents as a writer of fiction, as our readers can testify. Her friendship was highly esteemed, and she will be missed by a large circle of dear friends.

Funeral services were held at the residence of her father, Mr. O. A. Southworth, in Quincy, Sunday forenoon, June 2d, at 11 o'clock. A large concourse of friends was present, completely filling the house, and many were obliged to remain on the grounds outside. Miss Lizzie Doten addressed the relatives and friends in language very appropriate for such an occasion. Her allusions to the beautiful and soul-sustaining philosophy of Spiritualism through life, and particularly at the time when the spirit takes its flight to the higher realms, brought renewed hope to all hearts. The references made to the spotless life and pure character of the deceased were well deserved, and acceptable to those who knew her worth and appreciated her literary ability.

The spirit of our departed friend was so closely in rapport with the speaker as to be able to impress her with the words of consolation she wished spoken to each of her parents, brother and sister individually. Beautiful and touching were the assurances given of her love, guardian protection and counsel. The other friends were then feelingly addressed in terms characteristic of the noble nature of their friend.

Miss Doten, at the close of her remarks, gave the following beautiful inspirational poem, for a copy of which we are indebted to Dr. H. F. Gardner:

They called her, from the better land,
And one bright spirit led the way;
She saw the angel's beckoning hand,
And felt she could no longer stay.
Oh white-robed Peace! thy gentle cross
Gave to her trusting heart no pain,
And that which is our earthly loss,
Is unto her eternal gain.

"God is a Spirit"—we can trust
That she has left earth's shadows dim,
And laid aside her earthly dust,
To grow in likeness unto Him.

"God is a Spirit"—"God is Love."
And closely folded to his breast,
Her spirit, like a tender dove,
Shall in His love securely rest.

Oh it was meet that flower-wreathed Spring,
With forms of living beauty rife,
Should see the perfect blossoming
Of this bright spirit into life.
The flowers will bloom upon her grave,
The holy stars look down at night,
But where bright palms immortal wave,
She will rejoice in cloudless light.

Oh sweeter than the breath of flowers,
Or dew-drops that summer roses weep,
Deep in these loving hearts of ours,
Her blessed memory we will keep.
Bright spirit, let thy light be given,
With tender and celestial ray,
Beaming like some pure star from heaven,
To guide us in our earthly way.

Clad in thine immortality,
E'en now we hear thee joyful sing—
"Oh Grave, where is thy victory!
Oh Death, where is thy sting!"
Pass on, sweet spirit, to increase
In every bright, celestial grace,
Till in the land of love and peace,
We meet thee, dear one, face to face.

On the following Monday the spirit of Miss Southworth visited our circle and gave a communication through Mrs. Conant. She expressed herself as being happy, and expected to have very fine times with the many spirit friends she had met. The spirit-world to her was very much as she had expected to find it. She spoke of several of her friends whom she saw at her funeral, and mentioned other matters, which gave satisfactory evidence of her identity.

Music Hall Meeting.

On Sunday, June 2d, Hon. Robert Dale Owen delivered a lecture on Spiritualism. He reviewed the labors of the past week, and spoke in a most encouraging manner of the success that was attending the efforts of the adherents and workers in the reformatory movement inaugurated by the Spiritualists. Spiritualism is spreading as fast as its best friends desire, daily and silently in the family circle. It is not so confined to creeds—it is too broad and liberal for that—but no sect ever spread with such rapidity. Its teachings are exalting, inspiring the soul with nobler aims and higher purposes; removing the wrangling and bitter asperities which so long have existed in the human family, and fitting us for a purer life. In his historical references he spoke of the belief entertained by Spiritualists as running back through more pages of history than of any other religious doctrine. The phenomena of Spiritualism were also considered in conjunction with the signs and wonders spoken of in the Scriptures. During the hour Mr. Owen addressed the large audience he received its close attention.

At the close of the address, Dr. Gardner said, as an illustration of the fact that our departed friends retain in spirit-life the love and affection which they bore for us while in earth-life, the choir would sing "Birdie's Spirit Song," a beautiful poem composed in spirit-life by Anna Cora Wilson, for her parents, and given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten. This song has recently been published by Ditson & Co., with original music by Dr. John P. Ordway. The piece was then sung very effectively, and received the general commendation of the audience. Among those who praised it highly was our friend A. J. Davis. It is fast becoming a favorite, not only among Spiritualists, but all lovers of sweet melody.

Crowns in Paris.

The Czar of Russia, with his two little sons, the King of Prussia, besides a long list of other Kings and Princes, are in Paris at the present time, and the Sultan of Turkey is going to be there soon. Great ceremonies have been indulged in by all sides in the reception of the distinguished guests. It is a visit such as has not occurred on the continent since the meeting of sovereigns in Paris in 1815, and then under very different auspices. The Eastern Question is no doubt to be considered, and that is probably the reason why the Sultan will be there. It is believed that marked advances may be made toward its settlement, if anything in politics may be thought settled at all. Napoleon is extremely apt in the manipulation of these delicate matters. He has succeeded in collecting about him a body of sovereigns, whose visit will make his reign at least memorable.

Spirit Messages.

A message in last week's BANNER, purporting to come from the spirit of Joel Nason, who stated that he lived and died at the North End, Boston, is said to be perfectly characteristic of the man, whom our informant knew well.

The message in this week's issue from Captain George Ayling, who alluded to having invented certain nautical instruments, is pronounced correct by Mr. George A. Sawyer, of this city, who informs us that he was well acquainted with Capt. Ayling.

The truthfulness of the message of Mrs. Lynde, requesting an audience with her husband, we can vouch for. Previous to her visit in spirit at our circle, we had not the least idea that she could communicate. She was an invalid for many years, and partially lost her speech, hence when she spoke through the medium it was only in whisper. Persons who die with the palsy, as in this case, seldom possess power to control a medium until after they have been in spirit-life some time; but her great anxiety to send word to her earthly companion, no doubt aided her very much in securing and holding control for a few moments.

In this connection we cannot forbear giving as a good test of direct spirit communion the following facts. By reference to our message department it will be seen that a spirit, purporting to be Rev. John Pierpont, (who on that occasion presided at the circle), said he would answer a query that had come under his observation, viz., "What view do the Congress of Spirits take concerning the Christian Church?" etc., and continued by saying that his answer might be found in an article published in the April number of "The Radical," written by his friend Rev. E. C. Towne, entitled "The New Demand for Religious Association." Now we positively aver that neither the medium, nor ourselves, nor any person connected with us, saw or knew aught of the publication of the article in question until after the message was given at our public circle.

Many other messages have been identified of late; but our informants decline certifying to their reliability for various reasons.

The Ball Rolling.

Spiritualism is spreading everywhere with lightning rapidity. Communications proving the truthfulness of the phenomena are flowing in upon us ad infinitum. We have not space for one in twenty that we receive. The very air is pregnant with spiritual magnetism. We are on the eve of a mighty moral revolution. The Old is to give place to the New, at whatever cost or sacrifice. The eternal laws of change and progress are written all over the face of Nature.

The daily press that was wont to slur Spiritualism, is coming to its senses—a more respectful tone toward our lecturers. For example, the Cleveland Daily Herald, which has for years been filled with flings against Spiritualists and their cause, now wheels into line with many of its contemporaries in various parts of the country, and does our speakers justice. This is what the Herald of May 29th says of our friend and co-laborer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge:

"In accordance with the notices which had been given, Emma Hardinge, a noted Spiritualist from Europe, appeared before a large and intelligent audience last evening, at Temperance Hall, in a very earnest and able lecture upon Spiritualism. Mrs. Hardinge is of prepossessing appearance and certainly a very eloquent speaker. She is of English birth, and first came to America as an operatic singer and of no ordinary talent in that profession. Having contracted a disease of the throat, which partially destroyed her once powerful voice, she had to abandon the stage, and being one of the first spiritual mediums, she has since devoted her life and powers to the cause of Spiritualism. It is said that she is ignorant of what she is going to say to her audience until the unconscious feeling to all outward things takes possession of her spiritual nature."

Her subject for this lecture was the origin, rise and progress of the Rochester Knockings, as they are called by the advocates of this doctrine—these knockings being the first manifestations witnessed in this country of the communication between man and the spiritual world.

Her appeal in behalf of this doctrine was an earnest and very able one, and she, in two hours, secured her large audience as if entranced. This is her last visit to our city, as she leaves for Europe immediately, where she expects to enter upon the advocacy of the cause."

An Appreciated Lecturer.

The American Flag, a first-class daily, printed in San Francisco, Cal., is quite liberal toward the Spiritual Philosophy, and thus generously notices Mrs. Cuppy's meetings: "Mrs. Laura Cuppy will speak at Mechanics' Hall, Post street, near Montgomery, on to-morrow (Sunday), at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M., on spiritualistic subjects. Admission free. This eloquent speaker is attracting large and intelligent audiences to her lectures. Her treatment of whatever subject she bestows her attention upon, is logical and convincing, while the elegance of her diction is equalled by few of our public speakers." In another issue of the same paper the editor says: "The versatile and brilliant Laura Cuppy is drawing immense audiences at this spacious and elegant hall on Post street. Her reply to the Rev. Mr. Dwinell, last Sunday night, created a profound sensation and astonished and delighted her friends. It was tasteful, eloquent and substantial, and was, in itself, a high compliment to the liberal and distinguished clergyman." We are glad to learn that Mrs. Cuppy's two boys arrived at San Francisco in safety, and are now receiving her motherly care.

The Southern Famine.

We learn by a circular from the Southern Famine Relief Commission that since March last the contributions received by the Treasurer have been increased from \$35,000 to about \$105,000, including the liberal sum of \$47,000 in gold, from San Francisco. Nearly 125,000 bushels of corn have been purchased, bagged and shipped, at the expense of the Commission, for distribution in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana; and 30,000 bushels more are waiting for shipment. The circular gives many extracts from recent Southern letters showing the present state of the destination, how the corn is distributed and in what spirit it is received. It is feared that before the end of the present month there will be intense suffering in many sections, particularly of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and an urgent appeal is made for additional contributions.

Public Improvements.

The Square bounded by Congress, High, Federal and Williams streets, in this city, is to be entirely remodeled, and the dwelling houses demolished and replaced by substantial blocks of stores. The work of excavation has been commenced, and four granite front stores, four stories high, will be erected immediately. The estimated cost of the improvements is \$300,000. A hundred families will be driven from their homes by the movement, and it is a hard matter for them to find places to move into.

There is a great moral lesson given in Emma Hardinge's sketches under the moonbeam, on our first page.

BOARD, WITH ROOMS, at Mrs. F. A. Cook's, No 9 Crescent Place, Boston. w^o—June 16.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. M. Conant.
While in an abnormal condition called the trance. 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.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.
We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in this column 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, (upstairs), 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.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after 10 o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Oh Holy Spirit, we believe that thou art our Father, and we are thy children. We believe also that thy wisdom knoweth no race, no color, no caste, no creed. We believe also that thy justice dispenseth thy blessings alike upon the good and the evil, upon the just and the unjust. Even as these vernal showers do fall upon the face of Nature, regardless of goodness or evil, so the showers of thine infinite love do fall upon all souls, enter all places, and are received alike by all. Thy children are everywhere, and we believe that thou art everywhere. The Christian Church has, ever since its birth, sought to understand thee; and yet to-day the Church does not know thee. But the simple heart of the child knows thee, oh Lord our God, our Father, our Mother, far better. The child, as the savage, beholds thee in Nature, and knows that wherever there is life, there thou art. The child lies down in security and rises up in joy, while mature age lies down in fear, and rises up to murmur against the decrees of an All-Wise and Perfect Life. And why is this? Oh Father, our God, we believe it is because a knowledge of thee is wanted on earth. Thy children have followed after strange Gods. They have overlooked the God of their own natures, and have wandered hither and thither, seeking for something to worship, a something to rest their hopes upon. But we believe, oh God, that the time has now come when thou art opening the windows of thy heaven unto mortals, and art showering down a more perfect knowledge of thyself.

Oh Father, our God, we thank thee, in behalf of thy children everywhere, for this greatest and best gift of all. It has come in good time, and the souls of thy children are ready to receive it. Though it is but a babe born in a stable, yet wise men shall bow down before its wisdom, and the eastern star will show all thy children where thou art, through thy ministering angels of truth. To-day thy angels of light are chanting a song of triumph. The isles of the sea are resounding with the cry; everywhere thou art calling thy children to come and commune with thee. Churches and thrones are trembling, for each cannot but feel that they are insecure, that there is a wondrous under-current that will sooner or later overthrow them. But, oh Lord our God, we thank thee that thou dost never tear down where thou canst not build up again. So for all thy works we praise thee; for the glory and beauty of springtime, for the rich fruits of summer and of autumn, and for the purity of winter; for all seasons of Nature, and for all the seasons through which the soul passes as it journeys toward the courts of wisdom, and all the prayers of thy children we bear up like sacred emblems unto thy great throne of love, imploring thy blessing upon them. Amen.
April 10.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, to consider what queries you may have to present.

QUES.—By Willis Knickerbocker, New Lenox, Ill.: If all the nations of the earth, acting in unison, should place conductors so that electricity, as fast as generated in one locality, would instantly be conducted off, so that the electric equilibrium could in a great measure be maintained, and the electric fluid allowed to flow uninterruptedly toward the poles, north or south of the equator, as the case might be, what would be the consequence? Would not such a system do away with epidemics, tornados, inequality of seasons, ameliorate the rigor of many climates, and benefit the race physically in every respect? Within the present generation will not something like this be inaugurated? What is the opinion of the scientific spirits conversant with the laws that govern electric action?

ANS.—Your correspondent seems to forget that the inhabitants of this globe are but the absolute results or products of the natural or present condition of the globe. Whatever tends to produce a radical change in those conditions, will tend to produce a radical change correspondingly in human life. Could such a change as your correspondent speaks of be brought about, it would result in nothing less, certainly, than the entire destruction of all human life on the earth.
April 10.

Captain Josiah Taylor.

This life, turn whichever way we will, is such a mystery, that it keeps us constantly at work, seeking to know where we are, and whither we are going.

At the time I was called upon to make the charge called death, I was in command of Company I, 9th Virginia. When I was wounded, and it was evident I must go very soon, my orderly—who was, by the way, a Northerner—said to me, "Captain, I see you have not long to stay here, and it may not do you any harm to know a little something about the place where you are going." So he went on to tell me that the spirit-world was like this, or something similar, and that I should find myself able to return, and under certain conditions manifest to the friends I was leaving.

I said to him, "You're a visionary." "No," said he, "but I'm a Spiritualist. And now I only ask, should you find Spiritualism to be true, as I believe, that you will return and strengthen my faith, by declaring that I told you the truth."

Well, I have sought for a long time to return, assuring my orderly that he was right; that he told me the truth.
My name was Josiah Taylor, and my man's name was Cavendish—I am quite sure it was Leonard Cavendish. I am not wrong, but I think I'm not.

Now then if he is anywhere on the earth, I solicit an interview with him through some medium, in order that I may speak to him as I do here. And if true to his faith, he is on the watch tower, expecting those who have gone before to greet him occasionally.

It would be impossible for me to set forth all the conditions that are requisite to a perfect return over this wonderful bridge that spans the two worlds, but certain conditions must be implicitly observed, else you make a failure.

And I also wish, if it is possible, that I may be able to communicate with my own friends, my relatives, those whom I presume know little if anything about this return. I want them to investigate this Spiritualism, and if it is what it claims to be, it's able to prove itself. If it is not, why certainly the investigator will not be held responsible in the matter, and thereby will lose nothing. Now if it is of the devil, my friends, as well as everybody else's friends, should know it, in order to cope with him successfully in battle; for if we don't ascertain any of the enemy's points, how shall we know where to post our forces?

So if the devil is leading this movement people ought to know it; and you can't ever know anything about it until you look into it. This being afraid to deal with dead folks is all nonsense. 'Tis the height of folly. A man would hardly be afraid to deal with his own sons. And what is the difference? Why, they've simply laid off the fighting machine. If you were certainly not afraid of us while in the body, you should not be now; for with a larger experience, most of us know it is better to be at peace with all the world than to be at war with any one individual.

I saw near half a century of time here, and I'm afraid I made very poor use of it. But, however, I perhaps did the best I could, considering my surroundings. But, the only real satisfactory knowledge that has availed me one whit that I gained here on earth, was gained during the last few hours of my life here, from that poor man whom I thought knew scarce anything, only enough to be a soldier.

My time is ended, and so I must go. I presume if I hear from my man, I shall hear from him through your source that you have opened to us. [You may, and he may call you to him.] Anywhere, wherever it suits him. If he will only give me a perfect understanding of his call, I shall be there. It matters not where it is. I presume he understands his business, and now that I have looked further into this matter, I see that there was more in the man than I gave him credit for. He certainly has helped me, and I'm under almost eternal obligations to him. Good-day, sir.
April 10.

Martin Minton.

Good-day, sir. I am pretty well. I am like the "greyback" that has just gone. I am looking round for my folks.

I was a private in the 29th Massachusetts, Company B, and I lost my life at Meade's Station.

Now I have a wife and children around here somewhere, like the chap that's just gone out. I'd be glad to find them out, not because there is any particular attraction between me and the woman at all, but because I like to be able to talk with the children.

I suppose it's the name we had on earth that we should give here. [Yes.] Mine was Martin Minton. I don't know as I have any right to claim it now, don't know as I care to. That was the name I was called by here, and I suppose I'll be known by it now. I was going on in my forty-eighth year.

It was said, I believe, that I enlisted when I was drunk. I don't know about that, I don't know as I have anything to say about that anyway, only I was honest and true as a soldier, and I did the best I knew how to, in fighting for my adopted country. And now since I'm out of the way of liquor of all kinds, I think I shall get along very fast on the other side.

I like to see about the children I left here; like to go where I can talk to them. And my wife Catharine, if she's glad I'm gone, all right, for I'm glad myself, too; for sure I would n't come back here anyway, and take upon my shoulders the cares of human life again. I got enough of 'em when I was here; and it's very clear that the people on the other side don't care to come back here to live. They will come back here just long enough to say what they've got to say, and that's all.

I understand some of my folks said I would not have enlisted if I hadn't been drunk. Well, that is my own look out, not theirs. I believe I have as fair a record as anybody else. That rebel chap was mistaken in his man, he confesses; but does that orderly blame his captain? Perhaps he does, and perhaps he don't.

So that was the way with me here. Well, I tell you how it is. I made two or three mistakes in business here, and I said the devil is in the luck, and I'll not try. So I went to war, and that was another mistake, was n't it? And I suppose Catharine will say, "You made one in marrying me." Faith, that was the greatest mistake of my life. There's no use in coming back here with a lie, no use to be cramping one here just for relation's sake. Give everything room to grow, I say.

[Where did you leave your children? do you remember?] Yes, sir, I leave 'em in Boston. [How many were there?] Three. [Give their names.] Well, it is a very good way, I think, the Lord has instituted, this coming back after a fellow gets little out of the mud and fog of his earthly life, to those he's left here.

Oh, my children? Well, one of them was Martin, one was Katy, and Mary. Oh dear, dear! Well, I'm very well off, anyway. I wouldn't come back, only I want to do what I can for my children. I was talking with one of our priests about this thing. He asked—anyway what is it? "Oh," he says, "when you're able you'll go back to earth." "No, I won't," "Oh," says he, "you'll go back." "I don't want to come back," I says. I thought he meant I'd have to come back and live here again. I said to him, "I don't want to go back at all." But when he explained, and told me how I should do the thing, and how I would take on a human body just to speak through for a short time, then I says, "Oh I'll come and do what I can; be very glad to do it."

Now, sir, if there's anything I can do in payment, I'll do the best I can. [There's nothing to pay here.] If there's nothing, then I suppose you'll trust? [Yes, you'll see what you can do in the future.] Oh well, when I do, I suppose I shall do it. Maybe I'll be a little more trusty on the other side.

Oliver Truesdale.

I want to find Samuel Truesdale, and want him to know that Olive has come back, and that I am happy. I want him to know I want to talk with him. He was my husband—yes, yes, I had the asthma. I wondered if I should feel it when I come back, and I do.
Well, you'll publish my call, won't you?

[Where do you want your message sent?] No where; right here in Boston. I belonged in Vermont. It's to be left here. [Is your husband here?] Yes.
April 10.

Charles G. Lewis.

After sixteen years absence I have come back. This place, as high as I can learn, seems to be open for all.

Well, sir, I lived here in Boston, and my name was Charles G. Lewis. I didn't walk in the most pleasant paths when I was here, and it's been pretty hard work for me to get along in the spirit-world. But I've tasted no hell, as the Orthodox say was in store for such as I was; but I have had hell enough, such as it was. I don't know as I was guilty of anything very bad here, but I took too much liquor, I suppose, and I made very poor use of my time here.

My wife used to say to me something like this: "Charles, you'll see the day when you'll be sorry for what you've done, and you'll ask my forgiveness for your wickedness to me." I have seen that day, and I'm back here to ask her forgiveness. Oh I am right here! If there is any God that takes care of us all, he leads us all out of darkness into light sometime.

I have had a hard time in the spirit-world. I was confused when I died. They said I died in a drunken fit. I suppose I did. At any rate, I did not know much about my condition, for a long time after I got through with it. And I'd like to have a word to say to my daughter. She's married since I left, and of course has no very good impression of her father. I'd like to obliterate the impression of what I was. I'd like to substitute for that what I am, and what I intend to be. It is not very pleasant to feel that those you've left here are thinking of you as—well, as a poor fellow that never was anything and never will be anything. We like to be thought well of, you know, by those we care for on the earth. That's natural.

Now, I want my daughter to think of me as what I intend to be in the future, for like the poor Irishman that was here before me, I have a new way open before me, a new field, new surroundings, and I hope to improve rapidly.

I believe you give such things as these, your occupation, &c. [Yes.] Well, I had no particular occupation here. I might be called, I suppose, a hack driver. That was the majority of the work I did when I was here. [Who did you drive for?] Brown. [In Hanover street?] No, at the South End; at one time for King, out by the Roxbury line.

You understand that my object in coming here is to let my folks know where I stand now. I don't like to be thought of as where I stood when I died. That's a bad place; where I want 'em to look for me there, for I've got out of it, thank God!

Well, sir, good-day, until you're better paid. [How old were you?] I was thirty-four or five years, somewhere in that vicinity; old enough to be a great deal wiser than I was.
April 10.

Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, sir? I'm Johnnie Joice. Come around, you see, once in awhile.

Well, I've come this time with a special message to my murderer. He says he wishes I was in hell. I ain't there, never was; but he is, and that's the difference. He don't like my coming back the way I do. [He gets your messages then?] Oh, yes, sir, every one of them. [He's not so far off, then?] No, sir; you know there's ways of sending things all over the world.

Oh he gets so irritated at my coming. Thinks if I didn't come the thing would die out and he should go free. But my coming, he says, only tightens and shortens his chains, and he wishes to God I was in hell. And I ain't; no, sir, I ain't. But that's where he is, and I wish he was out of it, too. [You don't wish so hard a wish upon him as he does upon you.] That shows what he is. He hasn't done enough for us, when we have n't done anything to him. He's not satisfied to kill the body; now he wants to kill the soul; he can't do it.

A soldier that's in the spirit-world, that knew him when here, wants me to tell him, perhaps if I was in hell, I'd have a poker long enough to reach out to him. And he thinks if he was me, too, he'd heat that end of it red hot. I don't mean to be hard on him, or wish anything bad of him. Sometimes he wishes that he never had an existence. Well, I wish he never had, because it's better that he'd never lived at all than to have lived such a miserable life as he leads. [Does he go round a great deal?] Goes round, sir, but he don't enjoy himself much. He says he feels as though he had a drawn sword over his head all the time. He must look out it don't fall. It's nothing but a hair that holds it, and if he don't look out it will fall upon his head.

And Mr. Parker says—he was talking with me after I left here, the last time I was here—and he says, "Justice moves very slow, but very sure; never was known to fail yet." So he thinks if I do have to wait, I shall get repaid for my waiting.

I don't come here, sir, because I wish him to be hung, or wish any bad things of him, for I don't. But of course I want to help my mother. And I want him to know that we know who he is, and that we are just as capable of thinking and seeing in the spirit-world as we ever were. If the folks that do such things knew we folks that are dead could see them, I don't think they would do any such wicked things, do you? [No; it is because they do not realize the fact.] No, sir; because if they ever did, they could never do it in the world.

Well, sir, I suppose when that man gets back you'll—I shall move in that direction as soon as I have an opportunity. Yes, sir, when you get ready to move I shall be ready. The soldier in the spirit-world says he thinks I should have made a good soldier, for I should have always had my accoutrements on, I'm just ready to come any time. Good-day, sir.
April 10.

Séance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James; letters answered by George A. Redman.

Invocation.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh Lord, our Heavenly Father, we beseech thee in mercy to teach thy mortal children the sublime utility of this simple prayer, for indeed it is the foundation and the crowning arch of all true charity, without which the soul's utterances are void, and without which the soul can never find entrance to the kingdom of heaven. For so long as the soul closes its doors to charity, so long it will remain outside of the kingdom; so long it calls in vain upon thee to crown it with peace and joy. For, oh Lord, thou hast in thy mercy and wisdom so blended all souls together that they are one in thy sight. Therefore no member of thy vast family can remain outside the kingdom of peace, unless all souls are correspondingly at unrest.

Oh, our Father, our Teacher, our Life, we know that thou dost all things well; that thou wilt

bring all souls to thee, to thy way and thy truth. We know that thou wilt finally baptize every soul in the pure waters of charity and love.

So, oh Spirit of Divine Truth, we live under the bright star of hope, hoping, waiting and watching, and never failing to trust thee. Yet in our hours of sadness we turn to thee, the source of joy, asking thee to remove the shadow; praying unto thee, as Jesus did, if it be possible that the cup may be removed from us, saying in our inner lives, "nevertheless not our will, but thine, be done." Amen.
April 10.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By Albert Bovee, of Wisconsin: What is meant by that portion of Scripture which says, "Thou shalt go into hell, and all the nations that forget God?"

ANS.—First, to our understanding, no one can forget God. Therefore this knowledge renders void and meaningless the entire paragraph.

Q.—By the same: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive?"

A.—As in ignorance all die—for death, as death, as it is defined at the present day, is but a child of ignorance—so in Christ, so when the truth cometh, so when wisdom pervades the soul, you shall be made alive. For when you are wise in Christ, you shall know that there is no death.

Q.—By the same: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not, shall be damned?"

A.—The ancient Jews, with their vast retinue of priests, determined judgment against all souls who did not bow down to their special formula of belief; and out of this priestly despotism and superstition you have gathered all your belief in special damnation. But thanks be to God, the Spirit of Wisdom is fast analyzing and purging all things, not excepting the Bible.

Q.—By the same: Do angels have wings?

A.—It does not seem to be in the order of nature, either human or divine, that angels should have wings. Therefore if not in order, it is out of order, and findeth no place in God's universe. No, then, angels do not have wings. The belief that they do is simply a result of ignorance. The ancients conceived the idea that as spirits were able to float in the atmosphere, or to pass from one point to another, they must of necessity fly to and from such points. They judged by comparison, because they knew by their ideas of gravitation and locomotion that whatever material objects they wished to pass from one point of the atmosphere to another, must have wings or something equivalent to wings. Therefore it was that the ancients invested their angels with wings.

But you of to-day are clipping them, for you are beginning to learn somewhat of the laws of life here and hereafter; and you know very well wings are a needless appendage.

Q.—By the same: Are there three persons in the Godhead? In other words, is the doctrine of the Trinity true?

A.—In one sense it is true, in another sense it is not true. God, the God of the ancients and the God of the present day, is in one sense a trine God, having had an existence in all the past, having an existence in the present, also an existence in the future; the Jehovah, that is the God we worship. Therefore in this sense the Trinity becomes a truth to us. But in all other senses it is not true. God is everywhere, and possesses as many personalities as there are personalities to need God. We believe in a God that dwells in Nature and manifests through Nature; for anything that is outside of it, you certainly, as humans, could not understand. Therefore it would be very unwise for God to put you so far from him as to cut off all understanding between you and him. God is in Nature, God is everywhere. God has all forms; God is life now and forevermore.
April 10.

Sarah Jane Ayers.

It is sixteen years this month since I died here in Boston. My name was Sarah Jane Ayers. I was born, sir, in Dover, N. H., in the year 1829. I lived at the time of my death on Sea street.

The day before I died, some of the folks in the house called in a minister to see me. I think his name was Adams—they said so. After talking with me some time, he found that I had never made any profession of religion. He said "he was very sorry for me, and he hoped that God might be merciful to me, but he saw no chance for my soul being saved; for he had no faith in death-bed conversions whatever. I ought to have attended to my soul's salvation when I was in health."

Well, it may be wrong, and doubtless is very wrong, but, my dear sir, I cursed that man from the bottom of my soul. It is true I had made no profession of religion, but I hoped in a merciful God. But he shut the door of heaven upon me. Oh, it was so terrible dark; there wasn't a ray of light. Yes, I cursed him with all the power of my soul.

But when I got free, when my poor weak soul was free from the body I'd suffered so much in, I met my mother, and she says, "Sarah, Sarah, oh, that was wrong. The poor man was in ignorance. You ought to have pitied him, not cursed him. Pray for him! pray for him! He's tried to shut the door of heaven against you, I know; but it's open. Don't you see heaven all around you? Don't you see that you're not in hell, Sarah? Oh do not curse that man. He's a poor deluded child of our Father. Pray for him, pray for him, my child."

I felt so wickedly toward him, it was a long time before I could bring my mind to pray for him. But after awhile I did. Then I grew happier myself, and things looked pleasant to me.

I've made a strong effort to come here to-day. I want to tell him that the kingdom of heaven don't lay in creeds. The kingdom of heaven is somewhere else than within the walls of his own church. The kingdom of heaven is not in the Bible. It's in the human soul that is at peace with itself and all mankind. It's there, nowhere else. You'll never find it anywhere else. I want him to give me the privilege of talking with him; of showing him how to pray. He could n't feel like praying for me, because I'd made no profession of religion—as if there was any virtue in his lifting his feeble soul up to God! Why, that man's prayer didn't go half as high as his head! He had no faith in it. There was no vitality in it whatever.

Oh, poor man! And he's a minister of the Gospel! God help his hearers! God help his hearers, if he preaches to them as he did to me! God have mercy on them! They have need of it. Oh, how could he ever utter such a libel upon God as to say that he'd shut the door upon a poor soul, even if that soul had gone down into the very hell of earth? Would it be God, like to shut the door of happiness, of peace, of a better state, upon that soul? Why, the very heathens cry out against your Christians and your God. There is n't one of them in the spirit-world or in their own home, but look upon you with scorn. Your God isn't worthy of worship, they say. And so he isn't.

But that poor deluded man—I want to lead him

into the kingdom of heaven. I'll lead him in, and show him that the kingdom of heaven does not lay within his church alone.

Tell him to let me come to him. He'll need all the help that I shall give him, for without it he'll be a weak, wounded, mistaken, misled soul. He'll need all the help we can give him. Oh tell him if he won't let me talk to him before he comes across the river, I'll have a hospital prepared for him, wounded soul when he enters the spirit-land. Good-day, sir.
April 10.

Captain George Ayling.

There are many ways of squaring the circle, but this way of squaring the circle is the strangest way I ever learned.

How do you do? You do n't know me? Captain George Ayling. Well, I think it is what's left of me, sir. Glad to see you; well, you see I'm free. I'm very glad to be free, but I sometimes sigh for more wisdom than I have, because I want to run very fast. I'm still for some cause attracted most powerfully here to my old home—my earth-life.

I want to do something toward benefiting the inhabitants of earth. By benefiting them, I know I shall benefit myself also. In advancing myself, I'm sure of another thing, which is the progress of all humanity. One can't go ahead without influencing to a certain extent all the rest.

Now see here. In my feeble way, when I was here, I invented a certain nautical instrument, which I then intended should some day repay me for trouble, for time expended and thought expended. Now casting that all out of the scale, I propose to perfect that instrument for the good of the human family, and particularly for the good of the mariner. I know of no class on earth that need aid any more than they do.

Now, you see, I have fully perfected my ideas concerning this instrument. I propose, if I can find some brain exactly fitted for my purpose, to impress my ideas upon it, and I hope that they will work it out into external form, and give it to humanity. I care not whether I reap any benefit from it myself, so long as I can aid others. That's my object—the good of humanity. [Did you work it out here?] I certainly did, and left the model here. A friend of mine in one of the suburban towns has it; and, by the way, when the time comes right, I shall go to him and tell him what I want him to do in the matter.

While there was a Franklin at work with the wires of the electric telegraph on earth, there was a spiritual Franklin similarly engaged in the spirit-world. That is positively proved. No soul ever wrought out any kind of a problem alone. It always has help. A man may say, I take the credit of this thing, that thing, or the other thing. The poet may declare that the poem is the result of his study, his thought, when it lies alone with some mind in the spirit-world. Because I give to the world an instrument, that instrument is not always the result of my own thought, but may be the result of many minds combined. Every new thought that is wrought in form, did not begin with the external human originator, so-called. The person may not realize this truth while in earth-life, but as he grows in wisdom, he will find that it is only an idea that has been projected through his brain by some intelligence in the spirit-world.

Very well; I said at one time the same thing, but afterwards I learned better. I've been talking the matter over with certain parties in spirit-life, and they say to me, Captain George Ayling, go back to earth and give humanity the benefit of your ideas.

Now, then, a word to my friend George A. Sawyer, Principal of the Mercantile and Nautical School here in Boston. I have certain purposes in view, and when the right time comes, some parties engaged in nautical matters on the other side, as well as myself, have certain ideas in operation which we intend to bring to a focus. That focus is his own brain.

And if he shuts the door upon us, we may turn the cold shoulder on him when he gets to the spirit-world. It's quite natural, you know, to do these things, though it's not always in accordance with the highest right. It's not according to the square.

Well, business is business, and when we have ended our business for the time, it's time to go, is it not? [That's true business style.]

Now for a word to my good friend Mansfield. He's something to do in this work. [Do you mean Mr. Mansfield, of New York?] Yes, I want him to feel that I'm sometimes with him for a surety—no myth—I'm sometimes with him; do sometimes help him; that is, I and my friends. And, in turn, I want him to help me, sometime. When I get ready I'll tell him what I want. Good-day. [Come again.] I will.
April 10.

Maud Jackson.

I am Maud Jackson. I am from Tennessee. My father is Aaron Jackson. [What town were you from?] My father is from Memphis. He belongs, though, in Jacksonville, Tenn. My mother's from Virginia. Her name was Stacy.

I want to go to my father, sir, and my mother. I was ten years old. I'm twelve now. [You must invite them to give you a medium.] How can they? [They'll probably find some one in their vicinity.]

Miss Wood was a medium, but she's gone to Vermont, where she lived. [Was she in Memphis?] She was with us, but she said she didn't know what it was. Things would move for her, and sometimes she would write things she didn't know anything about. But she said she didn't know what it was. She was a medium; but she's gone now, so I can't have her. [Did your father and mother know anything of it?] No, sir, they didn't know anything, only what they seen her do. [They will understand how to provide for you.] Do you mean that they will get her back? [No—get some other one. There are some who act for the public, and people visit them.]

Uncle Elihu says, I should tell my father that, now as I am able to come back, he should seek out one of the best he can find, so as to see if it is me. This uncle Elihu, he went to California, and he died there. But my father thought a heap of him before he died, and since. And he says he too would like to come back and talk. [Was he your father's brother?] Yes, sir. [Did he die before you?] Yes, sir. I didn't know him much. I hardly remember him, but I've heard my father talk of him so much, I knew who he was.

And my grandfather Stacy, too, says if it will be any inducement he will clear up all that little affair that was so tangled up at his death, if they will furnish him with the chance to come.
You see it was like this: My grandfather killed most all he had away and out of the family. And they said that somebody influenced him to do so; he never would have done it. But he'll tell all about it if he has a chance.
Old "Annie" is in the spirit-land. [She used to call herself Queen Isabella, because somebody once told her she looked like Queen Isabella, and then she called herself that afterwards.] And she is in the spirit-land. [Is she enjoying herself?]

Lyceum. We will send circulars giving particulars in re-
to price and mode of starting the Lyceum, &c., to those
write on the subject, enclosing a stamp. 3m—May

