

BANNER LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW; OR, HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT AND SHADE," "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL," "SUNNY ITALY," ETC.

PART III.—CONTINUED.

My life in Nellie's pleasant home was as great a contrast as possible to that I had led with my aunt. A more genial, harmonious, loving household I have never seen. The very servants seemed to catch the spirit of unselfish kindness, and to serve more for the wages of love than of gold. All flew with alacrity to obey the requests (I never heard a command) of their gentle little mistress, or their "beautiful Miss Nellie," as I heard them call her among themselves; as if it gave them pleasure, and not as if they feared reprimand, as I had been accustomed to seeing my aunt's retinue of retainers, from whom not the slightest delinquency was countenanced. Although perfectly respectful, there was no exaggerated obsequiousness. Each was taught to feel self-respect by the courtesy shown them by their superiors, and to feel that those they served had an interest in their welfare, and did not regard them merely as so many machines to accomplish a certain amount of labor. Their joys and sorrows were sympathized with in a manner surprising to me. I had never considered that servants had hearts made of the same material as our own. I never had given much thought to their inner lives, separated from their round of menial duties, but had a vague idea that they were formed of some "coarser clay," and did not feel acutely like *nous autres*, we privileged ones! I looked on in quiet amazement when, after becoming domesticated in the family, I was present at various consultations between mistress and maids. "If you please, ma'am, would you tell me if my sister had better take the situation at Mr. R.'s, as is offered her, with seven dollars a month?" Or, "Miss Nellie, if you would be so kind as to tell me what I had better write John about coming on?" And then the pros and cons were considered, and advice given as kindly and with as much interest as if to an equal.

"How much trouble you take to advise your servants here, Nellie," said I.

"Yes, Minnie; you see mamma always says we who have had the opportunities of better judgment and more knowledge, are in some degree responsible for the actions of those in our employ, and ought always guide them to the best of our ability. And if one knows nothing of their domestic hopes and desires, they can give them no sympathy or aid. Besides, I like to be served for more than the sake of mere dollars and cents. I do not see how people can expect servants to be faithful and loving, if they take no pains to be worthy those qualities, and to show their servants that they are. And, beyond all this, we who believe in progression here and hereafter, ought to feel it our duty especially to aid all, high or low, rich or poor, to know the truth and to advance constantly in wisdom and knowledge of what is right in small things as well as in great."

"When you speak of progression, Nellie, do you mean that you believe the soul is to progress forever—never know rest?"

"For countless ages, longer than mortal thought can comprehend! The Bible says, 'a thousand years are but as a day in thy sight, oh, Lord,' and we who believe in the more definite teachings of our present inspired writers, know that time in the spirit-world is scarcely recognized, is so very indefinite that its limits are not realized by the spirit. Those—David and Home for instance—whose spirits have left the body, visited the next world and returned—"

"NELLIE!" I cried, in accents of horror.

"My dear Minnie, if you believe in the New Testament you must believe this has been done. How many texts speak of it. Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell. God knoweth."

"Bravo! bravo! little sis!" exclaimed the cheerful voice of Gerard, as he stepped in at the low French window, open for the sweet June breezes. "Why, you are becoming a very Demonsthenes of eloquence! We shall have to send off Carleton, cry to matrimony and domestic ties, 'Tis not my vocation, Hal,' and mount the rostrum *à la Mædame Hardinge*, Dickinson, and their legion of followers. But patience, Pat, I commend to your enthusiastic little mind! Do you not see you are what we college boys used to call 'rushing the thing' with Miss Minnie? Don't try to teach her in two weeks what Carleton has been for two years drilling you in. And remember, *chérie*, she has not the motive you had to lend a willing ear 'to the charmer, charm he never so wisely'; but come, fair demosthenes, the ponies are at the door, and your cavalier *sergente* is waiting your behests!"

"A letter, Miss Minnie, for you, and judging from its weight a voluminous one, filled, doubtless, with all the gossip dear to feminine hearts (dodging the rose well aimed at him); so I will leave you and Sis to discuss it, and—"

"And more profitably employ yourself with a 'quiet smoke,' oh, Gerard? To think of a young gentleman of your sense soiling his teeth, coloring his lips, and perfuming his moustache with that odious tobacco! You deserve to never be allowed to enter the presence of a delicate woman, much more to kiss one," pulling down his head to a level with her sweet mouth, and giving him a tender, loving touch, that made my heart ache for the beautiful, fraternal affection I could never know!

"You sensible little puss! If all wiles used your

acts of persuasion, and ended their curtain lectures in like manner, we should hear less of domestic infelicities. But, Pat, you are wrong for once! Olgar and meerschaum are consigned to oblivion forever. I have become convinced that the constant use of a narcotic as powerful as tobacco, cannot fail toadden the mental as well as physical powers; and as progression is now our watchword, I have been firm enough to defy my master passion, and am free!"

"Truly free now, dear brother, for I really believe that one habit was your only weakness; in all else you ever seem strong as the house founded on a rock. Oh! my darling Gerard, I do congratulate you, and, if possible, love and honor you more than ever!" and the tears rose in the fond blue eyes.

"And now, Minnie, if my tongue has not distracted your attention from your lengthy epistle, so that your mind has not read a word that your eyes have passed over, let's hear, I pray, what the aunt writes?"

"News in abundance, Nell. Mr. Fontanelle is engaged to Sue Lee, and Addie Craig has secured the prize she has been angling for (Auntie says) these past ten years; and what is of more importance to me than all these society items, my Uncle Dupuy's poor wife has confirmed consumption, is ordered to Italy, and Auntie writes she shall accompany them, and if I care to go I must return immediately."

"Oh! Minnie, you will not, you cannot disappoint me so cruelly! But that is very selfish. Forgive me, dear. Do not think of me! Consult only your own inclinations. You know how dearly we all love you, and how welcome you are here; but what inducements can we offer to counterbalance the attractions of *bella Italia*?"

"My darling," said I, dropping on the floor at her feet, and laying my head in her lap, while her soft hand gently smoothed my long curls—"my dearest friend, you can never know how very pitiful seem all the world's attractions to me, in comparison to the happiness I have found here. For the first time since my loved mother left me, have I felt what a true home, in the holiest sense of that dear word, really is. I came to you weary and worn, and you gave me rest. I came to you heart-hungry, and you fed me with love so earnest and sincere, that doubt and distrust were charmed into silence. I came to you faithless in man, and (may He forgive me!) almost in God. You have taught me there is infinite love and truth in both. I came to you despairing of happiness here and hereafter. You have taught me by every look, word and action that true happiness consists only in living for others, and not in the attainment of some selfish gratification. You have taught me, by the contrast of your own loving, useful life, to long to do more than squander my whole existence in mere sensuous delights that, alas! pass as soon as won. Judge then, dear one, if I desire to leave this (to me) new sphere of happiness, to return to the old, weary treadmill of form and fashion; to relinquish this clear, sparkling, life-giving wine of existence for the foam and dregs of heartless society; to give up the pure gold I have here found for the gilt and glitter I have there tested."

The tears were falling on my hair, and the sweet breath on my face came gaspingly as I ceased speaking.

"Oh Minnie, darling, I felt you had suffered, but I guessed not how deeply. Bitter indeed must have been the sorrow to so wreck your loving, trusting nature. What am I, that God has been so merciful to me, and you, so much more worthy—"

"No, no, Nellie!"

"—so beautiful! so admired!"

"Ah, Nellie, cease, I beg. What is the beauty of my face and form, compared to that glorious, shining spirit in thee!"

So I wrote to my aunt—as but a month of my visit had passed, and another remained ere the time for me to officiate as Nellie's bridesmaid, as I had promised—I preferred remaining. In return, she made no objection to my decision, and wrote:

"I shall leave Mrs. Flint in charge, as usual, so when you are ready to come home you will find her installed as nominal mistress; but you, of course, will be the virtual one. She understands this, and you will have no difficulty with her. I intend returning before it is time for the winter season, to be ready to chaperon you, as Mrs. Flint, although a worthy woman, is scarcely au fait in that. If you were other than you are, I should close by warning you not to let any of the Western beaux run off with your heart; but after your turning off Fontanelle (the idea of his taking up with Sue Lee after having loved you!) and Sydney, to say nothing of a score of lesser lights, I begin to think nothing less than the young Prince of Wales will content your highness. But I must say adieu."

P. S.—I quite forgot to tell you that the Countess De Bienville writes me that the poor little French wife of Harry Devere is dead."

Merciful heavens! Did I read aright? Dead! Estelle dead! And a month ago that name on Mr. F.'s arm and that message, "Mon Henri is free!" What could I think? Did I believe? Ah no, not yet! I denied even to myself the dim perception that was forcing its way through the mists of error and bigotry, that there was truth in the much-derided, ever-despised Spiritualism. Though my feelings had been deeply touched by many loving words I had since that first night received through Mr. F.—purporting to come from my mother, still I resolutely refused to acknowledge that I had any faith in them. Like Thomas, I required "to see the print of the nails and thrust my hand in his side" to be convinced. And, figuratively speaking, I was yet to do this.

"You really believe, Mr. Selden, that the Holy Bible was written, the same as Mr. F. writes, these spirit communications?"

"I believe the method of inspiration was nearly or quite the same in those days as now; but the matter now received must differ, because spirits, like mortals, progress. The same spirits which controlled Moses to write the Jewish laws, would undoubtedly give a different code now."

"I cannot bear to think, Mr. Selden, that God is so far from us; that He never inspired man, but only spirits do."

"You mistake, Miss Minnie. I do not think God is as far away even as your idea of heaven. I think He lives within each one of us. Whatever of good we feel is a portion of God, who is the essence of all good. The divine spark exists in every human soul; and I believe, no matter how deep it is buried beneath ignorance, folly, sin or crime, it will surely rise some day, struggling toward the light, until the germ long hidden—perhaps for ages on ages—bursts its outer covering, and blooms in beauty and fragrance as its Creator intended."

"And do you think, too, that the table moving, rapping, and all these foolish noises in haunted houses I have heard of, are truly supernatural?"

"No, not supernatural, or they would be imperceptible to our natural senses. But produced in a measure by spirits, I do think they are. That is, I believe spirits combine natural forces, certain elements in physical nature, to produce these effects."

"But it seems so ridiculous to imagine the spirits of our departed friends amusing themselves in such a childish manner."

"Do not imagine it is for mere amusement! Usually these physical manifestations are only given to attract our attention at first, for most of us are too gross to be touched in the beginning, except through the external senses. When the spiritual portion of our nature is sufficiently developed to be influenced and guided independently of the physical, then these physical evidences cease, or are only given through a medium to convince others, or lead them to investigate the phenomena."

"You say certain forces are combined to produce these effects. How do you mean?"

"I do not pretend to know as yet how all these things are accomplished in minutiae, but I can understand that electricity is one great element in the production of sound; for what produces thunder, Miss Minnie?"

"True, I did not think of that."

"And why should not Franklin, and other scientific men who pursued the investigation of this and other natural elements, still be interested in learning to control and use for some good purpose these hitherto unknown forces? We are over learning, even here, how many natural elements may be controlled for man's service. Who a century since would have believed in the power of the electric telegraph? How long was it before Morse could ever get the experiment witnessed, with any interest or faith in its efficiency? Who believed that Fulton's efforts to introduce steam as a motive power were to be crowned with such universal success? It really seems as if the greater portion of mankind consider it a solemn duty to oppose any new discovery, simply for its novelty. We are but little beyond those who derided Newton's principle of gravitation, and imprisoned Galileo for astronomical truths he taught. But here comes Sis to interrupt my harangue, and in good time, I fear you think. Well, Birdie, what is it? Your face is a harbinger of glad song."

"Oh, Gerard! Dr. N.—has arrived. I met him in the street as I was shopping. And he is just the same dear, holy man, full of Christ-like love, beneficent kindness beaming in every feature. I wanted to kiss the very ground he trod upon, or the hem of his garment."

"There! there! little enthusiast, calm yourself. I can understand your transports, for I have felt the powerful magnetism of the great healer's loving presence. But Miss Minnie here will think we are a lunatic asylum let loose! Where has the Doctor rooms now?"

"At No. 17 J street, and I want you to take Minnie there this afternoon to see the crowds who are thronging the street. I wish I could go too—but this odious dress fitting. I'm a slave, and never know when I can call an hour my own."

"A willing bondswoman in love's service, little one. But next month it will all be over," patting her blushing cheeks on this allusion to her approaching marriage.

Some days after this Gerard drove me in town to see the wonderful Dr. N.—. Not that I cared much to go, for I had heard of him in New York, and fully believed what I had heard asserted, that he was an adventurer, making an immense fortune from his pretended art of healing. I had even seen one gentleman, Major P.—, a bluff, determined old soldier, who had been once to try the "humbug," as he called him, resolved to see if there was any truth in these pretended cures.

"You behold the astonishing results, sir," the Major would say, pointing to his paralyzed arm. "I knew when I went that no man by telling me I was well could put the force back in this old fist, and yet I was foolish enough to go and pay the rascal twenty dollars—yes, twenty dollars, sir, for putting his hand on my arm and telling me 'to be healed.' An infernal old humbug he is, sir, and ought to be imprisoned!"

Something of this I told Gerard during our drive.

"I can easily believe, Miss Minnie, that Major P.—received no benefit. He went fully determined he would not; and with his mind in that positive state, of course the Doctor could not control him. I don't wish to shock your sense of reverence by comparing Dr. N.—to Jesus Christ—but remember that the New Testament says, 'and he could do no miracles there because of their unbelief.' Some faith, or at least *passivity*, is essential to most cures by will-power and animal magnetism. Did not Jesus say, 'go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole'?"

"Why, Mr. Selden, do you mean to compare the

power of Dr. N.— with that of the Son of God?"

"Miss Minnie, do not think me too great a reprobate if I assert that there is nowhere evidence in the records of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, that he possessed any greater or more miraculous power than you will to-day see shown at Dr. N.—'s rooms. I believe Jesus healed by the same natural laws that Dr. N.— does. I believe that this power of a strong mind over a weak one, and a healthy physical organization over a diseased one, must always have existed, as God's laws are immutable—only men were too ignorant to accept the knowledge of it. So eighteen centuries ago, when Jesus tried to teach this art of healing by 'laying on of hands,' it was regarded as miraculous, and attributed, as everything in the earlier ages was, to a direct interposition of Providence. As if the Creator, who is, we are taught, unchangeable, 'the same to-day and forever,' could be constantly overturning his laws for the prayers of his creatures! What kind of a world would it be if every one's prayers were answered at the same moment, when desires of different persons are in direct opposition? But here we are at the corner of J street, and you will have to walk a block, Miss Minnie, for you see it is impossible to get the carriage nearer."

It was indeed impossible. The street was filled with carriages, the sidewalk crowded with people. A strange scene truly. "The maimed, the halt, the blind," some staggering feebly along holding tightly to some friendly arm, others hobbling on crutches, and yet others borne on beds laid in queer kind of boxes—were all pressing on with what might they could for entrance into the doors thrown wide to admit them. As Gerard carefully made his way through the throng, shielding me as far as possible from contact with the sufferers around, how my heart bled at the sight of all this misery, all this pain and suffering in so beautiful a world! At the door a colored waiter attempted to lead us into the waiting parlors, but Gerard passed him, saying, "Not a patient, Robert," and ascending the stairs, tapped at a half-opened door, and waiting for no response, entered. "I forced my way up, Doctor, for I knew it was useless to send a message, and you had given me permission to bring a young lady to witness your wonderful power."

"Certainly, certainly!" cried a brisk, cheerful voice, and I saw a man rather below medium height, with fresh, clear, girlish complexion, pure white, full beard, and hair as white, soft and silky at the temples, (for the top of his head was quite bare) a broad, open brow, soft blue eyes, and a mouth in which lay a peculiar charm. As he took my two hands in his, in his warm, paternal way, a smile rose over his face from the sweet month to the loving eyes, lighting up every feature with a glory indescribable, and when he said: "Welcome, most welcome, my dear young lady; I wish all the world would come and see the blessed power God has given me!"

I no longer wondered at Nellie's enthusiasm, for I, too, felt as if in the presence of a Divine power, and would have liked to kneel at his feet, praying for his blessing. Never before or since have I met any mortal being who possessed such a wonderful psychological power and strong, magnetic attraction as Dr. N.—. The fascination of Harry Devere was akin to it, in its power to attract attention; but his presence never touched the senses, while Dr. N.— draws one's very soul up to him.

"Please be seated," he continued. "You know I have not a moment to spare."

And, touching a spring-bell on the table, he cried, "Next," and in came a man with the peculiar groping motion of the blind, and one glance showed us that his eyes were indeed sightless. The Doctor met him at the threshold, and taking his hand exclaimed in his quick, cheerful tones, "So full of life and strength!"

"Come in, brother, come in. Hope and trust, for you will leave this room seeing as well as I do. Stand there." (Placing him with his back towards the light, and eyes in the shadow.) "The Lord restore thy sight!" Laying his hands on the sightless eyes, then suddenly stamping his foot, he spoke with the force of his whole soul, "And it SHALL be restored! look up and see!" And the man, winking and blinking his eyelids, exclaimed: "Oh, the light! the light! I see! I see!"

"What?"

"I see forms as if through a veil; are there not people there?" pointing to the sofa on which Gerard and I sat. The Doctor passed his hand once again over the forehead and eyes, and the man said:

"Now, now I discern distinctly! there is a lady and gentleman. Oh, can it be possible? Am I not dreaming?"

The Doctor took a Bible lying on the table and said, "Read," and the man read verse after verse, as if the luxury of being able to do so could not be sufficiently enjoyed.

"How long since you lost your sight?" inquired Dr. N.—

"Five years, sir. I was out mowing, for I was a farmer, and there came a thunder shower, and the lightning struck me and I have been totally blind ever since."

"It was the optical nerves which were paralyzed," said the Doctor. "Be careful to avoid being out for a time when the air is charged with electricity. And now farewell!"

"Oh, Doctor! how can I express my thankfulness?"

"Not to me, not to me! To God alone is praise due. Return thanks to Him!"

And with tears of joy on his rough, bronzed cheeks, the man bent his head and left the room. Then came a fair, young girl, not more than fifteen years old, with a sweet face, long, floating curls and graceful figure; but, alas! that young form, which should have been leaping and dancing with youthful mirth, was painfully supported

on two rosewood crutches. One limb was helplessly dragged along.

"My dear little girl, I am so glad you came! How long has your limb been paralyzed? or, let me see; no, simply nervous contraction and want of vitality."

"For eight years, sir. When I was only seven years old I fell and injured it in some way, and all the physicians, or the most noted ones in New York—we lived there then—could not cure me."

"Of course not; but I am going to cure you."

And motioning me to come with her, he led her into the adjoining room, knelt and removed her shoe and stocking, talking all the time in a loving, reassuring manner, passed his hand a few times over the limb, then, taking both hands, cried: "Jump, quickly!"

And she did spring from her chair, and then, led by him, walked back and forth across the room, then alone, then, at his command, whirled around in a natural, graceful waltz, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, and ever saying: "Oh, what will papa say? what will papa say?"

In similar scenes the afternoon rapidly passed; and if, on my arrival, my heart had ached for the poor, suffering creatures I passed by, now it beat with joy and gratitude that so much pain and misery were, by God's infinite love and mercy, manifested through one of his servants—relieved and sad hearts caused to cry out in songs of praise and thanksgiving.

As the hour for closing the office arrived, the Doctor said:

"Now I am going to take you up stairs to see one of the most astounding cures I ever performed. I wish you had been here yesterday!"

The door at which we knocked was opened by a plain, motherly-looking country woman, whose face shone with love as she respectfully curtsied to the Doctor.

"Mrs. J.—, here are some friends I want you tell about your daughter," and he walked up to a pale woman, seated in an invalid's chair, who caught his hand and raised it to her lips with a look of adoring gratitude.

"Please, miss, and you, sir, take chairs. Oh, I am all so kind of overcome I do not know how to put my feelings in words. You see, miss, we live in Illinois, and we have traveled two hundred miles to see the great Doctor. My son's wife there has been helpless for five years, ever since her little girl was born. You see, she was only eighteen when she was married, and she was not used to farm work, and maybe done too much. Anyhow, she kind of run down, and after the baby came her spine gin out, and she couldn't set up at all; and then she kinder kept getting weaker and weaker, and had no notion of eating, or nothing, and was so sore and tender all over she could n't bear to be touched, and we had to lift her from one bed to 'other on sheets, and all the Doctors said she was dyin'—and it did seem so hard to have such a young critter go—and Jake he was so uncommon fond of her, that altogether, ye see, when I heard and read what terrible wonders this Dr. N.— was a doin' I took heart o' grace and got a bed fixed with springs, so 't would be easy, yer know, and we come; and the last part o' the way she was so fur gone she could n't speak, and I jist kept life in her a wotter'n her lips with brandy—and the landlady, she can tell yer when we got here they thought she was dead; she was all blue, and did not seem to breathe any. But when the good Doctor there put his hand on her head a minute or two, she jist opened her eyes as natural as could be, and when he had rubbed her back, and told the strength to come in her ankles, why he made her git right out o' that there bed and set up and eat; and—and—oh dear!" and the good mother and the girl both broke out sobbing, the latter saying:

"And Matty will see me sit up and walk for the first time in her life, and I can be a help to poor Jake again."

The tears were rolling down my cheeks, and I could only echo their cry, "May the good Lord forever bless Dr. N.—"

"The goddesses of love and beauty," quoth Gerard, as he and Mr. Carleton entered the room where Nellie and I were awaiting them, the evening that was to give my loved friend to another, "nearer and dearer than all others." She well deserved the epithet, with the tender, trusting love-light in her eyes, illumining every feature, and seeming to form a halo of beauty around the graceful little head, with its crown of natural orange blossoms.

"Farewell forever to Nellie Selden," I whispered, as we left the room.

"And a kiss for Nellie Carleton presently," added Gerard.

It was a pleasant wedding, not over crowded or garish with "gaudy gilt and tinsel" of ultra fashion. The next day the quartette (for Nellie would have no bridesmaid but me) started for a pleasant month on the Lakes; up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, with its interesting rocky fortress, innumerable historical anecdotes, and many monuments of daring deeds of soldier valor; down to Montreal, quaint little French city, with its peaked roofs, dormer windows, and narrow streets; then by beautiful Champlain and its lovely, nestling Lake George, onward to New York, home for me—in name at least. I had so thoroughly enjoyed our tour, with the pleasant soul-companionship of those I had learned to love so dearly, that it was with feelings of keen regret that I again saw the familiar streets of my native city.

"How shall I live without you, Nellie?" asked I sadly. "You, of course, do not need me now."

"Do not say that, Minnie, darling! I shall ever need you, my sweet sister—the only sister I have ever known. I am sure one could not be dearer if God had given me one in reality. None can ever take your place in my heart, Minnie, however much I love," and a soft color rose on the face of the girl-bride.

Nevertheless, I felt sadly alone that evening

when she and Mr. Carleton had gone (as they insisted on doing in spite of my entreaties) down to the "Metropolitan," so as to be away by the early train without disturbing my household. Gerard, who was out on business, was to call and go down with them; but Mr. Carleton finding the evening waning, carried off Nellie, as he said, "for a long night's rest, preparatory for a fatiguing day on the morrow," but I suspected when I saw Gerard's want of surprise, on his arrival, at their having left, that he had instigated the early departure. "Yes, quite alone, Mr. Selden, and rather lugubrious. Partings are usually rather pleasant to me, for I confess to liking novelty, and am apt to grow tired of the same faces day after day; but—but—" and I ignominiously broke down. I could not sustain the farce of heartless indifference before the earnest gray eyes looking down into my own so searchingly.

"Will you sing for me once more, Miss Minnie, before we part, for years, perhaps forever, in this world? You cannot guess the exquisite pleasure your voice has given me these past three months; and yet you ought to feel it, too, for you must love music to sing as you do."

"I will try. What shall it be?"

"That little air I heard you singing to yourself, when you thought you were alone, that night on Lake George."

I wished he had asked for something else. It was a simple little thing I had crossed in one of Bulwer's novels, and set to music myself, a few low heart-notes appropriate to the tender pathos of the words.

"There is a world where every night
My spirit meets and walks with thine,
And hopes I dare not tell thee light
Like stars of Love, that world of mine!"

"May I, dare I tell you, Minnie, of those hopes? Will you listen, my heart's treasure, my one love, the only love of my whole long life?"

"Stop, stop, I beg, Mr. Selden; do not say those words, do not love me! I am not worthy—indeed I am not. Oh, if by word or look I have ever given you cause to think this avowal would be welcome, forgive me, I pray you; I meant it not. I esteem, I reverence you, but love I have not to give."

"Are you quite sure, Minnie, that it is not 'a broken dream, and not a lost love' you have to mourn? Are you quite sure that the girlish fancy was the true woman-love of eternity?"

"Ask me not, I beseech you. Whatever it was, I have buried it, and would not disturb its ashes. Oh, Mr. Selden, forgive me, do not hate me—he to me as the brother I have never had to love and trust!"

"Before God I will be as true to your best welfare, my soul's darling, as any brother could be. A brother's love I cannot promise, for another far deeper, and as holy and pure, lies in my heart. It will exist forever—not only in this world, but as long as my soul exists it will call to thine as its true counterpart. And sometime, whether here or in the great hereafter I know not, but I feel—I know—you will answer its call. Until then, fare thee well!" and with one long, lingering kiss on my brow he was gone.

I had found a letter from my aunt awaiting me, saying she was to return by the next steamer, and as I had a fortnight to spare before that was due, I determined to run up to my father's for a visit. My conscience had been smiting me a little for seeming neglect, ever since Gerard had one day said:

"You are the only child your father has, and yet never live with him."

"He does not seem to miss me," said I bitterly.

"He has his wife."

"Can she supply the place of his child?"

I did not know. It really seemed so to me, for my father was ever ready with a consent for my departure, and appeared but little rejoiced when I returned. He was not only undemonstrative but cold. Was there a warm heart under that stern exterior? Many, many a night after my mother died I cried out with sobbing, "If my father only loved me!"

[To be concluded in our next.]

Notes of Matters in Maine.

I have been here for two months past, lecturing and working in the Children's Lyceum cause.

CAMDEN, ME.

This is a picturesque-looking place. It is situated on the coast, near the entrance of Penobscot Bay. Tall mountains rear their forms into the air, from the summits of which hundreds of islands may be seen. Quite a number of Spiritualists are here. Horatio Allen owns a hall which he gives for the use of the meetings. He takes an active interest in the meetings, helping them by his influence and his means. Would that there were more like him. Dean Clark has been lecturing here for the past two months, giving good satisfaction. May we not hope that the Spiritualists of Camden will, ere long, join the onward march of progress by establishing a Children's Progressive Lyceum? They have a good hall for one, and children enough too.

BANGOR.

Here, stirring, warm-hearted people may be found. The manner in which they have succeeded in establishing their Children's Lyceum is proof of this. The churches of the old dispensation have done what they could to hinder children from going where "the sanctity of the Sabbath is broken." But the instincts of children are wiser and stronger often than the superficial, heartless piety of parents; and the latter will find it hard always to keep down the tender yearnings of the former.

While lecturing here, and at other points in this vicinity, I have made my home in Bangor, at the house of N. Blake, where I have been well cared for and kindly entertained.

BRADLEY.

This is a small country village, on the Penobscot river. Lumbering is the chief business. There are a good many Spiritualists here. The seed was sown in years past by J. N. Hodges, W. K. Ripley, the Davenport Brothers, and others. A Progressive Lyceum has been organized here. We met together Sunday, May 26th, and although the day was stormy, more than fifty children were present. Now we number seventy-five. Besides Officers and Leaders. The people of Bradley have done nobly in this work. They saw the importance of the work, and at once set to raising the necessary means to carry it forward. They purchased a full set of equipments. James J. Norris is Conductor, and Miss Frances McMahon, Guardian. I feel to acknowledge the readiness with which the officers have applied themselves to the work. Last Sunday being the fourth since the Lyceum was started, I sat as a spectator merely, and was glad to notice the order and harmony that already prevailed. May this beautiful work of the angels go on in this place. Next week I go to Stockton, to organize a Lyceum there.

Wherever I go I hear words of praise spoken for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Often I hear the remark, "Your work is appreciated." In Maine, and every week the seed is sown, from which in after years golden harvests will be reaped. I will say, in closing, that I have given myself to the work of organizing Children's Progressive Lyceums, and will be ready to answer calls to do this work for societies anywhere. I will also lecture in connection with this work.

Yours Fraternally, S. O. HATFORD.

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 day."
(LUCAS HUNT.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

(Original.)

Field Daisy.

Over ten thousand hills, in innumerable orchards, on sunny slopes, and in the sterile pastures, this flower is blooming, opening its clear eye to the heavens, and doing its best to reveal the beautiful. It is a strong, thrifty flower, loving its life, and determined not to be cheated out of the best thing it knows—the right of growing.

The farmers are not fond of this flower, and care little for what poets have said of it, for it is to them but a troublesome weed—an encroacher—always appearing where it is not wanted, and never wishing to leave familiar places. It reminds me of the natives of our country, the Indians, who so loved their pleasant hunting grounds, and so unwillingly gave them up.

This flower belongs to the seventeenth class, which includes the Golden Rod, the Marigold, the Dandelion, and a long list of useful and friendly flowers, such as love to gather about our homes, or by the roadsides.

Its botanical name is not half so sweet as its English one; *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, some lover of Latin called it. The first portion may be interpreted the golden flower, and very much like gold is the gleaming eye of this blossom.

As I watch them now nodding in the soft south wind, it is easy to dream that they are speaking, and telling a sweet little history of their own. Two or three under the apple tree yonder seem to be conferring together upon the wisdom of telling all they know. But the most social are ready, and know I am waiting to hear.

Up on a hillside pasture sprang up a clump of these flowers. Their life was rather solitary, and they plucked a little for the green meadows. Of course they did not grow in such thriftiness as if sweet content had nestled among them.

"My children," said the oldest member of the community from whom all the rest had sprung, and whose seed had been wasted one August day from the level field down by the meadow; "my children, how foolish to repine, or to let discontent mar our happiness. If we do not live in the clover like our ancestors, we are quite independent here, and you may be sure we are every way as dear to the sun and to the soft summer air. Let us seek to glorify that blessed giver of happiness."

"What do you mean?" said a gentle little blossom. "I have longed for something to do to bring to me the great joy of knowing that my life was not useless."

"Well, I have studied the Daisy-nature for now nearly ten years, just in this spot, and I have looked at the stars and the moon, and most of all at the glorious sun; and I have watched our friends the grasses, and our cousins the Dandelions, and I have come to the conclusion that the best thing that any daisy can do is to gather all the sunshine it can into itself, and let it glow in its little heart to reveal all the beauty of the life that is in the air, in the sunlight, in the dew and the rain."

A fresh living thought seemed to glow in the little Daisy's heart, and something very much like a prayer rose from its little golden center. It was a prayer to do something worthy of the sunshine, the dew, the rain. It felt in itself that the flower life was meant for a higher work than merely growing.

Every morning and every evening the little flower uttered afresh this prayer, and all through the day it lived it, by growing stronger and more like the sunlight and starlight.

One day there came up the slope, through the gate of bars, a tired, sad man. He had walked out from the heat and dust of the city, and had entered the green pasture for a little quiet rest, and perhaps too with a thought that up there he might find a deeper, richer comfort; something to give him a little more hope and courage. He began to talk to himself, and it was easy for the Daisies to listen.

"I suppose she will die; all the rest have; my little wee flower, my tender bud. Why may I not have one to bloom on my stalk? There is no loving power in the heaven, I know; no Father to care for this sad, pitiful heart. Oh my little Agnes, if God cares for thee I will not mind what he does to me; but oh if you could live!" and then he bowed his head and wept, and all the Daisies lifted up their eyes to the heavens, to see if indeed no Father would shine on this poor, and heart, and the sun shone on them. But the one little Daisy felt in her heart a beautiful wish that she might show how true was the care of the All-Infinite, that never forgot even little Daisies, and as the man raised his head she nodded to him and caught his eye.

It seemed but a careless thing for him to do to pick this little flower and to put it in his button-hole, but little as it was it was something that afterwards he thought was a revelation of heaven and a proof of the love of God.

He went back to the hot, pent-up air of his poor room, in which he only half breathed, and found the little Agnes awake, waiting for him. She smiled the little Daisy in a minute, and snatched at it, as if it had been a thing long sought.

"Dear papa, what is it?"

"A little flower, like you, my child; it's name is Daisy."

"But the little flower is not sick; where did it grow?"

"I found it in a pasture. If I had thought you would have cared I would have brought you a handful."

The child's eager eye looked into the golden center of the flower, and seemed to be reading something there.

"Why do we not live where the flowers grow? Take me there, papa."

Now it had never entered into the thought of this loving father that his little one needed just what the flowers found, the fresh air and the bright sunshine. He sighed because he was too poor to give her grapes and wine, and to wrap her up in soft garments, and put her in an elegant bed. He loved her so dearly, this little bud left on all his branch, that he thought only of blessing her, but he knew not how.

But there had entered into the mind of the child only this one thought, to go where the Daisies grew. Whether the life of the flower so entered into her life that she longed for what the flower longed, or whether the little Daisy's heart breathed out some flower-words to her, who can tell?

But so it was that the father took the child the next day tenderly in his arms, and carried her out of the sickening air, and away from the dull

battered walls, that her little eyes had ached in looking at. A kind wagoner, seeing his burden was greater than he could bear any distance, gave him a seat, and they rode far out, even to the pasture on the hillside.

Little Agnes had kept the little withered Daisy in her hands as if it were a talisman of good; perhaps fearing that not another one could be found. When she saw the little clump of blossoms she cried out for joy, as if she had seen her little brothers and sisters that she only dimly remembered. She lay down beside them, not caring to pick one, thinking how the little one had withered in her hand. But the sunshine was so beautiful to her, and the air so sweet and the Daisy-life so strong and full of beautiful promise, that no wonder her face had a deeper tint when the sun began to go down, and that something like gladness seemed beaming from her eye.

This day had been a day of such joy that she begged for others like it, and her father carried her out with a glad heart each sunny day.

"Why go back at all?" she said one day; "the Daisies live here all the time."

"But the Daisies want no bed," said the father. "The Daisies' Father in heaven gives them all they want; why not ask him about a bed?"

"Who whispered that to you, child? I used to tell my little ones to pray, but not you."

"I guess I heard it in the Daisy, papa. I have thought it had a little voice every day, and it told me to live like the Daisies."

Then came along that way a woman, with tender eye and a heart that gave the eye its life, and she asked about the child. "She had been out," she said, "hunting for a little flower that ought to be blooming, the fair Rhodora, but its petals had all faded. But she had found another flower, this little pale child with the tender eyes. She wanted a gardener, some one to love the flowers and make them grow just as they best liked to grow. Would this father come and tend her flowers and take the little cottage under the hill?"

It was only a few words that she spoke, but she spoke them as if commissioned by a power divine than from glows in the sunshine, and that must not be turned from its loving purpose. And little Agnes had her home, and her father the work he loved the best. She grew strong like the Daisies. The sunshine and pure air were the only medicines to her body, but love and kindness were medicines to her heart, and she became indeed like a field Daisy, as full of vigor, and as fresh and true.

This is the interpretation of the history the little Daisy under the apple tree gave me, and it added:

"If Daisies have a mission it is this: To tell of the goodness of the sunshine and pure air. We are not as handsome as some flowers, but we are strong and never while about anything. We are glad every minute, and I believe it is principally because we are out in the fields. I wish I had something besides a Daisy voice to speak with, and I would tell every mother in all the country to turn out the children into the green pastures, and let them feel all the strength of the air, and all the goodness of the sunshine. Please, madam, as you sit there don't forget to speak a word to the world from out the Daisy heart, and tell the sick and the weak and the poor about the loving Father that cares for the little Daisies, but always cares for them through sunshine and dew and rain, and that he has good and beautiful things for all as they need, if they will not forget to seek them."

ONE LITTLE CURL.

BY CALEB DUNN.

I have a little curl of hair,
As golden as the sunniest ray;
No treasure with it can compare—
Its beauty cannot pass away.

Close to my lips I press the prize;
It may be weakness so to do,
But something melting in my eyes
Is the excuse I offer you.

This little curl of golden hair
Speaks to my heart of one who died—
A blue-eyed boy, as sweet and fair
As e'er invoked a father's pride.

One Summer's flowers above his bed
Have sweetly bloomed and gone to rest,
Since last I held his little head
Against my sad and aching breast.

Above his sleep the snowy white
Has softly gathered, like a crown,
And hidden from my eyes' dim sight
The Winter grass-blades sere and brown.

But whether with the roses' red
Or with the Winter's drapery
His little grave be garlanded,
It is a lovely spot to me.

There, when the shadows of the night
Arise and drive the day afar,
I see him, with his crown of light,
Look down from Heaven like a star.

I see his beauteous smile enshrined
In bright waves from the starry sea;
I hear his sweet voice in the wind,
That murmurs through each blossomed tree.

You may pronounce my sorrow vain
And counsel me with kindest breath;
But do you know a father's pain
When his first-born lies cold in death?

To hear the last tones of a voice,
The sweetest music to his ear;
To feel the rarest of all joys—
The richest gladness—disappear?

To see the shadows close about
The brightest ray that ever shone;
To see the coffin-lid shut out
The dearest idol he has known?

This is the pain the father feels
When death has made his hearthstone drear,
When o'er the silent form he kneels
To weep above his loved one's bier.

So, surely you'll not call me weak
Because I love this lock of hair—
This curl which o'er my first-born's cheek
Once fluttered in the summer air.

(Original.)

THE LITTLE ARTIST.

Benjamin West was the son of a Quaker, and was educated in all the strict proprieties of that sect in former days. He had no pictures in his books, and there were no engravings in his father's house. He had never seen an engraving or painting; he did not even possess a pencil, but invented something that would make a mark.

When seven years old he was left in charge of a little baby, that he might brush away the flies. The little one smiled, and the young boy looked on its face with delight. He saw on a table near by a pen and some red and black ink. The thought seized him to try and represent that sweet face on paper. Even then he had never seen a picture, but he drew so correct a likeness that his mother recognized it.

Not very long after some one sent him a box of colors and some brushes and pencils—although before that he had heard of a brush, and had made one for himself from the hair of a cat's back. There were also sent to him some engravings. He took his possessions to the garret, and there commenced and finished a picture that sixty

seven years after was exhibited beside his great picture, Christ Rejected.

His parents were ignorant of what he was about, but on seeing his picture, they excused him for neglecting his school. He had not made a copy of any of the engravings sent to him, but had combined two, and had displayed so much talent that, when an old man, he declared there were original touches in his first picture that he had never surpassed.

Progress does not depend upon the means one has to work with, but upon the zeal with which one employs what means he may happen to have. Benjamin West had genius and perseverance, and his awkward brush helped him more than a thoughtless boy's finest camel's hair pencil.

(Original.)

THE EAGLE AS ENSIGN.

From the earliest time the eagle has been used by different nations on their banners. It was the emblem of the early kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans also carried it, among others, on their camp standards. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle; those of the East a golden one.

A double-headed eagle signifies a double empire. Charlemagne was the first to use it, to signify that the empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. Austria now claims it as her proud right.

THE DEVIL.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

There exists in the natural world that which is hateful to the human heart and is apparently opposed to man's better, higher and holier manner of living; that which is at war with reason, with earthly successes, with earthly happiness. There is cruelty, inhumanity, calamity, oppression and disobedience, restraint and debauch, excess and want, crime and revenge, war and famine, disease and death. Darkness, ignorance, strife, contention, discord and inharmonious features that can nowhere be separated from human life. The embodiment of all these things which are repulsive to human desires is the devil. But they are all natural and inevitable, necessary and useful to the conditions that command and make their existence. It is natural and right that we turn away from these things and call them evil, the work of the devil. It is natural and right, too, that we turn backward in our progress, and go to war with them. It is right that they be, and that they be opposed. All these things of evil are obstacles, we think, in our pilgrimage, while they are in reality of absolute usefulness to the gaining of the manhood of the soul. Every pain is an incentive to progress, and every effort is a step taken forward. What man thinks is evil, what man calls the devil, in the darkness of earthly philosophy, and in the narrowness of selfish love, is but the chastising rod of Divinity that shall lash him into thought, and awake him from his torpid bigotry and his stupid bondage, to liberality, to freedom, to Christianity.

Though it is unseen and unacknowledged by man, it is only the devil who makes his progress. Not alone in getting earthly riches, fame and reputation, but also in losing them—not alone in gaining moral and religious excellences, but in losing them; not alone in preaching, praying, and swearing oaths, but in telling lies, in telling how wicked others are, in telling what others ought to do and what they ought not; not alone in being loyal and patriotic, but in being treacherous and warlike, murderous and villainous.

Whatever devilish undertakings men engage in, whatever devilish deeds they commit, they need; they are positively necessary to their natures, and by the pain of devilish deeds and devilish thoughts their eyes are opened to new light, to better sight; their hearts are turned to new loves and broader sympathies, and their efforts are directed to nobler purposes.

What is hated, what is warred with, is always the devil to the hater, to the warrior. And hatred is as spontaneous as love, and is as lawful to its condition. But the condition that commands hatred is the condition that needs and must have the devil's work. While man is capable of hating anything that God has made, he is a subject yet in and under the rulings of the devil. Man always hates in ignorance. He only hates that which he has not yet learned the uses of. He is carried through the ordeals of hatred to learn the lesson of love. The great work of life is to learn to love what we yet hate, to learn to approve what we disapprove, to accept what we reject, to come from the devil to Christ, from bigotry and self to charity and humanity. Charity approves, accepts, believes all things. The devil alone leads men to charity. As surely as man has life, so surely he must sometime come to see use in everything; then he has come to charity, and charity is but the title-page of the great unopened volume of human love.

The devil is a part of the natural world, a fragment of infinitude—is the part of God that people don't like to proclaim against—is a problem of use, that every one has to solve for himself by experiences in sin; is an element of the soul, inseparable from physical life, sometime to be treated with the indulgence, kindness and devotion, the same with which a mother treats her infant child. Devilry to the soul is what infancy is to the man—covered or uncovered, it is, it must be for all—and it behooves the scholar of God to plunge into himself and learn the uses of devilry, for then he will cease his opposition to it.

The idea of a personal devil is twin-born with the idea of a personal God. It is lawful to the condition of its existence. Only an infinitely small fraction of infinitude can be swept by the widest and wildest imagination. A personal God helps the mind to concentration of thought; it gives the imagination in its undefinable wanderings something to lean against. When man goes out beyond himself as he does on the ground of infinity he needs some limit, though imaginary, some object to rest his inner sight upon. So God is conceived of as a person whose personality to mature conception detaches his infinitude, and the mind has a wider and higher view of God than the limits of a personality.

The devil is conceived of as infinitely against infinity, as rival power arrayed against and militating the infinite goodness of God, and so, for the same use that the personality of God is claimed, a personal devil is conceived of. The idea of a personal God and of a personal devil will have their day and use, and will simultaneously cease to be. The devil is simply that necessary element in nature which is incessantly at work to destroy the fame, riches, and glories of this dissolving world; to destroy the pride, successes, and selfishness of men who seek and vainly try to support them; it is the mission of the devil yet unthought of by men to carry them through the hell of earth, and prepare them for the heaven of the spiritual world.

Beauty in women is like the flower in spring, but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

A Letter from Dayton, O.

To the many readers of the BANNER my heart sends its greetings, while my pen would write of incidents—though local—not entirely destitute of general interest. The case of

B. M. BROWN

has attracted considerable attention, both here and elsewhere, many paragraphs relating thereto having gone the rounds of the papers—none of which, that I have seen, being either fair or truthful. I knew the old man well, and visited him several times during his singular experience; heard his story from his own lips—therefore can speak advisedly of his case. He was eighty-four years old; by trade a shoemaker. He worked laboriously at his trade from early life until the last three days of February, 1867; during which days he suffered from a severe attack of diarrhoea, which left him so weak that he was obliged to take to his bed. On the morning of the first of March, he arose and partook of some food, after which he returned to his bed; when, as he related to me, his "spirit friends or guardians" told him that without their interference the attack which he had just suffered would have terminated his earthly career; but that, for a purpose, some scientific spirits were desirous of trying an experiment upon him, to see how long they could retain him in earth-life without food. They said they thought they could keep him until the first of April; requiring of him, as the only condition, that he should eat nothing, promising that all the days thus added to his earth-life should be days of peace. During the period of sixty days he adhered strictly to his engagement—eating nothing. He declared that during all that time he felt well and happy. "Never felt better in my life," was his usual response, when asked how he was. But before the expiration of that time he began to get impatient, desiring to be released. On the sixtieth day, he demanded food, which was brought. He ate, and continued to eat for four days. During the sixty days' fasting, his bowels had not been moved; but as soon as he began to eat, they became disordered, occasioning him much misery from that time on, his food passing through him as he ate it, doing him no good, but much harm. At the end of four days he quit eating again, and fasted twenty days—then left his worn-out body forever.

During the last twenty days he suffered much, and occasioned his family considerable trouble—all springing from his own rashness, which he was not slow to acknowledge. Mr. Brown had been a Spiritualist fourteen years, and left the habitation of mortals with the land of immortality in full view.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE

made a profound impression in a lecture in the Opera House, in this city, on the 21st ult. Her audience was very large.

A TRUMPET MEDIUM.

Mrs. Margaret Shaffer is an instrument through whom the spirits have done a good work among us. The manifestations occurring in her presence, though in the dark, are such as to carry conviction to the minds of the most skeptical. She being a resident of our city, we expect her séances to be continued for some time to come; although the spirits of her band are desirous of having her field of usefulness greatly enlarged. She is a genuine medium.

A NEW BOOK.

entitled, "The Powers of the Air, or Spiritualism, What it is, and what it is not," has been recently issued from the press of the United Brethren Publishing house of this city. The object of the writer is to show that Spiritualism is Diabolism, or that none but wicked spirits can or do communicate. I know the author well. He is a man for whom nature has done much, and whom the angels desired to make something of—but at least partially failed; his mind being so irreparably warped and biased by the teachings of a theology which has its foundation in diabolism, that every truth sent from heaven to him became a falsity as soon as it entered his mental atmosphere. He is a medium, and cites his own experiences as such in proof of his silly doctrine.

A PERSONAL ITEM.

A recent announcement in the BANNER that I was about to enter the lecturing field "in earnest," though unauthorized by me, was agreeable to my then present expectations; but circumstances have since shown me that my work is not yet done in Dayton. All that I can now promise is, that whether in the field, wholly or in part, either now or hereafter, all my efforts for the human weal shall be characterized, as they ever have been, by an unflinching earnestness of purpose.

WADING THROUGH "HELL."

Is by no means an agreeable pastime; yet I hold that integrity of purpose and a steady adherence to right principles, is a safe passport through the hottest of its flames. Knowing which, the more I have will not hesitate to plunge therein when duty points in that direction; or, being there, will scorn to leave until they have honorably worked a passage out.

A PROPHECY IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

Is said to be without honor. If so, the fault is surely with the prophecy, for genuine goodness cannot fail of recognition in any community, while a true life will extort respect from the most unwilling devotee at the shrine of justice. But a prophet may have his follies, as well as other men, which often are only seen after long acquaintance—and when seen by the vulgar, eclipse, in their eyes, the sum of all his virtues. Dayton, Ohio, June, 1867. GEO. KATES.

Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

Without preliminaries we will proceed to give some of the demonstrations of spirit power we have witnessed. Musical mediums are increasing in numbers, and are long will prove to the world that the mind receptive to heavenly influences unfolds into rhythm and harmony without close confinement to ancient lore and the classics. Miss Ellen Winklo, of Alexander, N. Y., is a proficient in music. Her mother informed me that she commenced playing by the aid of invisible instructors before her feet could reach the treadles of the piano. Now, at the age of eighteen, she plays German, Swiss, Italian, and other foreign pieces, and beautiful marches—even imitating a band of music in the fierce conflict of battle, and the piano is made to ring forth the firing of guns, bursting of shells, and the death march.

Persons becoming mediums will do well to sit passively and alone at a given hour each day. Some require a visible operator. A few years since, while traveling in company with my brother, Walter Hyde, on a lecturing tour, not unfrequently our host and hostess for some one of the many families from whom we received hospitality and aid, was a "God bless you" would desire my brother to sit with them to aid in their development. Some in a few moments would become entranced for

Written for the Banner of Light.
PRAISE.

BY OLIVE SLATER.

The Spirit of Beauty appears, and her birth
In swift-footed silence transfigures the earth.
O'er mountains, plains, forests, where'er she hath
trod,
Rings the many-voiced chorus, "Oh praise be to
God!"

The beams of the morning stream over the world,
And gild the dark verdure with shimmering gold;
Light with "fingers of flame" the tall pines, as
they nod
In slumberous murmurs, "Oh praise be to God!"

Oh the music that swells from the verdurous
plains!
The groves catch the thrill and prolong the sweet
strains
Of the gay forest songsters' melodious lays,
As they warble in concert their psalms of praise.

The meadows and dingles are starry with flowers,
That opened their blooms in the dew-dripping
hours,
And caught their fresh hues from the bright morn-
ing rays—
On the fragrance of flowers floats the incense of
praise.

The low trailing mosses in emerald sheen,
In dainty white forests and crimson cups seen,
Creeping o'er the dark rocks and embossing the
sed,
Breathe in soft, sighing whispers, "Oh praise be
to God!"

The mountains that rear their dark brows to the
sky,
Where the lowering gloom of the tempest clouds
lie,
Caught up the low whisper that rose from the sod,
And reechoed in thunder, "Oh praise be to God!"

The rills and the streams in their frolicsome play,
O'er the pebbles and sands sang a joyous lay;
In jubilant mirth dashed the spray o'er the sod—
On the breath of its vapor the song rose to God.

The broad flowing river swept on to the main,
Joining the wild surge in a deep-toned refrain,
And like the dark waters that Jesus once trod,
In billowy notes sent an anthem to God.

The soft southern zephyrs that sigh in the trees,
The shrill whistling north wind, the bland sum-
mer breeze,
Attune their glad voices in "wildering ways
To a song of thanksgiving—a chorus of praise.

The sun sliding slow down the crimson-hued
west—
Like the eye of Omnipotence knowing no rest—
With rosy-bright fingers pencils the sod,
And pictures in glory, "Oh praise be to God.

The moon looking out on the curtaining night,
The stars dropping sparkles of crystalline light
From the silvery splendor where angels have trod,
Sing the dulcet-toned symphony, "Praise be to
God!"

The Spirit of Beauty appears, and her birth
In swift-footed silence transfigures the earth.
From the morning stars down to the flower-jew-
eled sod,
Rings the many-voiced chorus, "Oh praise be to
God!"

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

Held at Stowe, Vt., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June
7th, 8th and 9th, 1867.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Pursuant to a call issued by the Committee, the
Spiritualists of Vermont convened as above, at
10 A. M.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. M. S.
Townsend, who read the published call, when a
hymn was sung by herself and sister, Miss Flora
Townsend; then prayer was offered by Mrs. M.
A. Brown, after which some remarks were made
by Mr. Middleton, of Woodstock, upon the first
clause in the call, as follows: "To discuss in free-
dom the great interests of humanity," followed by
some pertinent remarks by Dr. Nathaniel Randall,
of Woodstock, upon the right of "freedom of
speech," which elicited a few remarks from Wil-
liam B. Parish, of Stowe.

On motion, it was voted that Sabin Scott, of
Elden Mills, be President. Mr. Scott having de-
clined, the following list of officers were present-
ed: For President, Daniel Tarbell, of Sandusky;
Vice President, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Bridge-
water; Secretary, Thomas Middleton, of Wood-
stock, which was unanimously adopted.

Some discussion having taken place as to the
necessity of appointing a Committee of Arrange-
ments, it was suggested that the matter be left in
the hands of the President to call upon whom he
thought proper for associate assistance.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend looked upon Spiritualism
as an individualizing power of the universe. Our
bodies are simply the means by which our spirits
manifest themselves to each other. We want
sympathy. We want all to love us. We want
charity. We feel in the conflict that manifests itself
through all our beings that I have not attained the
highest point of development. We want to trace
back the infirmities of each other to their source;
then, and then only, can we make due allowance
for each other. The object of office is calculated
to bring us upon a level with the people, as their
servants, hence we should be humble. Therefore
let us take hold of principles, and overlook in-
firmities. My soul-hands are ever reaching up to
take hold of another round of the ladder of pro-
gress. I have a most earnest desire, in the course
of this Convention, to present for its acceptance
and practical observance the principles of peace.

Charles Walker, of Bridgewater, made some
excellent remarks upon the subject presented by
Mrs. Townsend. He said we should all try to
make ourselves lovable. It is useless for us to
come here and talk Spiritualism if we do not prac-
tice its precepts. Nothing but practical religion
can avail anything. I believe in prayer, but the
misfortune is, we mistake the term, and pray upon
each other. Pray and work.

A. T. Foss, I agree with my Bro. Walker that
if we want to be loved we must make ourselves
lovable. We all agree in this. Now how shall
this sentiment be carried out. When I look upon
the Bird of Paradise, I must of necessity admire
and love it; and when I look upon the toad I love
it, but perhaps not in the same degree. It is natu-
ral for us to love ourselves. I am selfish, and do
think a great deal of a gentleman they call A. T.
Foss, but I do also admire and love others.

His remarks were here replete with beautiful
and humanitarian sentiments. He said:
I should like to be always serene as the calm
and silvery moon; but I know that through all
the throes of Nature, and from them, must come
an ultimate good. I pray that none of you ever
give up your station, hold on, but in all this you
should ever respect the rights of your fellowmen.
Now as it regards praying, I have done as much
of this machine-praying as any other man. I
have prayed as a sinner asking mercy. I have
prayed as a saint for grace. I have prayed on the
battle-field; by the bedside of the sick and the
dying; at picnics; but amidst all this, I more and
more fully believe that work is the only true
prayer. I recollect a little incident of a good min-
ister once asking me if I ever prayed. Yes, I
do; but not as I used to do. Said he, "Do tell
me how you pray." Well, said I, "I want some
beans and butter, and pray with the hoe and the
sake and this is the only effectual way of
praying for beans and potatoes." When you pray,
pray in accordance with the laws of your being.
If you want the beautiful, try to be pleasant, and
you will be beautiful. The inner ladies (speak-
ing upon the outer man. One of the most humiliat-
ing things on earth is to hear a man say, "I have

no one to love me." Make yourselves lovable,
and you will be loved.

Daniel Tarbell, I believe that desire is prayer,
and do not object to prayer in a vocal form. We
know that it does not change God's purposes. But
are not the blessings of God strewn in our paths?
and does not vocal prayer bring us nearer to the
divine parent, and thus bring out these blessings?

Dr. Randall, I wish to illustrate this matter.
Here is one man, as an infidel, never feels the
need of prayer; another man does; yet each re-
spectively have their blessings. I believe in
prayer. I once did not, but since I have become
a Spiritualist, I now fully believe. I believe in
praying and working.

A. T. Foss, I think I stated very distinctly that
I believe in the aspiration of the soul in prayer,
but I believe more fully in the prayer of acts.
I pray to my son and daughter in the spirit, and
I continually receive answers. I believe in the
natural stream of prayer, but I do not believe
in pumping. I believe that as aspiration flows
out, inspiration flows in. I do not believe that
prayer ever diverted God from his purposes. I
once heard a young man say that he had a dream,
and he was in heaven, and he saw a tube come
up, and the Lord said, "Put your ear to that tube
and listen," and he did, and heard prayers come
up from Jude and from Jake, utterly diverse one
from the other; and the Lord said, "What can
you make of that?" and he said, "Nothing, Lord.
You or can I either." On the basis of this, I
was called upon frequently to make prayers, and
I sincerely feel ashamed of it, for the object was
to sanction those acts of blood, not to restrain
them.

Mrs. M. A. Brown believed that every human
being prayed. The author of their being endowed
them with that faculty. They either express
themselves through desire or act. It changes no
law, but simply brings them in harmony with the
law, and they become the recipients of the bless-
ings flowing from an obedience to those laws.
The spirit, prompted by its wants, throws forth its
magnetic feelers, and draws to it what it desires
by and through law.

Mrs. A. P. Brown related an incident of a lady
who believed that she had sinned away the day
of grace, with its baneful consequences upon her
both physically and mentally; also that in a circle
held some time after in another place, the means
of her cure were presented to her. The lady was
brought forward to receive the aid of a medium
present, and they prayed that their kind spirit
friends would remove the insanity; they did it,
and she is now quite restored.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend related the story of a Ger-
man preacher who, by the power of faith and
prayer, asked and obtained him to take
twenty-five children to support and educate. He
refused the salary granted to him, and begged his
people to place boxes where free gifts might be
offered, and the first year seventy-five dollars
more than his salary was contributed. So he told
God if he would let seven thousand dollars be
placed in his hands, he would take one hundred
children. It was done. He made a third request
—if a certain sum should be placed in his hands
he would take one thousand children. It was
done; but at one time his funds were very low,
and he supposed he should have to send some of
the children home, when a poor man came in and
told him he could not do his work until he had
brought him a barrel of flour. This story was
given to illustrate the beautiful philosophy of
Spiritualism, that our spirit friends have the
power and do impress the minds of earth's chil-
dren to do these works of benevolence for the
benefit of the suffering and destitute sons and
daughters of earth. I want people to understand
this law, that they may see and understand the
harmony that exists between the two worlds, and
learn, also, not how to resist evil spirits, but how
to assist them.

D. D. Powers made some few remarks upon the
progress made by spirits upon leaving earth, and
going to the spirit-land, and their desire and ability
to return to earth and aid those loved ones left
behind.

The hour for dinner having arrived, the meeting
adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention reassembled at 2 o'clock. Mus-
ic and singing by Mrs. M. S. Townsend and sis-
ter. Prayer by Mrs. A. W. Tanner of Montpelier,
when A. T. Foss was called upon by the Presi-
dent as the first speaker. He said:

My friends, we are in the midst of the mightiest
revolution that has ever agitated the globe. Not
the bloody war through which we have just
passed do I regard as the real revolution. The
one I refer to is the war of ideas, and has but just
begun; and instead of breaking the chains of four
millions we are about, I hope, to break the bonds
of two hundred millions. Weigh this matter,
examine it, and you will see the call has been
sent. It is no use to lift your hands in holy hor-
ror. The work is before us, and it is great. It
change, is going on, and must be consummated.
Spiritualism is the great motor. It has made more
converts in twenty years than Christianity has in
one hundred. Spiritualism, like Christianity, was
born in a manger. It came through the feeble
instrumentality of woman—to be sure the sterner
sex have contributed somewhat, but who does
not know that the best mediums have been wo-
men, and they have commanded the worship of
the age? We have published but little, yet we
have done more than any other people. Spiritu-
alism numbers more than ten millions, while
the Catholics and other sects of the world, in
millions. This statement is based upon the record
of the Catholic priests; their knowledge is gath-
ered by the priests from the people, and trans-
mitted through the Cardinals to the Pope. I want
to address you upon these two topics: What is
Spiritualism, and what is it for?

Spiritualism challenges the attention of man-
to-day, more than any other matter of the day. I
want to say that it is the only thing that gives to
man a solution of the problem of the future.
When I was a minister I have had people come
to me and ask me to solve the great problem of
the future for them. All the great men of the
future have come to you on two crutches, miracle
and prophecy. The Vedas and the Shasters from the
Sanskrit were old when the pyramids were young.
Not one iota of information respecting the future
life is found from Genesis to Malachi. The Jews
did not know there was a future life. They have
made God to say, "You, and you only, have I
known in the world, among all the nations of the
earth." The learned Greek, the noble Roman, are
all put aside, and all revelation comes through
them. The prophet Daniel said, "Many that in
their graves shall come forth." But this to me
is a voice say to me, "Your child is not dead, or
the problem solved. Your teachers told you that
you shall live on, but I want an evidence of the
fact. Jesus said, 'In my Father's house are
many mansions.' Every star and every planet
in the world are so many mansions in our Father's
house. The Catholics think Peter keeps the keys,
but I thank God that my Father's house has
many mansions, but no keys to lock his children
up, and no Peters to keep the keys.

I remember when my daughter died how I felt.
Just blooming into womanhood, kind and gentle,
oh how I suffered! When I am listening I hear
a voice say to me, "Your child is not dead, or
your theology is false." And I said in answer to
a remark that she was in hell, then I wish to be
there with her. Would it be me to crawl off into
heaven while that poor child was in hell? Oh,
horrible! My wife felt the same, that whether it
be in heaven or hell we would have a good time,
for we would try to convert the Sahara of hell
into an oasis. It is love that makes heaven, and
the want of it that makes hell. A minister once
said he wanted to keep the people out of hell, but
said he wanted to keep hell out of the people. Spiritu-
alism comes to keep hell out of the people, and to
a future, and prove to them that the intelligence
which characterizes the facts of Spiritualism.
Shall my children knock at my heart, and shall I
cast them from me? God forbid! Now this in-
telligence says to me, "I am your child, Sarah
Jane," and tells the name of her father and moth-
er, and where she lived; can I deny this intelli-
gence? Suppose I have a communication pur-
porting to come from my son which says, "I am
your son, E. K. Foss," and he says he will write
to me. He then says, "Throw your handkerchief
under the table. Now take it up," and I find
written upon it, in unmistakable characters, of
his handwriting, "What can I say, my friends?
All these things I have seen, Human potency
commands the lightning, and it rains beneath the
sea. From the human soul, when it passes away
from earth, shows its earnestness to communicate
its love to its friends. The thing that would be
most anthropological and unscientific would be
that it should not be so.

I will relate an occurrence of one of our Spiritu-
alists, a woman of rare good sense. Her hus-
band enlisted in the army, and there fell, as many
of our friends have done. She was a fine medium,
and the spirit of her brother told her that she
would soon be with him. How calm was her de-
monstrator on that occasion. Just before she died,
she was entranced. She said, "Here is Harry,
my dear father; good-by, I must go." What
more do you want, skeptic? Here the speaker,
in answer to the question, What good has Spiritu-
alism done? gave a mighty array of the most
remarkable instances in which it has relieved the
suffering, aided the distressed, consoled the widow,
protected the orphan, and directed the minds of
Spiritualists to all the great philanthropic move-
ments of the age.

With a few brief remarks in relation to the va-
rious kinds of Spiritualism, the session closed
with a brief conference and a hymn.

THE EVENING CONFERENCE.

The Convention was called to order at 7 o'clock,
by the President, and a conference opened for free
discussion. Prayer by Mrs. E. M. Wolcott. The
President then said:

My friends, there is evidently something wrong
in the teachings of old theology. We have been
taught that the sin of Adam has covered all our
difficulties, and the efforts of our old theologians
get us out of hell have been defective, having
been based upon false premises; therefore the
atonement has been set up, which excuses us in
our wrong doing, and is therefore baneful in its
influences; therefore, my friends, I think we
need a new religion, that shall make us responsi-
ble—the blessing is appended to obedience; teach
that doctrine and you will reform the world. We
have been most of us preached to death, preached
into infidelity. The sects do not dare trust each
other; they dare not meet in a meeting and meet us
to discuss this subject. You cannot do the conse-
quences, you cannot bribe the witnesses. We
have to pay too many taxes, to pay our ministers,
to pay for building cathedrals, and for all misan-
eous purposes, so that it keeps men constantly at
work, so that they have no time to look at those
things which belong to their spiritual or even
temporal welfare.

Mrs. A. P. Brown said that she had yet to learn
that a child can always express itself readi-
ly without practice. I cannot in my normal
state speak so much to the purpose as some others,
but I feel that I have something to say, and will
say it. One of our brothers has spoken of the
encouragement so much needed by a weak or
meek man. How much has my heart been
poured out in gratitude to my brother and sister
Spiritualists in Lowell for their kind encourage-
ment. Oh, how small and inferior I felt when
asked to speak at the first convention, at South
Royalton, by our brother Tarbell. Since that
time, it has been my mission to canvass the State
of Vermont, and I regret to say that the far-
fetched and dear-bought, was more appreciated
than the home manufacture. I hope no brother or
sister will feel sensitive on this matter, as I do
not mean to be personal to any one. Look at the
diversity of gifts, from a bouquet from all those
flowers of thought; appropriate them to your
own use. I have never had confidence to attempt
to speak in public without giving myself up to
my spirit friends to entirely control me.

Mrs. A. W. Tanner said: I think it is right,
when we meet in convention, that we should
speak upon the experiences we have gained from
time to time. Spiritualism is near and dear to
me as to some others, for I have two little chil-
dren in the spirit-land, and I do not think it
dealing with the dead, for I believe, dealing
with the living, for there is no death. My dear
children come to me through my organism, and
it is not to me that they come, but through me to
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to speak in public without giving myself up to
my spirit friends to entirely control me.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend said: If people could but
know how earnestly I wish to give utterance to
my thoughts; if they knew how much I wish to
put myself behind others, and feel that I desire to
place before them the great truths given to my
soul; if I can impart the truths given me from
the spirit-world, I shall live immortally in their
hearts. I want to live for you, and you want to
live for me. People give me more credit than I
am worth. I wish to mention a physical mani-
festations I saw in Washington. Cranston Laurie
has a daughter, a medium, at the house of Major
Chapman. The Major weighs two hundred
and forty pounds, and with seven other persons
averaging one hundred and twenty pounds each,
got on the piano, when it was lifted up with all
those persons on it. I placed my hands under the
piano with hers, and it lifted up without any other
visible assistance.

Mrs. George Pratt—I feel it is a responsible po-
sition to be the instrument to lift the veil, to show
to the suffering sons and daughters of earth the
mysteries of the beyond. I feel compensated in
the gift for all my sufferings. I would not change
or lose the gift for any wealth. I wish to be a
beacon to the world, and to the mother and father
and brother. If from the humblest child of
earth I can learn that they have been benefited
by these truths, I am amply repaid. This is what
the angel-world is doing for us, why should we
not do it for others?

Mr. B. F. Knight, a Shaker Friend.—The ques-
tion has been asked, What has Spiritualism done?
It has made me a better man; it has caused me
to let go those theological fears that enslaved my
mind and gave me wrong views of God. It has
learned me to love. I find it in the hearts of my
brothers and sisters. I have spent my all in try-
ing to educate my fellowmen and redeem them
from evil.

Mr. J. D. Powers, of Woodstock.—I have been
called upon to make a few remarks upon what
has been done in times past. I will just give a
specie of things. I looked at Universalism, and at
all other beliefs, and could not find in any of them
what I needed, or sought there, so I rode the hob-
by of infidelity for thirty years, and I am now
riding Spiritualism, and that has not thrown me
yet. He here referred to the progress of Spiritu-
alism in Woodstock, and the opposition it met
with from the various sects, and its triumph.

Mrs. M. Wolcott.—In the town of Danville,
Vt., twelve years ago there was only one Spiritu-
alist, and now there are one hundred firm, ear-
nest, active workers in that place. The Quakers
were divided. The Orthodox do not believe in
this faith, but the Hicksites fully accept the faith,
and have outgrown their prejudices, and now
they engage a speaker half the time. I have been
at Danville nearly two years. They have now or-
ganized. They have been repairing a meeting-
house belonging to the Quakers and Methodists.
They are a generous people—they are unpretenti-
ous. God bless the land of Danville! Here I
allow me to say that twelve years ago I was in
darkness, and believed in the dogmas of Ortho-
doxy. I lost my child, and darkness settled over
my soul, and I said, "There is no God!" But Spiritu-
alism came upon me like a flash of lightning,
and I said, "If you are spirits my child lives," and
a white cloud appeared, and upon that cloud sat
my child, and I said, "Glory to God! my child
lives, and I shall live also." I asked a third time,
and it came again. I can never doubt again.
Here she spoke of the education of the spirits, and
the desire they had for her to go forth. I have
followed their calls, and have met spirits every-
where. I ask the presence of the invisibles to over-
shadow me and aid me.

Dr. Randall.—There is a question ever revolving
in a man's mind, "If a man die, shall he live
again?" He here referred to two gentlemen
coming to his house to see a Miss Cady, when his
child came to one of them and said, "I still live";
this entirely overcame him. He buried his child
when only two years old. He lived in Pennsylv-
ania, and had never been in Vermont before.

Mr. A. T. Foss.—I want to make a few remarks
in reference to the old radical friends to repeat the
kindred and intimate friends I had ever lost, and
that earthly friends had been working with me to
exhume those friends and kindred; suddenly they
seemed to come forth alive, each possessed of his
or her own proper individuality, and each express-
ing in spiritual language the pleasure they felt at
being known. My heart throbbled with a rap-
turous joy. Yet why was it that men about me
seem to have died? Why did they seem to say,
"These are DEAD—they have no place among the
living?"

In the arisen manly appeared to them; the
fancy seemed to be that no many long years had
passed that it could not be possible that these (who
were so perfectly natural except that they did not
speak with human voices) were delighted to be
recognized by men. The "still small voice" was
hushed; and they returned.

Again I heard the cold, leaden clouds fall, the
same as when they fell upon my mother and my
sister's coffin.
It was too much for human love to bear. I
forced open the graves. I beheld them again

you the only true condition of man and his rela-
tion to God and humanity.

Mrs. Manchester, of Randolph, Vt., here improv-
vised and sang a beautiful poem to the motto
given, "God is love." The meeting adjourned till
to-morrow.

[To be continued.]

May Day Festival

OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM IN
STURGIS, MICH.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Sturgis,
Mich., had a grand May Day Festival and Grove
Picnic, Friday, May 31. It was after the old Eng-
lish custom—May Pole trimmed with evergreen
and flowers; a May Queen crowned upon a throne
opposite, surrounded with Maids of Honor ar-
ranged in purest white, all bedecked with flowers;
a set of May Pole dancers, ten young gents and
ten young ladies; also a still younger set of twen-
ty, called the Morris Dancers, all gaily wreathed in
flowers, and dancing in a merry dance around the
May Pole, while the bright sunshine and the
sweet smiles of the May Queen fell in showers of
glad benediction upon all. A band of fine music
then led the way, while the stately banners and
hounding, happy hearts of the sunny-faced chil-
dren and friends of the Progressive Lyceum of
Sturgis followed to Mr. Jacob's grove, where the
ladies had arranged tables in the cooling shade,
spread with an ample repast, in which all joined
with keen relish, there being "enough and to
spare."

The glad, warm sunshine streamed in from the
heavens without a cloud to obscure the freshness
of springtime and the newness of awakened life
that welcomed us on every hand. The matchless
music of the birds, whose glad notes rang out
loud and clear through the leafy grove, mingled
as a chorus to the hopeful song from the Lyceum
choir. "The good time is coming," the electrifying
music from the band, and the glad, happy faces
of childhood gathered around, as the unfolding
promise of a bright future, marching with banners
flying up the highway of eternal progress.

I believe this is the third Festival this flourish-
ing and growing Progressive Lyceum has cele-
brated, and I well know the happiness and suc-
cess attending each one is but the sure promise of
still another when "darling May" again spreads
her carpet of living green over the earth, and
beckons the valleys and the hilltops with the beau-
tiful and fragrant flowers of spring.

The picnic resolved itself into a May Day Dance
at the hall in the evening, where old and young
joined in "tripping the light fantastic toe" until
the morning hours of rosy June, mid strains of
sweetest music and the joy of happy hearts, bade
a bright and joyous adieu to blushing May.
May every community have a Progressive Ly-
ceum. A. A. WHEELOCK.

Among the many excellent toasts, we give place
to the following:

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis, the founders
of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.—They have
sounded the key-note of true reform.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.—It leads the
van in the progress of the race, and may it unfold
till it blends with its auto-type in spirit-life.

Boys and Girls.—Thorns and roses divinely en-
twined.

Our Mothers.—In a true and independent woman-
hood repose the destinies of mankind.

Woman's Suffrage.—Her political "Guardian An-
gel."

Demands of the Age.—The utter annihilation of
all superstition and bigotry.

Spiritualism.—The rising star of the nineteenth
century, which is ringing the "bells of freedom"
round the world.

Earth-Life and Spirit-Life.—May those who en-
twine the physical form to-day with fresh gar-
lands and sweet flowers, so fulfill and complete
the grand purposes of life—

That angels all radiant and bright,
With transporting rapture to Summer Land hovers
Will guide them to the sweet and verdant fields,
Star-gemmed and crowned with bright spirit flowers.

The following lines were improvised for the oc-
casion by A. A. Wheelock:

The budding blossoms of the earth,
Unfolding here to mortal view,
Glad springtime breatheth into birth,
And thus the world is made anew.

The opening petals greet the light,
The cheering sunshine brights the night,
While hid from view, concealed from sight,
Sweet fragrance floats on unseen wings.

Thus childhood springs, a part of earth,
And thus it stands the world to-day;
With sunny hours and gleeful mirth,
It basks awhile with scarce a strife.

But Reason's dawn brings conscious power,
The strength of man's awakening will;
And the heavenward brother was moved to explain
By law of life his hopes fulfill.

So man in God, and God in man,
Is still outwrought "mid peace and strife,
Through infinite cause, by Wisdom's plan,
The eternal laws of endless life.

Letters from the "Afton Flow-Boy."

NUMBER TWO.

One year has elapsed since my first report to
you of the condition of the cause of Truth and
Progress within sight from my daily path of busi-
ness. I have endeavored to keep my eyes open
sufficiently to be able to form an accurate opinion
of "the situation," ever since; and it is exceedi-
ngly cheering to be able to report decided pro-
gress in the public opinion. This is doubtless no news
to most people, but it will be news to those living
in the "sequestered region" of New York, a por-
tion of which is just now being brought to light
by the construction of the Albany and Bingham-
ton Railroad, and within which I was once so un-
fortunate as to be born and "brought up."

If even Deacon Brown can change, the world
must be going to the devil very fast. So like-
wise if this stronghold of religious foggyism is giv-
ing way unconsciously to the spirit of anti-sectari-
anism, universal fraternity, the world must be get-
ting nearer the Church principle.

I only the town that has never had a locomotive
or a Progressive Spiritualist to agitate it—nothing
but the most staid gossip of tea-drinking gran-
dams to attract attention and stimulate thought.
Some ten years ago a few minds in my native
town had grown intelligent enough to demand
and obtain a knowledge of the character of the
future life. We found an old church, decayed
and empty through lack of opposition, and used it
for spiritual lectures.

I returned, after an absence of years, to find that
the spirit of sectarian bigotry, fully aroused, had
secured the aid of my radical friends to repair the
building for a "free church," and had thus closed
it against them. More recently the Christian
pastor of that Church, determined to leave no
spark of "infidelity" unquenched, began attack-
ing and traducing the character of the best friends
of these radicals by retelling among the ignorant
population the stale slanders and pious falsehoods
once sought to be fastened upon A. J. and M. F.
Davis.

I had the curiosity to attend his "Sunday-
school." The sentence, "Angels came and minis-
tered unto him," came before the Bible class,
and the Reverend brother was moved to explain
that "the passage should not be taken literally,
but meant that good thoughts arose in his mind."
Children of Spiritualists were in the class, but no
Progressive Lyceum had yet taught them to protest
against the absurd position of their teacher.
It troubled me. I thought it an indication of the
importance of the hour and of the work. Very
soon I fell asleep and had a dream, which I will
relate under the words: Buried Alive! All I de-
scribed was really shown to me, but in a far more
striking manner than I can convey to the reader.

It seemed that I had been in the graves of all the
kindred and intimate friends I had ever lost, and
that earthly friends had been working with me to
exhume those friends and kindred; suddenly they
seemed to come forth alive, each possessed of his
or her own proper individuality, and each express-
ing in spiritual language the pleasure they felt at
being known. My heart throbbled with a rap-
turous joy. Yet why was it that men about me
seem to have died? Why did they seem to say,
"These are DEAD—they have no place among the
living?"

In the arisen manly appeared to them; the
fancy seemed to be that no many long years had
passed that it could not be possible that these (who
were so perfectly natural except that they did not
speak with human voices) were delighted to be
recognized by men. The "still small voice" was
hushed; and they returned.

Again I heard the cold, leaden clouds fall, the
same as when they fell upon my mother and my
sister's coffin.
It was too much for human love to bear. I
forced open the graves. I beheld them again

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

SPRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion
and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to
the spiritual and its application to a regenerate life. It recog-
nizes 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 thus catholic and progressive, leading to
the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

The Trouble of the Time.

What can be the cause of all this crime whose records fill the columns of the daily papers? What baleful influence is in the air, or in the air, that men and women seem to be beside themselves, not knowing which way to turn to free themselves from it? These are inquiries which people are anxiously making of one another, ignorant, in fact, whether the dykes and bounds that restrain men within their former proprieties are really swept and torn away. We do not think there is so much mystery about the matter. It is as true of this as of everything else, that if we look near home for reasons and causes, instead of going off on long journeys for them, we shall rarely be disappointed in our search.

To state it in few words, then, we should say that people have become diseased, both physically and mentally. There are too many diseased minds in diseased bodies, to insure the health of the social state. Numbers who talk freely about incompatibility with their wives, or their husbands, are merely out of sorts with themselves, and their duty is to set about curing their own ailments, before attempting to palm them off upon others. Self-search is an excellent medicine, if it can but be faithfully taken, but the trouble generally is, our conceit and self-righteousness stand in the way. The times are "out of joint" because those who live in them are sick; let us fall to and cure ourselves, and things will run smoothly once more. Sickness cannot be helped by louder complaints.

Run over in the mind the list of murders, poisonings, scandals, intrigues, and notorious vices which sully the very name of humanity; study their separate features, investigate their history, look attentively at their biography, and consider the probable remedies for them; and then decide deliberately if there is really any cause for their existence, so far as human judgment can fairly discover, except what lies imbedded in the nature of the individuals on whom the guilt of their frequent occurrence is chargeable. Of course it is nothing else, and nowhere else. Human nature simply wants purging of its ill humors. It needs a purification of its blood, as well as its ideas. The diseases of the body are reflected back upon the health of the mind, and those of the mind react injuriously upon that of the body. It is a mass of disease, requiring the firm hand of impartial medication to cleanse it from the system. Our conceptions of life are pitched too low; our common pleasures are set beneath the real dignity of our characters; we ramble and stumble about among shadows, when open and sunny fields stretch before our feet in all directions if we will but go in them.

HEALING, then, is the urgent need of the time. We are all of us sick—sick of physical and mental diseases which we have both inherited and begotten. Life is not the buoyant scene the healthy view of youth tells us of. The mists and vapors of worldliness choke us with catarrhs. Low passions ride at the top, instead of keeping their place at the bottom. And our ailments become contagious, from so long cherishing and nursing them. They should be lopped off, or rooted out; but they are fed and pampered instead, and thus come to usurp the divine right of the gifts of the nature which should sit at the top and rule. When society has suffered sufficiently from these ills, it will then look about to discover a remedy for them; until then we must be patient workers against the power of present evils, and not forget to apply in every possible way the teachings they suggest.

Co-operation for Labor.

If the eight hour system is indeed the failure it is claimed by some writers to be in Chicago, and if, as certain leading New York journals assert and re-assert, all the laws which legislative bodies may write upon the statute-books in favor of that system be nullities because they cannot be made practically operative—then it follows very conclusively that the other system to which this long and persistent discussion has led, namely, the close co-operation of labor with capital, having joint interests, responsibilities, and profits, is to be the scheme for the future, to be fairly experimented upon until that, too, shall have yielded a satisfactory answer to the question which Labor is ceaselessly putting to the class which buys and employs and controls it.

Co-operation—that being accepted as the term by which this new experiment is for a time to be known—is already an assured success in England, in certain districts of Germany, and in a few localities in France. In fact, any intelligent and penetrating mind can see that it is but obeying the very hint of the age we live in. Single-handed, even capital itself is feeble and inefficient; then how much more so must labor be without support and sympathy. In several of the English manufacturing districts, the experiment has been pushed forward to a point where it is so far a success as not to be any longer considered an experiment. Workmen and employers have concluded to strike hands in business, instead of wasting profits in fighting one another; and the result becomes immediately visible in increased products, of superior marketable qualities with a marked diminution of current expense, a saving by the processes of economy, and unqualified satisfaction on all sides.

How much better this is, now, than to go on after the old way, and still come no nearer to the real result which we all of us strive and pray for, and in our hearts feel to be possible. Since the recent troubles in Chicago, the co-operative plan is to be set on foot there, under circumstances so favorable that it must be almost a miracle if it does not succeed. For instance, the capitalists do not wait until the workmen have accumulated enough from former savings to be entitled to come into a general partnership with themselves, but practically advance capital to them, by proposing that so much work shall go against so much capital; guaranteeing a stated amount of wages, to begin with, so that the workman shall feel sure he has sold support under him; and dividing the profits on equitable principles; previously agreed upon, so as to give the widest satis-

faction, offer the most encouragement, and increase productiveness to the greatest extent.

Other plans, all based on the same principle, are about coming into play in New York, and in other eastern cities. Some of them take the form merely of a store, in which all shareholders both procure their own supplies at the lowest market cost, and are participants in whatever may accrue besides. It is really the insurance principle, applied to business; and so in fact that of co-operation in manufacturing. One side does not guarantee money, and the other labor; and if there is loss, it is so widely distributed as to be but lightly felt, if at all—whereas, if there be a gain, it counts up with such rapidity as to make its divided shares really worthy of mention. This protective principle will in good time run through almost everything. Individual efforts and risks will be merged in those of the company or community; which will take away so much cause for anxiety, establish personal confidence and self-respect, and secure a larger growth of individuality. This is the social system itself, reduced to practice; and those who used to ridicule it, are now its fastest friends.

Lively Times in a Church.

The Universalists, having come out from Orthodox Calvinism in the character of Liberals, are now lapsing into the very denominational intolerance that aroused their protests and gave birth to their ecclesiastical organization. It is but another illustration of the fact that prosperity corrupts and destroys individual and co-operative usefulness. So long as men are opposed, and have to wage war to get a hearing, and, having got it, to set forth their belief and opinions in the strongest way possible, they have something to buoy them up and make them firm and self-reliant. But when success overtakes them, or when, as Theodore Parker used to say of the Unitarian denomination, they have come to the comfortable and inviting half-way house, they want to sit down and take their ease. It is with Universalists as it was with the Unitarians. About so much projectile force is spent upon the obstacles they encounter, and then they sail away into quiet waters, like a ship whose commander thinks he has done his duty when he has let off a broadside at the enemy's forts.

The circumstance that goes to give point to these remarks, is the recent charge brought by Dr. Miner, pastor of the School-street Universalist Church of Boston, and President of Tufts College, against his junior colleague, Rev. Rowland Connor. The Doctor was eager to procure the younger man's dismissal, on account of his holding views at variance with those of the Church. One meeting of the pew-holders of the Society resulted in the passage of a resolution asking Mr. Connor to dissolve his relations with the Church. A meeting on the following week, in the evening, and in the vestry of the Church, was more numerous attended and fuller of excitement. Its object was to consider the resolution which had been passed at the previous meeting. The report of the proceedings of this second meeting we take from the daily papers:

Mr. James R. Elliott presided, and presented the action of the Committee, which is based upon Rev. Mr. Connor's action in signing a call for a meeting of "Free Religionists" in Horticultural Hall during anniversary week, in participating in the meeting, and in allowing himself to be appointed a Secretary of the Association then formed, and for doctrines preached not in harmony with the faith of Universalism, and especially not indorsed by the parish over which he is settled—it being claimed that his action then and there tended to commit the Society of the School-street Church to doctrines which they disbelieved.

Dr. Tucker followed in explanation of the action of the Committee, and stated that the Committee had taken every precaution they could to ascertain his religious views and tendencies before-hand, and had taken pains to write to Rev. Dr. Fisher of the Canton Theological School, with whom Rev. Mr. Connor had been associated, and in reply had received a letter, which he read to the audience, in which Rev. Dr. Fisher stated that he did not think he was at all infected with rationalism.

Rev. Dr. Miner then criticised the meeting at Horticultural Hall, and remarked as for himself, he should not feel at liberty to be in the presence of men, holding and expressing the views which were expressed in that hall, in the disbelief of the special inspiration of the Scriptures, and the fallible leadership and Sonship of Christ, without uttering his entire disapproval and condemnation of them. He could not be true to the faith which he and Rev. Mr. Connor had been supposed alike to profess, were he to countenance, by associate action, such a meeting. Those views Rev. Mr. Connor could not hold in common with the pastor or people of the School-street Church.

Mr. Connor occupied an hour in replying to Dr. Miner, and in frequent colloquies with that gentleman, and others who dissented from some of his statements of facts. It was evident throughout the evening that most of the younger members of the congregation, who composed a large majority of the meeting, sided with the junior pastor, while the older members leaned to the support of the senior pastor. At the close of the discussion, Dr. Miner asked Mr. Connor to state distinctly whether he believed that Christ was an infallible teacher, and whether he believed that Christ's life was pure and spotless. To both these questions Mr. Connor answered in the affirmative. Dr. Miner and others expressed surprise that Mr. Connor had made such declarations in his interviews with members of his society during the past three weeks.

A resolution was now offered, declaring that the charges against the junior pastor had not been sustained, and requesting the proprietors to rescind their vote asking him to resign. Dr. Miner proposed as a substitute for the first clause of the resolution, a declaration that the society were "antipathetic to the junior pastor neither sympathizing with nor believing in religious radicalism." This phraseology Dr. Miner contended was necessary in order to prevent any misunderstanding of the position of the society. Mr. Connor objected to the proposed substitute, declaring that it was not less free from ambiguity than the original resolution. Neither proposition having been seconded, the mover of the original resolution modified it as follows:

"Resolved, That the statements made to-night by Rev. Mr. Connor, in regard to his belief in Christ, are thus far satisfactory; and that he would be unjust to the society and to him to have his resignation accepted. We therefore respectfully recommend to the proprietors to reconsider their vote requesting him to do so."

Dr. Miner again moved substantially his first proposed substitute, and this was rejected by a very large majority. The resolution given in full above was then adopted by an equally decisive vote, and the meeting, at fifteen minutes before midnight, was dissolved.

The Emperor Maximilian Executed.

Important official intelligence has been received by the Austrian minister from an agent of the late Imperial government of Mexico, stating that Maximilian had been tried by court martial and sentenced to be executed on the 19th of June. The sentence was carried into effect at seven o'clock on the morning of that day, Maximilian being shot by a file of soldiers. His friends applied for his body, but Escobedo, the Mexican general in command, refused to deliver it up.

Meetings in Pierpont Grove.

Meetings are held every Sunday at 2 1/2 P. M. in Pierpont Grove, Melrose, and are to be continued till October. July 13th Mrs. Mary M. Wood is to be the speaker. Thus far these meetings have been well attended, and everything is orderly.

State of Things in Italy.

We speak of Italy as being free, whether we call her united yet or not. Rome is not yet the capital, although that is one of the dreams of the present day with Italians. What is especially deserving of attention, however, in connection with the assumed liberty of the nation, is the melancholy fact of the tyranny, avarice, corruption and misery of the prison system. That usually bespeaks the character of a civilized nation for humanity and progress. Where prisoners are numerous, and their condition is as ill as it is possible to conceive, it may not be expected that the popular sentiment is quite as healthy as it ought to be, and might be. We find that, in all the Italian galleries, penitentiaries, prisons for old and young, military prisons and forced dwellings, there are upward of seventy thousand persons in confinement. It is a fearful record to dwell on. Within the last seven years it has cost the Government over thirty-five millions of dollars to keep up, or rather to keep down, this wretched establishment.

This statement does not include any part of Venetia and the more recent acquisitions of the new Government of Italy. And what has been the result of this expenditure? Has it conducted in any way to the improvement of the people, to their greater security, to their larger and surer comprehension of freedom? Let the details of the life of the prisoners tell the story. Let the worse than swine-food that is fed out to them by their keepers, attest the degraded condition of a people who stolidly contemplate such usage of their own numbers. The cruelty, too, which is deliberately practiced on the incarcerated wretches is proof of the most damning character that they are subjected to a system which no Government possessing any of the elements of real freedom could or would tolerate for a day. Unless these crimes are wiped off the public record of the Italian Government, it will be needless for it to think to deceive the world by any professions of liberty. Garibaldi can keep his hot hatred of tyranny for his own Government, instead of expending it upon the Turk.

There is another item of decided interest in connection with Italian affairs, and that is the part which the Rothschilds are playing with the Pope. The Jews, as all know, are a proscribed race by that potentate of the church. In Rome, they are cut off from almost every privilege that civilized people desire to enjoy. They cannot hold property, set up shops, tear down or build up, except after first procuring Papal permission. Formerly, they used to be whipped bodily, and compelled at all times to attend upon the service of the priests.

But of late years the tendency of Popery has been to bankruptcy. Like secular rulers, the Pope has been "hard up," and compelled to borrow money. And who so ready to lend as these same despised Jews? Italy has had to sell her whole system of railroads; and of course none but the Rothschilds were able and willing to purchase them. Now the Pope wants money, and he sends to the same rich party to obtain it. He borrowed ten millions of dollars to support his army, and the Rothschilds, Jews as they are, were the ones to lend it. Of course they took care to obtain all the security possible on church property. Instead of paying back the sum, the Pope in the following year wanted five millions more; for which he had to pay a still higher rate of interest, and mortgage more of the church possessions. And now there is a probability that a third loan of millions will be demanded, and of course the same money-lenders will be called on. As there is no earthly chance of paying back these loans, the Rothschilds themselves are likely to get all the church property, in time, into their possession. Our readers can thus see how time does finally bring around its own revenges.

The Lyceum Exhibition in Charlestown.

Though Thursday evening of last week was dark and stormy, a very appreciative audience assembled early in the City Hall, to listen to the declamations and witness the interesting exercises of the Lyceum children, under the Conductorship of Dr. A. H. Richardson. We were pleased and deeply interested during the evening, as we are in all movements calculated to amuse, edify and spiritually train the youth for future usefulness. The piece entitled the "Seasons" was most admirable. Master Warren Doolittle, the soul of nerve-life and inspiration, as usual did himself full justice. Little Lizzie Chandler repeated the "prayer" with a seraph-like sweetness. Other children sang and spoke beautifully. The music was very fine; bouquets were scattered in rich profusion, and the prospect from the rostrum grand. Continue these occasions for the good of the dear children—no true deed or worthy effort is lost, as harvest time continually demonstrates.

An Impostor.

One of our subscribers reports to us that a sandy-complexioned man was in Stockton, Me., about June 10th, soliciting subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT, at \$2.50 per year. Now as our price is \$3.00, this is *prima facie* evidence of fraud. The impostor pretends to be an agent employed by William White & Co. We have no special agents to take subscriptions, and we therefore caution the friends everywhere to pay no money on our account to strangers. The safest method is to mail the price of subscription direct to this office. Of course this does not debar well known and reliable lecturers, who have our interests and the interests of Spiritualism at heart, from taking subscriptions for us during their lecturing tours. Indeed many of these friends have done us great service in calling attention to our paper, and urging upon Spiritualists the importance of increasing its subscription list, for which we cordially thank them.

Mr. Peebles's Lectures in Charlestown.

The City Hall was crowded on Sunday, June 30th, by large audiences to hear J. M. Peebles's closing lectures on spiritual themes. He was particularly happy in his version of "the stone rolled away from the sepulchre." His evening discourse on "the condition of the dead" was just what rational thinking souls need. Mr. Peebles is always favored with as large an audience as the capacity of the hall will admit, and always gives the fullest satisfaction. He left in the first train Monday morning for Sturgis, Mich., where he speaks during this month. Charles A. Hayden follows him in Charlestown.

The Dominion of Canada.

The confederated system of government of the British American Provinces went into operation on the 1st inst., and a vice-royal executive, with popular suffrage, takes the place of monarchical direct rule.

A call is another column convenes the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association in this city on Wednesday and Thursday, July 24th and 25th.

A Free Lecture by Emma Hardinge in Boston, July 10th.

We are happy to announce that arrangements have been made to afford Mrs. Emma Hardinge an opportunity to deliver one more address in this city before she takes her leave for England. Tremont Temple has been engaged, and she will speak there on Wednesday evening, July 10th, at 7 o'clock, free to all, as will be seen by the following correspondence.

This is the last chance the public will have to hear this talented and eloquent speaker for a long time, if ever again. The theme of her discourse will be "The Origin, Progress and Significance of the Rochester Knockings." We trust the Temple will be crowded.

BOSTON, JUNE 29, 1867.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, Dear Madam:—Your friends in ability and unity, learning that you have decided to sail for your native land on the 20th of July, are desirous to listen once more to your eloquent and instructive teachings, therefore the undersigned, in their behalf, respectfully and earnestly request that you favor us with a public address, free to all, in Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, July 10th, if that time suits your convenience—if not, will you please name a time?

Your noble efforts in this country and in England for the past ten years, to enlighten the people in regard to the important truths which underlie the Spiritual Philosophy, have been crowned with the most gratifying and happy results; and your persevering and arduous labors in behalf of "fallen women" have greatly benefited that unfortunate class, and we trust laid the foundation for future efforts in that direction. For such deeds mortals and immortals will ever bless you. Respectfully your friends,

WILLIAM WHITE, PHINEAS E. GAY, L. B. WILSON, LUTHER COLBY, JOHN WETHERBEE, GEO. A. BACON, GEO. A. SAWYER, OTHAS. H. CROWELL, A. C. CAREY, THOMAS RANNEY, ED. HAYNES, LYLAND SPOONER, H. F. GARDNER, BELA MARSH.

MRS. HARDINGE'S REPLY.

406 EAST 51ST ST., NEW YORK, JULY 1ST. GENTLEMEN—Your kind favor has just been handed to me, and in reply I beg to say that I shall esteem it a privilege to comply with your request, that I should deliver a farewell address to the many beloved friends in Boston, whom the occasion will afford me the gratification of once more meeting with previous to my departure to England. Permit me to add that the time, namely, Wednesday, July 10th, and the place, Tremont Temple, will be equally convenient and agreeable to me, and I will not further suggest that the subject shall either be selected by yourselves, or if left to my own choice, should be, (in consideration of the time and occasion,) "The Origin, Progress and Significance of the Rochester Knockings." I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of high esteem and gratitude, Yours very faithfully, EMMA HARDINGE.

To Messrs. Wm. White, P. E. Gay, Esqs., and others.

A Happy Meeting.

It is something new under the sun to have a general gathering of Spiritualists, Quakers, Universalists, Unitarians, &c., "all of one accord." Such was the meeting at Maple Grove, Mich., on the 15th and 16th of June. The days were golden, the forest where we worshipped most enchanting, the hours replete with joy, the audience of mortals and angels large and inspirational; and the openings among the giant trees seemed vistas to the Summer-Land. The speakers were Rev. J. H. Palmer, of Nashville, Mich.; Rev. Miss Augusta Chapin, of Portland, Mich.; Mrs. Mencham, of Battle Creek; and J. O. Barrett, of Sycamore, Ill. Miss Chapin is an ordained Universalist clergywoman, of the "straightest sect," and denominational to the core. "Having no other light than what comes through the Universalist church," she was very careful to enforce denominational fidelity. She is a most excellent woman, talented and devoted, but lacking now in the inspirational enthusiasm and fire of the spirit.

Mr. Palmer, though in fellowship with the Universalist sect, is the same as a free man, up with the times. His is an "Independent Liberal Society" without the bolting screw of Winchester. He is laboring most efficiently and successfully. About two-thirds of his society are Spiritualists. There is no quarrelling among these liberal friends; hence they prosper.

Mrs. Mencham is an earnest Spiritualist, called and chosen to be a speaker, but hesitates to utter a "Thus saith the Lord," for "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." She is a gifted lady of happy address, if she would faithfully obey the voices, and could win where many fail, and nurture the sown seeds to the Summer flowering.

Mr. Barrett spoke on the Law of Progress by the Ministry of Angels, looking to the ends of brotherhood; and the souls of the listeners responded with radiant faces, rejoicing in that the spirits are superintending the work of heavenly union. The truth is, our blessed gospel is as wide-spread and deep inland in the hearts of the people, as sun-beams in all the beautiful forms of our prolific Summer.

Woman's Suffrage in New York.

The Committee of the State Constitutional Convention, of New York, who have had the question of political suffrage under special consideration—Horace Greeley being chairman—have reported against the franchise of woman. The report says: "Your committee does not recommend an extension of the elective franchise to women. However defensible in theory, we are satisfied that public sentiment does not demand, and would not sustain, an innovation so revolutionary and sweeping, so openly at war with a distribution of duties and functions between the sexes as venerable and pervading as Government itself, and involving transformations so radical in social and domestic life."

William Lloyd Garrison.

A London special dispatch says William Lloyd Garrison was honored with a public breakfast, which was attended by four hundred ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Adams, the American Minister, was absent. John Bright, in a speech, complimented Mr. Garrison for his services in the cause of emancipation. The Duke of Argyll presented the welcoming address, and expressed a hope that the attitude of friendly affection would be maintained by England and the United States. Earl Russell frankly avowed his former errors committed at the outbreak of the rebellion, and of which Mr. Adams convinced him. Speeches were also made by Messrs. Garrison, Thompson and others.

Vineyard, N. J.

The Society of the Friends of Progress in Vineyard is very prosperous, we learn. Twenty copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT are now sold each Sabbath by the janitor of the hall where meetings are held, Mr. Loomis. At the Annual Election, held on Thursday evening, June 13th, the following were elected as the officers for the ensuing year: C. B. Campbell, President, re-elected; Mrs. S. A. Conoley, Vice President; H. H. Ladd, Secretary; L. K. Conoley, Mrs. O. F. Stevens, Corresponding Secretaries; S. J. Sylvester, Treasurer; William Bridges, E. T. Byles, S. J. Sylvester, H. H. Ladd, A. M. Jackson, Trustees.

Gen. Sherman's Policy.

We find a telegraphic dispatch in the daily papers, dated St. Louis, July 2, to this effect:

"The Denver papers publish a despatch from Gen. Sherman to Gen. Hancock, on Indian matters, in which he says:—'We must not remain on the defensive, but must follow them up, and attack them on all possible occasions. We must clear out all the Indians between the Platte and the Arkansas, and then move against the hostile tribes in force beyond those rivers.'"

Sherman is bound, as we have previously stated, to "FOLLOW UP, AND ATTACK THEM" [the Indians] ON ALL POSSIBLE OCCASIONS! This is his policy. He and his confidants will retire from the field, rich, and the country be saddled with an enormous Indian war debt.

In this connection we call the attention of the reader to the able speech of *Sagoyewatha*, a spirit Indian chief, who addressed an audience in our Circle Room, May 2d, upon the wrongs inflicted on the Indian by the white man. It is well worthy an attentive perusal; a noble production from one of Nature's noblemen.

A Generous Donation.

Dr. Calvin Hall, of Willimantic, Conn., has generously placed in our hands the sum of one thousand dollars to aid in circulating the BANNER OF LIGHT in families where it does not now go, by defraying half its yearly subscription price for persons who cannot pay the full price (\$3.00). Therefore, to all such who will remit to us \$1.50, with evidence of their inability to pay more, we will send the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year.

Our good brother Hall feasts upon the rich fruits of Spiritualism, and is desirous to help others to a like blessing.

We have scarcely a subscriber who does not know of some one or more who are deserving of the above generous offer, and we hope they will find pleasure in assisting such to avail themselves of this offer at once, as the amount is limited.

Write plainly the name, town, county and State, and address letters to WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

To Spiritualists.

Those friends who are still willing to favor Mrs. Emma Hardinge with contributions for her forthcoming History of American Spiritualism, will please send them in, on or before July 14th—the last day she can keep her baggage open to receive them. Address her, care of Mrs. J. M. Jackson, 406 East 51st street, New York.

SILVER WEDDING.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of our friend Dr. Samuel Grover, the well known healing medium, occurred on the 29th of June, and the many friends of the Doctor and his good lady took the occasion to hold a pleasant reunion at their residence in Somerville. A bountiful collation was served, and singing, speech-making and physical manifestations whiled away the pleasant hours. Before the party broke up, Mr. and Mrs. Grover were made the recipients of a handsome silver service, consisting of thirteen pieces; also a beautiful time-piece. The Doctor modestly expressed grateful thanks for the tangible tokens of remembrance. Such affairs have an agreeable and harmonious ring.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Oliver Optic's Magazine, Our Boys and Girls, for July 6, commences the second volume, and appears much enlarged and improved. It contains a fine portrait of "Oliver Optic" and a number of other illustrations, and is full of original reading which cannot fail to please all good boys and girls into whose hands it may come. Lee & Shepard, the enterprising publishers, have more than fulfilled their promises made when they commenced its publication, and we advise all who want a very excellent weekly juvenile magazine to send for it. It is published for \$2.50 per annum.

WE learn that Dr. Gardner is making arrangements for a grand picnic to Island Grove, Abington. The time now set for the picnic is July 16th or 17th. The Doctor will probably complete his arrangements in the course of the present week, or in season for us to give full particulars in our next issue.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, the well known lecturer, has decided to visit California to recuperate her health. She starts on the 11th from New York.

From the President of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The hearty enthusiasm with which our missionaries are greeted at every point on their pioneer lecturing tour, furnishes the best guarantee of a most glorious success to the movement inaugurated by the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. Towns have been visited where the name of a Spiritualist was scarcely known. In Duxbury, our missionary, Mr. Wheeler, preliminary to making an engagement for Mrs. Horton to lecture there, made some inquiry for Spiritualists. "Spiritualists!" the villager of Duxbury with a characteristic grunt replied; "do not know any." "Is n't there," inquired the missionary, "a radical, a come-over, or—?" "No." "Well, is there not an Infidel or an Atheist in the place?" "Yes, I—I believe there is one living yonder." "That will answer my purpose," said the missionary, and away he sped to consult with him; and notwithstanding the fact that scarcely a Spiritualist could be found, a meeting was arranged, and rarely on the route of Mrs. Horton did she receive a more crowded hall or meet with greater success. On the following morning, scarcely past waking hours, she was called from her chamber to talk with some earnest inquirers for the morning light just breaking through the bars of their Puritanic souls.

This is simply one instance of many which occur in the experience of our missionaries, who lecture six or seven times a week, often, here and there. How, in the name of all that is good and true, can sincere Spiritualists, with these facts before them, stand with folded arms in cold indifference, more than I can clearly comprehend. Yet there are such right close to us, professing the warmest interest for the success of the cause, very earnest in inquiry as to the spread and dissemination of the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, never weary in proclaiming that in Spiritualism rests their only hope of immortality, but not a finger is raised or a dime dropped into the treasury toward the completion of the work for which their empty-handed enthusiasm so often boils over. "Eleven million Spiritualists!" Let us have twenty million—and nothing can prevent it, save the withholding of that "almighty dollar" from such agencies as the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, which is sending missionaries through every village and hamlet, where crowds gather nightly to drink in the inspirations from the higher life.

Fall not to send in your donations to the Corresponding Secretary, George A. Bacon, Boston, and sustain the missionary laborers in their successful efforts. L. S. RICHARDS.

Boston, June 22, 1867.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We hope lukewarm Spiritualists will read and heed Bro. Richards's stirring appeal in behalf of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. Funds are needed to push forward efficiently the great work in which we are engaged.

Don't forget the Children's Progressive Lyceum Picnic at Union Grove, Greenwood, on Thursday, July 11th. Cars leave the Boston and Maine Railroad depot at 8 and 10 A. M. Five or six Lyceums will be present.

Read Dr. F. L. H. Willis's card in another column.

A letter has been sent to our office addressed to L. L. Farnsworth. It is awaiting his order.

REMEDY FOR THE CANKER WORMS.—A correspondent of the New York Post advises the introduction of English sparrows as a remedy for those terrible pests, the canker worms. They should be provided with good bird-houses, and fed from October to May. They will become as tame as chickens, and will exterminate the whole race of tree worms. In proof of this the writer says that last week one dollar reward was offered for every tree worm found in Union Park Square, and none could be found. They have been destroyed by the sparrows and blue birds domesticated there. The bird-houses protect the birds from the storms, owls, hawks and cats, and are a great success in New York.

Mr. Charles Hale, U. S. Consul General at Alexandria, has been sent to Jaffa to bring the American colony there to terms, Adams, the President, having declared his independence of the United States authorities.

Seasonable hints, if true: the oil of pennyroyal will keep mosquitoes out of a room, if scattered about even in small quantities. Roaches are exterminated by scattering a handful of fresh cucumber parings about the house. No fly will light on the window which has been washed with water in which a little garlic has been boiled.

Thirty thousand people were conveyed over the Eastern railroad the 24th of June—the occasion of the late Masonic celebration—without the slightest accident; and twenty-one thousand over the Worcester road.

Prince Napoleon has again taken up his residence in Paris, and the Elysee is now being prepared for the reception of the household of his Imperial Highness.

Why is the letter F like a cow's tail? Because it is the end of beef.

Helper's "Impending Crisis" had a sale of one hundred and forty thousand copies. Will his new book, "No-Joke," reach as high a figure?

In the company of strangers, silence is safe.

Carleton has just issued a new book, entitled "Artemus Ward in London."

The Universalist informs us that a clergyman recently dismissed from a Congregational church in Gilead, Conn., states that the whole difficulty originated in his spelling the word "Saviour" without a "u," as the more modern orthography, and similar unimportant matters.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm's address during July is care of box 1174, Springfield, Ill.

Time, patience and industry, are the three grand masters of the world.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life? "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Dr. S. G. Howe writes from Athens, under date of June 6th, that the clothing sent from Boston to the destitute Cretan women and children "is just in time and just the thing." He adds that "the war goes on bravely. Everybody concedes that if the insurgents can keep life in their bodies a while longer, the island is free; and if free, the union with Greece is inevitable."

"Search others for virtues, thyself for vices," is good advice, but how few heed it.

The Science of Spiritualism alone can solve the problem of the future life.

Gerard Hallowell, for many years editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, a wealthy and benevolent man, once said: "From my boyhood I have observed that every man grew covetous in proportion as he grew rich, if he did not keep giving."

POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. By Lizzie Doten. Boston: William White & Co. Miss Doten, in her preface to this volume, says, "By the advice of those invisible intelligences, whose presence and power I freely acknowledge, I have given to this work the title of 'Poems from the Inner Life,' for I have realized that in the mysterious depths of the inner life, all souls can hold communion with those invisible beings both in time and eternity." These poems will no doubt commend themselves to the large body of Spiritualists who have now become a power in the land.—Saturday Evening Express.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the American publishers of Mrs. Wood's works, have in press, and will publish in a few days, an entirely new novel from her pen, entitled "Orville College," which is said to be equal in interest and denouement to "East Lynne."

The famous stallion, George M. Patchen, has been sold for \$17,000.

Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, has sent in his resignation as pastor of the South Church. It is rumored that he intends to join his sister, Mrs. Stowe, in Florida.

The BANNER OF LIGHT, of Boston, is one of the best and ablest journals of psychology and pneumatology to be found in the world. Always interesting, varied and profound, it is ever a welcome visitor to those who seek spiritual light and consolation.—Georgia Citizen.

The London Court Journal says: "An English duchess has gone over to the Roman Catholic Church within a few days," and adds the quiet observation: "It is a short and easy journey now."

The State of Minnesota will have a surplus of 15,000,000 bushels of wheat for exportation.

In discussing the question of Cholera versus Fifth, the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says: "We think we may safely assume that wherever cholera has largely prevailed there has been, and in large measure, uncleanness of habitation or surrounding."

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—The Cabinet Organ bears the same relation to the melodeon, seraphine and accordion, as does the modern grand piano-forte to the ancient spinnet and harpsichord; and the immediate strides made by Mason & Hamlin in the invention of this instrument are within the knowledge and comparison of all of us. We may now emphatically add to the list of notions, in the manufacture of which America has excelled the world, the best-reed organ, as the most eminent musicians have, with singular unanimity, pronounced the Cabinet Organ superior to any other, whether of home or foreign make.—Chicago Tribune.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Our Book Trade.
Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seventeen cloth, three in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 30th edition, just out. 3 vols. Great Harmonies, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetralla; Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Morning Lectures (20 discourses). History and Philosophy of Evil. Philosophy of Spirit-Intercourse. Philosophy of Special Providence. Harmonies of Man. Free Thoughts Concerning Religion. Present Age and Inner Life. Approaching Crisis. Death and After Life. Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual—full set, \$2.00. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6.00; postage 90 cts. Self-Contradictions of the Bible, 25 cts. Psephen into Sacred Tradition, 50 cts. London Spiritual Magazine, and Human Nature, each 30 cts. monthly. Passions of Life, and Minstrel, and any music our friends wish for to be found in the city will be sent to order by mail, carefully wrapped and prepaid. Send for the new music by Circular. We have it.

Man and His Relations. The great book by S. B. Brittan. Price \$2.00; postage 40 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed that rate. Send postage orders, or money, if convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law. A Woman's Secret. New and rich. Price \$1.75; postage 20 cts. Photoplant, \$1; postage 10 cts. Joan of Arc, \$1; postage 10 cts. Queen of Sheba, \$1; postage 10 cts. Seventy-five varieties of covered pamphlets.

Popular Medicines.
Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders. Dr. H. B. Storer's preparation of Dodd's Nerve and the Nerve-pain Balsam all continue to bring words of approbation to our ears. King's Ambrosia for grey hair is also on our shelves.

Spiritualism—Physical Mediums.

At no time since the advent of Spiritualism have the phenomenal and philosophical demonstrations of its truth been as complete and numerous as at present. The spirits themselves seem to so manage those in our world as to remove every obstacle to its success, and to place each person, voluntarily or involuntarily, in the work where he or she can do the most good to the cause, and render most efficient aid, often at the time contrary to the expectation, if not the will, of the party. Many persons who have designed to betray, expose and refute Spiritualism, have done the cause more good by betraying themselves and in exposing their own dishonesty and freeing Spiritualism from such irresponsible persons; and by placing themselves, with their dishonesty, in the ranks of its foes, and getting endorsed by them, have in every instance strengthened our side and weakened theirs. It sometimes seems as though the spirits know whom to throw out of our ranks and whom to take in from the enemy's, and bring about the best results for the cause. The Judases that have attempted to betray us have benefited the cause by leaving it and joining its enemies. The treachery of Judas of old is said to have brought out the only redeeming blood the world ever received, and so great was his grief and his disappointment that he went away and hanged himself. Some who have tried betraying the spirits and the cause, have been as greatly disappointed. Some come back, like Peter, in penitence, and others, like Arnold, shelter still under the enemy's flag; but the cause goes on, only accelerated by the escape of dishonest advocates and rogues.

Anderson is thronged with visitors and applications for pictures, and tearful eyes and joyful hearts bear constant witness in our office to the facts of reappearance of loved ones whose earthly forms are laid out of sight. Letters and stories bear constant witness that Mansfield, Farnsworth, Mattie Cassien and others do bring, in some way, messages from spirits, to whom private and sealed communications are addressed, and almost daily some excited friend or stranger seems disappointed in our office that we cannot stop and listen to the wonderful, marvelous, or strange and complete evidence he or she has just received of spirit-intercourse through Foster, Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Murfey, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Danforth, &c.

From various sections of the country, too, we learn by story and letter that mediums are increasing, and are more successful as the cause gains strength. Many are the testimonies to the naturalness and often to the truthfulness of the messages through Mrs. Conant, whose mission so singular seems to be to carry spiritual bread to the hungry poor, and often to those who spurn the food for which they starve, and even refuse to receive it at her hands, or any but the consecrated hands of their own priests.

But of all the departments of labor in this field of mediums, no one is doing so much or awakening so great an interest as the healers of diseases by spirit aid. Cures are every day occurrences. Many of them are astonishing the "wise and the prudent," and the inquiry goes out with it "what is it?" how is it performed? The church cannot answer, as the valid explanation will not do when a Christian is cured, as many are.

There is no longer any escape from the facts that spirits are in our midst, and manifesting their presence and power in this world, and also their interest in our progress and welfare; and if we will cooperate with them the race may rise from its degraded condition of vice and misery.

Evil.

What evil really is has never been settled by any convention or court. Each church settles it for itself, but not for the world, nor by a common creed. That evil is a proper word to qualify some actions, if not things, is generally admitted; but it is often used theoretically where it does not apply practically. Christians often say money is the root of all evil, and yet they are as greedy to get it as other sinners. Even the minister who preaches the theory will sell his sermons for the largest sum of this evil he can obtain, and call it a heavenly call from a lower to a higher salary. To us money is not evil, nor the root of evil. To us tobacco and whiskey and rum are evils, or rather the use of them brings evil effects; hence to us, knowing the evil effects, it would be a sin to use them. To us, lying, cheating, deceiving and defrauding are evils and sins in all who know or believe them so. Gossiping, back-biting, slander, jealousy and envy are also evil in our estimation, and sin in all who know it. Ignorance is an excuse for any sin, and sometimes it justifies evil actions, and deeds, or actions that are evil to others, if not to the one who performs them.

The clergyman says man, by nature, is prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward. The air forces the sparks upward, and they are not prone at all. So man by nature is not prone to evil at all, but is forced into it by unnatural appetites and passions, inherited and educational, much of which is derived from a false system of theology. Man's nature is neither evil nor impure, certainly not more so than the animal nature, and that we do not condemn, and the same Creator produces both, and from the same source. A false religion and tyrannical government have corrupted and depraved the natural appetites and passions of

man till evil influences greatly prevail, and give some slight evidence of the truth of one of the greatest falsehoods and libels upon human nature, that of charging it with total depravity. Nature in herself is pure and good and true; custom, religion and government clouded have led man astray from the walks of Nature, and he has found a thorny path, and tries to charge to Nature what his false religion is mainly culpable for. Nature never taught or prompted a child to use tobacco or rum, but she needs no snake to prompt us to eat apples.

Our Literature.

It is certainly time that some competent person or persons, either as committee or upon individual responsibility, sorted and arranged our multitude of books, and classified them somewhat in accordance with their merits. We have now a large number and great variety of books and pamphlets on or relating to spirits, spirit-life, spirit-intercourse, and the general subject of Spiritualism, many of which purport to be given by or be written by spirits themselves, and some of such mixed and confused variety as to be worthless in this world and probably in any. We can safely begin a pile of literature or a library with the twenty volumes of A. J. Davis, all standing on his first great work, Nature's Divine Revelations, on which is laid the foundation of the whole structure, so far as it has yet progressed in our philosophy. From this volume the Great Harmonies, in five vols., Penetralla, and Inner Life, &c., are all valuable and substantial, and the dome (Lyceum Manual) in which are playing and singing the groups of children; then the spire of Death and After Life together make a very good spiritual library, with the treat of Morning Lectures, Harbinger of Health, and several shorter books filled in to make up the catalogue.

Next in order of solid matter for a library is Man and His Relations, by S. B. Brittan, a work not fully appreciated yet in our permanent literature, but one destined to endure when much of that which is more popular now has faded from memory and rusted out in old bookstores.

Hudson Tuttle's works are also of this class, and will endure the fire of criticism and rust of time, and come out with truths shining brightly from years of trial.

A. B. Child, too, has put some books ahead of his time, and may wait with patience for the tardy race to catch up to his books; but it will in time.

Of inspirational and poetical works we already stand high in literary merit. Voices of the Morning, by Belle Bush, and Poems from the Inner Life, by Lizzie Doten, with Blossoms of our Spring, and Poems by Miss A. W. Sprague, are among the works of merit and true value, and some of them will run a long line of editions. The Plain Guide to Spiritualism, by Uriah Clark, is a valuable book in the opening era of this new religion, and as a reference is one all Spiritualists should possess. We will more anon.

The Dodworth's Hall Meetings.

The Society which holds meetings at Dodworth's Hall has suspended during the hot weather. They closed their meetings of June 30th with three very interesting discussions on the relation of labor to capital, and the practical demonstrations of Spiritualism. The ability, earnestness, and perseverance of the few working friends who have kept up these meetings, give us the assurance that they will be renewed in the early autumn with a revival of interest and renewal of the rich intellectual feasts so often enjoyed there.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde, so well known in Boston and New York as a test medium, is having great success in this city. Mrs. Mettler, we learn, is in the city, but her address has not yet reached our office, where all strangers come to get cards and the address of mediums and general information, as well as books and papers.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simmons, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, has removed from 1249 to 1162 Broadway, New York.

LATE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

A special cable dispatch from Rome says the religious ceremonies on the 29th of June, in commemoration of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom, and in reverence of St. Paul and the canonization of the twenty-five Dutch, French and Spanish martyrs in Japan as saints, was one of the most gorgeous witnessed in the world since the days of King Solomon. The observances commenced with a general illumination of the city. St. Peter's shone like a great church on fire. At 7 A. M., a grand procession of prelates, priests, monks and soldiers proceeded from the Vatican to St. Peter's. The Pope was carried on his throne. St. Peter's was magnificently decorated with cloths of gold, silver tapestries, paintings and two hundred thousand yards of crimson silk, lighted with many millions of wax candles. One hundred thousand people were inside the church, including the ex-King of Naples, Foreign Ministers, five hundred Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, many thousands of clergymen, friars and monks, nuns and soldiers from all parts of the world. The Pope celebrated the Gregorian mass in Latin and Greek. Two interruptions occurred, viz., the curtains of one of the windows took fire, which was promptly extinguished, and a man became crazed by the splendors and cut his throat. The Pope at once consecrated the church stained with the blood of the suicide. Lizt composed the extra music for the grand mass, which was accompanied by a chord on the dome of St. Peter's and cannon at the castle of San Angelo. The observances will continue a week.

Rome June 30.—The Holy Father, both before and after the grand ceremonies, yesterday, and yesterday he appeared in public, was received with the most enthusiastic manifestations of devotion and attachment from the immense multitudes of clergy and laymen gathered from all parts of the world.

Paris, July 1.—Evening.—The distribution of prizes took place at the International Exposition to-day, in the presence of a vast multitude of spectators, who filled all the aisles and circles of the building and overflowed into the garden of the Champ de Mars. Napoleon and Eugenie, with the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon, with their suites, proceeded to the Exposition in eight carriages, each drawn by six horses. They were accompanied by the Sultan of Turkey and suite in six splendid carriages, each drawn by six horses splendidly caparisoned. When the initiatory ceremonies were concluded the Emperor rose from the throne and said: "Peoples and kings have come here to crown the idea of peace and reconciliation. France is proud to be great, prosperous and free; yet she is not unmoved by her material joys. The thoughtful can see the national fires vibrate for the honor of France. But this noble susceptibility should not create fear for the world's repose, as we here prove our anxiety for peace." The Emperor closed his speech by saying: "This Exposition marks an era of harmony and progress and the triumph of great moral principles, which, with justice, can alone establish thrones and enable humanity." Great enthusiasm followed the Emperor's speech. One of "Vive Napoleon." "Vive L'Empereur" continued for some minutes. When the excitement subsided the Imperial Commission proceeded to announce the distribution of prizes. At the conclusion of this ceremony the Emperor and his distinguished visitor, the Sultan, accompanied by their suites, returned to the Tuilleries.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

In a recent issue of the BANNER I noticed in your Message Department a communication from Martin Minton, of the 29th Mass., Co. "B." I will here state that there was such a man in our regiment, in Co. "B.," and all the facts stated by him, the cause of his enlisting, his love of drink, the place of his death, (he was killed in that awful charge of our boys on the 17th of June, front of Petersburg), "Mende's Station," are all strictly true; but in relation to his family I know nothing. Yours, JOHN HARDY, Late Hospital Steward of the 29th Mass. Boston, June 25, 1867.

Kansas.

Even in far-off Kansas the light of the Harmonical Philosophy has commenced shining, giving to all a faint glimpse of the Great Beyond. In this town, Olathe, we have just been favored with a course of lectures from Miss B. A. Nutt. She is a fine speaker. Her words language in beautiful ideas and scientific truths, and sends them forth to her audience as flowers gathered from the vast domain of nature, and he must have a strange mind, who, feeling the elevating influence of her eloquence, and the might of her ideas, does not think that he is benefited thereby. Olathe, Johnson Co., Kansas. JOHN FRANCIS.

Fourth National Convention.

To the Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers of the World:

At the Third National Convention of Spiritualists, held at Providence, by adjournment, from the 21st to the 25th of August, it was

Resolved, That this Convention and its successors be and they are hereby constituted National Organizations of Spiritualists, and that the officers of this Convention hold their respective offices until the next annual Convention, and their successors are elected.

Resolved, That the objects of this Convention shall be the spreading of the true facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, by sending out and supporting lecturers, fostering schools and churches, and circulating spiritual literature among the people.

Resolved, That the National Organization of Spiritualists was hereby organized, and that each local organization of delegates from local organizations at such times and places as the President, Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer of this and each subsequent Convention shall designate; and such officers hereby constitute the Executive Committee for that purpose.

Resolved, That annual appointment and record as delegates from regularly organized local organizations shall constitute membership in the National Organization of Spiritualists.

Resolved, That until otherwise ordered, each local organization of Spiritualists shall be entitled to send two delegates to the National Convention, and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members, and that each local organization be entitled to as many delegates as the State is entitled to representatives in the Congress of the United States.

Resolved, That in adopting these articles, this Convention has no power to deprive any individual in any way of the belief or limit the freedom of any individual mind, but that we declare our object to be the discovery of truth and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life, and that we recognize everything that tends to the enlightenment, development and true welfare of human beings as embraced within the scope of the Harmonical Philosophy and the purpose of the National Organization.

Resolved, That any person, not a delegate, may, by invitation of the Convention, its Executive Committee, or President, take part in its deliberations or discussions, but shall not thereby be entitled to vote.

In pursuance of the above, the undersigned members of the Executive Committee have decided to call the FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION, to meet on Tuesday, the 31st day of September, 1867, at Brainerd Hall, in the city of Cleveland, State of Ohio, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and to continue in session from day to day until Friday, the 5th day of October. And we therefore invite each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers to send "two delegates and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members," to attend and participate in the business which may come before said Convention.

NEWMAN WEEKS, Vermont, Chairman, M. A. BLANCHARD, Maine, FRANK CHASE, New Hampshire, MRS. S. A. HORTON, Vermont, DR. H. F. GARDNER, Massachusetts, G. C. JOHNSON, Rhode Island, W. B. BURNHAM, Connecticut, LEO MILLER, New York, MRS. DEBORAH BUTLER, New Jersey, W. A. DANKIN, Maryland, J. C. SMITH, District of Columbia, A. E. MACOMBER, Ohio, F. L. WADSWORTH, Indiana, S. J. FINNEY, Michigan, MRS. J. H. STILLMAN, M. D., Wisconsin, HENRY STAGO, Missouri, ISAAC REHN, Pennsylvania, WARREN CHASE, Illinois, V. B. POST, California, DR. J. A. ROWLAND, Sec'y, Dist. Columbia, MRS. LITA B. SAYLES, Asst. do., Connecticut, J. S. JOSEPH, do, " M. O. MOTT, Treasurer, Vermont.

The Children's Progressive Lyceums.

First Union Picnic, AT UNION GROVE, GREENWOOD, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 11th, 1867.

This Grove is centrally located, with a large lattice hall convenient to shelter one thousand people, also other buildings suitable for the occasion, with a good spring of cold water.

We copy in part the order of exercises from the programme of the day, commencing at 10 A. M. Singing and prayer at the stand by prominent friends; each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers to send "two delegates and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members," to attend and participate in the business which may come before said Convention.

During the remainder of the day there will be speaking and social interchange of thought between the Lyceums; and also music and dancing at the hall, so that those who wish can find enjoyment suitable to their tastes.

This is the first attempt of the Children's Progressive Lyceums to come together, and we hope there will be a grand assembling of Lyceums, and also of our brother Spiritualists and all others friendly to the cause. Speakers and mediums, last but not least, are cordially invited to be present. Lyceums who have not been notified will please accept this as an invitation.

We have made arrangements with the Boston and Maine Railroad to convey passengers to and from the grove. Leaving Boston, Haymarket Square, at 8.15 and 10 A. M. Return at 5.50, stopping at Charlestown and Pleasant Point en way. Tickets to the grove and back, sixty cents. Refreshments can be had at the grove. We have engaged the services of a band of sixteen pieces.

Committee of Arrangements, E. B. CARTER, Lowell, DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Charlestown, J. S. DODGE, Chelsea.

Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists.

The undersigned, constituting the Executive Board whose duty it is to fix upon the time and place for holding the annual meeting of the Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists, and being desirous of calling such Convention at such time and place as shall give general satisfaction to the Spiritualists throughout the State, and especially to those where such Convention may be held, do hereby respectfully ask the friends residing in easily accessible and eligible localities for the holding of such Convention, taking into consideration the probable hospitality that would be extended to such delegates as might attend such annual meeting, to correspond with Milton T. Peters, Secretary, upon the subject without delay. The friends desiring the Convention to be held in their vicinity will please state distinctly to what extent hospitalities will be extended to delegates, and a general description of the hall, church or building that will be furnished for the use of the Convention, to address Milton T. Peters, Sec'y, Chicago Ill.

S. S. JONES, Pres., GEORGE HASCAL, } Vice Pres., WARREN CHASE, } E. O. SMITH, Treas., MILTON T. PETERS, Sec'y.

Grand Picnic.

By the special request of many friends, a grand picnic will take place at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Tuesday, July 23d. Full particulars in the next BANNER.

DR. C. O. YORK, Manager.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The regular semi-annual Convention of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, will be held in Boston, at the Melancon, (Tremont Temple) Wednesday and Thursday, July 24th and 25th. At the interests of this Association preeminent concern the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, it is urgently hoped that the entire State, from Berkshire to Barnstable, will be fully represented. Friends, let there be a grand rally in favor of association effort.

Per order of the Executive Committee, L. S. RICHARDS, President, GEO. A. BACON, Corresponding Secretary.

Business Matters.

THE RADICAL for June is for sale at the office. Price 30 cents.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS, just issued in book form. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

DR. L. K. COONEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or lock of hair from persons at distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

NOT A SINGLE OBJECTION has ever been raised as to that valuable remedial agent, DR. TUNNEY'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. It is the positive remedy for NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous diseases, headache, hysteria affections, and general prostration of the nervous system. Medical men constantly prescribe it. Apothecaries have it. THURCHILL & SON, 120 NASSAU STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

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

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, BATHURST, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Decayed Teeth are indicative of a disordered stomach. Acidity of the stomach has a very deleterious effect on the teeth. COR'S DYSPEPSIA CURE neutralizes it immediately. It is the most powerful corrector for the stomach known.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires, &c., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the expiration of their term, with those at the left and right of the date.

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MRS. EMMA HARDINCE

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THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

A LETTER.—"SOPHIA EISENHART." The beautiful copy of A. W. P. Anderson's great spirit picture has just been received. Each colored. I would not willingly part with it at any price. Enclosed find \$2, for six copies more, for my friends. D. P. S., Cincinnati, O. Such letters are rarely sent. Sample copies of this explanation, will send to any address in the United States at 50 cents each. The trade for Circulars. Address, DR. GLOVER, No. 6 West 28th STREET, NEW YORK. 46—July 12.

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Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. 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 these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

There will be no public circles at this office until Monday, September second. Our friends in town and out will hear this in mind. We should be pleased to have them call and see us, as usual, notwithstanding.

Invocation.

Thou Infinite Jehovah, our Father and our Life, thou whose voice the stars hear and respond to, thou whose loving smile is pictured everywhere, thou whose infinite presence filleth all places—to thee we bow, praising thee for all thy gifts, and praying unto thee for all the needs of our souls. Thou hast placed us within the flowery garden of life, and thou hast opened the volume of thy Life unto us, and thou art calling us to read therein, that we may know thee and know ourselves. But, oh Lord, we are weak and ignorant, and in our weakness, we come often to thee, praying for thy strength, thy wisdom, praying to come nearer and still nearer unto thee.

Our Father who art in heaven, our Father who art on earth, our Father who art in the human hearts of sorrow, our Father who art in the hearts of these beautiful blossoms, (referring to a bouquet on the table,) we praise thee for life. Though there are many shadows, though death comes often to cloud our earthly happiness, yet for life just as it is, oh our Father, we thank thee. And lifting our souls unto thee upon the wings of this day, we would learn to praise thee more truly, to worship thee more devoutly, and to lead thy mortal children nearer unto thee.

Oh we thank thee that it is our mission to return, speaking words of cheer to those who walk in sadness. It is indeed a glorious mission. It is indeed a priceless gift. Oh Lord, in our earthly lives we never dared to hope for it; we never dared to ask for it; for in our ignorance we did not know there was a golden archway uniting the two worlds. But, Lord, we thank thee that the knowledge thereof has been vouchsafed unto us. Lord, we thank thee that we are permitted to give of our knowledge to others.

Oh our Father, we know thou hast no need of our praises. We know thou hast no need that we worship thee; but there is a fountain of praise in our being, whose waters will bubble forth and sparkle in the sunlight of thy truth.

We have gathered up the aspirations, the soul-thoughts of these thy mortal children. We have bound them in a wreath, and laid them on the altar of thy great soul. Oh Lord, we know thou wilt bless them—we know thou wilt answer their prayers—we know thou wilt guide them out of all darkness into light. Amen. April 30.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have queries, Mr. Chairman, we will consider them.

CHAIRMAN.—I have none.

SPIRIT.—Then we propose to answer in brief one we have already before us. It is this:

"I have sought earnestly," says our correspondent, "to know whether there is any truth in modern Spiritualism. I have prayed that my departed friends might return to me, personally communicating with me, as the inhabitants of the spirit-world are said to return to their friends on earth. Now if Spiritualism be indeed true, why have my prayers been unanswered? I believe," he says, "that God always answers all earnest prayers. And as I know mine was earnest, I think if it had been in accordance with his divine economy it would have been answered. Now can the intelligences purporting to commune in Boston at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, give me any intelligence concerning the matter?"

ANS.—To be brief, our friend has expected too much. He might as well have asked for the sun to be brought down to him, that he might examine it, to know whether or not it was a sun or something else. He says, "Come to me, my friends, personally, and make communication to me." He prescribes conditions which are altogether unnatural. Therefore it is out of the question that he shall receive a satisfactory answer.

God always adapts ends to means and means to ends. The manifestation of modern Spiritualism has come through media, through certain physical forms that were specially adapted to the necessity of this New Dispensation, and the giving forth of the same. Now it is not that these persons called mediums are morally, intellectually, spiritually or divinely any better than the masses. In some instances they are in all these points far beneath the masses they teach; yet sometimes far above them. Their spiritual power is not dependent upon any superiority of character or attainments, but is dependent upon the combinations of the electric and magnetic forces.

If our good friend who has called so earnestly upon his friends to return to him, would only pause to consider that he is not made up as these machines are, not compounded electrically and magnetically like them, he would see that he cannot receive what they can. These blossoms [a bunch of May flowers] come forth in obedience to the call of spring. They do not come in winter. There is a time and a condition that is to all intents and purposes a law to these blossoms. They obey that law. And as there is a law governing the life of these blossoms, so there is a law governing everything else—governing these modern manifestations. And they who would know most of these manifestations, must know most of the law. They who would be the most deeply read in this science, must go beyond the surface, where the manifestations are; go beyond these objects, reach down to the cause, know what the law is, and then you will cease to ask for these unnatural conditions. God never did perform a miracle, in the absolute, for a miracle is something outside the laws of life. It is the gathering up of something out of nothing. I do not believe in it. But I believe all the manifestations of life are governed by law, are dependent upon conditions. I do not believe that there is anarchy in Nature. I believe that there is a supreme ruling power that guides all things, even in the most minute points. /The good friend, and all others who seek as he has sought, would do well to study the truths of modern Spiritualism. Go down to the root of it. And this particular friend would do well to lay

aside his theological robes, step out into the Arcana of Nature, and talk with her of these manifestations. We can tell him nothing of them. They are of Nature, therefore Nature can give all due wisdom concerning them. If her children will only come to her, seeking in a natural way to know of all her manifestations, she will always in kindness inform them.

Now our dear brother, cease to pray with the lip, but pray with heart, head and hands. Then you may expect a tangible answer to this prayer concerning modern Spiritualism. But surely never till then. April 30.

Lieut. Robert Toombs Dinwiddie.

I am seeking to reach my friends in Georgia; can I do so? [Yes; through our paper.]

I was killed in battle on the 10th of September, 1862. I was First Lieutenant of a Company of Sharpshooters from Georgia. My name was Robert Toombs Dinwiddie.

I had heard about these things before I died, but knew nothing of them. So you see I'm not exactly posted. My time here measured twenty years. I am anxious to overcome the things that are between me and my people, that I may talk with them. But one thing I would like to make plain, if I'm able to, and that is that I was not bayoneted by any Yankee soldier to hasten my death. It was said that I was. It was a mistake. I was pretty thoroughly ventilated with Yankee bullets, but I think I've never had a taste of their bayonets. Your forces, I believe, followed us up, gained our ground, and our dead and wounded were left on the field. There have been some very large stories told. It's bad enough, anyway, but the stories that are told are vastly in exaggeration of the truth. [On both sides.] On both sides, I'm quite sure. It's bad enough, anyway. Men who are in battle are not apt to carry their hearts with them, but generally leave them behind; for if they did they would be called cowards. Because those who have hearts on the battle-field are never very brave.

My mother and sister are very much agitated at times with thinking of me. And they have a great many hard thoughts of the Yankees, and wish they were all at the bottom of the Red Sea. That's all useless. The Yankees have enough of evil among themselves. No doubt there is enough of evil among the Yankees, but I think if they should both be judged by the Great All-Father, he'd hardly know which to call into the kingdom of heaven first.

Some one of my comrades that has returned, has told my people that he knows well the soldier that bayoneted me. So my friends are very anxious to find him and wreak vengeance upon him. They may rest assured it is a mistake. I died a soldier's death. I was not murdered. They may as well lay aside all such ideas now, as to be obliged to lay them aside when they get where I am.

I would like that my message should reach either Henry Dinwiddie, or Rebecca, or Alice, of Savannah. April 30.

Abijah Williams.

By gracious! I do about as well as I can. [About as well as you can? Is that what you say?] Yes, yes; you're deaf. So is my old man that I'm coming to, so I shall have to holler.

Well, look here; I'm Abijah Williams. You don't know me, do you? I don't know you, either. I was born in Northfield, Vermont. By gracious! I'm thinking how I can get—how I can get to my folks in Hardwick, St. Johnsbury, Chelsea, and Montpelier, Vermont.

Well, they know I'm dead. They know I died at Julesburg, [Virginia?] Ha? Virginia! No, hardly, hardly, sir. I was where the sun goes to sleep. By gracious! this is the queerest kind of getting back I ever did see. [These are not the clothes you've been in the habit of wearing, are they?] No; but then I can get used to anything, even to a hoe-cake half-don't, I can. I tell you I can do anything, by gracious!

My old man said to me, "Abijah, if you go to war, you'll never come back again, sure as you live, so you'd better get religion." I thought I should. I tried to get religion before I went to war, to die by. But I didn't get that, and I didn't get my bounty. Think I went out kind of mean, anyway. My old man said I was going to die. Well, tell him I'm dead. Tell him I'm dead sure; but somehow I don't stay dead. I do n't know how it is. I can't reckon on nothing. I died, but I can't stay dead, only my body. The spirit always lives. Yes, but who thought of ever coming back after they were dead, talking this way? Oh, I heard that woman Thompson preach once; she talked about spirits coming back. I was in Washington, Vermont. She said something about the ministry of the angels. By gracious! I thought she was crazy. But come to, she was n't. She goes round the country lecturing.

I want to tell the old man I'm comfortably well off in the spirit-world. And tell him no matter about that dead at all; don't care anything about it. Tell him I don't care anything about it. [Did he give you a dead?] Yes, he was to give me a deed of some property when I got married, that was to go to those I left at my death. I didn't get married; no, I didn't get married. Come pretty nigh it once, but I missed it, just as I did most everything. If I had n't been kind of kind hearted and wanted to help a fellow, I should n't have been killed. I kind of got out of my own place and kind of got into his place, and was shot. He's alive now, and do n't thank me for it, I suppose. So it did n't pay for me to save him, did it? Well, I don't care anything about it. Only tell the old man that it's all right with me, and that the religion he wanted me to get so bad, I never got. Well, I tried to get it, but I could n't. [Have you given your age?] No; I was thirty-five. It's mighty lucky you ain't got any religion, sir.

[Where does your father live?] Northfield, sir. You're as deaf as a haddock, ain't you? [Probably.] Well, I pity you. My old man was, too. It's nothing to me now, because I'm dead, and that's the end of me for this world. In coming back here, I am obliged to act myself. I ain't going to act you, no, sir, nor any body else. I can't. I thought I'd try and be like some of the great folks that often speak here, but the first thing I knew, I was Abijah Williams. I found I could n't walk in their clothes, anyway. But as long as they said I had n't got to walk in their clothes, I thought I would get along some way here. Well, I rather think I'll be going to the moon, and making a speech to the folks there some day. By gracious! I been half asleep since I've been in the spirit-world; ain't known much of anything till lately. When I see the crowd coming back, I fell in with the rest, and I got up to the Provost Marshall here. I asked him if I could go in and speak. He looked me all over first, then he asked me a few questions, and then said yes. And when I got permission, then I did n't know what to do.

Well, sir, I'm Abijah Williams of Northfield. That's the most I can tell you about myself.

Who I shall be in the course of the next century I can't say.

When my part of the farm is sold, if you want any pay, I'll give it to you then. Can't pay you now; wait out rather lean. [You're welcome.] Good, I'll call again at the same price. Good-day to you. Oh Lord! do you die when you go out of here? [It don't last long.] Want to make up my mind to it, if I do; don't want to be taken unawares. April 30.

Eliza Tyler.

I want my children to know that the Lord has opened a way for me to return. I am Eliza Tyler, and I died in consequence of having a cancerous tumor removed from my throat in May, 1850. I have left three children, Joseph, Edward and Eliza; and I want, of all things, to come and talk to them. I hear they say, "If these things are true, let mother come and tell when she died, and what of, and where?" I died in Charlestown, Mass. And they further said if I should do that they would believe.

I remember very well one time I was very sick, I thought I was a-going to die, and I prayed that the Lord would spare my life; and I promised if he granted my prayer, that I would never sin against my own highest light again as long as I should live. I would walk humbly before the sight of God as long as I should live. But when I got well, I forgot to keep my promise, as people are apt to. And I don't want my children, now that I have answered their prayer, to forget to believe; do n't want them to forget to believe, for I shall be very sorry if they do. Good-day. April 30.

James Curran.

My name is James Curran. I'm here to hunt up my brother, Michael Curran. He's here in Boston.

When I was here I was a journeyman tailor. When the war broke out, I got up from the board and went to fight for the country that had shielded me so long. My brother stayed at home and I went. There are many things that I'd like to say to him, that I do not care to say in this public way. He knows very well that I am dead; that is, he knows that I was shot in battle. And he knows too that I—well, that I would be one of the kind that would want to come back, if there was any such thing as spirits coming back. Some girls that were at work in the shop where we were, used to talk about it. Some of them used to have your paper. I believe I said once, when I should be called over, I'd come by the first boat that would take passengers back to earth, if I could.

But I want my brother to find some place where I can come to him in a private way. And as for its being anything against the rules of the Catholic Church, it is not against the rules of the church, the way I take it. At any rate, there can be no harm in their believing in Spiritualism, for there's quite as much in the Catholic Church as there is out of it. So you'll say this is from James Curran, to his brother Michael Curran.

[Where did you work while in Boston?] Well, sir, in quite a number of places I worked. I was with Mr. Huntington, and I was with Newman, and I was with Power at one time, and Jacobs & Deane. Oh I was all round where I could get the best pay. When a job was out with one, I'd go to another. Sort of a roving planet, you see. Good-day, sir. April 30.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; closed by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Spirit of this handsome day and of our souls, we would bow before the shrine of thine omnipotence, endeavoring to worship thee in spirit and in truth; like little children we come to thee, beseeching thee for new themes ere we have exhausted the old; come unto thee praying for new gifts ere the old hath passed from our keeping. But like little children also our souls are open to receive thy truths, to admit the light of every age, of all thought, of all things and all times.

Our Father, and our Mother, too, we thank thee for the great and good of every age; for those truths that have gone out from the highways of knowledge in religion, in arts and in science, and have gone into the byways, into the wilderness, there to seek for truth, for light, for the sunshine of thy Divine countenance. We thank thee for all life, with its shades and its sunbeams, with its joys and its sorrows, for we know as thou art wise and all powerful in goodness and love, thou wilt do all things well. Whether we are encompassed by shade or sunlight, it will be well with us. Whether our souls are called upon to quaff deep from the cup of sorrow or pleasure, we know it will be well with us, for thine infinite love is deep enough, broad enough, high enough to shelter all thy children, to give unto each its own portion and place in life. We will not murmur against thy wise decrees. We will rather ask wherefore are those decrees? wherefore thou didst demand at times we should wander in the hells of sadness?

Oh our Father, and our Mother, too, thou hast cradled us in the arms of thy love throughout all past eternity; and to day thou art folding us close to thy great heart of truth. Shall we distrust thee? shall we fear thee at any time? Nay, we will not. We will trust thee, we will love thee, and we will serve thee all the days of our lives. And as thy life means eternity, so our lives mean eternity; and as thou canst not die, we cannot die. So forever and forever, oh Spirit of our souls, we will sing unto thee our songs of joy and praise. Amen. May 2.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—As you have no questions to offer us, Mr. Chairman, we will take occasion to answer one which we have already before us. It is this:

"I believe that all things have a beginning and an ending," says our querist. "Therefore I believe that this Spiritual Philosophy will have an ending, as it has had a beginning." And further on he says, "To me nothing is without beginning or end, save Deity."

Modern Spiritualism, which is a twin sister to Ancient Spiritualism, I believe to be a direct emanation from the Soul of Deity. I believe, also, that all that is of Deity forever belongs to Deity, and if Deity is eternal, his manifestations are also eternal. It has been said that we live and move and have our being in God. This I believe is true, nay, more, I know it is true. And, inasmuch as science teaches us that we are inseparably connected with all things that have ever been, all that are, and all that ever can be, so, then, in essence, all things are without beginning or end. But all things are perpetually manifesting from the internal to the external. The fountain is perpetually bubbling up in the sunshine. No two bubbles are exactly alike. No two manifestations of life are exactly alike. No form corresponds exactly to any other form. No thought is

exactly like any other thought. And yet the essence of all this vast variety is and must forever be God. Forms begin and end; but the life of the forms, the essence, cannot have a beginning, cannot have an ending, for that which has a beginning must also have an ending, and therefore is capable of being destroyed. I believe that Deity fills the universe—this and all other universes; for as Deity is of life, so then wherever there is a manifestation of life, there must be a manifestation of Deity. Modern Spiritualism, I repeat again, is of God. Though in manifestation it must change, and the external of to-day will not be the external of to-morrow, yet in essence it remains the same, forever and forever. The soul, in its manifestation, changes, dies perpetually, and yet we who rejoice with such unspeakable joy in a belief of the immortality of the soul, would hardly be willing to rest our hopes upon the frail external of the soul. Modern Spiritualism is the voice of God speaking through the times; and it appeals to the manifestation of the soul of these times. It comes appealing to all the senses. It comes beckoning the soul into its wondrous arcana, and challenging the soul to analyze it.

Though it is as simple as a little child, it is as glorious and majestic as God himself. And again, and again, and again we repeat: It cannot die. It is dependent for its life upon the Great Fountain of all Life. It is a rivulet from that Fountain. The Fountain will never be exhausted, therefore the rivulet will forever flow on. It may become a great, broad river, upon whose banks great cities shall be builded, yet it will still acknowledge its allegiance to its fountain head. It will receive its sustenance from that fountain head, and the fountain in its greatness will bless even the little rivulet in its littleness. The soul who seeks earnestly to know concerning Modern Spiritualism, is the soul who seeks earnestly to know concerning the voice of God. That voice never has been hushed, and we know it never can be. May 2.

Clara Josephs.

Good Teacher Parker brought me here, so I might come to my mother and my sister. He told me to tell you that five months ago I left my rags in an attic in New York City. He was attracted there by the distress of my mother because I was a-going to die. She said if God ever heard her, she was sure he must hear then. My mother was a Christian, yes.

So I've been here with him five or six times to learn how to come. He says my sister is one of these folks what we can come to. And he said I should come here and learn, and then I could go there.

My name is Clara Josephs, and my sister's name is Emma. She is three years older than me. I should be twelve now. We used to live in Wisconsin. My father came to New York because he had a good chance; and he was killed. [Where?] On the boat. [The steamboat?] Yes, he fell between the boat and the wharf, the pier. He used to have fits sometimes. [Was this after you moved to New York?] Yes, oh, yes; we've lived there seven years, most eight. I don't like New York. We didn't live in one room before we came there. I didn't like there, and my mother got sick, and I got sick after a while, too. I don't remember a great deal about where we lived; but I remember the fields; and I remember we had enough places to go out of doors. But in New York we didn't have. [You mean in Wisconsin?] Yes.

My father was n't a Christian. He did n't—he was n't a Christian. I don't live with him, tell my mother; but he's good in the spirit-land, and he's—he's—I think—he'll come back sometime, because I told him I was coming, and he said he hoped he would sometime. [Do you see your father often?] Yes, I see him, but I don't live with him.

When my mother was so distressed, when I was dying, the Teacher Parker—he likes children, and he was attracted to my mother, and he's looked after me ever since I left her. [That is good of him.] Yes, it is good. I didn't know him here. He did n't know my mother here. But he says it made no difference. She was God's child, and so was he, too. And her prayer attracted him to her, and he heard the call, and that was the call of God, and he should have been very wretched if he had n't obeyed it.

Tell my mother it's always good to pray, and pray just as hard as you can when you're in trouble, for if you do, Teacher Parker says—and he don't lie—God will send his angels always when you call hard enough. So I want my mother always to, and Emma, too, when they're in trouble, to pray earnestly to God.

I reckon it would do good to pray, because the Teacher Parker says if you pray earnest, if you put your soul in your prayer, God will surely send his angels to you. They'll help you, and show you, and they'll give you light. And when my mother do n't know what to do, she must pray just as hard as ever she can. I can't do much myself, but I can tell mother how to help herself. Yes, yes; and if Emma's a medium, why, then I can tell her, can't I? But you must tell her she must pray hard as ever she can, because them's the true prayers. Teacher Parker says, they're the true prayers when they come from the soul.

And Emma wishes she was rich, so she could have things what she likes. If I was rich up here where I live, and could give her all she wants, I should n't, because the rich folks what come to the spirit-land, they ain't good there, hardly any of 'em good, mister, so she'd better not wish for riches. If she's good, Teacher Parker says that's riches that's enduring, and no thief can take them away. And so when I come to her I shall give her goodness, and that's the best kind of riches.

And mother need n't care because she had n't no nice place to bury me, and no nice stone to put over me. She need n't care, because I do n't care. I'm not there now, and I'd rather she'd be thinking about me, than be thinking about a stone to put over my body. I don't want her to; I'd rather she'd buy books and something good to eat. Will you tell her? She does buy books all she can; gets them; she do n't have much money to buy them with. But I'd rather she'd be buying books, than buying marble stones to put over me, not me, but what I was, what I lived in.

I'm very much obliged to you. [Will your mother get this?] Yes, she will, and she'll be afraid first when she gets it. [You'll be there yourself?] Oh, I shall go every day. [What is the trouble with the rich people? Can you see?] I do n't know, sir, but Mr. Parker says they're dead in their riches, and it takes a great while to resurrect them; and they have to use all their time, he says, to take care of the riches of this world, and they let the riches that belong to the soul go until they get all overgrown with weeds, and it takes a long time to root them up. So they are very unhappy when they see how foolish they have been. I wouldn't want to be rich, knowing what I do now, I would. I'd rather be a beggar girl, as I was, I had. I did use to beg sometimes; three times I did, yes, sir, because I had n't any other way. My mother was sick, and Emma was discouraged; we had n't had anything to eat

since the day before. It was right, and I'd rather do that than have riches. I'm rich now. The folks that were rich here are poor. They'll tell you so. I'm rich now, and I don't want Emma to wish for riches, because if she got them, I think she'd be just like the rest of the rich folks. Good-day, sir. May 2.

Sagoyewatha, (an Indian.)

Friends and brothers—Sixty-two years ago, on such a day as this, Sagoyewatha met your forefathers in council. They had sent among his people their missionary to teach the Indians, they said, how to worship the Great Spirit. And when your missionary had made his talk, Sagoyewatha made his.

Your missionary told his people that the Great Spirit had given the white man a religion that was better than the religion of the Indians. He told him that unless they embraced it they would be unhappy hereafter, for the Great Spirit had said it was the only true religion. He told them that the religion the Great Spirit gave in a book called the Bible; and unless the Indians received it, the Great Spirit would frown on them in the Hereafter.

Sagoyewatha listened to his talk, and his people listened, too. And when he was done, Sagoyewatha told him, for his people, that he would wait; and if his white brethren, who had this religion, who understood this Bible, were made better, and cheated Indians less than they had done, then Sagoyewatha and his people would consider of their religion.

But Sagoyewatha and his people have waited sixty-two years. And he comes to-day with his warriors and his sachems from the hunting-ground of the Hereafter, to tell his white brethren and friends that the Indian has a religion that is better than the white man's religion. It is simple, and is written in the heart of the papoose, as well as in the heart of the old warrior and brave.

Sagoyewatha and his people have lingered, like shades over the earth, ever since one by one they were swept from their hunting-grounds, to join their forefathers in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. They have waited to see what your religion would do for you. They have waited to see what your Bible would teach you, waited to see how the knowledge of it would call you to kind deeds; waited to see if your religion would make you wiser and happier; waited to see if your religion would tell you to stoop down and take up the fallen; waited to see if your religion would make you forget war, and love peace; and waited in vain.

Your religion has kept time with war. Your religion has sharpened your long knives and loaded your long guns. Your religion has caused your Southern brethren to rise up in arms against you. Your religion has made rivers of blood at your feet. Your religion has darkened the fair face of your land.

And to-day, Sagoyewatha, with his warriors, comes back to denounce your religion, and to predict for your great nation a fall greater than that your Book tells of concerning him the Great Spirit cast out of his lodge. The Great Spirit has blessed you, your wigwams are many. You were a great people; you are a greater now. Your thoughts come thick and fast, and your books are more than the sands upon the shores. But with all these blessings from the Great Spirit, you pursue his red children as though they were fiends. You drive them forth from their hunting-grounds because they are weak, and you are strong. With all these blessings that rise with every rising sun around you, you go forth to war against those who are weaker than you are. You send your worst braves to the Great Council. They make your laws, and those laws make you death.

Sagoyewatha and his people in the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit, while they do not forget that you are their brothers, they do not forget that your feet are upon the necks of their people who are here. And so they have stimulated their warriors whose feet press the sands where the sun sleeps, that they force you to do what your religion has not taught you to do.

Your religion teaches that the murder of squaws and papooses is acceptable to the Great Spirit; that their dying groans go up to him, and are heard by his ear with joy. Your religion prepares you for death, but it does not prepare you for life. Your Bibles are many, and your Missionaries are North and South, East and West. But your wigwams are many, too, where your long guns and your long knives are made. What does this mean? To Sagoyewatha it means that you have mistaken the Great Spirit for the spirit of your selfishness. To Sagoyewatha it means that your Bible is useless; that your religion is without a soul. To Sagoyewatha it means that the waters you drink from the fountain of your religion are choked with mud and the slime of poisonous reptiles.

Many moons ago, Sagoyewatha's people were strong. Their lodges could not be counted. To-day he might hold them in his hand. What does this mean? Your forefathers told him that they were his friends; that they did not want his lands. Your forefathers told him and his people that your Great Spirit taught them better than to rob Indians. Sagoyewatha thinks that your forefathers were mistaken. If the Great Spirit had designed that Indians should have read your books and lived in your tall wigwams, he would have given them hearts to appreciate. But as he did not, Sagoyewatha is content even now, as he was when here, to be an Indian, and not a white man. He is content to worship the Great Spirit, as he did here; to hear his voice in the rustling forest leaves, to see his smile in the sunshine. Your Bible cannot show you a Spirit greater than the Indian's Bible can show him. Before your people came among his, the Indians never murdered each other. It is true they sometimes killed each other in battle, but there were no murders. But when your people came, they brought their poison, and they gave it to the Indian in return for his furs. Your poison fied the Indian's brain, and when your poison was within them, the Great Spirit's voice was not heard.

Sagoyewatha, as he walks your many trails on earth to-day, sometimes hears the words of your warriors and your chiefs. And so Sagoyewatha has heard the words of the warrior Sherman to the Great Father in Washington: "The red men must be extinguished; put out, like a camp-fire."

Though Sagoyewatha cannot hope that his people will long remain on this island of earth, yet in behalf of the soul of the warrior Grant—he who we are told is at the head of this great army—we do ask that he, with great thoughts, should sweep out the little thoughts of the warrior Sherman. Sagoyewatha does not ask for this because he would benefit his people more than his white brothers. But when you shall make up your books in the Hereafter, when you shall read therein the thoughts that the warrior Sherman has written and sent to the Great Father, it will darken the sun of this great nation. It will make the nation look smaller than others. So Sagoyewatha, in pity to his white brothers, would ask that they

