

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

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

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHT AND SHADOW," "THE DEATH OF THINGS WELL," "SUNNY ITALY," ETC.

PART IV.

Triumphant.

"La belle Minton, by my monstache!" heard I, in what was intended to be *sotto voce*, "and, by Jove, lovelier than ever!"

I was indolently reclining in the carriage while my aunt gushed her purchases at "Stewart's," and turning my head, caught the doffed hats and low bows of a trio of my last season's gallants. Was it true? Did I look better? I idly wondered. I had small vanity in my personal appearance and rarely gave it a thought. But now this encomium recalled to mind my aunt's satisfied glance as she had scanned me on her return, and emphatically said:

"Your Western visit has been beneficial, Minnie."

"In more ways than one, auntie," I replied. Subsequently I had endeavored to introduce the subject of Spiritualism and tell her of some of its beautiful effects, but she silenced me in her decisive way, with:

"Now, my child, I really cannot listen to this nonsense. You are young and, of course, credulous; but I hope this foolishness will soon be eradicated from your thoughts, now you have returned to your old life."

And with this laudable desire she prepared at once to plunge me into a whirl of gaiety which should leave no time for thought of any kind; arranged her semi-weekly receptions, secured her box at the opera, accepted divers cards for parties, concerts, *bal d'operas*, etc., etc. Oh, how utterly weary and disgusted with it all I became before the winter was half over. I turned to Nellie's long letters of her quiet, useful life, her vivid pictures of her happiness, walking truly hand in hand with her husband in every good work and noble effort. Of Gerard she wrote:

"If I ever thought Gerard too good for this earth, more than ever I think so now. If you could see him, Minnie, devoting his whole life in promulgating our beautiful belief! He seems to live only for others now—no thought or care of himself. I had hoped once his noble heart was not to go through life alone, but God knoweth best! Nearly every evening he lectures somewhere, and great crowds rush to listen, so it is not my sisterly partiality alone that says, 'This is true eloquence!' Already he counts by the hundreds those who follow him as their spiritual leader. Added to speech is the might of pen, for he writes and publishes many loving messages of hope and encouragement to weary, fainting hearts throughout the world."

And I, who had been crowned with the love of this noble man—what was I doing to render my soul worthy of that communion he so confidently asserted would some day be experienced? More and more I despised myself and pitied the butterflies by whom I was surrounded. More and more I loathed the life I was leading, and longed to be able to leave more worthy "footprints in the path of Time—"

"Foot-prints, that, perhaps another, sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, may take her again."

It was "charming May, fresh, fair and gay," again. Two years to the very day since I left Harry Devere standing on the threshold of the room in which I now sat reading a brief note from him! How utterly dead he was to my heart I only knew, when, without the least warning, I saw that once familiar and most dear chirograph before my eyes, and saw it without an additional heart-beat, without an emotion excepting calm surprise that he had dared address me. There were but these words: "Can you forgive me? May I come?" Not a moment's hesitation, not a lingering doubt as I at once replied: "I have forgotten and forgotten, farwell!"

"And so ends that episode of my life," murmured I, and fresh, clear and distinct rose on memory's ear: "Are you sure it is not a broken dream you mourn, and not a lost love?"

"Well, Minnie, if you have quite decided to spend the summer quietly at your father's, I shall run over to Paris and make that long promised visit to my old friend, Countess De Blenville. She has a charming chateau for the summer months, and usually well filled with the *haut ton* of Paris."

Yes, I had well considered where my duty should lead me, and decided I first owed it to my only parent. I had written to inquire if my presence would be agreeable, and had received a more cordial answer in the affirmative than I had anticipated; and, as my aunt manifested her usual magnificent indifference to everything but *les convenances*, and expressed not a word of affectionate regret at our separation, only bade me "retain my stylish air and not grow rustic before her return," why, I felt quite at ease about leaving her.

"I see, papa, you take the 'BANNER OF LIGHT.'"

"Yes."

"Do you like it, sir?"

"Do you know anything of this Spiritualism?"

was the counter query.

"The friends in St. Louis with whom I spent last summer were all believers in it."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes, sir; and I saw O—F—, the great test medium, and Dr. N—, the 'Healer,' as he is called."

"And what did you think of them?"

"They seemed to me to be earnest, truthful men, papa," said I hesitatingly, for I was a little fearful of his keen ridicule.

"I believe they are. Mr. F—I have seen several times. The first, he described to me your grandmother, and you know what a peculiar appearance she presented at the time of her death in her costume of the last century; he so accurately depicted not only her form and marked features, but even the quaint cap she wore, that I could not fail to recognize her. Afterwards, I received at different times several messages from your mother. She wrote strongly against my permitting you to be so much away from me, your only parent; and I think she was right; you scarcely know, and can have but little affection for me, my child."

"Oh! yes, yes indeed, dear papa; I will love you so dearly if you will let me, and stay with you always if you wish!"

For the first time within my memory my father bent his proud head and kissed me! And henceforth there was a bond of affection as well as duty between us; added to the respect and admiration I had ever felt for his high rectitude and keen sense of honor, was the warm filial love which had so long slumbered in my heart.

The summer was by no means the quiet, lonely one I had anticipated. Sundry of my town friends found "Seaview" just a pleasant sail in the evening boat, and being welcomed by my father, paid us frequent visits. Among others, and the most constant guest, was my old admirer, Mr. K—, the son of Governor K—, of my school-time honors. To him my father was unusually cordial.

"I knew your father well, when we were in the Senate together in '40, and shall be happy to see you here often."

And he came far oftener than I (who knew that his visits were not alone for amusement of the hour) desired.

It was a bright sunny day in early October, ere the "sere and yellow leaf" lent sadness to our green wood and dale, that my father, returning from a drive, called out, "Here, child, a letter from your aunt," and tossing it through the open window into my lap, drove on to the stables. It contained unexpected intelligence—that dainty, perfumed little note—news that unconsciously brought in their train events of great moment in the existence of many. It informed me of the intended marriage of my aunt to the Comte De Blenville, brother-in-law of the lady she was visiting. I believe my father was more surprised than I even. He seemed somewhat chagrined, too, at least was very silent during our mid-day lunch, and directly after it ordered his horses, explaining to us that he must at once drive over to his lawyer's.

"But, papa," I remonstrated, "the air is heavy with an approaching shower. Why not wait until to-morrow?"

"Child," was the somewhat stern reply, "duty calls me, and I must not delay. Make it a rule never to defer until to-morrow what you feel ought to be done to-day. Truly no man knoweth what a day or hour bringeth forth."

Was it a premonition that made you speak those words, my father? For alas! in one short hour you were borne in your doors a lifeless, mangled corpse. My father—oh! my father!

There is a portion of my life a dead blank—weeks blotted out of existence, as if they had never been; a time so dark, so dreary, that not a ray of hope seemed to pierce the night-like gloom; a time when God seemed afar off, pitiless to my cry, and man to have utterly forsaken me. Only ye who have known the unutterable anguish of feeling the last fond tie which binds your hearts to life severed forever, only ye (and I pray ye are few) who have known what it is to stand up in your agony, crying "ALONE! UTTERLY ALONE!" can guess what words are too feeble to portray!

I was first aroused from the long stupor of mind and body succeeding the shock of my beloved parent's death, by overhearing Mr. Neal, papa's lawyer, saying to Mrs. Minton—

"Yes, madam, you have a right to sell the place at once, if you wish, for everything is unreservedly left in your hands, with the exception of the ten thousand dollars to Miss Minton; but why hasten so? Where will Miss Minton go?"

"I tell you," said the peevish, childish voice of my step-mother, "I cannot and will not remain here this winter. It gives me the horrors to stay in this great dreary house, now the poor Judge is gone. I shall go to my sister's, anyhow. But if Minnie wants to stay here, I won't be hard on her, though she never liked me."

I stay on *suifiance* in the house in which I was born, in which my mother lived and died, and my father, oh my father! and the indignant feeling died out, and a gush of tears, the first I had shed, relieved my aching heart. To be sold! "Seaview," which my father so loved—"Seaview," which for two centuries had been owned by those who bore the name of Minton, and which seemed part and parcel of the family! The family! alas, I was now its sole representative, and I was but a woman! I appreciated now the bitter disappointment, to which I had heard my aunt allude, that my father must have experienced, on having no son to perpetuate the name he had kept, like his ancestors, pure and unadorned. But where should I go—what should I do? I could not die, it seemed; grief did not kill, at least the young and strong! And since I must live—where, and how? My aunt with her new ties—my Uncle Dupuy in Italy with his poor sick wife; the thousand and one "dear friends" of my prosperity would shrink appalled from the shadow of my great sorrow. I believed in Nellie, but she had her husband now, and needed not my love. I bitterly thought, not could, in her great joy, feel and sympathize with my loneliness. Ah! but I wronged the great loving heart of my sister—my sister's sister. I had yet to learn

that the more the heart gives, the more it has to give; that love groweth with use. Sending for Mr. Neal, I desired him to explain to me the terms of my father's will:

"I believe I was present when it was read, sir, but I have no recollection of its contents." The old gentleman looked at me with pitying eyes; he saw, I suppose, how hard I was trying to control my wandering thoughts, for he was very patient in explaining details.

"I think it right to tell you, Miss Minton," he added, when the business part of the interview was finished, "that I believe your father was coming to see me the very afternoon which had so sad a termination, to alter this disposition of his property. He had spoken to me once or twice during the summer of so doing. You see, when I drew this up I took the liberty of reconstituting against the small provision he was making for you. He replied he understood from your aunt's conduct that she would make you her heiress—and—and he was recently married then."

"I understand, Mr. Neal. It is unnecessary to defend my father to me. Had he left me nothing, I should not complain, for I know he would have done what he judged was right. But I believe you are correct in your idea of his intention. It was that very day that we learned of my aunt's approaching marriage, and he insisted on seeing me immediately. I now understand why. Oh! if he had only waited—if he had not risked his life to benefit me—me so unworthy of the least of his affection!"

This was the constant cry of my reproaching conscience. Had I only borne with the discomforts of my home, and been a dutiful, loving child to my father! But now it was too late—oh God! too late! Did he, my loved father, see and know the remorse of his sorrowful child for her thoughtless, not intentional neglect of her filial duty? I almost felt so sometimes, for as the days went on and I grew calm it appeared to me often as if some soothing presence was whispering comfort to my sadness, binding up my bleeding affections, bringing back hope to my young life.

"Oh, Minnie! my own, dearest friend, my poor suffering one!" and Nellie's soft arms about my neck, and her warm tears mingling with my own, taught me she sorrowed with me in my grief as sympathizingly as she had rejoiced with me in my time of gladness. "And you did not even expect me? You thought I could leave you to bear your burden alone? Did you so little know me? I have come to take you with me, Minnie, home—home, dear one. You said that 'Roselawn' first taught you the meaning of that sacred word. Come, and let it whisper of peace and rest again to your troubled spirit. All dearly love you there, and are anxiously waiting to welcome and comfort you. Come to your home, my poor tired darling!"

What could I say or do but yield? But put aside pride and doubt, and open my heart once more to the sweet, revivifying sunshine of true affection?

"Where is Mr. Carleton, Nellie? You did not come alone surely?" I queried, when the first great excitement of the unexpected meeting was past.

"No, not alone. Louis could not leave, but Gerard accompanied me."

She looked aside as she answered, or she might have noted, very likely did suspect, that the tell-tale color was rising in my poor pale cheeks, so wan and worn with days of agony and nights of sleepless suffering. How changed I was by my great sorrow I had read in Nellie's soft, pitying eyes and gentle, caressing touch. But more fully I realized it, when, leaving her to rest, I slowly and feebly went down stairs to welcome Mr. Selden, and saw his start of surprise, almost doubting glance, as if he scarcely believed it was me; and then the great tender pity of his strong man nature rising in his dark eyes until two drops, bright—and to me as sacred as heaven's soft dew to drooping flowers—gathered and trembled on the long lashes, as he came forward and silently took my hands, with that well remembered warm, protecting pressure. And then after a time he spoke gentle, comforting words, such as a parent might to a child, free from selfish love or passion, showing that truly it was my best welfare he sought, and not his own gratification. An unselfish love from man to woman! How often is it found? And yet, priceless treasure as it was, somehow it did not satisfy me.

"You will not refuse, Minnie? You will come to our home? My mother bade me say you had a daughter's place in her heart and house, and must claim it. And she really needs you. Nellie and Carleton, although near, are not with her, you know, and I am away so much—am obliged to be, and often regret leaving her alone. Surely, surely you will not refuse to take that sister's place you once asked?"

I was silent. Cruel! cruel! Could he not see, could he not feel that it was no longer a brother's love that my heart claimed from him? Had I not for long months lived with the hope permeating every action of my life, of rendering that life more worthy of him? And now—now—it was a brother's love. No, he had not said that, but a "sister's place" he offered me. As these thoughts rushed through my mind, and I felt in its utmost bitterness the anguish of a woman's pride laid low, he sat watching my face, with its varying changes, from my endeavor to control my heart's emotions. Suddenly he bent over me, raised my head with his hand, and gave one long, searching look into my eyes. What he read there I know not, but the next instant I was folded in his arms, close, close to his great, pure heart, and he was whispering, "Found, found at last—my love, my soul's treasure." And I—I could only bow my head to his will, feeling rest, rest at last!

Long years, as men count time, have rolled on since that twilight hour in which, weary and worn, suffering and weak, both in mind and body, I found my rest. Yet all those years, with changes great and small—with strife national, social and

religious—with battles, mental and physical, convulsing our land, and overturning established forms, and beating down prejudices of centuries, and overcoming distinctions of caste, and pulling down the high and raising up the low—never once in all these years have I lost that sense of rest, "that peace which passeth all understanding; which the world cannot give, neither can it take away," for never again have I lost my faith in God and man.

Led step by step by that dear hand which first pointed to the light, in the groping darkness of my young life, ascending gradually on that ladder of knowledge which connects heaven and earth, learning to know and feel that this life

"Is but the suburb of that life ethereal, Whose portal we call death."

and that the link which binds us to the loved "gone before" is not severed, but that still they hover near, watch over, guide and guard us—the joy of my life is unspeakable. No longer is there a sense of time wasted, of "talent buried" till my Lord shall call, of remorse for unfulfilled duties, or an aimless, useless, self-pleasing life to regret, for my husband, believing woman was given to man to be truly a helpmeet, shares with me his labors as his joys, his cares as his pleasures, makes me truly part of himself, shadow of his noble soul. And I murmured, as we stood this evening watching the purple clouds of a gorgeous sunset, what my heart is ever feeling:

"Do you remember, Gerard, that exquisite 'Sleeping Palace' of Tennyson's? These clouds are reminding me of it, and my heart, dear husband, echoes the cry—"

"And o'er the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world I'll follow him."

OUR WESTERN MEDIUMS.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

Surely the land of the far West is a living protest against the assertion of those whose word is the offspring of their wish, to wit, that "Spiritualism is dying out." That Spiritualism is in some remarkable transition state, none can deny; but that we have any more right to predicate its death or decay than we have to expect the death of the caterpillar because we see the chrysalis shell closing around it, I also deny. Like the humble worm from whose crystalline shroud the gorgeous hues of the butterfly are to arise, so do I at least determine that my eyes shall witness the ascent of bright, beautiful Spiritualism from the earth of discord, selfishness and inharmonious, where it seems too often to lie, disfigured and repulsive, to the pure air of true liberty, the sunlight of holy love, and the wondrous beauty of the many colors that make up the white light of wisdom.

One of the most conclusive evidences of the present worth and future status of "the cause," is the vast and undiminished interest of the audiences who throng our Sabbath meetings; whilst another, and one which is even yet more suggestive of hope and promise, is the fact that the raw material for spiritual manifestations is found in superabundance in every stage of development in our midst. Mediums wholly and partially developed (especially the latter) are still numerous, and often remarkably interesting, in the West. Either the soil or the mental and physical atmosphere is favorable to the growth of spiritual gifts in the open-handed and open-hearted West, or else the mediums from more conservative sections of country gravitate there as by natural attraction. Certain it is that rare and abundant crops of spiritual gifts may be predicated from a glance over the harvest fields of the West, even in their present heterogeneous aspect.

Miss Mattie Hulet and Belle Seongall, once bright stars in the spiritual firmament, diffuse the lustre of their love beams now on the tranquil scenes of "home, sweet home." Unhappily for the admiring audiences that once hung delighted on their utterances, these ladies have changed their names and spheres at the same time.

A similar change, as I have been given to understand, has robbed the rostrum of the services of Mrs. Nellie Wiltse, a "sweet little lady," whose graceful bearing and marvellously eloquent utterances I heard extolled throughout the West without one dissenting voice; but strong hopes are still entertained that Mrs. Nellie Wiltse will not change her sphere with her name, and that the sun of her usefulness will shine out again upon those who remember the bread she dispensed only to ask for more.

A. B. Whiting, the scholarly and poetic improvisator of the West, is still at the brave work, and still, as ever, doing his work in his own unsurpassed fashion. "What an anomaly this man is," I heard a very scientific gentleman remark of Mr. Whiting. "Nothing in private life even gives a hint of classical attainment or historical lore, and yet the realms of antiquity, the fields of science, art and literature seem to be open pages when trod by the feet of this speaker under the afflatus or influence which he calls spiritual."

I presume the West can no more claim speciality in the noble and indefatigable brothers Peabody, Wadsworth, Loveland and N. F. White, than it can in myself. Still we love to be there; and labor, however onerous and inevitable there, is rendered infinitely pleasurable to us all by the clasp of affectionate hospitality that greets us. But Mr. E. V. Wilson does seem now to be a Western speciality, and one so marked that with his irresistible tests, in public, private, everywhere and at all times, and his untiring zeal as a lecturer, he is a perfect Western iconoclast, against whose giant blows the images of skepticism and superstition cannot maintain a moment's successful warfare.

Will my sister, Alinda Wilhelm, think I do not entrapping her into one of a mutual admiration society if I record her name amongst my list

of Western spiritual luminaries? No need to do it. Emma Hardinge's pen may rest here, for that name is already a household word in the hearts and homes of nearly every town and village throughout the far West. Patient, untiring and ever faithful, her bright face, words of cheer and immortal things of great joy, have made for her a monument in the hearts of the Western people that no scribbler's pen can add to or take from. Surely the people "rise up and call her blessed."

There are more, many, many more, faithfully toiling and effectively laboring to spread this glorious Gospel over the land, who work to bitter disadvantage, almost, I may say, in martyrdom, in the present confused and wholly inorganic state of the movement. Some of these I know of simply; more still I realize only through their achievements; but I know they endure a heavy cross. I know they are toiling up the steep of a rough and very high calvary. Take hearts of grace, poor pilgrims! Thy nameless footprints made on earth are the foundation lines in which the car of thy glorious destiny will run through eternity. Nothing good, not even a kindly wish or pitying sigh, is lost in heaven; thy work will all be gathered up there; even now it has gone before thee.

In test and phenomenal mediumship the West is richly endowed. Fair, fragile and wonderful Annie Lord Chamberlain is in Ottawa, Ill. Hovering between life and death, her very proximity to spirit-land seems to fit her specially to be the marvelous messenger who is for the beings who, through her frail organism, bring the most indubitable evidences of the power of spirit to act on matter.

I hear of many good mediums in Chicago, but cannot speak of them from personal knowledge.

I might say thus much, too, of Mr. Henry Slade, of Jackson, Mich.; but, though my own personal knowledge falls me here, if I can place any confidence in the testimony of about every other Spiritualist I meet, Mr. Slade is one of the most wonderful mediums of the age; and the only way to arrive at an idea of his manifestations is to try and find out if any phase of phenomenal Spiritualism has been shown which is not manifested in him, including all the most astounding spiritual feats usually performed by spirits in dark circles, but simply rendered through Mr. Slade's mediumship in the full glare of broad day.

Mrs. Corwine, the rapping medium, and Mrs. Eversole, the test clairvoyant, are still at the post in St. Louis which they occupied seventeen years ago, and through all the mighty changes and ever-progressive mutations of the spiritual movement, have faithfully and well stood by the wires of the spiritual telegraph, amongst the best and most efficient of its operators.

Amongst the latest additions to the spiritual ranks in St. Louis, are Dr. and Mrs. Starkey, the former an educated homoeopathic physician, and the latter a most excellent clairvoyant. With such highly efficient associated qualities, kind hearts, refined manners and devotion to their admirable profession, it is no marvel that these estimable persons, arriving in St. Louis almost total strangers, should in a short space of time have become a part of its established spiritual institutions.

In Cincinnati I had the pleasure of spending some time beneath the hospitable roof of most dear friends, with whom resides Miss Lizzie Keizer, a young lady whose astonishing powers have already been cursorily noticed in one or two communications from Cincinnati. Miss Keizer is a very young woman, of German birth, a plain, sensible country girl, with simply such rudimentary education as was adapted to her condition, but with all that remarkably sensitive and intuitive nature which is often found in good mediums, and whose possession more than compensates for a limited education. Her tests of spirit presence are rendered sometimes, entranced, through a medium spirit, and still oftener by the opening of her own spiritual vision; but in either case, for clearness, perceptibility, accuracy of detail, and astonishing directness in giving names, incidents, whole sentences, and appearances, I never saw or heard of her superior, rarely of her equal. If any one could look into her kind, pure, honest face, and doubt her truthfulness, the simplicity of her descriptions, together with their intense fidelity in detail, leaves not a shadow of question against her. Her power, too, has been wonderfully abundant, and during two years, in which time she has incessantly practiced her mediumship for the benefit of others, she has performed her domestic duties, and alternated the humble employments of the kitchen with hundreds of sittings, rarely failing in any case to give numerous and varied tests to every eager inquirer.

Notwithstanding the fact that the kind and loving friends with whom she resides all lighten her duties to the utmost, and extend to her the privileges of a daughter in the house, the poor girl's health has latterly fallen beneath the excessive tax on her vital powers; and during my residence in the family, it was found necessary temporarily to suspend the number of her sittings. All who know her hope and believe that her invaluable powers will be preserved with her health. Were it otherwise, however, Lizzie Keizer will carry through life the glorious record that hundreds of weeping eyes have been dried through her blessed gift, and hundreds of darkened ones have been opened, through her, to the glorious light of immortality.

And now I pause, not because my list falls, but time and circumstances forbid a more extended notice of the Western mediums. Some ugly, carking minds will take exception to what has already been given, and wonder what I have to gain by praising up these people, who are to be henceforth nothing to me, a pilgrim across the pathless wastes of the vast ocean that will so soon bear me from them. Ah! there's the rub! what have I to gain? Why, absolutely nothing; but the world's eye that falls on this page has something to gain—something to learn of the faithful laborers who toil with so little of earthly compensation and human appreciation; and something to know of the unceasing growth of precious spiritual blossoms that still unfold and bloom in the spiritual harvest ground; something to gain from the assurance that, where the gifts are so plentifully poured out "the name" is in no present fear of dying out, and something to read of justice to the immortal hosts who shower down the gifts, and the faithful mediums who dispense them.

June, 1867.

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 hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LUCAS HOWE.

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Roses.

All over the land have been blooming and brightening and fading the lovely roses. There is no flower so near to the hearts of all people as this. It hangs its beautiful clusters on hedges, on the verandah, on hovels as on the palace. It comes as a tribute of love. It does not come to feed our bodies with a delicious fruit, but to feed our spirits with beauty.

A great many people are very careful of those crops that can be sold in the market. The potato crop and the corn crop are cared for and tilled for, and that is all well; but there is another rich crop which it would be almost as sad to miss from the world: the crop of loving beauty from the roses.

Did you ever attend a floral exhibition of roses? If not, you can hardly realize the wonderful variety of this household plant. It blends the tints of all colors, and brings into its cluster of petals so many fair forms and shapes of grace that we can almost think this one flower must have exhausted all the beauty of the natural world.

It seems in its colors to avoid the blue, only catching a little of it from the sky to mingle with the red and purple; but a blue rose has long been sought for. Every shade of yellow and buff, a thousand tints of red, clear white, and the intermingling of these colors, seem to mingle in the wonderful chemical laboratory that the rose keeps within its little roots and fibres, its leaves and stems.

Tell, if you can, how the rose knows to bring up those rich colors out of the soil and from the sunlight and air, and then you can tell a mystery as great as the world knows. Does it not seem, when you think of it, as if the rose-bush must understand just what to do—must know something—almost think about its food, its sunshine and its dew?

There were philosophers in the olden time who used to study into the mysteries of the human spirit, and to wonder where it came from; and in their studies they became quite confused, until at last they thought they had lit upon a wonderful system of philosophy. They conceived that the soul had been once some plant; for instance, that you or I had been a rose or a lily; and when the fair flower faded and died, that the free soul entered some little tiny body and became a dear little baby.

Now I don't think it would be very hard to imagine that some dear little fair child was a rose-bud once. But these philosophers could not stop their reasoning, and so they said that if the little baby died perhaps it might be a rose-bud again, or a dove or a robin. They even thought they recognized their relations in some animals.

We need not wonder, then, that the world was so very glad to hear what Jesus said about the spirit-world, and that it was a beautiful place where there were houses. And when he came back and showed his spirit-body to his disciples, then indeed the world was glad.

Roses seem to me like sweet thoughts of happy children. All about our homes cluster these fair flowers; and just so do the beautiful thoughts, the glad smiles, the loving influences of children cluster about our hearts, bringing to them sweetness and refreshment.

I remember once hearing a fair little maiden from her home in the spirit-world tell how our loving thoughts became to them like flowers; that they wound them into garlands of light and scattered them in the pathway of angels.

Whether this is precisely so I do not suppose we can understand; but very sure we must be that our loving thoughts and happy lives can bless them, and that there is going ever from us some power of beauty to make others happy, or some power of deformity and ugliness to make others miserable.

They have in some countries rose-festivals, where the rich and the poor bring their offerings of roses, and they celebrate together the days of beauty. I wish we might have such here, where the little ones could come bearing their arms full of these beautiful gifts, and bringing with them the roses of love. Do you not think that another year you could have such a festival, or many of them, remembering always that with the offering of roses here you could also give offerings of love to heaven, through your love, your gentleness, your patience, your thoughtful kindness?

I am having a sort of festival of the heart today. I am thinking of all the children that I love, of their glad lives, of the love I know they give me; and in my room—quiet though it is and simple—yet there seems to be a tower of roses—banks on banks of bloom and beauty rise up about me, and little hands seem throwing to me these fair flowers. And I laugh and weep at the same time; I laugh for gladness, and yet sigh for the little hands that must be there—the little angel-hands that I cannot touch.

Ah, we will have a rose-festival sometime, if we do not have it until we are angels. And we will shower down so much love that even the world shall forget its cares and think that heaven is here.

(Original.)

JOHN BANVARD.

John Banvard, when fifteen, was fatherless and poor, but he had great love of nature and wonderful perseverance. As he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi river, he was struck with the beauty and majesty of the scenery. He had read the tale in some foreign journal that America, with all her gloriously grand scenery, had no artist that could represent it so that it should delight those who could not look upon it in person.

He was but a boy, but he said to himself, "This shall not be; I will represent this majestic river on canvas." Having once harbored the thought it would not leave him; his brain fairly whirled with the idea. He longed to begin his work then, but he was not an artist, and he had no friends to help him. So he only dreamed of what he wished to do, and toiled at his daily tasks.

But when he was twenty, he could no longer resist the effort to carry out the idea, and begin the work that to him was a work of pure love, for he was not ambitious for fame, neither did he think of making money, but only to exhibit the beauty of the scenes that he so loved to others.

He was entirely self-taught, and dependent on his own exertions. To obtain the means for carrying on the work he had already planned, he must earn money, so he began trading and boating on the river.

After a time he succeeded in laying up money

enough to enable him to make all the necessary purchases of canvases, brushes, oils and paints, for he had conceived the idea of making the largest painting in the world.

But first he must have correct drawings. For this purpose he had to travel for thousands of miles alone in a skiff, cross and recross the river and expose himself to all kinds of dangers, but he was resolute and determined. His hands became hardened by constant rowing, and his skin as brown as an Indian's. For weeks at a time he could speak to no human being, and he depended altogether on his rifle for sustenance.

After he had finished what to him was a day's labor, and the shadows were beginning to fall too deeply for his perfect sketch, he rowed his skiff up to the shore, found some secluded spot, and leaving it fastened he went in search of his supper.

Having killed game sufficient, he would prepare it, make a fire and cook it, and eat a lonely meal. He then prepared his couch. He turned over his skiff to protect him from the night air, placed his portfolio for his pillow, wrapped his blanket about him, and thus slept unmolested till morning. He took his breakfast before sunrise, and was ready for another day of sketching.

When his drawings were all made, he proceeded to erect a building for his canvases, for this he had made arrangements to have three miles in length, and no common building was suited for the labor of covering this extent of canvases.

But at last his work was done, and well done. It could not be expected that an untrained hand could give beauty of finish and an artist's touch to this picture. But he received the highest praise from men of note, and his panorama made him universally known and respected.

When Mr. Calhoun was President of the Senate, he moved a series of resolutions expressing admiration of the work, for its originality and boldness, and for the perseverance and courage of the young man who alone and unaided had achieved this great labor. The resolutions were seconded by the speaker of the House of Representatives.

His Excellency, Gov. Briggs, talked of it as a "wonderful work," and many others praised and admired it. Thus the young man had a reward for his perseverance and industry.

After this, panoramas became quite the rage. There were panoramas of the Hudson, and the Rhine, and of a voyage round the world. But the idea began in this boy's brain, and to him belongs the honor of the first execution. But a better honor came in the triumph over all obstacles, all loneliness, all selfish ease, and in finding the world glad to see his representation of the majestic scenery of his native land.

(Original.)

SARAH.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MISS C. W.

My childhood's home was a little brown cottage, nestled away among trees and shrubbery in the suburbs of a pretty village in New England. It was a cozy little home, and was built for two families, having two verandahs, one fronting north, the other south, and the separate parts of the house for each family were constructed alike in almost every particular. A pretty green lawn fronted each side of the cottage, and neat gravel walks led among flower-beds, where grew choice plants of many varieties; rosebushes blossomed beneath the windows, and morning-glories twined around the pillars of the verandahs.

An old apple tree grew in a field close by the house, and I and my little friend Sarah (whose parents occupied a part of the cottage) had a swing suspended from one of its branches, where we have passed many hours of true childish pleasure. But the resort we loved the best was the shady woods, where tall trees grew so near the cottage that we could almost hear the rustle of their leaves as the summer breeze sighed plaintively among them, and whose moss-carpeted and flower-spangled ground seemed fitted for the light footsteps of fairies rather than the rude tread of mortals. Beneath the shade of those solemn old trees danced and gurgled a merry brook, whose pure waters sparkled and glistened in the light of every stray sunbeam that chanced to find its way into these secluded places.

Oh the delightful times Sarah and I used to have in this pleasant home of ours and among its lovely surroundings! But what need to describe them? What little girl cannot imagine our various amusements? How we found pretty little nooks for play-houses, and ornamented them with the greenest moss and sweetest flowers; how we played in the brook, making tiny dams so that the water would flow over and form miniature cataracts; how we carried out books, and read such fascinating stories that we could almost imagine ourselves changed by a fairy's wand into beautiful ladies and occupants of an enchanted region. What little girl has not had experiences of a similar nature? And what grown person cannot look back upon the scenes of childhood and recall such little incidents, that seem to the soul as refreshing as oases in the desert?

Sarah was a little slender girl of eleven years, with large black eyes, pale face and delicate constitution. She was just the opposite of myself, who was plump, red cheeked and blue eyed, and perhaps for this very dissimilarity we loved each other the more. Sarah, though not strong and healthy, was full of life and animation, and scarcely ever for a moment was she idle. If her fingers were not busy her tongue would be, and many were the stories with which we entertained each other, making them up when we had exhausted all our resources.

Sarah had two brothers, who were young men, a sister, a dear good girl some years older than we, but still almost a mate for us, and her grandmother, a good old lady, lived with them, and the children loved her almost to idolatry. Sarah and I went to school together in the pretty white school house in the village, and she was a favorite with schoolmates and teacher for her good humor, sprightliness and obedience. That school house—how many associations cluster around it! The first time I ever entered it was in the company of my little friend Sarah; and in our classes and all our childish amusements we were thenceforth companions. The scholars all seemed to think it as natural for us to sit together, play together and study together, as if we were sisters.

Sundays we met in the school house again, and the influence exerted on my mind by the quiet solemnity of those simple meetings, the musical voices blending together in anthems of praise and thanksgiving, and above all the words of advice and encouragement from the lips of the good old man whom we all loved and venerated as a father, are never to be forgotten. Sarah and I would sit with joined hands, and listen to the thrilling eloquence of the speaker, that seemed almost like inspiration from heaven.

Thus the days, sped on, freighted with happiness—those early days of childhood, that seem like some beautiful dream as I think them over.

Summer and winter had passed away, and a

new spring had come, and it was drawing near to the time of Sarah's birthday. She would be twelve years old in May, and it was fitting that such an important event should be celebrated, so she was to have a grand party and invite all her little schoolmates. It was talked of long before the time. She and Mary (her sister) and myself were equally interested. We were to have various amusing games on the green lawn in front of the house, a delightful walk in the woods to search for wild flowers, and a delicious supper, that none knew better how to prepare than Sarah's mother and grandmother.

But as the days wore away, and April with her smiles and tears was fast emerging into the brightness of May, our dear little Sarah was taken suddenly very ill. Her lessons and plays were suspended, and the school room was exchanged for the sick room. Her friends watched over her with the tenderest solicitude, for she was the idol of the household, and everything was done that could be for her comfort and recovery. Every day I sat by her bedside, and read her stories from our most interesting books. I brought playthings to amuse her, and we talked encouragingly of the time when she should be well enough to join again in our customary amusements.

"I hope I shall be well by my birthday," she would say, "for it will be too bad to give up my party, won't it? I mean to have the children come if I am not quite well."

But day after day passed by, and she grew no better. On the contrary, she grew worse very rapidly, and was soon so sick that no one but her attendants could be admitted into the room. I was more lonely than I can express when exiled from her presence. The whole house seemed gloomy and desolate. I had no courage to attempt anything. I could not study, for my thoughts would wander from the lesson to the sick room of my little playmate, and tears would blind my eyes so that I could hardly see the page. This was my first real trouble, and it seemed almost unbearable. Our pretty playhouses looked lonesome and deserted, the swing was neglected, and the pleasant paths through the woods where we were intending to search for wild flowers had lost all their attractions. When I questioned her mother or grandmother as to how she was getting along they would say she was no better, but they hoped she would be soon. And so I would wait and long for her recovery.

But why linger over the sadness of that period which even now has power to overshadow my heart with gloom? Early one bright morning they told me that the spirit of our dear little Sarah had passed away to its eternal resting place. They had robbed her form in garments of purest white, and laid her on a couch in the parlor, where the perfumed morning air stole in through the open window, filling the room with freshness and fragrance. Long and bitterly I wept, as I looked upon those lovely features, now so pale and cold in death, for my heart was aching too bitterly under a sense of my own loss and loneliness, to realize the beautiful transition her freed spirit had undergone, and the light and radiance of the realm to which she had been transported. It would be impossible to depict the anguish of that household, the grief of her parents and grandmother, the sorrow of her brothers, and the indescribable loneliness of the dear sister, who loved her so fondly and tenderly. Many times during the day I stole into the parlor to look at that little motionless form, and always would some one of the family be near with quivering lips and tearful eyes, and hearts filled with unspeakable sorrow.

On the following day her funeral was held in the school house, where but a short time before she was one of the happiest of the scholars. There were gathered her friends, both young and old, to take a last look of the face so very dear to all. Words of consolation were spoken to the bereaved family, and her classmates tried to sing a sweet little song which she used to love, but their voices failed, and were lost amid sobs and bitter weeping. And after the last look was taken, and the last kiss pressed upon the death-cold brow, they carried her away to the quiet graveyard, where the grass was beginning to carpet the earth, and the tall pine trees whispered solemnly together, and there they laid her little form to rest.

Ere the birthday arrived which she had anticipated with so much pleasure, the grass had grown above her resting place, and the birds chanted requiems in the branches overhead. But in her heavenly home our little Sarah was celebrating a far more glorious birthday than earth has ever known—a birthday into the realm of eternal happiness.

After my first bitter loneliness had passed away, I began to realize that although my little friend had vanished from earthly sight, her pure soul still lingered near me, and I could feel its sweet influence thrilling my heart with indescribable rapture. It cheered my lonely hours, it helped to purify and exalt my feelings and emotions, and my whole life seemed brightened by the light of her loving spirit.

Dear little children who read this simple story, will you not try to live such pure and loving lives that when you are called away to the land of spirits you may return and bless the lives of your friends with a beautiful and holy influence, and lead them with cords of love toward your heavenly dwelling place? Try to imitate the example of little Sarah, who was a blessing to her friends in this life, and also in the life beyond. May there be many like her, and then will there be more happiness upon the earth, and more bright angels in the summer-land.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY R. TRAYER.

All honor to the noble man
Who's fought so long for Right;
And bravely stood in Freedom's van,
When all was dark as night;
Who, when four million slaves he heard
Their prayers send up to heaven
That liberty might be conferred,
Said, "FREEDOM SHALL BE GIVEN!"
A glorious victory he has won
By toil and suffering;
And such fidelity has shown,
Let men their offerings bring;
And when on earth his race is run,
May peace to him be given,
And angels shout aloud, "WELL DONE!"
And welcome him to heaven.
East Stoughton, July 1, 1867.

"Mr. Garrison, in 1831, said, in his Salutation to the American people: 'I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard!'"

"Mr. Garrison's friends and admirers have recently presented him, as a slight testimonial of their regard, a purse of thirty thousand dollars. We understand they intend to swell the amount to fifty thousand dollars. God speed them in their efforts to evince their appreciation of his services and sufferings in the cause of human freedom."

The application of castor oil or sweet oil to new boots, it is said, makes them as soft as a bookskin glove. It is also stated to be the best application that can be made to render a new boot waterproof.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

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

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SECOND DAY.

SATURDAY MORNING CONFERENCE, 8 O'CLOCK.
Mrs. Manchester improvised a song, "What is thy mission to-day?" also a subject given, "Heaven is our Home."

Prayer by Mr. A. P. Brown.
The Vice President taking the chair, the President, Mr. Tarbell, said:

Terms or names have very little to do with principles. I wish to know what is intended by the petition lying on the table for signature, purporting to be a peace petition. I know what the idea of Christ was—it pre-supposes that we are bound together by one common tie of love. I have discovered that when I have done a wrong to myself (Here reference was made to the war.) I wish to observe that we have thousands upon thousands of human beings piled up in ditches upon the southern shores, that are the result of this monstrous and inhuman butchery. I understand the great courses of society, and how men are bound together by popularity, from the priest, lawyer and doctor, to the statesman.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend was called upon by the President to read the peace petition, and speak upon it. She said:

I do not believe in policy. An incident. A slaveholder was anxious to make a purchase of slaves. He had one who was a good judge of slaves. His master took him, and he made a selection of nineteen. He picked out an old slave, and said to his master to buy him for his sake, and he would do double work. So his master did, and watched him very curiously to see how he would act, and one day he asked him what he chose him for. "Massa," said he, "the good book tells me to bless my enemy, and do good to him. That man took me and sold me into captivity." I do not like to hear any one cast reflection upon the religious faith of an undeveloped people. Now you and I do not wish to pluck thistles; they would sting us; so would the Catholic faith sting us, but it is perfectly suitable to the present condition, for they need fear to keep their slaves, at least as a means of future development. I thank God if abuse has made our brother Tarbell a better man, and if that is what he needs to develop his manhood, then let us all abuse him. Our object is to know how to use the teachings of Christ's principles. You know in arguing these things, we are apt to manifest our temper. The first principle of peace, and which can enable us to carry out all these principles, is self-government. No man will strike an unresisting object. My friends, I am going to say some very plain things. Unless we strike at the root of evil we do no good. Our social evils want to be struck at, and husbands and wives learn to govern themselves and regulate their passions, they can never send forth true and pure children into the world.

It is not for you and I to go to work to regulate our neighbors' feelings, but look well to and regulate our own, or in other words, "mind our own business." No place in the world needs redemption more than our national halls. We send drunkards and libertines there, and they have become worse than the Arabian stables, yea, far more filthy. Self government enables us to work well and wisely. We have not the least idea of our divine possibilities until we reach them. I can say more outliving things by kindness than you can do by passion. I can go down deep into your hearts, and melt your souls into penitence and love. "Would the gods God the gifts give us," &c. Why do we ask for the remedy? Our homes have been made desolate North and South, under the principle of the old Moslem government. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Now I want to be personal for a moment, and I ask how it would appear if our brothers Tanner and Walker were to have a quarrel, and instead of appealing to brother Middleton to arbitrate between them, they were to fight with clubs, and injure or kill each other; we should rank them as brutal. We are reasonable beings, and should be capable of self-government. Now the international law is precisely the same in its effects as the law that governs or should govern individuals.

Mr. Tarbell said: I admit, my friends, all the claims for a reformation or reconstruction, and allusions made to Washington and also to the domestic relations are entirely true. My difficulty is to know how we are going to remedy this dread evil. Your petition is well received by a few with sympathy and regret, while the numbers would treat it with contempt, because they do not want a change.

Mrs. Tanner and Mrs. A. P. Brown here made a few brief remarks, which closed the conference, and the hour for the usual service had arrived.

Music and song by Mrs. Manchester.

Prayer by Mrs. M. A. Brown, after which she spoke as follows:

That which is written in the Bible which is true, is as good as any other truth, but that which is written there and is not true, should be rejected. "Glory to God in the highest," &c., has been used by the nations of the ages; men have been talking and singing that, and saying that Christ had come to be an end to the law for righteousness, &c., but when there comes a need that these things shall be put in practice, they say it will not do to practice that now, but throw off the cloak and stand in their original character. Do the times give you any idea of a war more cruel than the war you have just passed through? You, my friends, have been praying to the God of battles that he might strengthen your hands, but not to the God of the Universe.

Here reference was made to the inconsistency of those who were going forth to proclaim the principles of peace from the Gospel, and to become chaplains in the army, and there inculcating those sanguinary principles of war, and thus nullify the pacific principles of Christ which with so much apparent sanctity they have taught and professed to believe. You have not gained the victory by force which you believe you have done, for those whom you have subdued, but not conquered, will at some future time rise against you. But had you sought to have overcome by the principles of peace, your conquest would have been effectual, for you would have overcome through a knowledge of the true law of life. Live true to the principles of peace, and you must become conquerors; for mere words are empty sounds and only symbols, ineffectual to themselves unless accompanied by the acts which point to and which are the real elements of all progress. "He that will lose his life shall find it" (Here allusion was made to the martyrs.) When the passions are strong and reason is dethroned, then men call for war; but when reason ascends her throne she asserts the principles of peace. Do you think the martyr when he left the body and ascended to fields of glory above, regretted that he had stood fast to principles? Ah, no! Because you cannot see alike, from a difference of organization, will you, or should you, fight and kill each other? You will not seek to destroy a thing because it is not adapted to you, and you must see that in destroying your brother you are but destroying yourself. The Christian world send Judas to hell; but are they sure that he went there? Nay, he went to his own place, and that is just where you will all go. How many children who have gone into the other world misunderstood, will see the true position of things and forgive one another. From a clear perception of the true law of your being you will understand the various degrees of development, and judge not thy brother of lower capacity, but believe that he has been as true to the talent given him as you have to yours.

Music and song by Mrs. Manchester.
Mrs. A. P. Brown.—While the infant truth is clothed in swaddling-clothes, the mass reject it and war ensues. All time has proved that truth comes in infantile conditions. Yet when truth is presented in that form it contains a prophecy that it will become stronger and better adapted to your unfoldment. It has at all times been set at naught and rejected. This has been a necessity for the growth of the soul, for the "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," for the necessity of growth is an inherent principle.

The advent of Jesus was a truth presented for the reception of the human mind and rejected. First, because not understood; second, because of its unpopularity. It is not necessary that truth should be rejected because of its unpopularity; it is an inherent principle. Is not war a necessity to that individual whose propensity lies in that direction? But in the fact there ensues sorrow and change and development. The Christian world ennobles its advent and supposes it is God.

sent. We know of no partial God, of no suspension of human laws. It is true that some seem to come in a more advanced age than others. It is also true that a few see the truth at a glance, while the many reject it. The mother does not see in her child what the neighbor detects, yet the mother does what she can to develop that organism. So with these truths presented to man, kind: there have always been recipients of these truths, but the masses have rejected them and war ensues; but has that warfare done much good? They have been baptized in blood. So in the progress of the sciences the same law holds good. In Spiritualism, also, these things are so. We seek to know why these things are so, but never can be answered to any one mind, because it is given for all minds in their growth through time and eternity. The higher growth will say to the lower growth: Remove me from this existence if it please you, but I will not combat with you. How long do you think war would last? There being no fuel to feed it, it would soon cease to exist. But can it be done without the fuel to feed it? Ah, no! The fuel is not in the roots, and plant something of a higher order. Then devise some means by which war shall cease; but this does not imply that the agitation of thought should cease. No; these things are designed to create and mature thought. It is not always confined to man, but it is made manifest in woman. Now in this conception and effort the angel-world desires to bless their brothers of earth; shall men say: Let us alone; we know of no means by which we can remedy this evil? Are these things ever to continue? These are the fruits which have arisen in man; now women are part in the matter. Now, however, your sons and husbands are speaking to you to-day. Sister, you have denied the habits of mourning, saying: I have lost a brother or a husband. Will you sustain this barbarous system longer?

Oh be not disheartened, then, if this truth should come to you in swaddling clothes, or that your Senate Chambers have men in them who seek to gratify their own selfish desires. All these things develop mind. See how the sciences are unfolding to more higher principles for their future good. But when these sublime principles were first given to you they came in swaddling clothes. So when your brother comes to you and wishes to fight, say, "no, fight it out alone; I will not fight with you." Man and woman must and should work together, for then only can harmony be maintained. Principle after principle comes, and another truth is born. And what is that? The right of woman to stand side by side with man. "Oh but," says the husband, "I don't want my wife to go among that class of men." But stop, my brother. If your wife walked side by side with you, would you be likely to go to war? Ah, no. Is it not her duty toward you, to herself, and to your offspring, that she should? See the storms which burst about the head of the Nazarene, but he outdrew them all, so will this truth do likewise. Remember there is not a heart in me. Oh, my friends, no one that was an instant in me. Oh, my friends, not one! all have loved ones on the other shore. Then, we pray you, continue your efforts, knowing that the angels are ready to baptize you. How beautiful is your earth, if man would only see. But he has been taught that it has been cursed. The morning service concluded by Mrs. Manchester singing a poem, "War and Peace."

SATURDAY AFTERNOON CONFERENCE.

The people having assembled before the usual hour of service, it was deemed advisable to have a Conference.

The Vice President being in the chair gave liberty of speech, when B. F. Knight, Shaker, said: Hearing the subject of peace and equality discussed, I would say I have long been of the opinion there is neither high nor low. I am glad in my soul that the time has come that woman shall be equal with man. You deprive man of the sacred influence of woman as wife or mother, and you reduce him below the beast. I believe the only way to accomplish this work of harmony is to begin at home.

Mrs. A. P. Brown.—I feel the need of increasing our mediums, and the great need of giving tests to the public, which is what it needs. I deem it a necessity, and I am willing myself to begin the work and aid any one in getting a test. At the hotel, if any one desirous of getting a test will come to me, I will give one for them.
Mr. Tarbell.—In the inception of this movement, I recollect a medium of the name of Stevens coming to me in Woodstock, and telling me he had an important mission to me. I thought he must have been mistaken in his subject, as I was not worthy of such a message. He said that if I would submit myself to the spirits, they would lead me to higher planes of thought and utility among men. I became rebellious, and did not give up to them; but they soon let me see that I had got to yield obedience or suffer. I spoke of the war and its consequences, and was selected to and cast out; but the war came and with it its consequences. Has it not? Another prophecy came that the whole social relations would be out of joint, and terrible things would take place. Have they not come? Don't you know how they told us they were going to break up the governmental, religious, and all institutions, for they were ephemeral and must pass away? I tell you we have but just begun the fight!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

Music and song by Mrs. Manchester.
Address by Mrs. M. S. Townsend:
God has never permitted anything to be given to this earth sphere without use. In this life we find ourselves ever in contact with various things, and some we judge as useless. Spiritualism has opened my eyes to the utility and beauty of all things; yet there is much that I cannot understand; but I know that all things have their places, and there must be a reason for everything, and a cause for everything. Everything must be a natural growth, and when analyzed we are told that everything is related to every other thing, and lives by the law of growth. Nature shows us that there are kindred affinities in all things, thus all Nature feeds upon itself, the lower becoming food for and entering into the bodies of a higher growth.

Let us look in this beautiful springtime, and we behold the law of growth in action through the chemical combinations of elements. Now the farmer says, Give me the rotten manure, that I may spread it upon my land, that it may enrich it. Could it enrich it if there was nothing adapted to its wants? We find ourselves possessed of propensities and evils apparently distasteful to each other when we exercise our reason in relation thereto, and we are going on through a series of transitions, and rebel against them because we cannot understand their ultimate. But when we come to understand ourselves better, we shall see that all things are working out the fuller development of our being. Then I will say, there is no evil. I mean this relatively; but let us understand what we are talking about. There is a God controlling all things, and filling all space with his power and goodness, giving all things their existence in wisdom, and designs all things for perfection, or it is our finite perception of the workings of infinite wisdom, and not comprehending the great ultimate, we call them evil.

I can say from my own experience that what I once conceived to be evil have been shown to me to be but a future good. I think, therefore, we had better let things alone than meddle with them. You will, perhaps, say my doctrine is calculated to do injury. Let us suppose a young man before me indulging in all those vicious pursuits that mar his fair fame and good character; should I do good in going to such an one and telling him he is a scoundrel? Should I do any good by such a course? (Here she gave a beautiful analysis of the "law of sympathy.") I could not know how to sympathize with him, and if I did not been called to suffer. Thus, then, our better nature is called into action; thus all the laws are learned by us through violation of those laws in our own being, or else we could never know. I have known men condemn the inebriate simply because they do not know the sufferings of intemperance. Thus, then, the law of sympathy reaches the higher nature of that being, for there is no being, I believe, that desires to be intemperate, because he knows that he must suffer, and this he would not willingly do; therefore pity him, and teach him by kindness better things, and you will redeem a brother from destruction. We are all called to speak of these great evils that afflict the human family.

Now let us see if we can make use of these rotten elements to the higher growth of our own souls. It is said of our people that they step in and under man and wife, parents and children, and we are told what God hath joined together

ture as well as art, and feel that it was an hour to be treasured as one of the brightest on Memory's tablets. A. E.
Westbrook, Me., July 5th, 1897.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Mediumship is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous living inspiration in man, 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 Spiritualist Magazine.)

Daniel D. Home Lyon—Important and Interesting Case.

It will be remembered by our readers that some months since it was reported that the celebrated medium, Daniel D. Home, had been adopted by an elderly lady in England and had taken the name of Lyon. The report was true. Mr. Home went through the necessary forms—assumed the new name—and received a large sum of money in consequence.

Recently events have occurred—that will be found explained in the following interesting letter—which are likely to bring this extraordinary case into court, raising at the same time the whole question of the genuineness of the phenomena supposed to be spiritual, that have taken place in this country and in Europe during the last fifteen years.

While the decision of a judge or a jury on a question so obviously foreign to their functions will be regarded as a matter of very little consequence by intelligent Spiritualists, it will be looked to with curiosity as having an important bearing on the interests of Mr. Lyon and his child. All that bigotry and hate can do to prejudice the public mind against Mr. Lyon and the genuineness of his manifestations will undoubtedly be done; but there is in England a large body of men and women of the highest culture and most marked ability, who will stand by him at this critical time.

The following letter, addressed to a well-known literary gentleman of Boston, is from the pen of an American lady, now resident in London, and its facts may be fully relied on:

LONDON, JUNE 26, 1867.

It is some weeks ago since I sat down to write to you. Alas! since then such sad and startling events have agitated me and wholly filled my mind, that I must devote my letter to one subject alone.

You can hardly have heard before this reaches you of the terrible disaster which has befallen our friend, Daniel Home Lyon. All sorts of garbled accounts will doubtless get into the papers, but I wish to furnish you with the real facts, to all of which I can testify. And thus I place in your hands the means of contradicting what is false, and proclaiming the truth.

Sacha, the little child, Mr. Home's son, who plays so prominently and unfortunately a part, lives with me. Very nearly a year ago he was taken ill at school. I had the child brought to me that Mrs. Henshaw and myself might nurse him into health. He has been with me ever since. He is a remarkable child, strangely intelligent and full of spiritual thoughts, but no medium.

You have heard that Mrs. Lyon adopted Daniel last October. These were the circumstances: She had read his book, "Incidents of my Life," and was deeply interested. He was then secretary of the Spiritualist Athenaeum. She called at the Athenaeum to see him, and told every one how greatly she had been impressed by her interview; how charmed she was with him personally, &c. No manifestations of any kind took place. She had several other interviews with him, of her own seeking, and after one of these Daniel came to see me and told me that an old lady had expressed such deep interest in him that she assured him he need never more have any anxiety in regard to the future, as she would render him independent for life.

I laughed and told him not to believe her; plenty of people had made promises before and never kept them! Indeed, no little faith did he have in the matter himself that I quite succeeded in persuading him that nothing would grow out of it. Up to this time I feel confident there had been no manifestations. After this Mrs. Lyon begged for a séance, and many wonderful things were communicated, and test after test of her husband's identity given.

But I have forgotten to tell you that Mrs. Lyon (as she has repeatedly told me and many others) recognized in Daniel the son whose face she had often seen in a vision, and whom she had been told, in visions, would one day be granted her. She was enchanted with the manifestations, and the medium; and at once proposed to adopt Daniel, and make him legally take her name. This she did, going through the necessary forms. She made him a deed of gift amounting to £30,000. A few months later she made him another gift of £30,000 more, but the interest of this he was not to touch during her life. After these gifts her fortune still amounted to £50,000 per annum.

Mrs. Lyon has no legal heirs, being an illegitimate child, and the fortune her own. She had made a will in favor of some of her husband's relatives. They naturally were very indignant at her adopting a stranger, and one of them wrote a letter which put her into a passion. She tore up her will, sent for her lawyer, and insisted upon making another, wholly in favor of Daniel. He has told me that he remonstrated; but she is one of those headstrong, unreasonable persons who never listen to any one, and do just what they please.

So far her actions in regard to Daniel appear to have been very generous; but were they so? Not in the least! She was merely making a bargain. She stipulated that Daniel should never marry, and she thought she was purchasing a son and grandson, who were two wonderful mediums, two slaves, who could not stir hand or foot except at her pleasure. If I could take time to give you the faintest idea of her exactions and tyranny! She greatly dislikes children, but she bore with Sacha, for a time, because she felt convinced that he would be as great a medium as his father. The child developed no mediumistic power whatever, and she began to be dreadfully impatient with him, and seemed to feel herself wronged. One day, about three months ago, he was paying her a visit, and she ordered him to play her a certain piece on the piano. He could not play it without his notes—she twisted—feeling, it would seem, that a medium's son ought to be able to do anything! The child still refused—he got exceedingly angry, and, I dare say, he became fretful

and naughty. (There were no witnesses.) She sent him home, and very soon I received an order that he was not to be allowed to enter her presence again. In vain friends interceded. Mrs. S. C. Hall, in particular, did her best to prove to Mrs. Lyon how sweet and gifted the child really was. Mrs. Lyon openly avowed that she had taken a hatred to him.

And oh! the mischief that has grown out of that hatred. Once only, a friend did venture to bring little Sacha to see her, but she would not have it. She made his father send me word never to permit such a thing again. She called the child by names not to be written, and said she never wished to lay eyes upon him again.

I return to his unfortunate father, Daniel. He was in very feeble health when Mrs. Lyon adopted him; and he always shunned séances, as the manifestations greatly exhausted him. But Mrs. Lyon would have the worth of her money, and sought for manifestations, no matter at what cost to him. It was but natural that she should have been charmed; for the manifestations were of a very high order, instruments played upon in the most heavenly manner by invisible hands, (not in darkness, but in the light); spirit voices singing chants and hymns, sometimes four delicious voices at a time forming a choir, and heard by every one present; spirit forms clothing themselves with a luminous ether, and becoming visible to all eyes, etc., etc. But Daniel's exhaustion and consequent suffering were dreadful; his vital energies seemed wholly consumed; he looked and appeared to feel like one dying. He had frequent hemorrhages, and could hardly drag himself about.

I think it was early last March that his physician pronounced his state dangerous, and insisted upon his traveling from place to place. He did so, but received little benefit. You may imagine how Mrs. Lyon fretted and fumed. She could not comprehend why the spirits could not restore him at once. She began to show that she felt she had paid dear for her whistle. It was not a dying man whom she meant to purchase. Two months ago Daniel went to Malvern, to his friend, Dr. Guiley, to try the effects of the water cure. He was very little benefited. All at once, Mrs. Lyon became convinced that his state was hopeless, that he would die shortly, and she remembered that her money would go to that child whom she detested. She declared to a friend of mine that this should never be! She had gained nothing by linking herself to a dying man, and that child should never have her money—SHE WOULD HAVE IT BACK.

On one occasion when a friend of mine told her that she would be made out a lunatic, and lose all the property herself, if she did so and so, she answered, she would! RATHER be proved a lunatic and shut up in a madhouse for the rest of her life, and have her money go into lunacy, than have it inherited by that child!

These were her very words, repeated to me about an hour after she had uttered them!

She sent for able lawyers, and told them they must make out a plea by which she could get her money back. Only two pleas were possible: one that she acted under a hallucination, and in that case she would be proved mad, and lose control of her property. The other plea was to charge Daniel and his Trustees with "fraud and conspiracy." Without giving Daniel the least warning, she entered this last charge—and worse—as he had just returned to London, and had spoken of visiting Paris, she had a writ of non exeat served upon him. He was arrested and taken to White-cross Prison—the debtor's prison it is called.

Such a thrilling account as I heard of the scene! He was perfectly overwhelmed—half beside himself with nervous horror and bewilderment. His friends quickly rallied round him, and his discharge was signed in little more than twenty-four hours. But those were eventful hours in his life. In the prison there chance to be quite a number of men of distinction and position; I do not like to mention their names—one, at least, of which you would recognize as that of a well-known writer. What happened, think you? The most wonderful manifestations in the prison! Home's hands and feet were held, and the manifestations went on, and every one present was convinced. It is said that even in the other wards the raps were heard.

The moment Daniel was released came the reaction. For three days he was completely out of his mind, raving incessantly. On Saturday night, June 23d, he recovered his consciousness, and is now quite calm though very ill. He is preparing his affidavit, and on the 4th of July the cause is to be heard. You may conceive the public excitement.

Mrs. Lyon's lawyers go upon the ground that the law does not recognize Spiritualism, that it does not exist in equity; and therefore they bring a charge that the money was obtained by "Jugglery," which the law does recognize. Will this trial not add another to the Causes Célèbres?

I need not tell you, dear —, that you can furnish any one whom you please with these facts. Let the truth be known. Spread it far and wide, and let not this great wrong, done by a selfish and passionate woman, injure her innocent victim.

Emma Hardinge's Farewell Address.

Tremont Temple was crowded on Wednesday evening, July 10, by a respectable and intelligent audience, attracted by previous announcement that the eloquent exponent of Spiritualism, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, was to deliver a farewell address on the eve of her departure for England, by invitation, as announced in our last issue.

Previous to the speaking, Prof. Ryder executed in excellent style and taste several fine airs on the organ.

On being introduced to the audience by L. S. Richards, Esq., Mrs. Hardinge was warmly greeted with applause. She proceeded immediately to elaborate her subject, which she stated to be the Special Modern American Spiritualism, and for an hour and a half she held the large audience spell-bound by her eloquence as she ably treated upon a subject which is now almost universally absorbing public interest.

We will not mar her remarks by a synopsis, but shall print the address entire in the BANNER, phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton, Esq.

At the close of the address the audience evinced their appreciation by hearty applause. Judge Laid offered a complimentary resolution, thanking Mrs. H. for her able address, which was adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

The Picnic at Abington.

Dr. Gardner has made arrangements, as will be seen by a notice in another column, for a grand union picnic at Island Grove, Abington, to take place on Friday, July 20th, (an earlier day could not be secured.) It will also be seen that the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association intends to close its sessions on Thursday evening, for the purpose of attending the picnic the following day. It will be a grand affair, if the weather permits. Many have long been waiting for this event, and thousands will undoubtedly be present.

The Indian Question.

It is almost unanimously conceded by the press that the policy of the Government in regard to the disposition of the Indians is entirely wrong, and yet those in power give no heed to public opinion. It is no wonder the Indians retaliate when they are so unjustly dealt with. Estimates made at General Grant's headquarters show that the present expenditures in prosecuting the Indian war are fully one million dollars per week. Thus far since the trouble began, every Indian killed has cost the government one million dollars and the lives of about ten white men.

The report made by the Commission authorized by Congress to investigate the causes of the Fort Phil Kearney massacre in December last, shows one of the ways in which treaties with the Indians are made. This commission was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior and Gen. Grant, and the report that they make can be relied upon as giving a true statement of the case. A commission was sent out last year to make treaties with Indian tribes, and especially to secure from them rights of way for railroads and wagon routes. One of the routes desired was from Fort Ramo, Nebraska, northward through the Powder River country to Montana. Conferences in regard to obtaining this route were held with the Sioux and other Indians, and they earnestly and positively protested against having any road opened through that country, since that was their buffalo hunting ground, and the opening of a thoroughfare for emigrants would drive away the buffalo. The Commissioners insisted upon having the route opened, and the Sioux protested that to allow the road desired through the Powder River country would be to doom themselves to starvation, and they should be forced to fight for their lives if the Government attempted to open this road through a country which had been previously assigned to them by treaty.

The Commissioners still insisted on the necessity of the proposed route, and the conference was abruptly brought to an end by all the leading Sioux withdrawing from it, with the declaration that the attempt to open the road would force them to offer resistance. At this point, it would certainly have been well for the Commissioners to have reported the facts in the case to the Government at Washington, that measures might have been taken for making such provision for the tribes who held the Powder River country as a hunting-ground as would have reconciled them to giving up their former treaty. This the Commissioners did not do, however, but they induced some insignificant members of the Sioux tribe to give their consent for the establishment of the road, assumed the power to make these men chiefs, and then prepared a treaty which these newly made chiefs signed. This bogus treaty was then sent to Washington as a bona fide article, and was ratified by the Senate without any suspicion of its worthless character. The real chiefs of the Sioux repudiated such a treaty, of course, and when troops were sent to locate forts and open the route they were attacked and resisted, as the chiefs said they would be at the Fort Laramie conference. It was under cover of this so-called treaty that Col. Fetterman was sent to Fort Phil Kearney with eighty-one soldiers, and the Sioux attacked and killed the whole party.

The real responsibility of the massacre, therefore, rests with the Commissioners, who imposed a worthless treaty upon the Government, and if they had shared the fate of Col. Fetterman's command they would only have received a just punishment for their extraordinary and reckless conduct.

So long as treaties with the Indians are made in this way, says the Boston Journal, so long we may expect to have Indian wars and massacres. If the white men show no respect for the rights of the Indians, the latter will not be kind enough to respect the scalps and lives of the former. The Government should profit by this experience and by the report of Generals Buford, Sanborn and others, and when treaties are sent to Washington to be ratified, the Senators must first satisfy themselves that they are real treaties and not bogus and worthless documents. Human life is too precious to be recklessly and needlessly hazarded and sacrificed, and savages will never be civilized by outraging their plainest rights.

Major General Hazen has written a letter to U. S. Senator Henderson, stating what he deems the proper policy of the government in the present condition of Indian affairs. The document substantially recommends, as thoroughly practicable, a plan to assign to each tribe a certain tract of land, compel it to occupy it, and prevent all intercourse with white men, except such as are sent among them as teachers. He would place the control of Indian affairs in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau, thereby securing an honest administration, and would then apply to the various tribes religious and other instructors, agricultural implements, domestic animals, and such rations and clothing as might be necessary. For two or three years the cost would be considerable, but after the lapse of that time the tribes would have gained sufficient knowledge of agriculture to make them self-supporting. The only care of the Government would then be in keeping the Indians at home. This could be done by promptly punishing such as should prove refractory, and a sufficient number of troops could be recruited from those who are peaceably disposed to form a vigilant and effective police. Gen. Hazen says:

"To make war upon the Indian as a punishment, leaving him to retaliate at his leisure, can never bring about beneficial commensurate results with costs of the public requirements. Our Indian wars, so far, are scarcely more than a series of mutual retaliations, and can be little else till a fixed plan, having for its object the final settlement of the whole Indian question, is adopted. This plan should comprehend all the Indians of the country, and should be adopted everywhere simultaneously. There could then be no playing from hand to hand by the professed peaceable to the actual hostile, as is now the case. We might still for a few years have trouble with the white man across the borders of Mexico and the British Possessions, but we would soon have a reliable corps of friendly Indians who could attend to all such bands. The reservations should be well removed from the borders. We are now in a position to command these people, and should no longer ask for peace, which they will not give us, but require it. They are not numerous, nor difficult to reach, as is generally supposed."

A correspondent, writing from New York, says: "I am glad to see that the BANNER OF LIGHT has something to say in behalf of the outraged red man. I read with pleasure the report of Gen. Buford. Of the special cases embraced in that report I do not propose to speak, but when he alludes to the general practice of the frontiers, and among the Indians, on the part of agents and others, I wish simply to confirm this statement with actual knowledge."

It was my fortune to have served in the Union army over five years, terminating that period of service in New Mexico in October last. And it is simply justice to say that the class of men to which the General alludes were busy there and then with their villainous schemes. Extirpation of the red man, if not the settled policy of the Government, is a fixed determination of great numbers of those on the frontier, and it is to be feared elsewhere too. In the army, as well as out of it, there is a widespread feeling of hostility, and our Government should at once vindicate its honor by forcing justice into a law in its treatment of the Indians, and put an end to the inhuman atrocities which its agents and others now practice upon them.

The nation has just drained one bitter cup of retributive justice for its treatment of the negro. Let it beware of a second, as the result of its treatment of the Indian!

GEORGE W. PEABODY.

The Indian Bureau is preparing a report on the Indian troubles, and it is believed it will show that there is no necessity for calling on volunteer troops to aid in suppressing the disturbances.

Healers.

Healers by laying on of hands are multiplying all over the country, and if the newspapers which we receive containing accounts of cures are to be relied upon, a vast amount of good is being accomplished by these healing mediums.

A gentleman called upon us a few days since, and stated that he had come the distance of a hundred miles for the express purpose of seeing Dr. Newton, now in this city, whose fame as a healer had reached him, and witness for himself cures performed by the Doctor. "Seeing is knowing," he remarked, "for I saw people on crutches go into Dr. Newton's operating room, and walk out without them, cured!"

The Louisville Journal of July 6th contains certificates of cures by the "laying on of hands," through the instrumentality of Prof. Roberts, which proves that this healer possesses remarkable healing power. One certificate is signed W. R. Link, 65 East street, Louisville, Ky. Mr. L. certifies that his daughter, four years of age, who was born with paralysis of the right arm and hand, never having had any use of the limb until she was treated by Prof. Roberts, gained the use of both arm and hand in less than five minutes' time! The father adds, "God only knows how thankful I am for the restoration of my child, or rather the giving of her to usefulness." He says all those who are skeptical, and wish to know the truth, may inquire of him personally or by letter.

Dr. G. B. Emerson, at 48 Bedford street, Boston, is continually receiving evidence of cures performed by him at a distance, while he remains at his office. This phase of healing is more wonderful than the cures made by the laying on of hands. We have seen letters to the Doctor from parties who assure him they have been cured. One is signed Mrs. Sarah J. Ramsdell, Montgomery, Texas. We are aware that Dr. J. R. Newton possesses this phase of healing, but to what extent we are unable to say.

Dr. Bryant, also, now in California, has performed some very difficult cures by the laying on of hands, accounts of which we frequently read in the papers.

There are many Spiritualists all around us that are healing mediums, who are entirely unknown to the public, as they practice gratuitously and in private.

The Coming National Convention.

It will be seen by the call in another column that the Executive Committee has decided that the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists be held in Cleveland, Ohio, the sessions to commence on the 31st of September next, and be continued daily until the 6th, inclusive. The place and time we heartily endorse; and as much important business will be brought forward for the consideration of the Convention, we hope the delegates will come together with a full determination to carry out the wishes of the great body of Spiritualists they represent, as we have no doubt they will. As the objects in view are the spreading of the true facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, by sending out and supporting lecturers, fostering schools and children's lyceums, and circulating spiritual literature among the people, it is to be hoped that efficient measures will be adopted furthering this desirable end.

Our co-laborer J. M. Peabody, on his way West, passed through Cleveland, and writes as follows in regard to the arrangement being made for the accommodation of the Convention:

"It being now understood that the National Convention of Spiritualists will convene in Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday, Sept. 31, we have to say, that spending a day in the city on our return West, we learned of the friends that they had already commenced the work of preparation in earnest."

Brainerd's Hall is secured for the week, and the reception committee appointed, of which D. U. Pratt, Esq., is Chairman. It is the purpose of the Spiritualists to entertain all of the speakers and delegates, and as many of the visiting friends as possible. The railway fare will doubtless be reduced, and the gathering a grand one, telling earnestly in behalf of all the broad humanitarian and spiritual interests of the age."

Speakers.

There is a great call for speakers all over the country. We are in receipt of letters from the friends, requesting us to notify lecturers that their services are wanted in such and such localities. We have in several instances done so; and whenever lecturers have responded to the call, they have in a majority of cases been disappointed in the reception they have met with, having found no suitable arrangements made for them on their arrival, and could not collect funds sufficient to meet their current expenses. This is not very encouraging.

The best course the friends can adopt who are anxious that speakers should visit their localities, is to raise funds in advance sufficient to pay the lecturers for their services. Surely "the laborer is worthy of his hire." They cannot afford to travel to different localities unless guaranteed adequate pay. Those who devote their time and talents to spread the great truths of Spiritualism through the land, should not lack for means to insure bodily comfort at least. We hope this subject will be brought prominently before the next National Convention, in order to ascertain whether or not in the estimation of the delegates the time has arrived to raise funds for the express purpose of sending paid lecturers into the field, thus obviating the perplexities that the uncertainty of the present system continually subjects them to. Some of our ablest lecturers have left the lecturing field on this very account.

Important Notice.

Since the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association published their call for a two days' Convention at the Melrose, Wednesday and Thursday, July 24 and 25, it has been deemed advisable to hold this semi-annual Convention but one day—Thursday—a forenoon, afternoon and evening session, in order to accommodate the many friends who wish to attend the picnic at Abington, on Friday, July 26, where the subject will be renewed. This will give an excellent opportunity to those who, living on the line of the railroad, cannot attend the Convention, to be present at one of Dr. Gardner's famous picnic parties, and while enjoying the pleasures of such an occasion, aid the Association by contributing to its support. A number of interesting and eloquent speakers, together with the several agents of the Society, are expected to be present, and that a good time will be the result is a foregone conclusion.

The Ritualism Discussion.

The question which some time ago rose with such portent within the pale of the Church of England, as to how far religious regard was to be paid by both priests and people to the forms and ceremonies, the vestments, the rubrics, the genuflections, the incense-burning, the chasubles, and other what-nots connected with the worship of the Romish Church and proposed to be introduced into that of the Anglican—this question, we say, has finally found its way into the Episcopal Church in this country, where it bids fair to excite as much controversial feeling, fervent and furious, proper and improper, as it has aroused in England. After all, it is a matter of emotional religion, as experienced through the aid mainly of the imagination. People undeniably do yearn to lay their hands on some adjuncts of worship that shall allow something like liberty and swing to their sentiments and thoughts. Hard Orthodoxy, denying all sensuous and aesthetic agencies a chance to work with and upon the soul, finds itself obliged to-day to witness a general tendency to swing clear over to the other extreme, so that men may give play to those elements of their nature which are fed with something besides the metaphysics of Calvinism.

Now Spiritualism comes in here to suggest to these dissatisfied ones who are groping for a better way, and in their ignorance of it are turning back to the old and long discarded ones, that by its direct and immediate introduction of the living with the departed, the embodied with the disembodied, all these childish methods of sensuous excitement are done away with, and a profounder emotional experience is begotten than any which makes its track across the field of imagination or is dependent on the aids of naked sense. This is the literal meeting of soul with soul, of heaven with earth; and forms and ceremonies are without meaning that are longer employed to excite what Spiritualism makes real and present to the soul without them.

J. V. Mansfield's Mediumship.

Much has been said about this gentleman's mediumship, and for those who wish to test the powers of communicating with the spirit-world, I know of none superior to him. The writer of this, however, does not believe in every spirit, and is more and more convinced of the serious duty of the apostolic injunction to "try the spirits, whether they are of God, for many false prophets have gone out into the world."

One of the most remarkable things connected with Mr. Mansfield's mediumship, is what has occurred with me several times, in the wonderful *fac simile* of the signature of the spirit communicating. For instance, the name of Emanuel Swedenborg was imitated almost completely; and the numbers of the paragraphs of his works referred to with surprising accuracy. I think, also, I have detected the style and manner of another eminent scholar and writer, which was so forcible that it could not escape attention. I have been informed of a council, in the spirit-world, composed of several spirits who have come together to consider a matter of importance connected with my doings here on earth; and, taken altogether, I must say I have been amazed and confounded. Whether all is true or not, the evidence of spirit-communication, and a most intimate knowledge of my private affairs, such as none but a spirit could have, has been to me a positive certainty.

And the romance of this manner of communication! Here I sit in my room in Boston; I write a letter to my friend in the spirit-world; I make use of the same post-office that I would to send a letter to New Orleans or London; I direct to J. V. Mansfield, 102 West 15th street, New York; and in three days or less I receive an answer from the eternal world! Let all who would be convinced, try it, with the caution aforesaid.

"The Impending Epoch."

This really excellent Southern Spiritual Monthly, published up to June by Henry J. Osborne, at Augusta, Ga., finds itself compelled for lack of sustenance to suspend present publication. The country is impoverished, and of course even the most necessary enterprise of this character is obliged to wait. With the coming in of abundant crops, however, there will be a revolution in affairs. The Southern people will have food, clothing, comforts, and employment; and with these once assured them, and after having passed through such a terrible experience, we have no doubt that a journal like what Bro. Osborne proposes to continue in a weekly form, will be received everywhere in that section with gladness, and sustained with heartiness. We bespeak for his efforts to reestablish "The Impending Epoch" all the encouragement a liberal community can find it within their power to give.

The Great Crops.

The crop prospects still furnish the staple of current remark in all the papers of the country, almost to the exclusion of politics and party issues. Providence has smiled upon this country as no other can claim for itself. Our blessings this year are to be many and great. We are promised to be overwhelmed with a bounty that will fill us with wonder and the spirit of thanksgiving. Wheat and corn are to be beyond all rational computation. Grass never yielded so abundantly; the barns will never be able to contain it, and hay will be as cheap next winter as flour. The corn crop is coming on splendidly. Oats, rye and barley are doing equally well in their way. West and South, it is the same story. No drawbacks of any sort cast shadows on the hopes of the husbandman or the country.

Wisconsin.

A correspondent informs us that the Spiritualists of Southwestern Wisconsin held a grand strawberry festival at the residence of Mr. Ezra Crossman, in Bridgeport, on June 26. A large number of friends were present and joined in a good social conference. Mr. Crossman was entranced and delivered an address. The friends then listened to a soul-stirring address from another medium (entranced). A sumptuous supper was served, Mr. Crossman furnishing the strawberries and most of the other refreshments.

H. B. Storer.

We are glad to learn that our friend Storer has returned to Boston, and intends to make it his permanent residence. He will continue in the lecturing field as usual, and is now ready to answer calls for that service. This will be acceptable news for our friends in New England, for Mr. Storer is one of the best lecturers in the ranks.

A Lecturer Wanted.

The Spiritualists of East Medway, Mass., desire a lecturer. For further particulars, write to John W. Tuttle or Charles F. Spencer.

Dr. York has postponed his picnic to Walden Pond till further notice.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

17 We shall print an extra edition of the BANNER OF LIGHT containing the verbatim report of Mrs. Emma Hardinge's address before the Boston Spiritualists on the 10th, prior to her departure for Europe, in order to supply the anticipated demand.

18 Those public mediums who have permanent locations in Boston, should, whether they advertise in this paper or not, place their addresses in the REGISTER we keep upon our counter for the express purpose of informing inquirers where they may be found. By so doing, it will accommodate all parties concerned.

19 We have received a report of the proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, which we shall print soon.

20 Our friends in Maine must look out and not get bit by impostors who claim to be our agents. We employ no traveling agents. Bear this in mind, and you are safe. Mail the price of subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT to Wm. White & Co., 138 Washington street, Boston. Secure post-office orders when convenient. And, especially, look after that sandy-haired impostor.

"Questions and Answers on Wages," No. 3, will appear in our next issue.

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, in behalf of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, lectured in Scituate last April, and aroused a general interest in the subject of Spiritualism. A few Sundays ago C. B. Lyon, the young and eloquent speaker, gave three inspirational discourses there, to the satisfaction of all his hearers.

Our friend Clayton, 29 and 31 Elm street, Boston, can and does make a better fitting coat than any other tailor in Boston.

If reports from France may be relied upon great activity prevails in all the military departments of the Empire. Indeed it is said that ever since the signature of the Luxembourg treaty, military preparations have been resumed on a large scale. The reorganization of the artillery, which was suspended, is now being carried on, and great improvements have been effected in the "train," which will render the artillery service more perfect than formerly.

A Mrs. Chamberlain, of New Haven, dreamed the other night that her son, eleven years of age, was drowned, and was so impressed thereby that she would not allow him to go with her to South End by boat on Thursday, but sent him in the omnibus. Soon after his arrival there he was drowned while bathing.

The New England Conservatory of Music gave a grand matinee musicale at Music Hall, on Tuesday, July 9, at twelve o'clock. The programme consisted of eighteen pieces by the most eminent composers.

Mr. T. C. Evans, 129 Washington street, Boston, who succeeds the late firm of Evans and Lincoln in the General Advertising Agency business, is a gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with the features of his most important branch of business, and can open to advertisers a field whose working will be sure to lead them to prosperity and wealth. He has some of the soundest and most enterprising of the ideas connected with advertising. We authorize him to make advertising contracts for the BANNER, and cordially recommend him to all. He has recently put forth a very neat little manual, called "The Advertiser's Handbook," which all business men should carefully look through.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. Take what time you please to make up your mind; but having made it up, stick to it.

Digby advises Elder Grant, of the World's Crisis, to buy the last invented flying-machine—if it has n't already gone up!

THE NURSERY.—In our last notice of this admirable little magazine for youngest readers, there was an error in the name of the publisher. Let it be remembered, therefore, that the Nursery is published by John L. Shorey, 13 Washington street. Price, one dollar and fifty cents a year; fifteen cents a single number. Friends of children should send for specimen copies.

Jo Cose has a "constitution club" near his office in Bromfield street. It is a very taking affair.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Record of Zoistic Science and Intelligence, is received regularly at this office from London. In plain English, this is a spiritual magazine, and should be patronized by American Spiritualists. The May and June numbers are for sale at this office. Single copies, 35 cents.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—About half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, Mrs. Charlotte Pettigill, aged maiden lady, residing on Essex street in this town, was found dead in her bed, her death being produced, it is thought, by a paralytic shock received soon after retiring, as the body was quite cold when discovered. Some three years since she had a shock, but recovered from its effects, and up to the night of her death was in her ordinary state of good health. A singular instance of clairvoyance is related as having occurred in connection with this death. A young lady in Bradford who is sick, spoke much and often of seeing the deceased present in the room during the night, and calling her by name, although she has never known or heard of her, nor had her attendant, who only learned of the death on visiting town during yesterday forenoon.—Haverhill (Mass.) Tri-Weekly Publisher, June 29.

A Leavenworth paper, in urging enlistment in a Kansas regiment about to be raised to fight Indians, says: "The service will last for three or four months only, and will be a source of health, pleasure and profit to all who enlist." Here is a specimen of modern Christianity.

The following paragraph we find in the daily prints:

"A searching investigation has brought to light a defaulter in the person of Rev. C. O. Hutchinson, late Indian Agent of the Ottawas in Kansas, who is deficient to an amount exceeding thirty thousand dollars for moneys received from the sales of Ottawa trust lands. A portion of this money had found its way into the Ottawa University, of which Rev. I. S. Killoch is President. This pious rascality is but a specimen of hundreds of similar cases which have come to light recently.

REMOVAL.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike has removed his office from No. 2 Hancock House, to No. 120 Court street. The Doctor has been very successful in the treatment of disease, for the very good reason that he is not only a thorough practitioner, but a psychologist as well. Understanding the magnetic laws governing the human system better than many other physicians, he at once applies the proper remedies, and hence scarcely ever fails of conquering the most obstinate diseases.

It is said that the experiment, of crossing the Osage goat with the common goat of this country has been tried with great success. The wool excels in beauty and fineness of texture.

Capt. Nathaniel and Mary Webster, of Amesbury, celebrated their "golden wedding" recently, with great eclat, according to *The Village*. The company present numbered one hundred and fifty persons. Mrs. Webster is one of the most reliable writing mediums in this country. We have tested her powers for years, and know this to be the case. She is also a good healing medium.

Mrs. Emma J. Bullens has a "nice, bouncing boy baby"—so her husband informs us.

The cause of the death of the Archduchess Matilda, of Austria, affianced to the heir of the Italian throne, has transpired. She was smoking a cigarette in her parlor, and when some one came in she hastily put it behind her, and her dress, which was of light material, caught fire, and she was burned to death.

The execution of Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon on the 19th of June, is confirmed by recent advices from Mexico. The capital was surrendered to Diaz, June 21. Mejia and Miramon shared the fate of Maximilian, with the difference, it is said, that they were shot in the back.

Flattery is a sort of money to which our vanity gives currency.

The Independence Bells says: "The journey of the Queen of Spain, although officially announced to the Cortes, is not yet quite decided. In Paris it is said to depend on the success of a loan of 50,000,000 of francs which the Court wishes to contract for the expenses of its trip. It is a large sum, but in that sum 25,000,000 figures as that which the Queen wishes to place in the coffers of the Holy See when she visits Pius IX."

November and December are rightly named; they are the embers of the dying year.

Of the thirty-three locomotives in the Paris Exhibition only one is from America, and it has taken a gold medal. The French house of Cresset has taken the grand prize for locomotives.

In the course of a week or two we shall probably have telegraphic communication with Havana and other points in the Island of Cuba.

The Sultan of Turkey presented the Empress of the French a necklace valued (says the *Situation*) at 2,500,000 f. (£100,000).

A SPIRITUAL DONATION.—Dr. Calvin Hall, of Williamstown, Conn., has placed one thousand dollars in the hands of the proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the organ and exponent of Spiritualism in the United States, to aid in circulating that paper in families where it does not go, by degrading half its yearly subscription price for persons who cannot pay the full price (\$3.00). Therefore to all who remit \$1.50, with evidence of their inability to pay more, the paper will be sent one year. The BANNER OF LIGHT is published by William White & Co., Boston, Mass., and is one of the most interesting and valuable papers we have ever seen. It has for its contributors some of the ablest writers living or in the spirit-land, and it presents weekly a rich literary repast.—Tri-Weekly Leader, Covington, Ky.

W. A. D. Hume writes us that he has just closed a course of thirteen lectures in Liberty, the outlet to name the State, and we cannot take the liberty to supply it, as we find in the different States five towns named Liberty, where he was kindly and hospitably received, and trusts that good results.

Recent advices from Carthage, Columbia, state that Mosquera, the President of the confederation, had been arrested by the leading general of the army, and that the usurpations of that personage had been brought to an end. He is closely confined, it is said, and has been proclaimed a traitor.

Very many of our church spires are undergoing needed repairs. They appear to give out early and often, and are overhauled and tinkered about as frequently as the creeds under them. Are each equally defective?—Boston Post.

The liquor law vote of Maine stands: Yeas, 19,338; nays, 5,535.

It is announced that the first year's revenue from the Atlantic Cable will amount to four hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, or within fifteen thousand pounds of the original cost of the last laid cable.

Mr. Marcy, in his "Christianity and its Conflicts," estimates that one-third of the people of the United States deny the divinity of Christ, and eight millions of Protestants in Europe also hold a similar want of belief.

LYING.—In a sermon Sunday evening on the subject of "Lying," replete with illustrations, the preacher stated that he knew a person who owned and rented twenty-five dwelling houses, which paid him fifteen per cent, and still the owner swore he was not liable to a Government income tax.—Boston Transcript, 8th.

The "New York Mercury," a literary weekly of the sensational sort, has been discontinued.

A lady brought before the Police Court of Cleveland, for drunkenness, wore \$5000 worth of diamonds.

The Boston Advertiser calls the houses built by railroad conductors "fare-y palaces."

Official investigation shows a deficiency in the Sub-Treasury at New Orleans of \$1,000,000.

The English Government has announced that the six penny postage between America and England will be put into operation about the 1st of January, 1868.

The Millerites of Maine have fixed on the 12th proximo as the period of the Millennium.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.—The extraordinary success of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin in introducing their Cabinet Organ is based, without doubt, on the excellence of the instrument. They are not content, however, with what they have already accomplished, and with the bushels of testimonials and pecks of medals which they have received, but are constantly in questing what inventors consider improvements, and purchasing and using them if they are found of value.—Boston Advertiser.

The Difference.

The Evangelical churches say that the Bible contains revelations to man. So do the Spiritualists.

These churches say that man has performed acts contrary to known physical law and human power, by a higher power and other laws. So say the Spiritualists.

These Evangelicals say that men were inspired to speak truths from a source higher than themselves. The Spiritualists say the same.

The same churches say that the soul of man lives after the body dies; that man is immortal. The same thing is said by the Spiritualists.

The difference between the people of the churches and the Spiritualists is only this, nothing more: that the church people don't believe what they say—denying the evidence and proof of it! And the spiritual people believe and know what they say, admitting the evidence and proof, having seen and heard for themselves.

If they believe not the things they have seen, how can they believe the things they have not seen? Who is infidel?—J. H.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
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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, seven cloth, three in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 20th edition, just out. 5 vols. Great Illustrations, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, an autobiography of the author. Penitential Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Morning Lectures (20 discourses.) History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Frequencies, Harmonical Man, Free Thought's Concerning Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual—Fifty American Crisis, and Gist of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$1.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price 85 cents. Self-Confessions of the Bible, 25 cts. Self-Confessions of the Bible, 25 cts. London Spiritual Magazine, and Human Nature, each 30 cts. monthly. Poems of Life, and Minutiae, 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 Dutton. We have it.

Man and His Relations. The great book by S. B. Britton. Price \$2.50; postage 40 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay postage on all orders not exceeding \$10. Send post office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law. Woman's Secret. Now and rich. Price \$1.75; postage 24 cts. Microphot, 81; postage 12 cts. Joan of Arc, 81; postage 12 cts. Queen Mah, 75 cts.; postage 9 cts. Seventy-five varieties of covered pamphlets.

Popular Medicines.
Mr. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. H. B. Ringer's preparation of Dodd's Nerve and the Neutropathic System all continue to bring words of approval to our office. King's Ambrosia for grey hair is also on our shelves.

"Straws show which way the Wind Blows."

The following, from the New York Herald, of Sunday, June 30th, is significant, and coming from a paper that always trims its sails to the wind, and outstrips its neighbors both in circulation and yacht sailing, may be relied on as stating a fact, and making foolish comments on it, as it often does on other subjects as well as on religion:

"THE RELIGIOUS PRESS IN A DILEMMA.—The religious press of this metropolis is in a dilemma because it is in a transition state, and hardly a Church journal seems to know it. The Independent makes a jump; but only jumps over the fence to fall in the ditch on the other side. A great deal of the religious press in all the Churches will break out after a while, and many strange things will then come to light, and a new and great reformation will follow. Meantime, on the platform of the Sermon on the Mount, that glorious foundation of Christianity, we have some idea of starting a new religious weekly journal, and with a view to some 'aid and comfort' in this grand undertaking, we invite the opinions in writing of all professors of divinity of all our Christian Churches who are satisfied that a general Church reformation is needed, and who have any well considered measures of reform to suggest. It is a generally accepted doctrine that the duty of the press is to enlighten and to change, and the duty of the pulpit in another. We begin to think, however, that the press and the pulpit, editors and parsons, ought to work together. With the aid of our thinking and progressive professors of our different Churches, therefore, we shall, perhaps, try the experiment of a new religious journal, without depending upon joint stock subscriptions or contracts for straw hats and ale and porter for the army. Progressive Christians, let us hear from you. The Holy Father at Rome is wide awake. Is not his example of a grand revival worth following?"

Ignorance in Regard to Spiritualism.

We are constantly surprised at the general ignorance on the subject of Spiritualism. We meet persons in the busy walks of life who have never seen a spirit manifestation, never had a séance with a medium, never read a spiritual book, or even paper, and some of them seem astonished at the extent of our literature and our claims of numerical strength, and the spread of our philosophy. They often stare at the age and size of the BANNER, as if it must have been born before the advent of Spiritualism and converted over to it. But when we meet an editor, as we do occasionally, who is ignorant of the nature and extent of our philosophy, we wonder what he can find to write about, or how he can interest or instruct his readers. We can see how a man may be a Christian and believe the earth is flat, and Jehovah a large old man, and Jesus his son, whose blood washes out the sinners' stains; but how such ignorance as a total want of knowledge of Spiritualism can leave a man fit to act as an editor in this country, is a puzzle to us.

Summer Health.

Summer has come in earnest, with its hot sun and showers, but there is no extra amount of sickness or mortality yet. The Excise Law is doing great good in this city, and the Board of Health is at work in the right direction in reforming tenement houses, and ordering the filthy places cleaned. High up in Broadway and high above the pavement as we are, the impure air and stench of some streets have little or no effect on us, yet everywhere at this season of the year caution is necessary to save us from sickness, and no people have so many advantages as Spiritualists, for we have the wisdom and experience of both worlds, and abundance of counsel and advice from the spirit-life. Trained under the old system and converted into the new, we have advantage of both; and if we do not escape most diseases, it will be attributable to neglect, or carelessness, or disregard of good advice, or in some cases to the seeds of Orthodoxy which lie dormant in some systems till the plague comes to arouse them to action; but most of us will avoid both Calvinism and calomel.

Suffrage.

We are occasionally pleased or regaled by a sharp criticism on suffrage by a woman who is indignant at the efforts to secure the privilege of voting to women. Among the double-shotted arguments we have recently heard against it from that source, is a statement of several men who would get divorced from their wives if they would go to elections and vote with men, and especially when men drink and chew and swear and fight, and; but these husbands can go and take part, and then go home drunk and filthy with tobacco, profanity and vulgarisms, and the wife must not complain. Where prejudice is too strong for reason, no arguments will avail, or we should gently suggest that no woman would be compelled to vote if they had the right, and also that we could conduct elections decently if the women would help us.

Philosophy of Human Beauty, or Physical Perfection.

This book should be in every family, and thoroughly read and re-read and observed by all young persons, and also by the old if they would be teachers of the young or desire health for themselves. It is one of the most complete works on physical culture, discipline, and of diet and regimen, in the market, and a work well worth more than its price to every person who has to eat, drink, sleep, dress, walk, talk and live in this age of sickness and sorrow. We should be glad to in-

troduce this book into every family, with personal and strong recommendations, not because we have it for sale—for we have many other very valuable books for sale—but because it would be a good and safe guide to health in many families; but as we cannot we will send it by mail on receipt of the price, one dollar and seventy-five cents, and pay the postage as a proof of our sincerity, or for two dollars will send it and Sunderland's Manual of Self-Healing.

Squibbling.

The editor of the Brooklyn Eagle is evidently in a dilemma. He does not know whether to treat Spiritualism with candor, with levity, or with contempt, and consequently makes miserable work writing upon a subject with which he is utterly unacquainted. There are no class of people in the world who so quickly betray their ignorance and weakness as editors and writers for the public, and when a man attempts to spread himself out over a variety of subjects, and is not broad enough to cover them, he soon betrays the want of breadth and narrowness of mind which unfit him for the place he occupies. But we cannot as well place the weakness and ignorance of this man before our readers as in his own words of comment on one of those pleasant and agreeable recreations of the Children's Lyceum, a picnic, which he evidently attended, as one of the same class he describes; whether "lunatic," "long-haired," "disappointed" or "hopeless," we leave to the reader to judge from the following:

A battalion of the noble army of Spiritualists had a picnic at Fort Lee yesterday. The company was similar to all spiritualistic assemblies. There were long-haired and lunatic men, disappointed, unhappy and hopeless old and middle-aged women, and curious spectators. Several media were present, and the chief person represented by them was Robert Emmett. Being called on for a speech he declined to address the audience, but contented to recite a poem. It was a feeble Fenian parody on the Last Rose of Summer, and Irishmen will regret to know that Mr. Emmett has become fearfully demoralized intellectually since his translation to another sphere. The characteristics of Spiritualism will prevent its gaining strength among thoughtful people. It gives no evidence whatever of growth. Its tracks are as absurd, its pretended revelations as trivial, as at the outset. Its speakers repeat the same transcendental and senseless phrases that first astonished the ignorant. Its media make great men of history talk the same unmeaning phrases they put in their mouths when originally summoned back to earth. Other forms of religious belief, however heterodox, make progress and bring to their support something of thought and culture, but Spiritualism develops nothing intellectual, and never rises above the vulgar level of jugglery."

Library Literature.

The demand is constantly increasing and is already large for suitable literature for the Children's Progressive Lyceum Libraries, and we have none just now. Have to go to Harper, Appleton, Peterson, or anywhere, and get the nonsense, trash, falsehoods, and worn-out theology, or have no libraries for children.

Who will begin this work? Is there no competent person to fit up and arrange a children's library of suitable books for the children of Spiritualists and free thinkers? We have writers enough for newspapers, with their style of reading, well fitted for such minds, but no little books, or none but the Manual, which is a book of discipline, and not of reading for a library. It fills its place well, but the shelves of the libraries are empty, for want of suitable books, or filled with sectarian literature. We have had to fill out two library bills this week, and are actually ashamed to say we have books only for adults to read.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. M. A. Pearson, the well-known test medium, is journeying in New York, trying to recuperate her wasted energies, and will endeavor as soon as possible to visit her friends in New Jersey and Brooklyn. If able, on her return she will stop at Norwich, Conn. All letters for her can be directed to care of BANNER OF LIGHT, 544 Broadway, New York City.

Picnic on the Hudson.

The second excursion and picnic of the Spiritualists of New York and vicinity, will take place Thursday, July 18th, 1867. The grounds are engaged at Bluff Grove, Fort Lee, on the Hudson. The steamer Thomas E. Hulse will leave the Christopher street Pier at 10 A. M., and touch at 34th street each way. Andrew Jackson Davis, the world-renowned "seer" and author, Hon. J. W. Edwards, Hon. Warren Chase, and other distinguished guests are expected to be present. A band of music will be in attendance. Tickets 50 cents, children 25 cents. To be had at the Pier on the morning of the excursion, and on Sunday at Masonic Hall, East 13th street. No person will be admitted on the grounds without an excursion ticket. P. E. FARNSWORTH, Conductor. TRUS MERRITT, Assistant.

N. B.—Should Thursday prove stormy, the excursion will be postponed to the next day.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, formerly Mrs. E. D. Simon, Clairvoyant, Astrologer and Electric Physician, removed from 1249 to 1162 Broadway, New York.

Spiritualist Picnic.

The first Grand Union Picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, for 1867, will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, July 26. A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Depot at half-past eight A. M., and at twelve noon, for the Grove. Fare from Boston: adults, eighty cents; children with parents, fifty cents. From way stations, take the regular trains; also from Plymouth, at reduced fare. No refreshment stands or exhibitions allowed on the ground. H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Boston, July 11, 1867.

Convention of Mediums and Speakers at Rochester, N. Y.

Agreeably to the adjournment and wish of the Convention of Mediums, &c., held at Batavia in April last, a Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Schiltzer's Hall, corner North Clinton and Andrew streets, Rochester, Saturday and Sunday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at 10 o'clock on Saturday, at which time the lecturing Committee of the Genesee Association of Spiritualists are requested to meet for the selection of one or more itinerant lecturers for the fall and winter campaign. Our Rochester friends tender their hospitalities to those who attend, and a cordial invitation is extended to all mediums and speakers who wish to unite in a harmonious gathering of this kind. Let us assemble in the city where the Infant Spiritism was cradled less than twenty years ago, to exchange congratulations upon its unprecedented growth, and take counsel with the angels in regard to its continued unfoldment, and enjoy another of those most glorious Pentecostal seasons. With souls attuned to harmony, let us then converse and receive the truth, heavenly blessing that vouches up the truth. J. W. SEAVEY, Committee. Byron, N. Y., July 5, 1867.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The regular semi-annual Convention of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association, will be held in Boston, at the Melancon, (Tremont Temple), Thursday, July 25th. As the interests of the Association preeminently concern the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, it is firmly hoped that the entire State, from Berkshire to Barnstable, will be fully represented. Friends, let there be a grand rally in favor of associative effort. Per order of the Executive Committee, L. S. RICHMOND, President. GEO. A. BACON, Corresponding Secretary.

Dean Clark in New Hampshire. Mr. Dean Clark is lecturing for us with decided success. His engagement in Sutton is for the month of July; and the friends of other towns will do well if they can secure his services for the rest of the summer. Mr. Clark is a young man of personal worth, a smart speaker, clear and logical. F. CHASE. Sutton, N. H., July 10, 1867.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] Mrs. R., Chicago, Ill.—The medium you refer to resides at 14 Lexington street, Charlestown, Mass.

Business Matters.

THE RADICAL for July is for sale at this 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 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

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

IN THE MANY conflicts DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS has had with NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous affections, it has always been victorious. Indeed, such is the confidence the medical faculty have in it that they constantly prescribe it. Apothecaries have it. PHARMACEUTICAL DEPOT, 120 TREMONT 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 CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS

Save your Doctor's Bills. COX'S DYSPEPSIA CURE will save the expense of a doctor very many times if kept on hand ready for immediate use. In the summer season, for Cholera Morbus, Pain in the stomach, Diarrhoea, &c., it is a sure and certain remedy.

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the fact that we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or paper cover. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., 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 have paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts, and you who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

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Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

PSYCHOMETRY—MINING—CHARACTER.

ANNE DENTON CHIDGE, who has—with her brother, Prof. William Denton—devoted sixteen years to the special study of Psychometry and its laws, having made the important discovery that it can be applied to Geology, Mining, etc., examining and locating.

MINES;

tracing the metallic veins, indicating the direction in which mines can be worked to the best advantage, and what metals they will contain. For Coal and Iron land may contain.

REQUIREMENTS.—A specimen of rock weighing at least two ounces, as far from the surface as practicable, wrapped with inside sheet of white paper, kept from all unnecessary contact, and promptly mailed. Persons having for sale or to be sold, a small pump specimen suitably prepared. Character delineated from hand-writing, etc., wrapped as above, and carefully kept from contact with other persons. Sometimes glimpses of the Future are thus obtained. Terms.—For character, \$2.00; for all metals, etc., \$5.00. Address, care of Alfred Chidge, at the Quartermaster-General's Office, Washington, D. C. July 20.

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THE MAGNETIC INNER SOLAR can be depended on as a positive remedy for COLD FEET and IMPURE CIRCULATION. Descriptive Circular, with Testimonials and direct directions for use, mailed free. Sold by Druggists in all the United States. VOLTAIC ARMOR ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 132 Washington street, Boston, Mass. July 20—17

\$40 PER DAY TO AGENTS.

LOYD'S GREAT DOUBLE MAP OF EUROPE AND AMERICA, containing mounted and varnished colored ribbons, finished in day, shows ten million names of cities, towns, villages, railway stations, rivers, mountains, lakes, &c. Cost \$100,000. Yet sells at 84—worth 60 each map, 25 each picture. Has been in use for years on the wall, with couple faced rollers and reverence, by which each map can be thrown front. Every house in the land wants a copy. Printed instructions for use sent free. Send for our circular. Ladies do as well as men. Send money for sample, and see the map first. If not sold taken back on demand. Wholesale agents, with capital and Western States, California, New Orleans, Canada, South America, West India and New England states, could get \$10 a copy for this map. J. T. LLOYD, 21 CORNHILL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

A PRIVATE Medical and Business Clairvoyant. Of much experience, can be consulted at any antirust, New York. 4w—July 20.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, Medium, No. 3 Tremont Row, Room 15. 4w—July 20.

TO LET.—Furnished Rooms by the day or week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston, Mass. 3w—July 20.

THE MAIDEN IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

A LETTER.—"SOPHIA EMMETT: The beautiful copy of W. P. A. Emerson's '

Message Department.

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

Mr. 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 bear this in mind. We should be pleased to have them call and see us, as usual, notwithstanding.

Invocation.

Our Father, we are here in obedience to thy commands; here to answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" here to give thanks unto thy most holy name for the gift of eternal life, for the victory over death and the grave; here to bless thee that thou hast called us to minister unto the necessities of human life; here to praise thee that our feet do again tread the thorny ways of our earthly life; here to raise our thoughts in unison with the joy-bells of creation, in thanksgiving to thee, our Father, our Life, our Eternal Strength. This early spring day of earth in its own way, oh our Father, sends up its countless voices of praise to thee. All the flowers of the valleys and woodlands lift their heads in thanksgiving to thee, the God of Nature and the soul. Everything in its own way and according to its own law doth pay homage unto thee, the Alpha and Omega of all.

Father, we thank thee that there is darkness on earth, for if there were not, there would be no need of ministering angels to bestow light. We thank thee that there is sorrow north, south, east and west, for if there were not, thy messengers beyond the confines of Time would find little to do.

Father, we thank thee that the power of thy truth in great and mighty waves is rolling over the land. Thy sons and thy daughters are prophesying concerning thee. We know thy spirit can never absent itself from us, for we are in thee, and thou art teaching us all along our way, uniting thy great soul with our souls. Thou hast told us this—thou art so teaching us through all thy way of life. And so, oh Father, wherever thou dost send us, we know thou wilt be there to guide, to direct, to bless, and finally to crown us with that everlasting peace that the soul so earnestly prays for. Amen. May 6.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, it is now our purpose to consider your queries, if you have such.

Ques.—By E. M. Hendrick, M. D., of Bolivar, Mo.: Can the spirit explain how it is possible for the spirit and body possessing a definite organized form to pass through a solid wall, without disorganizing that form, or displacing so much of the wall as is equal to the dimensions of that spiritual form?

Ans.—There are gases which are so exceedingly subtle as to be able to pass through any known substance. The spirit, as a spirit, is more refined than any gas, more ethereal, and at the same time always capable of exercising its own law over the law of matter. The walls of this room offer no resistance to the spirit who desires to enter here. Thou art the most powerful of all things in existence, and yet it is the most ethereal, the most subtle. Thought can penetrate all substances, can range all worlds. There is no limit to it. An entire and perfect freedom belongs to thought, and thought is spirit. All the crude forms which have an existence upon the crust of the earth, have an existence by virtue of their own law; but this law is inferior to the law of mind. It has been said in Ancient Writ that man should have dominion over all things; over the birds of the air, over the fish of the sea. Over all things that have form, the soul has power. It stands apart from all, and can exercise its power over all. The sculptor, by the power of thought, from the rude block of marble can chisel the most comely form. The marble offers its own degree of resistance, but it is by no means able to cope with the power of the sculptor's will, the work. Steadily the work goes on, step by step, until at last it seems to speak, so life-like is it. While you are compassed about by the things of time, while you are forced to reason and weigh all by your human senses, you can never fully comprehend the power of your spirit. But when you shall have passed beyond time and sense, when you shall stand above and apart from the law that governs earthly things, you shall know this, and be able to exercise power upon them, even as we do. There is no infringement on our part upon any law in Nature. When we return, we return in accordance with all law, human and divine. If we enter your dwellings when your doors are closed, we do so in accordance with the law of the material and the law of our own being. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to open for his children's inspection his wondrous volume of Time and Eternity. While you are bound by the conditions of Time, you can only read correctly the volume of Time. That which pertains to Eternity you may have dim visions concerning; but you can never fully comprehend it, until you stand face to face with it, and are clothed upon with your immortal body.

Q.—By the same: Can spirits transmit one solid substance through another solid substance; as for instance a clock through the walls of a house? If so, explain the philosophy of the same?

A.—There are certain scientific souls in the spirit-land, who so clearly understand the laws of mind and matter, that they are able, under certain conditions, to dissolve the connection between the particles of matter that hold any particular article together, like these things [tables]. Thus they are enabled to pass one crude form of matter through another as ease. For instance, take an iron ring. They are capable of dissolving the connection between the particles holding it as a ring, and are capable, also, of uniting them again. All forms that have an existence with you have an existence also in the spirit-land in counterpart. Every form, whether it is an outgrowth of Nature or Art, that has an existence here on the face of the earth, has its counterpart in the spirit-land. And those souls who delight to seek into the mysteries of mind and matter, are continually experimenting, performing no miracles, but taking advantage of natural law to perform natural manifestations.

Q.—Was not America discovered and inhabited by the Romans and Egyptians hundreds of years before Columbus?

A.—It has recently been ascertained that a company of Northernmen discovered this continent long before Columbus had an existence on the earth. And we may as well add, they were not original in their discovery by any means, for others had preceded them. It has been peopled and desolated, we believe, again and again; and as your scientists advance in geology, they will be able to prove, and not disprove, the assertion that is made here. May 6.

Anson Whipple.

About ten years ago I was first made aware that the dismantled soul could return to the place of its former abode and, under lawful conditions, could communicate with those it had left; but I have never been able to make any communication positive and direct until to-day.

Ten years ago there were two forms, perhaps more, but two at all events in the pulpit. One form was the material body of the intelligence who has just been answering your questions; the other was myself, an unseen form. He was discoursing to the people concerning the love of God, and discoursing from a Bible of which I was the publisher, and I wondered if it could be possible that I could be drawn back to earth by so small a circumstance. And I found that I could, and instead of a man's works following him, man always follows his works. A part of myself was unconsciously laid upon the altar of that volume; not that I did any labor upon it really, but my thoughts were there; my life was there, and I returned to it. It would seem that in the order of God's providence nothing is lost, not even the thought that slumbers in a name that is written or printed centuries ago; not lost—all saved and made use of.

Well, after that I, from time to time, was drawn to the man, not because he always preached from that Bible particularly, but because I had got into his life and rather liked him, because he seemed to have opened a new field of thought. He taught of a God of Love, of a God who would never shut the door of his Heavenly Kingdom upon any soul. I did not so believe, and because I did not, I was constantly in fear of hell. I did not know but what at any time I might be cast into it. I was not on safe ground. But I came to this man again and again, and while his young soul went out in prayer to the God he worshipped, I listened, and I learned to love this God and to believe in him. So I from time to time was an unseen attendant on this man, till his God saw fit to call him higher, when I met him face to face and became intimate with him.

But I did not stop after I learned to love his God of Love, for I have faith in him still. And I have been made very happy in my work. I have found enough to do without coming here to earth at all. I have found many a benighted soul in the spirit-world whose belief was a mistaken one, and I have taken them by the hand and led them to this man's God, and they've all been pleased with his God—every one of them, and they have all come out into a new field of religious belief and action.

We are here to-day, all my people, all my children that I have gathered up from the darkness of religious superstition, and they are made happy by it. I know that it has pleased God to call every one of us to earth; ay, more, I believe that the soul manifests in accordance with God's will, so we are here by God's will.

I've learned to come, I've learned to control, by coming in contact with the good friend, the brother that has just left. And now, oh I hope I may be able to do something for those who are in darkness; if not directly, then indirectly. If any of my friends would like to communicate with Anson Whipple, of Walpole, New Hampshire, they're only to say so, and I'm ready and willing to give them all that God has given me freely. Good-day. May 6.

William Carroll.

The manufacturing of Bibles was n't my forte. In the early part of my life if you wanted a good pump made I could do that; but later, if you wanted advice concerning a good horse I could furnish it. But Bibles I had very little to do with. Perhaps I'm the worse for it in the spirit-world, but however it remains to be seen.

My name was Carroll, William Carroll, more generally known as Bill Carroll, horse jockey. [Where of.] New York. [City?] Yes; but really I should say here I hailed from St. Louis, because there's where I took my departure from.

Now, Mr. President, or Chairman, or Superintendent, whatever you are, it won't take you more than five minutes to learn that I'm green at this business, if you've got any sort of discernment or powers of perception at all. But like everybody else who dares to come with no more knowledge than I have, you may suppose if they are here at all, they are here for something.

Now you see I have folks here on the earth who are so puzzled concerning this hereafter, that it takes away all the enjoyment of this world. Instead of taking what there is, and appropriating it as they go on in life, they say we'll be happy when something better comes along. That was never my style. I was always in the habit of taking blessings as they were given. I made very little profession concerning any religion. I believe I had some faith in a hereafter, God, and all that, but I said very little about it. But I thought there was somebody at the helm who understood his business better than I did, and creation would go on about the same if I put my ear in or held my tongue. I wish my friends—seeing that I'm comfortably off here, for I am—would try the same plan, and instead of bothering themselves day and night about what is going to become of them, take all the heaven they can get here; and if hell's in store for them, wait till they get it. It's time enough to take care of those things when they come.

An old traveling minister from one of the Eastern States once spoke to me in this way: "Don't you think it's about time that you attended to your soul's salvation? Haven't you tended more to worldly things than to your soul's salvation?" "Well," I say, "old chap, I don't know. If you have any reference to horses, I don't know as I regret what I've had to do with them. And as to taking care of my soul, I'll leave that to whoever made it. If God made it, and made no provision for it as long as it had an existence, it was a great mistake of His, that's all I can say."

Well, I stand just about there now. My folks won't think I've changed any. They need n't trouble themselves about fitting themselves for any distant heaven. It's heaven enough to go right on to the thoroughfare and pick up little ragged urchins, give them food to eat, and put clothes on their backs; and if they've any sort of a wish for an education, give that to them, if you can. If you can't give them anything else, give them a smile and a good soft word. That's my style. That, to me, is taking care of your soul in the most direct way; that's the best kind of a heaven I know of.

Now you see some of my folks are making it rather dark for my little girl—little Alice. I don't know but it is the very best course they could point out to her, but it's not my way. She don't know anything more about hell or heaven than what's come within the narrow experience of her own life; and what's the use of their talking to her about things she can't understand? To me it's all nonsense. And if I've a voice in the matter, I'm going to raise it against it. So I only want them to know I can come back; that I've got all my faculties—only some of them are a little stronger, little clearer—and I would like to talk with them right face to face. I'll take away their fear of death, and I'll take away their fear of hell, I think. And if there's any trouble between me and God about it, I'll settle it myself with Him, for there's nobody to make any prayers, or to settle any difficulty that you may get into on our side. So if I get into any trouble in coming back to my friends, I'll have to settle it myself. And I'll be pretty sure not to get them into any trouble that they can't get out of easy as I can get out of mine.

If old Aunt Green has a mind to show my communication to my folks, I'll be very much obliged. And in turn, if I can bring any of her friends back to her, I'll do so. She has the way open, reads and talks with folks on the other side, and does all she can to convince people that spirits do return after death. And if she don't get ready to come this way [to the spirit-world] before my article gets into your paper, I hope she'll show it to them. [Is she going to pass on soon?] Well, I rather reckon the folks or man up aloft is contemplating calling Aunt Green to the spirit-world; but it seems that others don't think so.

Well, Mr. Superintendent, if I can do anything for you any time, all you have to do is to call on me. [Do what you've been advising others to.] I'm always ready to work; don't like lazy folks. That's why I don't like to get anybody to pray for me. It's all very well to hear prayers and to profit by them, but if you've got anything to do, do it yourself. Good-day to you. If I had the nag I used to have, I would trot out of here in good shape. May 6.

Marian Mason.

I desire to reach my parents. Three years ago I left them in Charleston, S. C. My name, sir, was Marian Mason, my father's name Benjamin Mason, my mother's Elizabeth. I want to go to them, sir, because everything now is changed, and they're not happy. And I want to tell them how happy I am, only when I go to them.

My brother Edward was killed in the war. He is here, too. If you'll please, sir, to say I'm so anxious to come, I'll be greatly indebted to you. [How old were you?] Thirteen. May 6.

John C. Calhoun.

"The Constitution and the Union; or how shall we unite that which civil war has separated?"

This is the question that has reached me in my spirit-home. And those who knew me on earth, who are dear to me as friends, have earnestly prayed that I would return, giving them advice in this matter.

It is hardly possible to unite that which is exerting from its centre a power to disorganize. The centre around which this nation has rallied since that document was formed is the Constitution, and neither North nor South are willing to give it up, or to sufficiently amend it, as to make it serve people to-day. How shall we reconstruct? how shall we heal this great gaping wound? The South utters the cry, the North utters the same cry; and the inner forces that are latent at both North and South, are, it seems to me already pregnant with the answer.

It is a fact that souls in individual identity and collectively, are perpetually looking toward the past to know how to step into the future. And this is right, for men learn, by the mistakes they have made, how to conduct themselves in the present.

To that little group of my friends who have called upon me to answer their question, I have only to say, the same power by which this civil war was inaugurated will reconstruct the Union. Was it the unrest of the South? No. Was it the radical spirit of the North? No. But it was simply the Spirit of the Age, North and South. This same spirit, my friends, will teach you how to reconstruct, and although you receive the light by slow degrees, yet it will come. You shall receive it in its fullness. You will know that your Constitution is not large enough for you. It has shielded you in the past, but in your present proportions you are greater. You have need of something more; and unless the proportions of that document are enlarged so as to make it lose its original identity, it will not answer for you. Your souls are greater and demand greater scope. Parchments never grow, but the thoughts of nations do; and because they do, parchments must be laid aside, and instead of bowing down before them as your guide, your God, turn to the Spirit of the Age, and that Spirit shall teach you how to reconstruct. May 6.

Séance opened by T. Starr King; closed by John C. Calhoun; letters answered by C. A. Randall.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose Infinitude we cannot comprehend, thou who art the Spirit of all Time and Eternity, we pray thee that thou wilt lead us out of all error into all truth. Even as Mother Nature will lead this day of shadows into the glorious arms of sunshine, so, oh our Father, do thou lead us out of all darkness into all light. We need not tell thee that the soul is fashioned to yearn for truth, for wisdom, for knowledge of thy life, for as thou hast fashioned it, thou knowest well its needs. Yet forever and forever the soul calls upon thee, asking for what it has need of, and receiving perpetually an answer to its prayers. Thou Spirit on whom all souls rely, thou Life which embraceth all life, thou Spirit which is here and everywhere, we know thou hast need of our praises, yet we must praise thee. We know thou hast need that we send up our songs of thanksgiving unto thy shrine of love, yet we must forever and forever utter our praises, because thou hast fashioned our souls to praise and pray.

Our Father, we thank thee that there are valleys and mountains of experience everywhere. We thank thee that even in the spirit-world there are deep tales of sadness, for, oh our Father, were it not for these, when the soul stands upon the mountains of joy it would not understand how to apply the joy to its needs. Father, thy wisdom is beyond our wisdom, thy power is beyond our power, thy law is beyond our law, and we will trust thee, we will love thee, we will worship thee forever in the beauty of holiness. Amen. May 7.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—W. Freeman thus writes to Dr. W. E. Channing: "DEAR SIR:—A commentary purporting to come from you, was written in this city,

about two years since. Whatever you may have to say in relation to this work will be of interest to many who have heard of, and the few who have seen it."

Ans.—The commentary referred to I have indeed taken a very deep interest in, and it partakes largely of my life; but I cannot in truth claim the authorship of it. Though I may claim a large portion of it, yet it would be unjust for me to claim it entire. The work referred to is designed to throw a certain amount of light upon Biblical lore. It is also designed to lead the mind from certain prescribed paths into new ones. It is also designed to aid and teach the mind to fashion paths of experience for itself. Although it is in itself exceedingly imperfect as a work, yet in many respects it will commend itself to those who have need of such a work. We shall not hesitate to recommend this work, not because there is nothing better to be given, not because there is nothing better that has not been given, but because we believe this will reach a class of minds that other works might not be able to reach, to aid.

Q.—Will the Intelligence please to inform us if we have any positive evidence that God made man in his own image? We ask the question, because the New Testament says no man ever saw his shape, seeing that God is a Spirit and filleth Eternity.

A.—I believe that God is imaged forth in every form; not alone in the human form, but in every other form; from the simplest form upon which humanity treads, up to the human form, the body. In the sense that God lives everywhere, and has created all forms and fashioned all forms after the manner of his sense and wisdom, man is created in his image; but I believe in no other. There are forms in existence so far beyond your human forms in point of beauty, that you would scarce be willing to dwell and manifest through these forms, were you permitted to behold them. As mortals, you cling very close to the highest forms of which your experience has taken cognizance. It is well that you do, and by so doing you obey the law of Nature. By slow and distinctive degrees you will pass into those forms; but there are no very marked steps in Nature over which the soul passes at lengthy strides. They are all short, exceedingly short, and when you are passing from one to another, you scarce recognize you are being borne on by the great tide of human and divine progression. Yet so it is. Step by step you will pass on to another set of experiences in life. The experiences of your manhood are not the experiences of your childhood; and yet you can never tell where childhood ceased and where manhood began.

Q.—Are there any unbelievers present?

A.—That you in all probability can answer as well as we can. It would be very strange if there were none, since belief is founded on absolute experience—that which is truly a belief. We are to suppose that all who are present here this afternoon have not passed through a sufficient amount of experience to decide for themselves whether they are believers in the Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. May 7.

Captain John T. Shaffer.

Yankees!—I always thought when I was on the earth—were proverbial for their always being in a hurry with everything; but if I was to judge from the way they do some things, I should say they were a great deal slower than those lower orders of life you call snails.

You see I am one of the crowd that have been waiting to see what you are going to do with those who fire your big national guns?

My name is Shaffer, John T. Shaffer, and I was Captain in an Indiana company. I gave up the lease of my life in Salisbury. I never have exactly relished it, stranger, and I, together with not one thousand, but two or three, or perhaps twelve thousand, have been waiting to see what you are going to do with the ringleader of the Southern rebellion? It's pretty hard for our widows—I've got one here on earth—and it's pretty hard for her and others, to know that A, B and C, who were prime movers, are living at the South, laying back on their ease, while the widows whose natural protectors they starred at Andersonville and Salisbury are where they are; do n't like it.

Now we propose to make a raid upon your Chief Justice. Andy says he ain't to blame; says he'd have him hung before twenty-four hours if he had his way. I believe it is a lie, but take it for granted that his words are true. But if the Chief Justice is to blame, then we'll make a raid on him—our company—I mean we dead folks, and you'll see we have just as much of the real sort of power as you have here. If we don't have the power to shoulder a musket or to wield a sabre, we have other power that is a great deal more effective, and we mean to use it, too.

I want to send a little something to my Sarah, to tell her I am alive in the way of communicating this way; that's what you call it, sending a telegram over the wires. It's new to me; do n't exactly understand it, so I'll have to learn as a school-boy learns, as I go along, I suppose.

My wife says, if she could only have command of about ten thousand veterans, she wouldn't leave one of these fellows that have been causing so much misery to others; she'd have every one of them in their graves in a week's time.

That's a mistake, Sarah. Their bodies would be underground, but they'd be where I am, be in a condition to do you even more harm than they did when here.

I don't approve of really hanging Jeff Davis; don't approve of hanging him, but I do approve of shutting him up in close quarters; give him a taste of Salisbury, Andersonville and Libby. And I'd keep him in it until he said he'd got enough. And then I should n't feed him on roast beef, but I'd give him a little wholesome punishment. Old Solomon said it was good for the soul; should think it was. It's very hard to know what's right. I know some good Christian folks say, if your enemy hunger, feed him. But I believe in administering righteous punishment, and I don't think he's getting it—ain't any of us satisfied. By-and-by this feeling of dissatisfaction will work down through the clouds, work into men's hearts and produce a bigger war than you've had yet. But never mind; you like to get stirred up, so you'll have what you like.

Well, my Sarah, I want her to know that I can come back, only I get a little riled. The waters ain't always smooth, you know, and when you see how things are going on here in some respects, it do n't make you feel very happy. I don't think I could take the place of a saint, not at any rate until I'd thrashed my enemy first. Then I might.

What's the charge? [Nothing.] Free, always free? Well, that's—well, I like it. Now one thing more. I want my wife and her brother and friends who are planning to do what they can to get Jeff Davis strung up, and several others, to know they may just as well stop now as any time, as all they can do will amount to nothing. Let the folks, I mean our folks, let those who're nothing else; do do, whose business it is to take care of him; do it; not those who have to take care of the babies; or leave it to us. They may give me a chance to,

Sarah, come and talk, and don't be alarmed and think I'm a ghost, for I don't feel very ghostlike, anyway.

Good-afternoon, Mr. Superintendent General. May 7.

Lucy Stevenson.

I am Lucy Stevenson, of Windsor Locks, Connecticut. It is nineteen years since I died; and I have two children, and I want to talk with them. I was fifty-one years old at the time of my death. There was no knowledge then that we could come back. I did n't know I could come.

There are many reasons why I should have the privilege of communicating with my children, my son Theodore, and my daughter Adella. I want to talk to them. I want them to know I can come. [Where do they live?] Adella lives in Hartford; Theodore lives in St. Louis. He's connected with an establishment that buys and sells meat—pork—in St. Louis.

I am unhappy about some things that have transpired since my death, and I want to smooth them off. I want my children to know that God is always with them. When they know that, they'll always do right.

While I was sick I wrote in my Bible a few lines, and I believe this is what they were: "I hope soon to be admitted into the joys of my Father's house of many mansions. And I hope that, when there, I shall be able to have some knowledge of what is going on with the friends I leave here. But, nevertheless, God's will, not mine, be done."

I always had a dread of being removed so far from all scenes I loved here; I suppose that dread made me write what I did.

Oh that is a prayer that God has answered. It is true that the Father has a house of many mansions in the spirit-world—houses fitted for every soul that has need of them. And then to know that we can come back—to know we can, under certain conditions, come back and watch over those we've left, under certain conditions add them, it is a pearl of great price.

I suppose I don't know—I died with a cancerous humor in the stomach. They tell me you are in the habit of receiving such things as proof of those who come. May 7.

Edward Bridges.

I'm come, mister, to see if I can't find my mother. [Where is she?] I do n't know; I reckon she's somewhere in the city. She put me in the hospital, and I died. And I've been in the spirit-land over a year, and I'm going to find my mother now. They say I can. She put me in the hospital, and I died. This is Boston? Oh, I do n't live in Boston; no, sir; I live down by the Bowery. I got hurt, and mother put me in the hospital, and I died. She is n't there, and I want to find her now; and father does, too. [Don't either of you know where she is?] Oh yes, she's on Columbia street; only we're dead, and she ain't; only we want to find her—father and me. [Do you think she lives there now?] Oh I reckon she does, because folks like her do n't move much. [Do you know the number?] Oh yes, I do know: it was 15—way up stairs, high up as you can go. The gentleman that takes care of things here said I could find her, and my father wants to. Edward Bridges, his name is. My name is Edward, too. And my father's got—he wants to tell her where he's got a hundred and fifty dollars owed him, so she can get it. [What is your mother's name?] Eliza. [If we send your letter to her, will she get it?] Yes, she can read writing. I want her to let us talk—father and me. She knows I'm dead, do n't she? Yes, because father said she come there after I was dead. I want her to know how we live. You tell her Eddie wants to talk to her, will you?

I'm most ten years old? [How did you get hurt?] I had my arm crushed. Oh they cut it off, they did, way up, and I died. I do n't care now. I'd rather be where I am than here. But I want mother to have the money, so you'll see, will you? [Have you said all you want to?] Yes, sir. [Come again, if your mother don't get this message.] Yes; I want father to come again; want him to come, so he can tell her about the money, because she wants it. She ain't got any. May 7.

Nettie Whittinger.

I'm Nettie Whittinger, and I only just come to say, to tell my mother that it was me that was with her last night, and that we are going, too, to try to give her some manifestations that will be very satisfactory.

[To the Chairman, Mr. L. B. Wilson, who presided in Mr. White's absence.] You ain't the gentleman that was here when I came before, are you? [No.] Aint you "Birdie's" father? [Yes.] I know her. She's one of my teachers. She once showed me how to come back.

You'll print my message, and date it, won't you? [Yes. Does your mother have the BANNER?] Oh yes; she would n't be without it, because she knows I come to her. May 7.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Osgood Biles, a graduate from Amherst, Class of 1859; Amos L. Stone, of Bath, Me., to his mother; Reuben Ames, of Claiborne, Vt., to his Uncle Robert; Osceola to the President.

Monday, May 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Cornelius Mason, born in Machias, Me., to Horace Burt; Mary Elizabeth Grey, alias Florence Grey, lost on the "Evening Star," to her father; Captain William Crawford, of Kansas, to his friends.

Tuesday, May 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Nancy Thayer, to her son, William Thayer, of Boston; Mary Elizabeth Augustus Dorn, to William Dorn, of Montgomery, Ala., at present in Richmond, Va.

Wednesday, May 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: General Frederick Lander; Lieut. B. Rhoads, to friends; Lemuel Burroughs, of Cincinnati, O., to his father; Edward Augustus Middleton, a slave, to his mother, Edward Snow, of Orient, Mass.; Stephen Robinson, of North street, Boston, to his daughter, Mary; and to his mother, Eliza Nelson.

Thursday, May 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Father Henderson, to Col. Chillingworth; Charles E. Gould, born at Hyannis, Mass.; Alice Brougham, to her mother, New York city; Margaret Terrence, to her children and friends in Boston.

Friday, May 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Thomas J. Jackson ("Stonewall Jackson"), to friends; McDougall, to his wife and brothers, in Boston, Mass.; Sophie Doolittle, a medium, of Hingham, N. H., to her children.

Saturday, May 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary E. Burratt, to President Johnson; Robert Clyde, of Hillsdale, to friends; Annie Nelson, of New York city, to her mother, Eliza Nelson.

Sunday, May 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Howard M. Burnham, of Battery H., 6th Artillery; Frederick Streuss, to his wife, and his friends; Somers in Philadelphia, Pa.; Sarah A. Southworth, to the editor of the BANNER of Light.

Monday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Susan Chapman, to her father, James C. Shelton, to his brother; Charles M. Grant, to his brother; Aunt Polly Locks, of White Plains, to his mother in Boston; James Bailey, to his wife and children, in Boston.

Tuesday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Brigadier-General George C. Strong, to his friends; Ephraim Harris, to friends in Princeton, Ind.; Clara Pope, to her brother, John P. Pope, of Boston; Lowell Wood, of Charleston, Mass., to friends.

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