

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{88.00 PER YEAR.}
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

{SINGLE COPIES.}
Eight Cents.

NO. 19.

SWEDENBORG.

BY A. E. GILES.

Our attention has recently been called to two bulky volumes, each containing more than six hundred pages, written by William White, on the life and writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and published in London during the present year.

Other biographers of the Swedish seer had carefully gleaned and given to the public all that they could gather relating to his external life and movement. Wilkinson, Wood and Fernald, in introducing their readers to Swedenborg, made them acquainted with a very kind, learned and respectable old gentleman. By their account, it appeared that in his younger days he had been a laborious student, assessor to the board of mines, and had traveled. As he matured, he wrote books, which were received with very little attention by the public, though as they insist, those books contained many profound thoughts and the germs of many important subsequent discoveries. They inform us of the opening of his spiritual sight, when after partaking of a hearty meal he saw a spirit who told him not to eat so much. They also alluded to his power of internal respiration. These incidents, with a few relating to his subsequent movements in the way of traveling and publishing, and the circumstances of his death, embrace pretty much all that we have been able to learn from their biographies, of the habits, deportment and peculiarities of the great Swedish spiritual medium.

We are acquainted with several modern spiritual mediums; and we know somewhat of the painful and severe experiences they have undergone prior to the development of spiritual faculties. As some of the ancient mediums and reformers were mocked, and scourged, and imprisoned, and stoned, and tempted, and wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, and were destitute, and afflicted, and tormented, so we have known modern mediums also to be persecuted, and imprisoned, and egged, and tormented, and to wander about in rags and long beard, and uncombed hair, and to be poverty stricken, and afflicted, and tormented, by so often disdaining and contravening as they do the laws, and conventionalities, and proprieties of society, yet we do not blame the mediums for these things, for they are controlled to do them by an invisible power they cannot resist, nor can we censure society for not making larger and more liberal laws and customs, for it makes them as liberal as the freedom and scope of its soul will permit it to make. We cannot now, any more than they could eighteen hundred years ago, gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

As we have reflected on these things, we have had an interior conviction that Swedenborg must also have undergone some experiences which his biographers did not know of, or at any rate had not given to the public, and which would be interesting to all readers, and peculiarly instructive and consoling to many spiritual mediums. We have also felt assured that such experiences, when brought to light, if they ran counter to the prejudices or to the sense of propriety of those who considered Swedenborg to be an infallible personage, would not be pleasantly or readily received by them. There would be a disposition on their part to cover them up, to extenuate or apologize for them. They would prefer their ideal Swedenborg to the real Swedenborg, just as we believe that a large part of Christendom who now are worshipping an ideal Jesus, would be very apt to send the real Jesus, were he actually to appear, to the prison or the almshouse.

In October, 1838, a small manuscript volume was offered for sale to the Royal Library in Stockholm; from an examination of the handwriting and contents, it was found to be a diary kept by Swedenborg, between 1743 and 1744. A very small edition, purposely limited to ninety-nine copies, as Mr. White informs us, on account of the obscene nature of some of the entries, was printed, and a portion of that diary carefully expurgated. Mr. White gives in the present volumes. It contains an account of Swedenborg's dreams, his visions, his shuddering fits and other affections, his thoughts and mental experiences. It discloses to us arcanæ, to use a term which he was fond of using, that had previously been known only to himself. It unfolds to us his inner self, as he was a year or two prior to the permanent opening of his spiritual sight. As spiritual mediums are being multiplied throughout the land, it is evident that this is a book which contains matter of much interest to them, as well as to Swedenborgians; and as the English edition to which we refer is bulky and expensive, it is not likely that it will be immediately republished or have an extensive sale in this country. Hence we shall be more copious than we otherwise should be in our extracts from it.

A life of Swedenborg, by William White, was issued only a few months ago by a Philadelphia Publishing House. That edition besides other omissions does not contain the book of dreams, nor the spiritual diary, extracts from which we shall herein introduce. It was originally written by Mr. White, as we have been informed, about ten years ago, and while he was in full fellowship with the New Jerusalem Church, and prior to the discovery of the book of dreams. He has since become a Spiritualist, and as the Swedenborgians encourage the publication of his first life of their great seer, and do not favor but rather disparage his later and more elaborate work, it may be inferred that the English edition contains matter which is not acceptable to them. A reviewer of the work in the English New Jerusalem Magazine for April says, "We will believe nothing ill of Swedenborg's early life that is not satisfactorily proved." In his enlarged work Mr. White appears to have been at considerable pains to present to his readers Swedenborg, as he actually was, exhibiting his excellencies, and what some critics would regard as defects. His spirit, object,

as it appears to us, was to give the truth and the whole truth relating to Swedenborg as he could ascertain it from any and every quarter, except where certain parts of the diary were too strong for the author's fastidiousness. He has certainly shown that Swedenborg was not the immaculate saint that some of the receivers of his revelations have regarded him to be, and this exposure is not agreeable to the English reviewer, for he says that the "volumes go far beyond the bounds of delicacy, and are altogether unsuited for a house except under custody of lock and key." The critic will believe nothing ill respecting Swedenborg's early life without satisfactory proof; and objects to the proof when presented, even in homeopathic doses, as unsavory! He is evidently more punctilious for his prejudices than for the truth. We will now present extracts from the book of dreams. The following, though without date, were written probably during the last half of the year 1743 or the early part of 1744, when Swedenborg was about fifty-five years of age.

THE BEGINNING OF VISIONS.

1. Dreamed of my youth and the Gustavian family.
2. In Venice of the beautiful palace.
3. In Sweden of the white cloud in heaven.
4. In Leipzig of one that lay in boiling water.
5. Of one that tumbled with a chain into the deep.
6. Of the king who gave away so precious a thing in a peasant's hut.
7. Of one who wished me to travel.
8. Of my delirium during the night. I wondered that nothing more was left me to do for my reason, so far as I could see. Also that I had no desire for women, as I had had all through my life.
9. How I was in waking ecstasies nearly all the time.
10. How I withstood the spirit. How I then favored it.
11. How I found that since I had come to the Hague my interest and self-love in my own work had subsided. I myself wondered much at this. How my inclination for women, which had been my strongest passion, so suddenly ceased.

The martyr Stephen and the Apostle Paul had visual perception of Jesus in a spiritual state. Many Roman Catholic saints and modern mediums have also enjoyed like visions. It is interesting to note Swedenborg's visions of what he took to be Jesus.

FIRST VISION OF CHRIST.

6-7 April, 1744.—I went to bed. Half an hour after heard a trembling noise under my head. I thought it was the floor going away. Immediately a violent trembling came over me from head to foot with great noise. This happened several times. I felt as if something holy were over me. I then fell asleep, and about 12, 1 or 2 the tremblings and the noise were repeated incessantly. I was prostrated on my face, and at that moment I became wide awake, and perceived that I was thrown down, and wondered what was the meaning.

I spoke as I awoke, but felt that these words were put into my mouth: "Thou Almighty Jesus Christ, who by thy great mercy deigns to come to me, do thou direct me, make me worthy of thy grace." I kept my hands together in prayer, and then a hand came forward and firmly pressed mine. I continued my prayers, saying: "Thou hast promised to have mercy upon all sinners; thou canst not but keep thy word." At that moment I sat in his bosom and saw him face to face. It was a face of holy mien, and altogether indescribable, and he smiled so that I believe his face had indeed been like this when he lived on earth.

He spoke to me, and asked whether I had a certificate of health. I answered, Lord, thou knowest that better than I do. Then, he said, as far as I perceived in my mind to love him in reality, or that I should do what I had vowed. God give me his grace to do so. I saw it was beyond my own power, and I awoke with trembling. Again I came into a state of thought neither sleeping nor waking. I thought, What can this be? Is it Christ, God's son, I have seen? It would be sinful to be in doubt about it, but as it is commanded we should try the spirits I considered all over what had happened last night. I found that I had been purified, soothed and protected the whole night by the Holy Spirit, and thus prepared so far as that I might fall on my face and pray not from myself, for the words were put into my mouth, and all was holy.

So I concluded it was the Son of God himself, who came down with the noise like thunder, who prostrated me on the ground, and who called forth the prayer. So, said I, it was Jesus himself, from whom I asked mercy for having so long remained in doubt, and for having thought of asking for a miracle.

ANOTHER VISION OF CHRIST.

26-27 Oct.—I seemed to be with Christ, with whom I conversed without ceremony. He borrowed a little money from another, about five pounds. I was sorry that he did not borrow of me. He took two pounds of which I was the owner, and then the other. He asked what it was. I said, "I have found two," one being properly dropped by him. I offered, and he took them. In such an easy manner did we seem to live together. It was a state of innocence.

Here follow extracts from his spiritual diary: HOW SPIRITS TORMENTED SWEDENBORG.

Sept., 1747.—From experience I have learnt that evil spirits cannot desert from tormenting. By their presence they have inflicted pains upon different parts of my body, as upon my feet, so that I could scarcely walk; upon the dorsal nerves, so that I could scarcely stand, and upon parts of my head with such pertinacity that the pains lasted for some hours. I was clearly instructed that such sufferings are inflicted upon men by evil spirits.

21 Oct., 1748.—Evil spirits throw in troublesome, inconvenient and unhappy suggestions, and agitate and confirm my anxiety. Hence arise the melancholy of many people, debilitated minds, deliriums, insanities, phantasies.

A CONSPIRACY TO SUPPLANT SWEDENBORG.

8 Jan., 1748.—When I was about to go to sleep, it was stated that certain spirits were conspiring to kill me, but because I was secure I feared nothing, and fell asleep. About the middle of the night I awoke, and felt that I did not breathe from myself, but as I believe from heaven. I was then plainly told that the whole host of spirits had conspired to suffocate me, and as soon as they made the attempt, a heavenly respiration was opened in me and they were defeated.

TEMPTED TO STEAL.

11 Jan., 1748.—I observed that certain spirits often wished to excite me to steal things of small value, such as are met with in shops, and so great was their desire that they actually moved my hand.

allowable. Some had been celebrated merchants, at which I wondered. They wander about searching for things to steal, and whenever detected are punished with stripes and blows. When they were with me, as soon as I saw anything in shops or any places of money or the like, their cupidity became manifest to me, for thinking themselves to be me, they urged that I should stretch forth my hand to steal, quite contrary to my usual state and custom.

A DISAPPOINTED LOVER EXCITED SWEDENBORG TO KILL HIMSELF.

There was a certain woman (Sara Hessella) who inwardly cherished such an aversion to her parents that she meditated poisoning them. She took it into her head that I was willing to marry her, and when she found out that she was mistaken she was seized with such hatred that she thought of killing me, had it been possible. She died not long afterwards. Some time before the faculty of conversing with spirits was opened in me, I was impelled to commit suicide with a knife. The impulse grew so strong that I was forced to hide the knife out of my sight in my desk. I have now discovered that Sara Hessella was the spirit who excited the suicidal impulse as often as I saw the knife. From this it may appear that men may be unconsciously infested with spirits who hated them during their life on earth.

In what follows we find some of his impressions of and experiences with spirits whose names are associated with the odor of sanctity by the self-styled Orthodox church.

ST. PAUL.

28 Oct., 1748.—A certain spirit came to me of a sudden, and inquired whether I was not speaking ill of him. It was perceived that he was Paul. It was replied that I was not thinking about him.

10 July, 1749.—A certain devil fancied himself the very devil who deceived Adam and Eve, according to the vulgar opinion. . . . It was given to me to hear Paul speaking with him, and saying he wished to be his companion, and that they would go together, and make themselves gods, . . . but they were rejected wherever they went.

During my sleep I have been infested by evil spirits, and this devil and Paul have lent their aid to my infesters, and so authoritatively held me in an adulterous train of thought that I could scarcely release myself. . . . Hence Paul's nefarious character was made known.

Paul is among the worst of the Apostles, as has been made known to me by large experience. The love of self whereby he was governed before he preached the gospel, continued to rule him afterwards; and from that love he had a passion for scenes of controversy and tumult. He did all things from the end of being greatest in heaven, and judging the tribes of Israel. This spirit was very much experienced, for I have spoken with him more than with others. The rest of the Apostles in the other life rejected him from their society, and refused to recognize him. Besides, he connected himself with one of the worst of devils, who would fain rule all things, and pledged himself to obtain for him his end. It would be tedious for me to write all I know about Paul. . . . Paul associated himself with the worst devils, and wished to form a heaven in which he should be the dispenser of pleasures. This he attempted, but became worse in consequence, and was cast down. . . . Paul utterly dislikes Peter, and says he understood nothing and could do nothing.

KING DAVID.

23 Oct., 1748.—David is possessed with the lust of being chief in heaven. Persuaded that he was a god, he proclaimed himself one.

24 Oct.—He openly confessed and asseverated that he did not understand what he wrote.

He said that a spirit spoke through him as a spirit speaks through me.

25 Oct.—David is wicked, and a slave of deceitful spirits, who say they treat him like a dog. His mind is full of cruelty and adultery, and without conscience he meditates and contrives mischief.

4 Nov.—When I went to bed, evil spirits formed a design to destroy me, and for this end took measures to call out hell and every malicious spirit. They first drew the dragon over to their side, but having used him badly, he got away. Then they endeavored to summon all hell, and surround and attack me in a body, and make an end of me, as so often they have tried before. . . . They evoked David, also, who appeared before me in a dense cloud.

Mr. Brookner, with whom Swedenborg boarded while in London in 1744, gave an account of some peculiarities of Swedenborg's deportment which passed under his observation. Rev. John Wesley printed the narrative in his American Magazine for January, 1781. The following extracts represent Swedenborg under circumstances not less extraordinary than some modern spiritual mediums occasionally find themselves to be in:

"About nine in the evening, leaving his door and going up stairs he (Swedenborg) rushed up after me, making a fearful appearance. His hair stood upright, and he foamed around the mouth. He tried to speak, but could not utter his thoughts, stammering long before he could get out a word. At last he said he had something to confide in me privately, namely, that he was Messiah, that he was come to be crucified for the Jews, and that I (since he spoke with difficulty) should be his spokesman."

"The next day, Mr. Swedenborg went to the Swedish envoy, but was not admitted, it being post day. Departing thence he walked off his clothes, and robed himself in very deep red in a gutter. Then he distributed money from his pockets among the crowd which had gathered. In this state some of the footmen of the Swedish envoy chanced to see him, and brought him to me very foul with dirt."

We are perfectly well aware that attempts have been made from time to time to invalidate Brookner's narrative, but after a pretty close examination of the evidence, we fall to see that the substance of the statement has been essentially discredited. It is probable that Mr. White's new life of Swedenborg will modify the estimation in which the great seer is held by his followers. It will tend, so to speak, to humanize him. A personage without any of the frailties of man is thereby outside of the pale of humanity. He cannot thereby be one with us. Swedenborg, both in his actions and his thoughts, was true to his nature. His exercises of mind and body, low and groveling as some of them may appear to be to a certain class of observers, were essentially necessary to his subsequent spiritual development. Not one jot or tittle of them could have been avoided. It was not in his power to make one half white or black, or to add one dubit to his stature. If he had not gone through with his experiences, Swedenborg could not have been the clear seer, the philosopher and the religious teacher that he afterwards became. If we would

truly know Swedenborg, we must know the shady side of his life just as surely as we must know its sunny side. Modern mediums are now going through the throes and agonies of the spiritual birth. The agitation sometimes approaching to contortions of body and mind which are thereby occasioned, are more apt to provoke the sneer and condemnation of the observer than to awaken his sympathy and tenderness. We do not believe that the spirit of judgment and of blame exists in heaven. It dwells in a lower sphere, and sometimes calls itself Justice. If they who judge and condemn others discover that their own peculiar idols have done the same things which they blame their fellow men for doing, will not the discovery awaken reflection, and will not reflection beget a larger and more generous mind? Swedenborg, like some other seers, predicted the day of his release from his earthly tabernacle.

Toward the end of February, 1772, he wrote to Rev. John Wesley, to this effect:

Sir—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favor me with a visit.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Wesley received the note whilst in convalescence with his preachers arranging circuits. He perused it with manifest astonishment, and read it aloud, and went on to confess that he had cherished a strong desire to converse with Swedenborg, but had mentioned his wish to no one. He replied that he was closely occupied in preparing for a six months' journey, but would wait upon him on his return to London. Swedenborg answered that the proposed visit would be too late, as he should enter the spiritual world on the 29th of next month never more to return.

He also told the Shearsons, in whose house he then was, on what day he should die, and the servant remarked, "He was as pleased as I should have been if I was going to have a holiday, or going to some merry-making." His faculties were clear to the last. On Sunday afternoon, the 29th day of March, 1772, hearing the clock strike, he asked his landlady and her maid, who were both sitting at his bedside, what o'clock it was, and upon being answered that it was five o'clock, he said, "It is well. I thank you. God bless you," and then in a little moment after he gently departed.

As we have before said, Mr. White was formerly a Swedenborgian, and for some years held quite a responsible position in the New Jerusalem Church. But to him as to many another man, advancing years brought increase of wisdom. His comparative views of Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism may be seen from his words:

The relation of Swedenborgianism to Spiritualism is a story for a humorist; still, should he be who would not chuckle over its details well told. Yes, ago when familiarly with spirits, rare Swedenborgians used to snap up and treasure every scrap of supernatural intelligence. The grand common objection to Swedenborg was his asserted acquaintance with angels and devils; it seemed an insuperable obstacle to faith. For its reduction his followers maintained that open intercourse with heaven was man's ancient privilege. That he lost it by degradation into worldliness and sensualism; and that he would recover it by regeneration; moreover, they would urge, even in his present low estate, he is not altogether left without sensible evidence of a world beyond the tomb, and straightway a budget of supernatural existence would be opened. Many of the early Swedenborgians had wonderful private experiences to relate. . . .

A people in such a case we might fancy were ready to run wild after mesmerism or spiritual manifestations; but had we so conjectured we should have proved greatly mistaken. Clairvoyants and mediums confirmed, in general, Swedenborg's other world revelations, but contradicted him in many particulars. This was intolerable. Contradict our heavenly messenger! Quickly the old line of argument was abandoned. Nothing was wickeder than converse with spirits. Spirits are here; intercourse with them is dangerous and disorderly, and forbidden by the Word. True, Swedenborg did walk with spirits, but he held a special license from the Lord; he warned us of its perils, and his example is no rule for all and sundry. . . . Whilst the Spiritualists offer wide and easy access to the other world, the Swedenborgians would have all acquaintance with it confined to the reports of their author. If you presume to any knowledge better or beyond his, you unto you! The great black horrid beast of the Swedenborgian is the Spiritualist.

The Spiritualists have no antipathy to the Swedenborgians who occupy but a corner in their great and growing camp. They rank Swedenborg among their chief apostles, and question and adopt his testimony at discretion; but this liberal indifference only adds fire to the jealousy of the Swedenborgians, and fiercer and thicker fall their blows. "Is the case of the big jolly navy and his furious little wife over again? 'Why do you let her beat you so?' 'Oh, sir, it pleases her, and she don't hurt me.'"

CHARLES DICKENS ON DREAMS.—In a recent number of "All the Year Round," Mr. Dickens expresses the opinion that "a broad margin of allowance must always be left for coincidence" in the explanation of dreams, and relates the following, which occurred to himself:

"We dreamed that we were in a large assembly, and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being toward us, we touched her. On looking round she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and on our approaching, said pleasantly, 'I am Miss N.'—mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening we recognized (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N.—the name in the dream. No circumstance, near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for it. The lady came on the real, comely-place visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence."

It is calculated that the human race numbers between 1,200,000,000 and 1,300,000,000, and that there are seventy births and sixty deaths every minute.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON WAGES. NUMBER THREE.

Q.—But why attribute all the burdens of labor to the rich?

A.—I do not. They commit errors enough out of ignorance of their real interest, and imperil by revolutions their position as a class. More increase and stability can be given to national wealth when we shall all know how to employ productively the whole adult population, male and female.

Q.—Would you have women work like men?

A.—By no means. The place of woman, as compared with man, may be stated in a few words. She is better fitted for quiet, sedentary or in-door occupations; the man for active, laborious or out-door life. Multitudes of men restlessly fill clerical positions in offices and stores which are better adapted for women. Give woman the vote and she will soon gain equal pay for such labor better done by her.

Q.—This would certainly double our number of laborers.

A.—Unquestionably; and increase the number of those capable of buying in the market; and so increase the demand for those products which require the labor of men. For, as before shown, an increased circulation through wages augments the demand for all articles of necessity, and enables the dealers and producers to employ more hands. A nation of slaves, circulating no money, has always a multitude of beggars, unemployed freemen!

Q.—Then in your hive you would have no drones?

A.—Idleness is an acquired vice. When men cannot find a proper equivalent for their labor, when through life they find all efforts to better themselves useless, when they are continually at starvation point, and suffer endless humiliations, then, taught by experience, they despair of their fair reward, and begin to hate labor as a mockery. Labor is a religious question, and charity a matter of dollars and cents.

Q.—Pray in what light?

A.—All that we know of religion, of purity, of morals, of justice, of right, springs from the possession of means of mental exercise and culture beyond the mere animal instinct to obtain food to live. The time for the development of these higher qualities is not found until national wealth has accumulated; and those who have accumulated, although their inspiration is imperfect from class and sect exclusivism, begin to discover that fighting, stealing, cheating and vice and violence of every kind are by no means all of human life.

Q.—Then you mean to assert that the moral condition of a people is dependent on its material prosperity?

A.—Most undoubtedly. But the prosperity must not be artificial or of a class, but substantial and real, or of all classes. Let all persons, except the old and young, who have a right to support, now insufficiently given, be employed fairly in their various spheres of usefulness, and pauperism will disappear.

Q.—Will not the industry, combined with opportunity, of some individuals tend always to accumulate wealth in few hands?

A.—Certainly; when the rich are ignorant of their true interests and the poor of their rights as men. What is called "the decline and fall of nations," the adoption of vicious habits where virtue once reigned, is nothing more than the result of the unchecked opportunity of the rich gradually to absorb through competitions and divisions the profits of labor, and finally reduce a large number of even the "better class" to a condition of dependence.

Q.—Labor here is now well paid. Slavery has disappeared. We have no more entailed property nor privileged classes?

A.—Here we differ, and here is the danger. Entailed property still exists, and privileged classes; and these are some of the main sources of the uncertain reward of labor and of the insecurity of private or accumulated property.

Q.—Please explain.

A.—Circulation is the life of business and of national wealth. We have seen how money, from wages, is the main source of prosperity; how purchases made by one single dollar, passing from hand to hand, may in a year be the means of many hundred dollars worth of exchanges. Suppose that in place of these payments for numerous articles of use, the sellers insisted on receiving back the articles after being paid for and used, or continued to demand and receive payment for the same several times over before taking them back again, what would be the effect of such a mode of doing business on the millions of working people?

Q.—They would own nothing, and yet would be continually purchasing.

A.—A tailor who would rent out his clothing would make a fortune out of each suit. So would the bookseller out of his books, and dealers of every kind out of their various goods. Wages would not save such a people from the slavery of beggary.

Q.—But we have no such condition of things? A.—The absurdity of the thing in small matters, and the embarrassment to business that would follow, prevented the old aristocracy from making such a law. Moreover it would have extended their privileges to the traders whom they despised. But their lands and houses they thus entailed by law forever for the support of their families in luxury and idleness.

Q.—Fortunately we are rid of that.

A.—Let us see. A man has accumulated two thousand dollars, and builds a house. He cannot complete the ownership by actual occupation, and must dispose of it. He might sell it at a fair price and so put it into circulation, but he finds that law and usage allow him to let it. He does so to a good but poor tenant at ten per cent. on cost. The tenant lives in it twenty years, cares for it, uses it, repairs it in many ways, until by

possession it has become, as it were, a part of the very life of himself and family. At the end of that time the tenant out of his poor earnings has paid four thousand dollars, and although the house stands a monument of his care and use, yet he does not own a brick, and has been the slave of the caprices and meannesses of his feudal owner during that long period.

Q.—That is a new view of the case.

A.—And now let me ask, what right has any one to more than the real value of any article? What right has a man to what he cannot acquire, and apply to use? What right has any man to use money as a means of acquiring power over others, as these feudal owners use their power over most tenants? All inequality before the law is ruin to prosperity.

Q.—I admit that one of the chief worries of human life is derivable to every class from the annoyances of this system; but has not a man a right to do what he likes with his own?

A.—No. A man cannot wrongly treat his wife, his child or his dog. He cannot misuse property, or make a nuisance of it to the injury of others. He owes duties to society, and is amenable to the laws of political economy as to all other laws. Why should he, an individual, have the power to stop the circulation of property and place his fellow-man at a disadvantage, because he happened to accumulate his little means before his neighbor? If he had more energy, does that excuse a violation of law and an act of oppression? Energy, however, is rather the fruit of opportunity than of merit.

Q.—But is the wealth acquired by individuals, no matter in how unmerited a way, oftentimes a disadvantage to the masses?

A.—By no means. If it be used as it should be, in works of production and utility. The error is in misapplying the accumulation, and checking the very circulation or exchangeable character of the values, which have actually been the chief cause of a man's fortune. No man, because rich, should have power to change the law which made him rich.

Q.—This constant change would leave us no old families to be proud of.

A.—No one wants them. Does not every one think his own good enough? But "old families" change often to others by a variety of processes that result from the insecurity of fortune, and the spirit of gambling in "fortune making." It is not a perfect equality of wealth that men want, but an equality of fairness. This alone can give increase of riches, increase in the number of rich, and permanency and steadiness to the wealth acquired.

A FEW ENGLISH ITEMS ON SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. H. POWELL.

DEAR BANNER—Since my last letter to you, "Spiritualism in England," Spiritualism has been silently doing its mighty work in the old country. We have had, it is true, no monster demonstrations, nothing of a very exciting character worth noting, nevertheless we have had evidences that there is a power in our midst doing wonders.

The press of late has been almost silent, and even where it has spoken, its voice has betrayed less of its old rancor when treating on Spiritualism. This is accounted for in the fact that a number of our *literati* are actually Spiritualists, having been brought into the living faith by the irrefragable evidences of spirit-power given in presence of Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Home, and others.

The other week a respectable county paper—the North Wales Herald—gave, from the pen of its London correspondent, an account of manifestations which took place at Mrs. Marshall's, (the medium's name was not mentioned, but I have ascertained for myself the name,) of a most conclusive character. An officer stationed with his regiment at Aldershot, had the pleasing intelligence conveyed to him that some property was left to him. Just in its zenith his joy collapsed, as he found that he must produce his baptismal registry before he could enter on possession of the aforesaid property. He did not know what to do. None of his friends could give him the slightest clue to its whereabouts. In this dilemma some one, I imagine jokingly, told him to go to a medium. It was a silly thing to do; but he would go to one, nevertheless. He was in a great hurry leaving his quarters in the apparently vain search for the missing entry through the instrumentality of a "witch." A letter was handed to him, which he hastily placed, unopened, in his pocket, and hurried off to Mrs. Marshall, without the smallest shadow of faith in the mysterious rappings he heard. But being prompted to put questions, he asked what he had in his pocket. "A letter," was the answer. Who from? Here the name and monogram of the writer of the letter were given. The officer broke the seal, and to his utter amazement found that the invisible intelligences had read and answered aright. A staggering proof of witchcraft, no doubt; nevertheless, the officer put another more important question: "Did they know where he was baptized?" "Yes," "Would they tell him?" "Yes," And lo! a certain church in the West End of London was named. The gentleman lost little time before he was there, engaged in turning over the registry books, and to his amazement and joy he found the desired entry. He is now, I am informed, in possession of his property.

This case, I think, deserves recording, as one of the numerous proofs spirits are ever giving of their own individuality and independent action apart from the medium or her surroundings. All such cases as this should be carefully noted, as they offer an argument all-powerful against the weak, amusing theory of "mind reading," which is so readily offered by the uninformed scientist who cannot ignore spiritual phenomena, but must for his own credit's sake find out "how it is all produced."

The Spiritual Convention which was held this month in London, I think, marks an epoch in Spiritualism in this country; and from the general tone of the proceedings I am led to augur well for its future, at least in so far as the members constituting the Convention shall act out their present ideal plans. The executive will, I opine, give our English friends satisfaction. They are all earnest and thoughtful Spiritualists, and will, I am sure, do their best for the good of Spiritualism.

Mr. Cooper, since my last letter to you, has been busy writing a book—"Spiritual Experiences, including seven months with the Davenport Brothers." I have read most of the work, which will be ready for the public in a month from this, and am much pleased with it. I hope that not only English Spiritualists, but American Spiritualists as well, will see to it that Mr. Cooper's book is on their library shelves. The time will come when Mr. Cooper's worth as an earnest pioneer will be acknowledged with gratitude by all who love Spiritualism and its true advocates.

I find my epistle has run to the length I designed, yet I have not mentioned several important items of interest; but I hope, please God, to have in future better opportunities than hitherto of working for the Good Cause.

6 Sidney Terrace, Grove Road, Victoria Park, E. London, Eng., June 25, 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 hearts, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (LUCAS HUNT.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

The Cardinal Flower.

This is a royal flower that hangs out its scarlet signal by the mountain brooks, and runs up its velvet fringed flags in many a quiet nook, as if heralding in some glorious event to the birds, the ferns, the mosses. It is a flower that the young botanist loves to find, for it is simple and easy in its analysis. Besides, no other flower looks better in the herbarium, for it retains its brilliant color and its velvet-like texture. It brings forth its flowers when the blueberries are ripening, and is a signal for those glorious excursions for fruit and flowers; those days of beauty when one lays up treasures that moth cannot corrupt or thieves steal.

This flower seems to belong to a kingly type, and is a proof of the wonderful power of nature, bringing richness and beauty from the most common things. There lies the dull, common soil, and only a few weeks ago nothing else was to be seen, only its covering of withered leaves and its brown moss. But from out of that dullness, and that brown soil, shoots up this plant, that holds in its little cells and veins such a magic power of beauty. We have to wait for years to invent the way to make velvet, but this little plant without a loom or a spindle manufactures the most delicate of velvet garments, and wears them without fear of injury or regret for their frailty.

It is a beautiful and blessed lesson that this little flower teaches us. Have you never seen any one like it?

Perhaps you never knew anything about Aunt Prudie, or Mrs. Prudence Summerby, and so I will spin out the little silken thread of her life, and see what you think of it. Maybe you will say it is only a common story, but it is just as brilliant as the cardinal flower, and no more common.

Aunt Prudie was not always old, and once had blooming cheeks and a lithe form, and loved to romp and frolic. But years kept creeping on and taking away her youth and her freshness, and bringing her troubles and griefs of many kinds. Those she loved best sickened and died; some friends forgot to love her, and so she sat down one day in the old farm-house that was her father's and thought herself a most unhappy woman.

"Alas!" said she; "what a common life I am living. Where are all the beautiful dreams that I dreamed so many years ago? Where is the sweet charm of the life I used to live? I used to think that the springtime would last forever, and bring me continued gladness. How miserable it seems to wash dishes, and sweep rooms, and gettin' dinner and supper, and how I hate to clean the tin plates, and scrub the kitchen floor!"

And Aunt Prudie sighed, and looked up to the clouds and the sky, and kept on thinking, till she grew very quiet and leaned her head against the high chair, and anybody would have said that she was asleep; but not so, said she afterwards.

She began to dream, or as she declared she *very* beautiful dreams. There came to her a form so lovely, a face so fair, that she thought it must be the princess she had read of. But the fair one seemed full of love and gentleness, and did not speak at all like a princess, but said quite like common people, "Aunt Prudie, won't you come with me? I have something to show you."

Aunt Prudie readily assented, and seemed to be borne without effort into a beautiful country. Here were all kinds of rare and wonderful things. So filled with admiration was Aunt Prudie that she could not speak, but only gaze upon the beautiful gardens, the fine residences, the blooming bowers, the shaded walks.

"This is where I live," said the fair girl.

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Aunt Prudie; "how came you to inherit such a lovely residence? Your father must have been a very rich man."

"Oh, not at all. My father was a poor farmer; I earned all this myself."

"Earned it all? do tell me how?"

"Well, I said I earned it all by doing what I did, and I began to see the beauty of everything. If I scrubbed a floor I did not think about the scrubbing, but only about the glowing streets that I had heard of in the New Jerusalem, and I fancied somehow that it was polishing fine gold. Sometimes the floor seemed like a mirror, in which I could behold many beautiful things."

Then when I had dishes to wash I began to fancy that they were all so many gold and silver vessels that I was preparing for some beautiful feast, and I could see flowers in them and garlands crowning them. I put a will and a wish, a hope and a prayer into everything I did. If you will believe me, that old tumble-down house is now this gorgeous palace, that old kitchen is this splendid hall, that bramble patch is this beautiful bower. Haven't I everything that mortal could wish? and yet I have not half that you have."

There was a little noise in Aunt Prudie's kitchen; the cat had jumped into the window, and Aunt Prudie aroused herself from her little nap. She rubbed her eyes; she looked about her; there doked the old clock in the corner, there hung the peacock-feather duster, there were the shelves with their rows of shining dishes. Yes, this surely was Aunt Prudie, but where had she been?

She was wise enough to see a meaning in many things that others will not heed. And Aunt Prudie saw a meaning in this little pretty vision.

"After all," said she, "things are pretty much as you make them." And she fell asleep again. This time she did not seem to be walking in a place of enchantment, but in a place of fine culture. It was evidently the residence of some wealthy gentleman. A fine, substantial house, gardens full of richly blooming flowers, trees laden with delicious fruit, all told of substantial comfort and luxuriant providence.

There came from the mansion a man seemingly every way fitted to enjoy all this, and Aunt Prudie made bold to speak to him!

"A fine place you have here. I have often wished I could live in the midst of so much elegance. I almost envy you."

"I am glad you like it," said the man, and he looked at Aunt Prudie with a smile that seemed to say, "I am glad you like it."

Old Mr. Timms told her it was only a fancy of hers, and that her mind treasured up a picture that her dreams painted over with the hues of

"Envy me! I am the most unfortunate of mortals! Handsome house? a perfect hovel! I am only a beggar, woman. I have nothing. I see no beauty. I was wondering what all these weeds and briars were for. I believe they are only designed to torment me. Madam, you behold the most miserable of mortals—a perfect beggar!"

Again pussy jumped after a fly, and Aunt Prudie aroused herself.

"This pretty much so. We make our fortunes as we will. Things are pretty much as they seem."

And Aunt Prudie looked about her. Her life, so full of comfort, yet so barren, to her seemed all at once to have a new signification.

"I've been all the time thinking that if I had this or that I should be content; now I see it do not much matter. I'll make a palace out of this old farm-house before another week closes."

And Aunt Prudie was as good as her word. All her daily toil was changed to a pleasant recreation. She had found the secret of happiness, to make the best of everything. And it was a splendid best that she was able to make, for she soon transformed the old farm-house into one of the most delightful of homes. She trimmed up the old rose bushes and twined them around the porch. She bent the boughs of the maple and larch so that they formed a perfect arbor; she let the sunlight into the old parlor, and put fresh flowers into the vases; she made the dust depart from the chairs and tables, and as the sunlight struck it it glowed so she could indeed fancy that it was gleaming gold.

But Aunt Prudie did not forget her vision. Somehow the face of the fair maiden seemed to linger in her memory, and remind her of some one she knew. At last she seemed to fix those tender eyes and that sunny hair, and she exclaimed, "I do declare, I believe that was the face of little Alecia, who lives over the fields. I must go and see. I can't believe she lives in such a palace, and yet the last time I was over there I was thinking that the very air seemed golden with the life she gave to it, and the old brown walls looked radiant through the grace of her motions."

And Aunt Prudie went and found indeed the old brown house, and the poor mean furniture, without the least change in them. But somehow after she had sat awhile she began to think of her vision, and there glowed about her the same beauty and loveliness.

"Tell me, Alecia," she said, "how it happens that everything looks so bright and beautiful here? You are very poor, and everything is very homely, but I like things amazingly."

"I don't know, ma'am. I used to be very sorry that we were so poor, and I used to fret some, and the children used to cry, and father used to look gloomy; I don't know just how it happened, but all at once one day I seemed to look at something besides the old house; I thought I was way off in heaven, and I saw beautiful things; then when I looked around this room again, and was just going to say what a poor place it seemed as if everything in the room was repeating, *heaven is here!* The chairs seemed to be singing it, even the old clock ticked nothing else. The dishes and knives rattled it out, the broom whizzed it, the curtains waved the words. *Heaven is here!* seemed singing in all the air, and then I remembered that the place I had seen looked very much like this little home, only it was all glory; and it came into my heart to see if I could make this place into heaven; and oh! we do have such nice times! Nobody looks gloomy now, and we all think there never was such a love of a place, and the children are all so happy, and we never want anything that we do not have."

Aunt Prudie was in a brown study. It surely must have been this home that she had seen in her vision, but how happened it that she saw it with its glorified light, rather than in its old brown dingy dress. She could not answer, and so she asked Alecia to come out with her, and all the children followed.

They went across the fields to Aunt Prudie's home, and they danced and frolicked through her rooms. They wove little circles of tripping figures in her bower, they waked the echoes through the house, and drank in all the beauty and love, and gave out all the mirth and joy.

When the old house was silent again, Aunt Prudie sat down and thought of all the good that had come to her, and she sighed to shed it abroad through all the land. She began to think of this one and that one that she knew who led sad, dejected lives very much like her old life, full of regrets and regrets. And she fixed on that rich neighbor of hers, Mr. Timms, as one who did not seem quite as happy as he ought to be, and with a sudden impulse she put on her shawl and went over to see him. As she approached the house she saw how precisely it looked like the one she had dreamed of, and there indeed came the same man out of the doorway.

"Fine day," said Aunt Prudie.

"Too windy," said a surly voice.

"Fine garden you have here."

"Nothing grows well; the bugs eat up all the roses."

"What delicious cherries!"

"The robins carry them all off."

Aunt Prudie made a bold push. "I just came over to say that those Spangler children are about the best children I ever saw, and as happy as the day is long, and as bright as larks, but dreadfully in want of a chance in the world; and I thought if you and I could send them to school, and pay for their books and clothes, it would be a mighty deal better than doing nothing."

"Who said I was doing nothing?"

"Not I," said Aunt Prudie carefully; "but come, let us take a walk over there; it will do you good." And Aunt Prudie introduced Mr. Timms to the little brown cottage, and to all the children, and to the fair Alecia; and, somehow, in spite of himself he began to smile, and soon had a good laugh, and then a frolic.

As he went back he stopped at Aunt Prudie's home and emptied his purse into her hand, and said, "Yes, yes, send them to school, and don't forget that little Alecia is to have the fairest vase you can find to put her flowers in. I have not felt so well for many a day; much obliged, ma'am, for your call; come again. My cherries will be ripe next week; bring the children over."

This was only the beginning of Aunt Prudie's work. The whole neighborhood seemed to feel the gladness of her life. There was no more drudgery for her. Her work was all child's play. There was nothing common or unlovely in anything she did. From out of all the dullness she brought up brightness, and from the gloom she knew how to coax the sunshine.

She declared that she owed all her power to that afternoon's nap, when she saw the richness and beauty of life just as it is. But she traced back so many of the good things that she learned, and so much of the beauty she found, to Alecia, that she used to call her the heavenly visitant. But how she happened to see her in that afternoon's stillness she never could imagine.

Old Mr. Timms told her it was only a fancy of hers, and that her mind treasured up a picture that her dreams painted over with the hues of

heaven. But not so, said she, but always believed that she had had a vision from heaven.

One day Alecia brought her some cardinal flowers, and Aunt Prudie said,

"I used to wonder how these little things could come up out of the black earth, but now I see it is all because they have a little bright life inside that makes the common soil become glowing blossoms. Let us be like the cardinal flowers, Alecia."

[Original.]
A NEW USE OF AN OLD TUNE.

There was a high-tempered man by the name of Hunt, who used to get very angry when his oxen would not obey his voice, and beat them most cruelly on the head. After a time he became a church-goer, and learned to sing psalm tunes, and finally became Deacon Hunt. It was noticed that his oxen were much more docile than formerly.

"How happens it," said a friend, "that you never have to beat your oxen now, but they seem to be as manageable as any I see?"

"Why," said the deacon, "I used to get angry and beat them, but that only made them worse, and me more vexed. I began to think that beating oxen was not quite Christian; and now when they do not behave well I sit down behind the load and sing Old Hundred. It is surprising how the sound of that tune will calm down all our tempers, mine and that of the oxen; by the time I have got through they are all right, and I have no more trouble."

Remarkable Verification of an Inspirational Poem.

That there is a magnetic chain which links eternally the principles of cause and effect, through all the vast fields of physical and mental life, is a proposition too plain to admit of an argument. The development of its action may be immediate or protracted, but it is sure, and incapable of failure. Obeying it is the unseen intelligences are moving on their ceaseless rounds, "pure, peaceable and full of good fruits." Each day we are in receipt of information proving that earth's many lands are but as volumes in the library of the Infinite, open to those spirit ministers, whose duty it is to spread "glad tidings of great joy" to man.

In our issue of December 15th, 1866, we published an inspirational poem delivered by Miss Lizette Doten, at Mercantile Hall, Boston, entitled "Peter McGuire, or Nature and Grace." Some time afterward the poem given below was forwarded us from Stratville, C. E., endorsing the invisibles in the principal facts in the case. Our correspondent states that he is acquainted with the person referred to in Miss Doten's poem, and with the changes of the name and occupation of the leading character, and the sex of the child—it fully describes actual occurrences, although of course positively unknown to any one in this section of the country:

THOMAS MACGUIRE.

Dear friends, pay attention, while I thus write down The sayings and doings of good Parson Brown, Who believed every mortal was in a bad case, Whose soul was not anchored in God's special grace; Man's nature was sinful, and that from the first, Though given by God, yet by God it was cursed, And to banish the evil he brought out the plan By the blood of the God-head to have wretched man!

He had cursed his own offspring—ah! what a mistake— Who now must be saved from the hot, glowing lake. A road was now open to shield from that place, Yet none shall all enter who have not found grace. Its entrance is narrow, and dangers abound, But the road to destruction is easily found, In full of delights, full of pleasure and fun, And in which the good parson declares all must run Who are not elected by God's special care.

For pleasure and glory, with scraps to share, No matter how sinful their natures may be, Election will save, and from sin make them free; While others, to prove God's great goodness and love, Shall never enjoy Heaven's bright splendors above, But are doomed, before birth, with wild demons to dwell "Where the worm dieth not," in the red fires of hell! Their lives may be pure as an angel's can be, Yet one moment of happiness ne'er shall they see, God reigns over all, and his power he will prove— His goodness, his mercy, and infinite love.

Such was the bold doctrine of good Parson Brown, Who exhorted and preached both in country and town; Of misdeeds and tortures he loved well to tell, When describing the groans of a poor soul in hell! A revival he held at his home, and his place, When many dear brethren were saved by free grace! And all were converted, much to his desire, Except a conductor named Thomas Macguire, Who, upright and fearless and frank, in his way, Believed common sense, and had little to say.

A good man and brave, with a warm, loving heart— Who true men were wanting he had his part. He was not over choicely in his words or his speech, When it fell to his lot to hear hypocrites preach! Now the parson continued poor Thomas to tease, Resolved in his mind to allow him no ease. Until, conscience-stricken, for mercy he'd cry, And be washed from his errors before he should die! He offered him freely the blood of the Lamb, Which was shed in atonement for poor erring man. But Thomas Macguire could not understand— The Atonement, he said, "was invented and planned. They tell us that God made our race pure at first, Which in His own wisdom He afterwards cursed— Corruption and sin came, with the devil's own will, Then conigned nearly all to the devil's own will, Excepting a few, who in heaven shall dwell. In order to laugh at their brethren in hell! Yet you, Parson Brown, give salvation to all Who will kneel, at your bidding, for mercy to call— Talk of rivers of life, and a message of love, Which, in my poor judgment, ne'er came from above. You teach, and you preach of some great mystery— You fall down and worship one God-head in Three— Yet a tyrant you make Him! profane! y! wild. To say that our Father has cursed his own child. Your Churches are many, your sects not a few— Each has its own doctrine, each adds something new— While Nature declares that one God rules above, Who loves all his children with fatherly love!"

Right quick flew the parson from honest Tom's place, With the impress of hatred engraved on his face— And he thought, as he went, on the pains of hell-fire! For in it he knew would be Thomas Macguire!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And her thanks were all due to brave Thomas Macguire! She thanked by her joy, down his manly cheek rolled The tears ofapture that ne'er can be told; And the nature of man, and the goodness of grace, Were writ in bright lines on that smoke-darkened face! Think of Thomas Macguire, and say if you can That the "sum of all evil" is innate in man!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And her thanks were all due to brave Thomas Macguire! She thanked by her joy, down his manly cheek rolled The tears ofapture that ne'er can be told; And the nature of man, and the goodness of grace, Were writ in bright lines on that smoke-darkened face! Think of Thomas Macguire, and say if you can That the "sum of all evil" is innate in man!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And her thanks were all due to brave Thomas Macguire! She thanked by her joy, down his manly cheek rolled The tears ofapture that ne'er can be told; And the nature of man, and the goodness of grace, Were writ in bright lines on that smoke-darkened face! Think of Thomas Macguire, and say if you can That the "sum of all evil" is innate in man!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And her thanks were all due to brave Thomas Macguire! She thanked by her joy, down his manly cheek rolled The tears ofapture that ne'er can be told; And the nature of man, and the goodness of grace, Were writ in bright lines on that smoke-darkened face! Think of Thomas Macguire, and say if you can That the "sum of all evil" is innate in man!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And her thanks were all due to brave Thomas Macguire! She thanked by her joy, down his manly cheek rolled The tears ofapture that ne'er can be told; And the nature of man, and the goodness of grace, Were writ in bright lines on that smoke-darkened face! Think of Thomas Macguire, and say if you can That the "sum of all evil" is innate in man!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And her thanks were all due to brave Thomas Macguire! She thanked by her joy, down his manly cheek rolled The tears ofapture that ne'er can be told; And the nature of man, and the goodness of grace, Were writ in bright lines on that smoke-darkened face! Think of Thomas Macguire, and say if you can That the "sum of all evil" is innate in man!

That night vivid lightning gleamed bright through the sky, Fierce winds and wild thunder roared on high, When a loud cry was heard, rising higher and higher: "Oh the minister's house and the church are on fire!" Parson Brown was at rest, without trouble or fear— His wife and three children were sleeping quite near, When roused, in a panic, they fled like the wind, And while, their father, abandoned behind, His mother soon raised him, when wild was her cry: "Oh God of all mercy! Oh Father on high— My child—my dear child, my sweet Willie, my love— Who will save my dear child? Oh Father above!" Then down on his knees fell the parson in prayer, Which caused good Macguire to stamp, rage and swear: "Oh hypocrite, cease, save your child if you can— Trust in your own merits, and the goodness of a man! Those who work for themselves God will ever respect— Your aid I require—why delay to reflect? Come, point out the room, and I'll gladly rush on!" But the parson responded: "Let God's will be done!" Then Thomas through fire and smoke made his way To the room where the dear little innocent lay, While the parson and people remained in suspense, And the poor wretched mother in anguish intense. How great was her joy no narration can tell! When Thomas appeared with her child safe and well. She knew he was safe from devouring fire, And

A Card from Emma Hardinge.

It was my intention to write to many dear and valued friends whom I shall next Saturday leave on the Western Continent, with the broad waves of the Atlantic widening the distance between us, but excessive pressure on my time and failing strength forbids the attempt, and besides, of what insignificance is the word "farewell" now? Mentally and spiritually there is no real separation with friends; physically, science is each day doing her most successful best to annihilate time and space, and even now I can interchange messages between England and America with beloved friends between sunrise and sunset; and some of us who may linger long enough on earth, may yet take breakfast one day on the Western and the next on the Eastern shores. Banish the word farewell, then, from our lexicon, and permit me only to close up a vast and overwhelming correspondence with the many who still make demands in that direction upon me.

I shall be absolutely compelled to leave some one hundred and fifty letters unanswered, and that after answering at least twice that number in this my last few days of necessary preparation for departure. I can make no other apology for the seeming neglect which some of my correspondents may thus fancy I visit upon them, than that to remedy this is simply impossible. In future, I can only be addressed at such places as from time to time I may advertise in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Letters directed to me "England" or "London" only, are merely thrown away; all letters are delivered to a stated address; all others in England, lost. All letters addressed to me, moreover, must be absolutely prepaid, independent of a financial necessity for this change; no one at my post-office address will be in attendance to pay letters, and the postman will not therefore deliver them. Also I will kindly state I can neither undertake the charge of letters or missives to the Queen of England, on pain of being put into a lunatic asylum by some one of the three thousand guards or officials through whom I would have to run the gauntlet ere I could get within her palace gates; also I beg to decline attempting to recover people's great-grandfather's estates in England. Let my friends imagine how successful they would be if John Smith, of England, were to lay claim to a large part of Broadway, New York, and request them to go to law and procure it; yet when I say I have had in both cases over an hundred applications of this kind, I may be forgiven for entreating to be spared in future, more especially as I cannot even look at an English lawyer, much less speak to or consult one, without paying a heavy preliminary fee; for further information on this subject consult Dickens's Bleak House, and for the best method of conveying missives to Queen Victoria consult the records of the English lunatic asylums.

And now to all friends, well-wishers and dear co-workers who have for many long years cheered my way and aided me to bear the bitter cross of the advocacy of an unpopular cause, I say a fervent "God bless you!" and a loving promise of fond and grateful memories, in which America and Spiritualism form the worlds nearest and dearest to my heart. For the next twelve months I hope to be able to devote myself fully to the preparation of the book which I have undertaken to write. Of the nature and magnitude of that work I have now no word to say, save that I propose to write as much of the history of American Spiritualism as I condense from what ought to be a library to two or three moderate-sized volumes; and when this is accomplished, and the last milestone on this, my first triumphant stage of spiritual progress is reached, I will make up my final and personal accounts with all to whom I am so largely indebted as I must be to those who have racked their stores of precious spiritual lore to furnish my proposed "Encyclopedia."

If there is any favor which I could still desire of those many and beloved friends who have more than anticipated all I could ask of them, it is that their kindest sympathies and most earnest prayers may go forth in aid of my gigantic undertaking, that I may be found worthy to perform a task so vast and yet so important for the world, as to record the progress of one of the most unprecedented, mighty and irresistible movements that the page of history has ever yet borne witness to.

And now, my friends, "good-night." On this earth, or in the land where sorrow comes not and parting does not sever, "we shall all meet again in the morning." EMMA HARDINGE.

New York, July, 1867.

I call with my good mother on Saturday, July 20, by the steamship "City of Paris." My temporary address in England will be, Mrs. Hardinge, care of Mrs. Wilkinson, 136 Euston Road, N. W., London, England.

Lyceum Plenic at Union Grove, Greenwood, Thursday, July 11th, 1867.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by John H. Crandon.]

According to announcement, the grand Union Plenic of the Children's Progressive Lyceums of Massachusetts, took place on Thursday, the 11th inst. The weather was all that could be desired, a bright summer sun lending its genial influence to drive away dull care, and let joy have undisputed sway; and everything was auspicious, on the part of Nature, for the assembling of these buds of promise in her great garden, there to drink in fresh inspiration from the living streams of life, to hear the feathered songsters chant their songs of praise, and to worship God in the great temple of Nature, whose arch is the blue canopy of heaven, and whose foundation is love toward humanity.

The Boston, East Boston, Chelsea, Lowell, Charlestown, Haverhill and Stoneham Lyceums were fully represented, which, with the multitude of friends, swelled the number present to about four thousand.

The exercises of the day were commenced by remarks from Messrs. Carter, of the Lowell Lyceum, Richardson, of Charlestown, and Dodge, of Chelsea, who were the Managing Committee, followed by C. A. Hayden, J. S. Holmes, Fannie B. Felton, Sarah A. Byrnes, John Werthebe, and many other prominent laborers in the lecture field.

Lattice Hall was then thrown open to Terrestrial exercises; and Young America, and not a few of the older America, tripped the "light fantastic too" to the inspiring strains of a fine band of music furnished for the occasion, and joy reigned supreme and unalloyed, until the welcome announcement was made that the time had arrived to refresh the inner man, and partake of the bountiful supply of viands that were spread before them, which was done with a relish. This interesting ceremony having been disposed of, with sprightly light and buoyant, the Lyceums were marshaled into line at different points by their respective officers, and proceeded, with banners flying, to the speakers' stand, where the vast assemblage was called to order by J. B. Dodge, with appropriate remarks, who closed by introducing N. B. Wheeler, of Lowell, who made the opening address to the Lyceums and the multitude. Words are inadequate to express our appreciation of the beautiful sentiments and burning words of eloquence, which flowed like magic from the inspired lips of the speaker, but suffice it to say that the beauty, development, progressive and revolutionary religious spirit of the age, which is taking

such deep root in the world at large, depended, the speaker said, in a great measure for its success upon these green oases that have sprung up all over the country, denominated Progressive Lyceums. He incited them to duty, and held out cheering hopes to all for the future, and admonished all workers to work, and be faithful guardians of the great trusts committed to their care.

The band then responded with an appropriate piece, after which the children and friends all united in singing the "Summer-Land," which was done with a will; and as the sweet harmonies died away amid the groves and trees, and went reverberating over hill and dale, we felt that we might each be instrumental in establishing the "Summer-Land" on earth.

The grand "circle march" was next in order, and it was a sight rarely to be seen—that of a thousand children, appropriately dressed, each bearing the star-spangled banner as an emblem of freedom, with the band swelling the chorus, as spoke to the tender tones of "peace on earth, good-will toward man," and, as the flags all waved in air, reassured us that liberty was triumphant.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Chelsea Brass Band, and was, as usual, satisfactory in the highest degree, and added greatly to the general harmony which everywhere prevailed.

So it said, to the credit of Spiritualists and all who were present, that nothing occurred to mar the happiness or detract from that dignity which is becoming to every man, woman and child, and the occasion will long be remembered as one of the happiest, pleasantest, most social and elevating which the friends of human progress in the Old Bay State have ever participated in. Much credit is due to the enterprise of the working committee in so thoroughly and systematically arranging things that not an accident of any kind happened, and that there were funds enough to pay all the bills.

It was unanimously voted to have another reunion next year. May we all meet again to participate in like scenes, and be ennobled and elevated by the social interchange of feeling and sentiment which it is in the power of every human being to impart to the other, and learn that there are

"Sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,
And good in everything."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

California Interests.

It has many and many a time excited our gratitude within us, that so early and successful efforts were made by Spiritualists, who are given to long looks ahead, to sow the seeds of their divine faith and philosophy on the virgin soil of this young and vigorous State. Our ablest speakers and most successful mediums have visited the Pacific coast, some of whom tarry with the population now; their teachings and demonstrations have from the first made a profound popular impression, and established the belief in Spiritualism in the very midst of the church organizations which have vainly striven to drive them out. There have likewise been discussions in the pulpits and the press, and evidence as well as arguments of the weightiest character have thus obtained an early hearing with a people who felt that their social future was entirely in their own hands.

Spiritualism is indeed a growing power in California, and will assert itself much more potently in the future there. Superior minds accept its points of faith joyfully, and carry into the activities of daily life influences that are certain to spread and fructify with wonderful rapidity. The beginning having once been made as it should be, and made at the time of the very settlement of the State, it will be easier to go forward with the influences so early planted in the soil, and develop them under the most favorable conditions, than it would have been to go about the work long after others had occupied the field and were banded together to drive us off as heretics and intruders.

What we thus have to say for Spiritualism in California, is said because we are not looking to see it begin to bear some of its fruit in the discussion and disposition of questions which are at present engaging, if not engrossing, the attention of the people of the State. The Californians are very much taken up with pushing forward the western section of the great Pacific railway, and have already carried that project out to the limit of the snowy Nevada range of mountains, which they are tunneling at a certain point on their very summit, and at an elevation of some five or six thousand feet above the sea. So rapidly does the work of tunneling go on, that it is confidently expected that by September it will be wholly completed, and the cars rolling on beyond into the silver-mining regions that lie on the great plateau on the hither side. But the work never could have progressed as it has except for one fortunate element in it being so ready at their hand, and that was labor. Nothing, of course, can be accomplished without labor. There lay Asia, fronting our Pacific shore, with an inexhaustible supply of the very thing in demand. The Chinese population is so dense, it is willing to work for so small wages, it lives on so little, and its proverbial thrift enables it to lay aside so much even from the pittance of its earnings, that it seemed as if this treasury of labor had been left untouched for the satisfaction of this very want of California at the time when it would be most urgent. Up to a certain limit, this providence was accepted thankfully.

But the worm will somehow get into the fruit, let the culturist take never so much pains to guard against it. Politicians have been around, sowing the seed of dissatisfaction among the people, and telling them that the Chinese, who are the very patterns of industry and thrift, are there to eat them out of their substance, to consume the fat of the land, and to supersede them in their industrial avocations. It was like the cry of "mad dog"; we to the canine against whom it is directed he will be hunted until he is maddened, and then his fate will be declared to have been deserved. The Legislature of California has consented to impose burdensome taxes on the poor Chinaman, such as the foreign miners' tax, while excluding all other foreigners from its provisions. And whatever local and industrial disabilities beside it is possible to put upon them, the rising mob spirit is proceeding to impose as fast as it can.

Now we protest in behalf of the great and influential spiritualistic element which helps in the marvelous development of this young State on the Pacific; against any injustice and short-sightedness of this sort. The Chinese may not be, socially considered, precisely what the California population would prefer as an element in their State;

yet they are at hand to assist in working out the certain destiny of California, and in advancing and multiplying her interests, far more rapidly than these results could be reached without them. Where fifty thousand of them are employed now, they will open the way for five hundred thousand of our own people in the immediate future. They are the most available labor that can be secured about the public works, and of these there must be many in progress in that new State for several years to come. They dig at the foundations. They do what others are not there to do. They are great savers of time to the people and the State. Their home products—silks, teas, nankeens, underclothes and sugar—are bought and used by Californians, who sell to them in return boots and shoes, bread, flour, pork, and other commodities. Here is an interchange, open and above-board, that is of profit and advantage to both.

We did not begin to realize what were the resources and power of California, even after we became familiar with the products of her mines. Last winter she shipped to us, in three months alone, 243,020 one hundred pound sacks and 72,000 barrels of flour—anything nothing of the 900,282 sacks and 30,000 barrels shipped to Great Britain. This year it is estimated that she will have some 15,000,000 of barrels to spare. Grain is to be, for the future, one of her largest productions. Her gold mines will be found in the wheat-fields and vineyards. When the iron road grids the continent and binds the Atlantic with the Pacific shore, and fleets of steamers and sailing vessels leave the spacious harbor of San Francisco for China and Japan, for Walrusia and the whole intermediate coast, for the Sandwich Islands, and for the lower coast of South America, that State will be occupied by a swarming, active and prosperous population, whose accomplishments in agriculture, in mining, in commerce and trade, in the arts, in education, and in all things pertaining to the advancement of a truly civilized life, will remain the wonder of the modern world. Then Spiritualists will rejoice that they went forth to what was once a distant land, and planted the seeds of their religion in the receptive and generous hearts of the early settlers.

The Tyranny of Speculation.

We read in the weekly market report of one of our city dailies only a few days ago, that although the crop of wheat was notoriously large, even to magnificence, the combination of speculators were resolved that flour should at no time this winter go below fifteen dollars per barrel; and that rather than have that occur, half the crop of the present season would be destroyed. The writer knows the market, and comprehends its elements and temper; and he speaks in this plain and emphatic manner of a set of men who are banded together to get rich at the cost of everybody's comfort, and, if need be, of their very sustenance.

This is a pretty state of things. The insane desire for money—money at any price short of crimes which may be discovered and punished—has so taken hold of men, and worked its treacherous way into the body of the social system, that it seems next to impossible to eradicate it in order to make room for planting out higher principles. The rage for show has engendered the passion for expenditure; and this naturally has to fall back on some knack, skill or trick of obtaining money in sums to suit the continually increasing demand. Legitimate trade does not supply funds fast enough, if indeed it could do so at all; and accordingly that is abandoned for more rapid and exciting processes of making or losing, by following which all sound habits and rules of industry are broken in upon and finally broken up, and a career of mental and social dissipation is entered upon, from which future recovery to a condition of sobriety and sense is next to out of the question.

The contingency mentioned above, of the destruction of half the crop of wheat in the interest of speculators, is much too extravagant, of course, to receive very serious attention. The work stated out would be rather greater than the threatening parties could well perform. There would be too many powerful circumstances against them. Yet they might have it in their power to do a great deal of mischief, and precipitate a great deal of needless, and therefore cruel, suffering. And they would not hesitate for a moment to go forward in their plan, though they knew half the population of the country were subsisting on starvation fare. Their temper and greed are faithfully described in the phrase of the writer we have quoted.

Flour may be a legitimate article to speculate in, as some persons incline to think; but, being the "staff of life," it would seem to be just as right to hold up water to an extravagant price, for the supply of the population of our cities. The husbandman, the forwarder, the commission merchant, the miller and the retailer is expected to be repaid for his time, labor and investment; and each has a right to claim that if he bears a part in supplying food for the people, he should be paid for it. That much is universally conceded. But a speculator is another being entirely. He is a harpy ready to descend on the tables of all, and carry away the very bread by which life is sustained. If he forms combinations with his kind, then society should combine against him, for he is society's worst foe. Let it be stipulated in bank charters that no loans are to be made to parties who apply for funds with which to keep up the price of the first necessary of existence.

Rev. Mr. Connor and the School-street Universalist Church.

The trouble in the School-street Universalist Church in this city has culminated in the resignation of Rev. Rowland Connor, the junior colleague of Rev. Dr. Minor. The pew-holders voted to request Mr. Connor to resign, on account of his too liberal views, and the Society, by a large majority, requested him not to. But Dr. Minor and the few who control the Church being against him, he decided to leave.

We understand the whys and wherefores fully, and may ventilate them one of these days. The war between liberalism and conservatism in the Universalist church has but just begun. The heaven is working beautifully.

Emma Hardinge.

God bless her! She has accomplished a noble work in America, and now returns to her native land to sow the good seed in that distant soil. In behalf of the Spiritualists of the United States, we thank her—cordially, fully. May her voyage home be a pleasant one; and may she remain in the form many years to come, to witness the completion of the GREAT SPIRITUAL FABRIC under whose broad dome all the nations of the earth shall worship in perfect freedom and true knowledge.

A letter from London, on our second page, contains items of interest. The article on Swedenborg, on the first page, will command the attention of thousands. Be sure and read Mrs. Walsbrook's "Things as I see them."

Report on the Indians.

We have now the Report of the Indian Commissioner, Col. Taylor, on the condition of the tribes with which war is being waged. It was one of several documents sent in to the Senate, in answer to the recent Indian hostilities, and includes the reports of the Special Commissioners appointed to inquire into and establish the facts of the whole matter. Col. Taylor expresses views of his own on the subject, formed of course from an intimate acquaintance with it such as his position would beget. In his opinion, all these Indian troubles could be arranged if the right means are employed. His belief is that they chiefly grow out of the oppression and unfair treatment of the tribes. His language is: "From the facts before me, I conclude that we have all we want from the Indians without war, if we so will, with entire security on all our frontiers and in all our territorial domains, at a cost of less than two days' expense of the existing war, to wit: a quarter of a million of dollars, in less than one hundred days."

Here is an opinion that the very hottest hater of Indians on the frontier may well pause and consider. It is perfectly natural for the human heart to boil up, and boil over, when its possessor sees his family murdered and outraged before his eyes, his house burned, and his all destroyed by the savages; but the continuation of these passions on one side and the other will never bring peace, but simply increase the rage and hatred already existing. The problem is, to compose these fiery passions and allay these troubles. It certainly cannot be done by heaping more fuel upon the already hot flame. If done at all, it will be done by reason and justice, by conciliation and right-dealing. That is what the Indian Commissioner says, and what we sincerely believe and advocate for national policy.

Rapid Spread of Spiritualism—Credulists Scared.

A correspondent of Zion's Herald is terribly exercised in regard to the onward march of SPIRITUALISM. In fact, all the credulists are. Instead of talking about the few public places of worship we own, and the value of what the writer is crude enough to call "church property," he had better turn to the last page of the BANNER OF LIGHT and scan our List of Lecturers. These lecturers speak everywhere!—in the open fields, where Jehovah sits enthroned during the beautiful summer months; in halls, and even "churches," when credulists are found liberal enough to let them in—which is very seldom. We don't need "church property," and we don't want to sink down to a "denomination." We are an individualized brotherhood. Our "organization," cemented together by one common desire to enlighten humanity by dispelling the clouds that Old Theology has cast around them, extends already over every civilized land.

Why, it may be asked, is Spiritualism making such rapid strides, permeating with its presence alike the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor? The question is easily solved. The invisible living hosts are in our midst to-day, directing the grand work that is to shortly usher in a brighter era for the human race—when Love, Truth and Justice shall take the place of Hate, Selfishness and Superstition.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy in California.

A late number of the Californian corrects a misrepresentation made by the Rev. Mr. Dwinall of the language used by Mrs. Cuppy in one of her lectures. In doing so it pays Mrs. C. a high compliment, not only for her ability as a lecturer, but for her noble and true womanly qualities and deportment. She is respected by all those who have made her acquaintance in California. We expected as much; for when in these parts she bore an excellent reputation, and faithfully lived out the spirit of the exalted doctrines of our beautiful spiritual philosophy, which she promulgates with earnestness and holy fervor. When she left us for her new field of labor on the Pacific coast, she carried with her the respect and heart-felt blessings of all her acquaintances. Such a pioneer in our religion cannot but do good wherever she may teach. Many of the California papers allude to her and the cause she represents with a commendable degree of respect—considering they do not accept Spiritualism—and concede that her discourses are having a wide-spread influence among the people. May her career in this young and vigorous State continue to be as successful as in the past, and her efforts to collect and impress large assemblages no less effective in the future.

Bogus News.

The Boston papers, of the 15th inst., publish the following dispatch:

"New York, July 15. The reports of Indian outrages on the Union Pacific railroad, as telegraphed from St. Louis, are considered false, and circulated for interested purposes."

Singular that those enterprising dailies should be so slow in this matter. We published a contradiction of the bogus dispatch alluded to above, four weeks ago. All the damage the road has received was done by the flood, and not by the Indians. The army contractors are full of such tricky expedients to keep up the idea that there must be an Indian war, thus enabling them to fleece the Government *ad libitum*.

The State Convention.

The Massachusetts Spiritualist Association will be held in this city, at the Melodeon, on the 25th inst. We hope every town in Massachusetts will be represented, as business connected with the associative movement in this State for the promotion of the cause will come before the Convention for consideration. Friends, be sure to be on hand. The objects of the Association thus far have proved a perfect success, and should be sustained.

Dr. Gardner's Spiritualist Plenic

Takes place on the 26th inst., at Abington Grove—the day following the Convention. Our friends from the country will bear this in mind. Let there be a grand reunion of Massachusetts Spiritualists. Able speakers will be present, and we anticipate a big crowd to listen to the inspiration that will flow through them from the spirit-world.

Mr. Foster, the Medium, in Salem.

This very excellent test and physical medium is sojourning at the present time at No. 20 Hardy street, Salem, Mass., where he will remain during the present month. Mr. Foster will return to New York city on the 1st of September, and resume his public sittings at No. 20 West Fourth street.

Will Lecture Anywhere.

Miss L. T. Whitlitt does not propose to limit her work of organizing Progressive Lyceums to the North-western Association of Spiritualists, as might be inferred from a paragraph in our issue of July 6th; but will respond to calls anywhere that the friends may desire her services. She has just closed a successful organization at Evansville, Wis., and goes from there to Beloit.

The Young Zouaves.

On Thursday evening, July 11th, the Young Zouaves (sons of deceased soldiers), gave an exhibition of military evolutions, company movements, and manual of arms, together with songs, and music by their little drum corps. The young cadets, who were but a sample of the scholars of the New York State Volunteer Institute, numbered twenty-one in all, and their performances were of a truly interesting and creditable order reflecting the highest honor on the noble philanthropists, Col. Young and his lady, who founded the school, and have gone out into the byways of life to rescue these waifs of humanity from the sea of ignorance and vice which would otherwise have engulfed them. The number of people in attendance was good, but should have been better under the circumstances. The audience organized a meeting, electing Gen. Robert Cowdin, Chairman, and O. T. Taylor, Esq., Secretary; and during intermission upwards of one hundred dollars were raised by subscription for the school. If there is one duty more than another devolving upon American citizens, it is to succor the children of our fallen heroes. Let their appeal reach all hearts: "Our fathers died for you; will you now help us?"

Lectures by Robert Dale Owen.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to our friends in the West that Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN proposes, in case he receives as many as twenty-five applications, to lecture throughout that section of the country during the months of February, March and April next, on the following subjects:

1. SPIRITUALISM: as a phase, vitalizing other phases, of the religious sentiment of the day.
2. THE LINE OF HUMAN PROGRESS, deduced from history, with a scene in the Temple at Jerusalem.
3. LAMON: its history, its prospects, and the marvelous aids afforded to it by modern science. Extract: "I desire to speak of those who, during arms, ceaselessly tugging at the oar, have impelled through all time, the bark of Life; and briefly to ask of the Past, how it has treated them; of the Present, what is their actual condition; of the Future, what will be their coming fate."
4. THE HOUR AND THE MAN: Abraham Lincoln and the crisis which called him forth.

Mr. Owen will deliver any one, or more, of these lectures at the same place; if more than one, on successive days. Applications to be sent to Edwin Lee Brown, Esq., Western Lecture Bureau, 46 River street, Chicago, who will arrange Mr. Owen's course, furnish information as to terms, and settle all other particulars.

Beware of Impostors.

About the 10th of June, a rather tall, sandy-haired man, who said his name was A. Peebles, and that he was a nephew of our Western Editor, and was agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, called on one of our subscribers, Mr. J. S. Curtis, at Paris, Me., and asked him to renew his subscription to our paper, stating that his time was out, &c. Mr. C., believing him to be what he represented, paid him \$3.00, but has not heard from it since. The man is an impostor. We have no especially authorized agents to solicit subscriptions. Friends must be on their guard for such scamps. Send your subscriptions direct to our office, or hand them to well-known and responsible lecturers, who will, as heretofore, forward them promptly to us.

Soldiers Buying and Selling Indian Captives.

The following dispatch from Washington, published in the daily papers, if true, exhibits another specimen of the injustice practiced on the Indians:

"The War Department is in receipt of information, furnished by Gov. McCormick of Arizona, that Indian captives are a standard article of merchandise among the troops at Fort McDowell, being given in exchange for goods to the Puna and Maricopa Indians, or bought from them. In some instances female Apache captives have been sold to these tribes for the purpose of slaughter. Gen. McDowell has ordered an investigation of the matter."

New Sheet Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have just issued another poetic and musical gem by John P. Ordway, M. D., entitled "O'er graves of the loved ones plant beautiful flowers." Song and chorus. This is the latest if not the prettiest production of the talented and popular author, and is already a general favorite. The scene illustrated on the title page is beautiful, and finely lithographed.

Chas. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, N. Y., have just issued that deservedly popular song, entitled "The birds will come again," written by George Cooper. The music is by J. R. Thomas. It has been sung with fine effect by D. S. Wambold.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Dr. Newton remains in this city until August 8th, and in Newport, R. I., from the 8th till the 20th of August. Thence he goes to Montreal, where he will open an office for the purpose of healing the sick on Monday, August 20th. His rooms in this city are crowded daily with patients. We visited his office one day last week, and witnessed the treatment of a number of patients, nearly all of whom acknowledged that they were relieved of their complaints. Men who had been cramped by rheumatism for years were made to walk round the room as spry as in youth.

The Ellis Girl Medium.

We are requested by Mr. Ellis, the father of this wonderful physical medium, to notify the public that sances will be given in the vicinity of Boston the present week. Mr. E. will make engagements for sances at private residences, in town or out. Terms for a sance, fifteen dollars. Here is a capital opportunity for skeptics to test the reliability of the medium. Address M. M. Ellis, care of this office.

Discussion of Spiritualism in Colorado.

A correspondent informs us that Rev. Mr. Crawford, of Central City, Col., has accepted the invitation of Mrs. Laura DePorco Gordon, to discuss Spiritualism. The debate was to commence July 16th. The Times devotes a column to one of Mrs. G.'s lectures, and is remarkably courteous in its criticism of it and the lecturer.

We have no desire to admit personalities into this paper. It was not established for any such purpose, and we therefore hope our correspondents, whenever they have anything *billous* on their minds, will reflect fully before they write to us. We desire peace in the ranks, and shall do all that lies in our power to promote it. The time has arrived when Spiritualists—harmonic philosophers, some of the most brilliant of all themselves—should cease their lavish condemnation of one another, and step into the harness determined to "fight" only the common enemies of progress. "Love," given in the latter case, is oftentimes a more potent weapon than hate and its attendant auxiliaries. Let it be remembered that the angel-world is scanning our every step.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our correspondents must not be offended because they do not—many of them—see their articles in print. It is utterly impossible for us to find space for one-tenth part of the talented, readable matter we receive. We have tried hard to induce our publishers to enlarge the BANNER, but they do not see it in that light yet. They probably fear that the extra expense would draw more rapidly upon their exchequer than their income might warrant at the present time. So we must be content to wait and hope.

Our subscribers in California are requested to "circulate the documents," and especially the BANNER OF LIGHT, in their State. By inducing your friends to subscribe, you not only aid us materially, but them spiritually. We hope to be able to announce a list of over one hundred thousand paying subscribers ere the expiration of two years.

See Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike's card in another column.

Dr. PERSONS, the healing medium, recently from New Orleans, by the way of Memphis, Tenn., was in our city last week. He is spending a few days at Hampton Beach.

ZION'S HERALD says that Spiritualism is "Infidelity with a ghost in it." Infidel to what? To superstition, bigotry, and rotten theology, that's all. The "ghost" that you speak of seems to trouble you amazingly. You will find that the "ghost" you ridicule to-day will be a very "respectable individual" when Spiritualism becomes popular and powerful, as it surely will.

The Salt Lake Vidette says a conspiracy of some pretension exists in Southern Utah to throw off the yoke of Brigham Young, and come out fairly and squarely for what those interested consider pure Mormonism. The people complain that the leaders of the church have become wealthy, while they themselves remain poor.

A friend observing that the Old South Chapel had been converted into a machine shop, Digby remarked that it was always a "machine" shop. "When the Orthodox occupied it," he observed, "it manufactured policy-prayers—now it manufactures goods useful to the human race."

A Washington paper reports that a Runic inscription has been discovered near the Great Falls in the Potomac; that it records the death of an Icelandic woman, named Susana, who died in 1031; that the discovery proves the visit of the Northmen to our shores five centuries before the time of Columbus, and that they made explorations inland.

The Galveston Bulletin has an envious growl at President Johnson for kissing Yankee babies. Its article smacks as follows:

"The highest achievement of a politician is the judicious kissing of babies. It goes straight to the mother's heart, and makes her a zealous canvasser for the balance of the campaign. In kissing babies of larger growth, especially if they are of the genus pretty, and the persuasion female, there is danger of being regarded as one having an eye to personal attractions. But with little babies the case is different, and the act is an undoubted compliment to the little darling's mother."

The Connecticut State Senate has, by a very decisive vote, determined to make no change in the State law of divorce.

Spurgeon, if he has the gout, sometimes comes out with a good thing. "Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the ark to a committee on naval affairs, it's my opinion it would not have been built yet."

The Adventists, who have been holding a camp meeting at Warehous Point for the past week, begin to feel bad. They see as yet no signs of going up, and if they miss this chance they will not have another opportunity for two thousand years.

Gov. Bullock, at the Framingham Normal School examination, advised the teachers and pupils to cultivate more naturalness in reading, and said if he could have his way, he would forbid corporal punishment in schools by law, and predicted that it would soon be done.

The editor of the Chronicle, at Decatur, Ill., recently visited the rooms of Dr. R. Greer, the healing medium, and was surprised at the wonderful cures he saw performed. The Doctor is on his way to Leavenworth, Kansas, where he will open an office on the 20th, and remain for a month or two.

Seven Years of a Sailor's Life, (by a Massachusetts boy) is just issued by Adams & Co., 25 Broadway. We will send it to any address, by mail, on receipt of two dollars.

The Spiritualists of Vineland, N. J., had a fine time in celebrating the Fourth of July. A procession of carriages was formed, consisting of over twenty, tastefully trimmed, which were filled with children and those of riper years. The procession passed into different parts of the town, and finally returned to Plum-street Hall, where a collation was served. The afternoon and evening were passed in social converse, dancing, &c.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis lectured before the Spiritualists of Williamsburg, N. Y., in Continental Hall, on Wednesday evening, July 10th, to a good audience. The Brooklyn Times speaks well of Mr. Willis's address, and also of one by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, who spoke in the same hall the previous Wednesday evening.

The Transcript says: "Is it not strange that the reverend gentleman who remonstrated, yesterday, against the opening of the Public Library on Sundays, should see in the dissemination of learning, in the communion of the people with the influences of literature, science and art, an incentive to immorality?" And then asks if it "would not be better to close up the Library altogether if this be the case?" Religious bigotry do not fraternize with knowledge.

The Kansas Commissioners of Immigration publish a card denying the stories about the ravages of the grasshoppers in that State. They say that these pests "may be fairly said to have left the State." They ask Eastern papers to publish this statement as an act of justice. And yet we have information direct that the grasshoppers are there, and have done a vast amount of damage.

In New York, news-girls are the latest novelty on the street; they go about with white handkerchiefs on their heads, and cry the evening papers equally as well as the boys.

The Postmaster General has decided that on newspapers delivered through the Post-office in the town where they are published, postage may be charged. Heretofore they have been free of postage.

A French chemist proves that milk can be kept fresh and good any length of time by simply excluding all air from the place where it is. "Style of thunder," even, it won't sour.

George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, president of the Young Men's Christian Association, is under discipline by the church of which he is a member, which is "Associate Presbyterian," for singing other than the Psalms of David and communing with other denominations. Mr. Stuart acknowledges that he has broken the rules of his church in these matters, but is not sorry, and will not promise not to do it again. It is astonishing how long the old theological follies live after the brains are out of them.

Several estates in Cuba have commenced the experiment of working with free laborers.

There was a hearing on Tuesday of last week at the City Hall, Boston, and also on Friday, before the Committee on the Library, upon the question of opening the Public Library on Sundays. A great number of "reverends" were present and addressed the committee in aid of the remonstrants. We shall present our views upon the subject in our next.

THE RADICAL for July is on our counter. Sent by mail on receipt of 35 cts. Its list of contents bears the names of able writers.

Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, of California, is coming to the Atlantic States, for the purpose of bringing out a volume of her poetic works.

A MUSICAL NOVELTY.—The introduction of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organ has developed new musical features which are creating a sensation. In combination with the piano, or with piano, violin and violoncello, entertainments that were extremely interesting and attractive have been given in Boston and New York. A variety of music has been prepared expressly for these concerts, and it is very beautiful. Foreign composers of eminence are turning their attention to this new field. We can imagine nothing more pleasing in our musical experience than one of the above named concerts.—Boston Journal.

New Publications.

LITTLE BROTHER, AND OTHER GENRE-PICTURES. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Mr. Ludlow is perhaps the most brilliant magazine writer we now have employed by the publishers. His conceptions are rare and powerful, his skill in delineation very marked, his style at once airy and penetrating, and the general effect of his pictures both striking and harmonious. He is an admitted artist, and he shows signs of genius. The story from which this present handsome volume takes its title, was published in the defunct "Northern Lights," and is a powerful production. The other three in the volume are very fine in their way, and revive the delightful associations of boyhood. The book will be popular, because it was born from the gifted writer's heart. It is not often that this fresh, green field of boyhood is chosen by an author to disport his feelings and fancies in.

STORIES AND SKETCHES. By our best authors. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We have here a collection of pleasant tales and sketches from the magazines, by writers who are feeling their way to high repute as fast as they can. These productions are all genial and pleasant, and there is enough of the dark thread of tragedy shot through their brilliant warp to make them the more impressive. A great many of the fugitive productions of the day are fit to be bound up in the form of permanent literature, but miss of their deserts simply from the lack of insight and enterprise on the part of publishers. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have shown both in collecting the present batch of popular tales, which they offer to the public for summer reading, in a most taking form.

We have before us a little pamphlet, full of the strong meat of thought, on "MEDIUMSHIP, ITS LAWS AND CONDITIONS, with brief instructions for the formation of Spirit Circles," by J. H. Powell. It is an English production and publication, and will command very wide and serious attention on this side of the Atlantic. The subject being one with which all Spiritualists are familiar, whatever so well-furnished and disciplined a mind as Mr. Powell's may have to present in relation to it will be received with universal favor. His discussion of the laws and manifestations of Mediumship betrays a familiar acquaintance with the subject, and will give many a person valuable and timely suggestions in a desired direction.

"A WORD TO MANKIND" is the title of a pamphlet of 34 pages, published in London by J. Burns, and contains matter worthy of serious thought at the hands of all Spiritualists. Its dividing chapters are as follows: Generation—How can a man be a celibate?—Man a Spiritual Being—The Advent of Christ harmonious with the unchanging law of Nature—Man a Progressive Being—There is a God. The author does not accept the doctrine of the enfranchisement of woman, but his thoughts on progress and growth in spirituality should be pondered by all men and women who seek advancement through a thorough knowledge of themselves.

Mr. LYSANDER SPOONER has published the second of his essays on the Constitution, this one treating of Treason. His purpose is to show that there can be no such thing as treason against the United States. His premise is, that no majority has a right to compel a minority to be governed as the former wills, and that no man can, in reason and sense, obligate himself to support any Government for the future. However sound this may be in the abstract, the discussion is allowable only as it is proposed to apply the same to the practice of everyday life.

George Dutton, M. D., of Rutland, Vt., publishes a convenient little tract for the pocket, entitled "A HYGIENIC MANUAL, OR HOW TO RESTORE HEALTH AND SECURE LONGEVITY." It abounds with sound suggestions in reference to diet and the general mode of living, and is likely to prove exceedingly useful for general reference. Any one sending thirty cents to his address will have this pamphlet returned therefor immediately.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST. By Wilson Nicely, St. Louis.

This book makes a copious, clear and satisfactory guide for emigrants and capitalists, and embraces a full description of the States of Missouri and Kansas, giving likewise a new map of both those States. It will be found invaluable at the present time, and its style is well adapted to the uses of the traveler. It may be had for \$1.50.

To the Spiritualists in Connecticut.

The Executive Committee of the State Organization have engaged Bro. A. T. Foss to labor as State missionary for the month of August. He will speak in Willimantic the first Sunday in August. Will the friends now embrace this opportunity, co-operating with him by invitation to different parts of the State? Bro. Foss will take up collections and solicit subscriptions for the State fund, and be paid from the same for his services by the Executive Committee.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., July 15th, 1867.

New York Department.

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

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

Our Book Trade.
Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty volumes, seventeen cloth, three in paper. Nature's Divine Revelations, 30th edition, just out. 4 vols. Great Harmony, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Reform, and Thinker. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Venerable Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions. Modern Discourses, History and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Philosophy of Spirit Interference. Philosophy of Special Providence. Harmonical Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Life, Present Age and Future Life. Approaching Crisis, Past and Future. Children's Progressive Catechism—Full set, 62c.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Lines: Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Diet of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price 90c; postage 10c.

Self-Contradictions of the Bible, 25 cts.

Peep into Sacred Tradition, 50 cts. London Spiritual Magazine, and Human Nature, each 30 cts. monthly.

Prism of Life, and Mind, 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.

Man and His Relations. The great book by S. B. Brittan. Price \$3.50; postage 40 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

A Woman's Secret. Now and rich. Price \$1.75; postage 25 cts.

Microphot, 21; postage 12 cts.

Joan of Arc, 21; postage 12 cts.

Queen Mah, 25 cts.; postage 9 cts. Seventy-five varieties of covered pamphlets.

Popular Medicines.

Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powder, Dr. H. B. Rogers's preparation of Doan's Kerylin and the Scrupulous Balm all continue to bring words of approbation to our office. Ring's Ambrosia for grey hair is also on our shelves.

Good and Evil.

All persons who admit the existence of evil and good, also admit degrees in each and fix a sliding scale by which both are varied, and even the degrees are modified by circumstances, so it is not always easy to determine on which side of the line of separation an act is to be placed, or how high or low on the scale it should be registered when the first point is decided. For instance, taking the life of a fellow being who is an entire stranger never heard of, and who has never injured or provoked you; if done in battle or by soldiers in executing orders on deserters or spies, or by a sheriff or officer of the law, it is not only no crime in a Christian country where the arbitrary and absolute law of God is, "Thou shalt not kill," and where the milder teachings of Jesus are to forgive, to submit to all authority and insult, and if smitten on one side to turn the other, and resist not evil. Yet those who believe this, the word and example of God, are foremost in settling it aside and justifying the acts that are thus forbidden by command and example. They have a different rule of conscience, and measure from different points of right and wrong, or good and evil.

It is a terrible crime to take the life of a stranger who has given no offence, unless there is some word of command from some legally constituted authority; but when there is such, all laws of God and examples of Jesus are set aside by the Christian, or at least by most of those who claim to be Christians, and the lower law takes precedence and justifies the act that they say God has absolutely in this law forbidden. The question then arises, are these acts—or the act of taking life—good or evil, right or wrong? If right, can it ever be changed to wrong? If wrong, can it ever be changed to right? If it can be changed so as to be sometimes right and sometimes wrong, is it not relative instead of absolute? Is not its character determined by each individual for him or herself, and not by word of God or man? To us and to many others it would be wrong, always wrong, to hang a man or woman (the latter terribly wrong), by any authority of law, judge or jury; but it is not so to all persons.

This brings us to the point: is the ACT wrong or not? One says yes, and another says no. Both are right, for the right and wrong—good and evil—are relative terms, and used relatively to each individual's conscience. Many other acts of life are to be sealed in the same way. In one person it is wrong and a crime to get drunk, voluntarily, willfully; in another it is no crime, and not even wrong. We have known persons that inherited such appetites that it would be inhuman, even brutal, to condemn them for yielding to them. It is a notorious, often deplorable fact, that the voluntary and involuntary actions of many persons begin back of their birth, and in the parents, and are only unlearned and fulfilled in the offspring.

We certainly do fix a most ridiculous standard of right and wrong—not only legally, but morally, socially and religiously. A man may commit a rape (one of the most horrible of crimes under all circumstances, if there are any crimes), by the sanction of a priest or magistrate, and do it legally, as often as he pleases, and not even the modesty of good society is shocked at it. Adultery in matrimonial life ceases to be wrong in public estimation, but the act of itself can be no less wrong, and virtually a crime, than without the sanction of law, neither can murder, if these or any acts are in or of themselves wrong. No circumstances or law, unless it be self-defence, can justify one person in violating the body or soul of another, or polluting it. If there is one right belonging to a human being which no law or gospel can justify take away, it is the right to the control of self, of soul and body, when that control does not infringe upon another person, and no law of man or God, criminal, civil or religious, can set this right aside justly. So we reason and so we feel. Hence we could not pronounce sentence of death on a fellow-being, or execute one without doing what we call wrong and evil. We would let every person, man or woman, govern his or her body while the soul lives in it, provided he or she did not in that government interfere with or injure another; and we would enact such laws as would secure their ownership and control to every person, black or white, male or female, and amend all laws of state and church that subject in any form of slavery or personal servitude one individual to another. This would not do away with marriage, as some suppose, but only make the parties equal, giving the man no more control over the woman's body or soul than she has over his, and giving neither any legal or religious right to the person of the other. We would let the relic of heathenism and barbarism which the church has retained in marriage, making the wife a slave, as the statutes did the negro till the present decade, even in our free country, pass away with chattel slavery, and more the sliding scale of right and wrong, good and evil, a little higher up on the lines of humanity. But of course all such agrarian doctrines are obnoxious to the advocates of the sacred institutions, which are perfect as they exist, and as perfect as they came from God to the Church, and from the Church to the State. Murder the murderer for his crime of murder, and your murderer shall be no crime; for the law says so, and the church says amen! Free the chattel slave, and give the black man the right to vote, for the law echoes the warrior's bugle blast that proclaimed it, and the church said amen—but go on making slaves of women, and rear and enslave

the girls, both black and white, and call it holy, as many of our preachers did slavery a few years ago. Right and wrong, good and evil, what are they?

Maximilian.

There is no longer any doubt that this distinguished person has been killed, cruelly killed by the same barbarism that starved prisoners at Andersonville, shot prisoners in the army, hanged persons on the gallows by the neck till dead, and has marked the bloody footsteps of all Christian nations and semi-civilized governments of all time to the present day. There would be nothing in this event worth more notice than other individual cases—than in the shooting of Hisscock at Albany, or the hanging of Green in Malden—were it not a case which arouses the governments of Europe by taking for its victim one of royal blood, and one of the beloved household of European sovereigns. Royal blood is not to us—nor to Mexicans—more sacred than the blood of citizens, but if it can be the means of awakening the governments of Europe to a sense of the barbarous cruelties of war, and thereby advance the cause of universal peace, if it can arouse them to a sense of the wickedness of military laws, or all laws that take human life, the sacrifice may be of some use, and not so much to be regretted as the cases of which no notice is taken by those who make the laws and have power to alter them. Even if Mexico is outlawed by the nations of Europe, as she seems likely to be for a time, the cause of humanity may be advanced, and the principles of justice and universal peace be strengthened. Others who were shot by the same cruel orders have little notice taken of them; but, like the two who were crucified with Jesus, are only remembered and mentioned as associates in suffering. To us the crime is as great that takes the life of a citizen as that which takes the king or prince. Human life is as sacred to the poor as to the rich, to the soldier as to the officer. We seek to advance by every means the cause of righteousness and good will, and we do not believe that revenge is good in any case, nor barbarity a sign of refinement or true civilization, and yet we can expect no better laws from those who believe in the endless misery of the unbelievers in their creeds and false doctrines.

Personal.

Sanford B. Swan, of Norwich, Conn., continues to supply our books to the readers of spiritual literature at Norwich. Other friends having a little money to invest in spiritual books, would help the cause and themselves by following the example of Brother Swan.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, has done a great and good work in scattering the spiritual literature from his home and where he has traveled. He still keeps books.

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

AN IMPORTANT THOUGH INCOMPLETE REVELATION IN THE ASSASSINATION CASE.—The Minerve, a religious journal of Canada, comes forward in defence of the two priests charged with having aided and abetted in the concealment of Surratt while in Canada. It impugns the evidence of Dr. McMillan in reference to one of those priests—Rev. Mr. Boucher, of St. Liboire. It is asserted that the Doctor is a bad character; that he was residing at Sheffield in 1864; that he practiced abortion; that Rev. Mr. Boucher had to oppose him in the interests of public morality, and that the young gentleman, out of revenge, has invented the story, absolutely false, of Surratt having been hidden by the priest. The same paper makes a very important although incomplete revelation, as will be seen by the following:

"It is with much regret that we have seen some English papers hazard some very wicked comments on the conduct of the two Canadian priests implicated in the Surratt trial. We should like to have found them practicing as much reticence as we have done toward them. If we had wished we could have published, long since, the name of a Protestant minister, whose letter is under our eyes, and who himself originated the idea of the assassination of President Lincoln. The Confederate agents in Canada, whose answer we also hold, declined the proposal, and the minister then resorted to a private attempt. If need be, we could give his name, the place where he is at present residing in one of the Northern States, in a city well known, where he occupies an important post and is respected."

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 fares. No refreshment stands or exhibitions allowed on the ground.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Boston, July 11, 1867.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.

The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association will hold a regular meeting at the Melouron (Tremont Temple), Thursday morning, July 25, at nine o'clock, for the transaction of business to be brought before the Convention.

Let there be a full and punctual attendance.

Per order. GEORGE A. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

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 13th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Dr. L. K. COOKEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hand persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

PROMPT RELIEF from the pangs of NEURALGIA, nerve-ache, and other painful nervous affections, may be obtained by partaking of Dr. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILLS. The most eminent of the medical faculty have tested the efficacy of this medicine, and are satisfied with the results. Apothecaries have it. PRINCIPAL DEPOT 120 TOWNSEND STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Price \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG.

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

Dyspepsia.—This scourge of the race, the most aggravating of all diseases known, and hardest to cure, yields immediately to the influence of Cod's Dyspepsia Cure. It is certainly the most wonderful remedy ever discovered for indigestion, and any disorder of the Stomach or Bowels.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate type*, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in advance.

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

C. P. L.

THE

MANUAL FOR CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

SIXTH EDITION. New Bound. 80 cents per copy—8 cents postage. \$2.00 per hundred.

THIRD ANNUAL EDITION OF THE LYCEUM MANUAL. 45 cents—4 cents postage. \$3.00 per hundred.

LYCEUM EQUIPMENTS on hand and for sale as desired. Address, H. E. L. MARSH, Publisher, 14 HORTON STREET, BOSTON, July 27.—*edit*

DR. J. B. NEWTON

CURES IN MOST CASES INSTANTANEOUSLY!

20 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., Mondays

Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays,

UNTIL THURSDAY, August 4th, at 2 P. M. In Newport

from August 6th to 20th. In

Montreal

on and after Monday, August 20th.

July 27.

PSYCHOMETRIC,

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC.

DR. E. A. PRATT,

(OF MILFORD, MASS.)

Whose Cures have Attracted the Attention of

Noted Practitioners,

and

DR. M. H. HOUGHTON,

(OF PARIS, FR.)

THE WELL-KNOWN Lecturer on the TEMPERAMENTAL

Physiology, Psychology, Theology and Psychometry,

have opened rooms at 31 MAJ STREET, MILFORD, MASS., where

they can be consulted on Wednesday and Friday of each week.

Will examine at a distance by autograph, and medicine sent

to all parts of the United States. For examination, \$1.00—

TREATMENT extra.

Dr. HOUGHTON also gives Temperamental,

Psychological and Physiological Lectures, and

Charismatic healing, embracing marked cures, and the leading

traits—which to be cultivated and which restrained in

order to insure healthful and prosperous lives and harmonious

family life.

Will be at HARVARD HOTEL, Court Square, Boston, (first

floor) on Tuesday of each week.

Can examine at a distance by autograph. For full delineation

\$1.00 and red stamp.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address, MILFORD, MASS. July 27.

MRS. M. J. CHAPPELLE.

AN INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER, will hold Conversa-

tions at her Parlor, No. 10 South street, Boston, on any

Metaphysical subjects pertaining to the problems of Human

and Divine Life, the laws of spirit control, and the inhar-

monies of body and mind.

Scientific minds who love to explore the regions of thought

are requested to call.

Mrs. C. will be happy to receive calls to lecture for the Spir-

itual Societies of New England.

Hours from 9 to 5. Terms \$1 per hour.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Our Public Circles—Vacation.

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

Invocation.

Thou Fountain of Wisdom, thou source of Strength, thou who art our Father and our Mother, thou who art our Life, forever we would return thanks unto thee for thy many mercies. We would praise thee for thy many gifts. But most of all, oh Spirit of Wisdom, oh Soul of Justice, we would praise thee for the gift of life. We thank thee that thou hast heard the call of thy children who dwell in the deep vale of human life; and because thou hast heard, thou hast answered, and thy ministering spirits are walking the earth, and ministering to the needs of thy children who are in the form.

Oh our Father, thou hast no need that we lift our souls unto thee. There is no need that we praise thee, for thy wisdom is beyond ours, and thy strength is sufficient for our weakness.

The thoughts of thy children who are gathered here we would bind in a wreath that will never fade, and lay them upon thine altar, imploring thy blessing upon them. They are thoughts of many lives. They partake of the experiences of human life. But as they are thoughts, they are a part of thy life. They are consecrations from thy great sun. So, oh Father, thou wilt receive them. So, our Mother, thou wilt tenderly care for them. So, our Life, thou wilt gather them into the garner of thy being and perfect them. Father, if thy children have sorrows in life, teach them that they are for good. If their hearts are bowed down with grief, teach them that grief is one of thy handmaids which will lead them out of darkness into the light. Wherever thy children are who sorrow, may thy ministering angels of joy bathe their brows and unseal their eyes, so they may behold not only the cloud, but the silver lining thereof.

Father, accept our prayers, receive our praises; for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen. May 9.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

Ques.—By E. Goodwin: All spirits say, "I have come back, I have been a long time in coming." Mary Jane Holmes says, "I want mother to know how happy we are in the spirit-world; and nothing would induce me to return and stay." Schools for children are spoken of, and flowers, &c. Now where is this place they come from? Can you tell? or is it forbidden? One question more: Why do not some of the Orthodox Bishops and Presbyters return, as well as those who have been called heterodox, and soldiers, and those of no religion when on earth?

Ans.—Your correspondent seems to be somewhat in the dark, and so far as knowledge concerning the inhabitants of the spirit-world is concerned, we know that he must of necessity be in the dark somewhat; but when he asks to know why certain intelligences, or a certain class or caste of intelligences do not return manifesting to their fellows here, he betrays an amount of ignorance which we are sorry to see. He tells us by his queries that he has not kept his intellect posted concerning returning spirits; for it is a well known fact to those who are posted in these matters, that all classes of intelligences, from the highest to the lowest, have returned, manifesting through modern media; those who believed in the existence of a Supreme Being called God, and those who did not. All the different views of religious life have been fully represented. Now with regard to the location of the spirit-world. Properly speaking, the spirit-world is everywhere. Wherever there is life, there is a spirit-world; for life, to our understanding, means spirit. The gardens of beauty spoken of by those who return from the land of the hereafter, may be in your midst. Because they are unseen by you, you have no right to say they do not exist. You cannot see the atmosphere, yet you know that the atmosphere exists. You cannot see the component parts of the atmosphere, yet there they are in all their grandeur, all their glory. Your senses cannot understand that within the arcana of atmospheric life there is a representation of all things that your senses can take cognizance of. You do not understand this, yet it is true. Every spirit who returns to earth communicating to friends, returns giving a portion of its own individual experience. It belongs to them, and nobody else. It is a part of their existence. Some tell you of flowers and fields, of forest trees, of sunny skies. Others tell you they do not see these things. Well, some men and some women here cannot see the beauty of a sunshiny day; others can. Some men and some women see no beauty in a forest tree, while others will bow down and worship it. Some behold no grandeur in the uprising waves of booming ocean; and yet others will go into ecstasies over such a scene. Every soul worships at its own shrine, bows down before its own Deity, perpetually saying to itself, "thou shalt bow down before no other God but thine own." Every soul has a shrine of its own, a Deity of its own, and it perceives no other God. Life is represented to each soul differently. No two souls can see life alike. No two souls can see two thoughts alike. Yet there is a perfect harmony existing throughout all life. All these seeming differences are but notes in the great scale of being; and if you only sound them aright, they will give forth an harmonious sound. But if you do not touch them aright, discords will be the result. Yet the plan is all perfect, all exceedingly good, very good. Your correspondent, Mr. Chairman, like a great many others, is reaching out in vague expectation of receiving some definite knowledge concerning the spirit-land. But that definite knowledge can never come to his soul until he shall be dislothed of the flesh and shall stand objectively in that spirit-world. Knowledge is born of experience. We may give him what is our realization, but we can never produce absolute knowledge of the spirit-world to the soul who yet dwells in the confines of the flesh. May 9.

Franklin Osgood Stiles.

I said when standing face to face with the Death Angel, if it were possible, and in accordance with the plans of God, I would return, giving whatever intelligence I might be able to concerning the bourne that I had reached.

I was educated in accordance with the strict lines of Orthodoxy, and was called upon, if I would keep my faith intact, to receive spiritual light, spiritual knowledge, through the medium of Orthodoxy, and that alone. But like many souls who are not satisfied to behold the glories of the heavenly bodies through one telescope, I sought earnestly to satisfy myself through more than one. And as a natural result of religious superstition, in consequence of this wandering from the faith Orthodoxy from time to time, I received unkind words and felt unkind thoughts from those who could not understand as I did. For my own part, I was not satisfied myself that the spirit could return and take upon itself a machine human, and manifest to its fellows after death. I hoped it was so, but I did not know. And so I said, if it be possible I will come again.

Now since I find it is possible, I feel that as I return, I must lift my soul in thanks to the Great Soul who has permitted me to do so; feel to thank the same Great Father for this the greatest of all his blessings.

The soul, when it stands on the threshold of the change called death, fears to cross the tide called death, because it fears an absolute separation from loved ones here. But when it knows there is no such thing as absolute separation, then death is robbed of its sting; the grave knows no victory over a soul who is thus enlightened.

To my dear sister, who desired earnestly that I should return, who felt in her inner soul that I would return, I would say, you have many things to thank God for. Though shadows sometimes roll over you, though night is sometimes with your spirit, yet for this beautiful belief, this assurance of the power of the spirit to return after death, you should feel that you live even now in the kingdom.

And to all others belonging to the dear circle that in the external worship God, I would also say, seek for this modern manna; and when you have found it, eat of it and grow strong in faith; strong to do good deeds, strong to think great thoughts. I should feel very sad to know that any of my loved ones here, who had the light of this spiritual fountain shining upon them, would be guilty of committing one single wrong act; would think of violating the voice of conscience. Oh I want to see them walking always in ways of wisdom. I want them to enter the spirit-world with their garments all spotless.

The experience that I have passed through as a spirit, has been varied and beautiful. At times there have been seasons when my soul has stood still, awe-struck before the grandeur of Divine life. And again there have been times when I have sorrowed at so much darkness on the earth, so much religious darkness. But always when my trust in God was the highest, then I felt that it was all well, that he had ordered all things aright, and would perform his work as he saw best.

I rejoice to be able to return. I rejoice to be in this way able to clasp hands and unite thoughts with the dear ones I have left. Oh, my friends, rejoice in God. Be sure that he is able to sustain you, and know that the spirit-land is not far off, but here, and the inhabitants thereof are with you, to share your sorrows and joys—with you to assist you when you are weak—to gently chide you when you make a mistake.

I am Franklin Osgood Stiles, a graduate from Amherst, in the class of 1855. Good-day, sir. May 9.

Annie L. Stone.

Nine years ago when I went away, I had no thought I could come back. My name was Annie L. Stone, and I am from Bath, Me. I was in my seventeenth year. They said I died of fever, typhus fever. I suppose I did.

I should not have thought of coming back, if I'd not been urged to by my brother. He has come since I did, having been killed in the war. He has been very anxious to return, but has never found the way open for him, and so he has urged me to come and say to our people that we can come; and that he is quite satisfied to have died a soldier's death. His name was Edward. He was in his twenty-third year. My brother was dearer to me than perhaps all others, because we lived together. Our lives were more united, perhaps, than many others.

Our mother mourns because the war has taken, she says, all she had. No, it has not. It only dropped a veil between our mother and ourselves. But we remain alive, and not away from her.

My brother would be very happy, and I would be very happy, did we know that our friends knew that we could come back, and were ready to receive us. That makes many a spirit sad in the spirit-world. When we know that we can come back, it's all the harder to know that our friends don't believe it. My brother was of the 9th Maine. Good-afternoon. May 9.

Reuben Ames.

[How do you do?] Pretty comfortable, considering the tight places I've been through.

I was born in Charlestown, Vt., and my name, sir, was Reuben Ames, and I'm a soldier. I want to see if I can reach my folks—what's the prospect? [Pretty good.] All right, then; if the prospect is a good one, I'll give you a short-six the next time I meet you. [Thank you; I don't smoke.] Don't you? You don't know what's good then. I did, and the boys of our company used to call me Grant the Second, because I would always smoke during a battle. And the first thing I thought of when I got here, was if I only had a cigar I should be happy. [Could n't get one, could you?] No sir; 't was n't in the programme. My old grandmother once said to me, she believed that I was not exactly born smoking, but next thing to it, for I took it up so young that the old lady thought I was almost born to it.

My folks, what I've got left here, are kind of sort of in the dark, and I thought if there was anything I could do to enlighten them, I'd like to do it. Now I should just like to have 'em know that I'm in trim for coming back, and with all the rest of the boys I'm making myself very busy; I'm not farming it in the spirit-land, because there don't seem to be any hands wanted just now. I don't know but there may be when hay-time comes. But I'm employed, tell 'em. They used to say I was pretty lazy sometimes. You tell 'em that I'm employed in hunting up curiosities.

Oh I did like to be in any place where there was any fun going on. These long faces I never did like. And so I never could get into any religious meeting, for whenever I tried to, I noticed they always had long faces, so I thought it was no place for me. But you just tell the folks—Uncle Benjamin in particular—that I don't know how it will be with me hereafter, after I get through coming back here, after I leave this place, but so far I'm satisfied. And I haven't had a single de-

sire for a smoke since I went away until to-day. As soon as I got into communication with the body, I wanted to smoke, the very first thing. I believe somehow or other that was part of my life. I was asking how I should identify myself here, and some of the boys said, "Reub," by going back with a short-six in your mouth." Don't say any more to take. Never mind; I've said I wanted to smoke when I got here, and that will do about as well, I take it.

Well, I suppose Vermont has her green hills as well as ever, and the old Chickadee flows on the same as ever. It don't matter how many millions gets taken to the spirit-world; the gap is soon filled up and things go on again. It's a great wheel this world; sometimes you're on the inside, sometimes on the outside of it. I think it would go round if there was nothing but the tire left, as I once told my uncle. He said, "I tell you what it is: that wheel will be the means of breaking your neck." Said I, "Uncle Reub, it will go if nothing but the tire's left." So with the world; it keeps going round and round. The sun shines just the same as though I wasn't in the spirit-world, don't it? All right; it can shine on. I used to wish it would shine sometimes when it didn't. So I reckon it will shine whether I want it to or not.

My gracious! when I went out I thought the whole world had smashed up; come to me, it was only me. [How did you feel?] Felt as though the world was all smashed up; didn't think anything at all. Next I knew, I was—what do you call it? 't other side of Jordan, we used to call it. I haven't any recollection of crossing such a river; perhaps I shall when I leave this machine. Well, if you kept a cigar store I'd patronize you before I left. [I wish I had one; I'd give it to you.] Thank you for the good wish. By gracious! I've got to go sometime, I suppose. [Is your last name spelled with an A or an E?] Reuben Ames. Beg pardon, Miss. Good-day. By gracious! I wonder now if the world will roll up in a little heap when I go out? May 9.

Oseola, (an Indian Chief.)

From the swamps of the Floridas, to the Great Lakes where the sun sleeps, Oseola hears the war-whoop of his people in the hearts of his people; and soon he will hear it on their lips.

Twenty-nine harvest moons have come and gone since Oseola wrapped his blanket around him and slept in your wigwam of guns, to awake in the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit. Oseola was a great chief and warrior, but his tongue was not long to make great speeches. The war cry of his people has reached him in the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit, and the warriors and the sachems and the chiefs have returned from that hunting-ground, that they may stand upon the war-path of their people once more.

The Great Spirit lets his sun shine upon the red man and upon the white. The white man says that the Great Spirit has made the sun for him; the Great Spirit has spread out great hunting-grounds and filled them with game. The white man says the Great Spirit has given them to him. The heart of the red man, as his ear listens to the voice of the Great Spirit, knows that the white man lies. And he knows that the Great Spirit has given him his hunting-grounds, as he has given them his sunshine. And he knows that the white man asks much of the Great Spirit, and much of his red children.

Your Great Father sends out his warriors on the war-path. Some of them have small heads, and some of them have large ones. Some of them have great hearts, and some of them have no hearts at all. Some of them look into the water, and the water shows them good chiefs and good warriors. Some of them look into the water and see only squaws and bad warriors, and no chiefs. The Great Father does not say to his red children, what do you want? but he tells his red children what he wants of them. The white man says to the red man, I want your hunting-grounds. And the red man must go where the sun sleeps, or he must fight for his hunting-grounds and the graves of his sires. The white man's feet have even entered the dark swamps of the Floridas, and driven the red man far hence. And so the hearts of the red men have grown hot; and they have builded their council-fires, and the war-whoop is in their hearts, and soon it will come to their lips. The old men are making arrows, and the young men are learning to use them.

Oseola, with many chiefs and many warriors, returns from the hunting-ground where the Great Spirit gives justice to all his children; and he would rather see peace than war. But if the white man's feet grow so large that they want all the hunting-grounds, then the Indian Oseola would sharpen his knife and cut them off.

Oseola comes in answer to the call of his people. And he asks that the Great Father and his warriors go out where the sun sleeps, and ask the red man what he wants? Forgetting to tell what the white man wants, ask the Indian what he wants. Then your warriors will come home again. Then your squaws and papooses will not mourn for warriors dead.

The white man says that the Great Spirit has determined that the red man shall go out from the earth.

The red man looks into the water, and it shows him his face. So far the water is to the red man the Great Spirit. The water, the air, the great mountains and the valleys, will be the Great Spirit to the red man, telling him what the Great Spirit says to him.

The white man cannot teach the red man, for the red man will not hear his thoughts; for the red man knows that the white man has no justice in his heart. So when he would teach him, his words fall as the smoke falls when the air is heavy. The red man does not receive it into his heart or into his head. When the Indians have called their council of war, and so many warriors and so many sachems and so many braves meet in council, they know that the Great Spirit will send their chiefs and braves who have gone beyond the river of death, and their hearts are not towards hearts. And though they must go far toward the setting sun, they will go fighting for their hunting-grounds, and the Great Spirit will not frown upon them.

Twenty-nine harvest moons may come and go again ere Oseola pleads for his people through the lips of the white squaw; yet the shade of Oseola and his many braves will walk the hunting-grounds that the Great Spirit has given the red man, and strengthen the red man's arm, that he paddle his canoe safely, that his arrows go swift and straight, that his heart shall be ever strong and his blanket never cover the coward. May 9.

Séance opened by William E. Channing; closed by George Atkins.

Invocation.

Our Father, the knowledge of thy nearness falls upon our spirits like the breath of sweetest flowers; and the holy assurance that thou art our protector in our only life-boat through time and eternity. To know that thou art ever with us, to feel assured that thou canst never forsake us,

constitutes the heaven of the soul. The Wondrous Power by whom worlds have their being, by whom all atoms have their life, that Power is our life; that which can hold worlds in their proper places is able at all times to care for us. Thou by whose power the sun sheds its rays upon the earth, thou by whose power the seasons come and go away and come again, thou who art everywhere present, our Lord, our Saviour, our Life, we can but rejoice in a knowledge of thy nearness. And whatever storms may overtake our souls, whatever dark clouds may lower about us, we know thou art in the storm, thou art in the cloud; thy presence is able to beam out in sunshine and through the darkest night. When the soul in its greatest agony comes unto thee from its inner sanctuary, thou wilt give it knowledge of thy nearness. Thou wilt answer in soft tones that shall lull the soul to rest.

Father, we trust thee, we love thee, we do not fear thee, for did we fear thee we could not love thee. Perfect love has cast out all fear, and thy life, which we know is all love, we know will encompass our loves, and finally we shall be one with thee. Accept our praises for all thy gifts, accept our thanksgiving in behalf of all humanity for thy wondrous love for humanity. The dead blossoms, which we call human thoughts, that we have laid upon thine altar, oh Spirit of Life, do thou resurrect anew by thine own power. Do thou breathe on every thought that goeth forth from the souls of thy children, asking to know more of thee. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen. May 13.

Cornelius Mason.

My name, sir, was Mason, Cornelius Mason; yes, sir; and I'm right, I take it, in saying I was born in Machias, State of Maine, although it would be hardly right for me to say I hailed from there, because I think it would be more proper to say I hailed from Boston. [Last?] Not last; I resided, as high as I can calculate, in Andersonville last, Andersonville prison. That seems to be the last place I have any knowledge of here.

I am a sail-maker, sir, by trade. I don't know whether I should say that was the profession I was in when I went out. I should rather say I was a used-up soldier. It's best to be pretty careful about these things. If I had n't been pretty well posted, I could n't have told where I was from, where I died, and all those things.

I have some few friends that I should be very glad to talk with in this way, particularly Horace Bird. He was with me associated here; that is, we were very intimate together. He was sure there was no hereafter. We used to talk about it. I told him when we died we should know all about it, and if there was a 'road back, I'd try to come.

I don't know, sir, as it's anything worth while to come, for I tell you it's pretty hard work—this digging down here into the earth through the clouds. I'd rather use the palm all the days of my life, than to try to cut my way down here. I don't mean it's hard to control here. All that is necessary is for me to take on this body and do well—that is as well as ever I could. But it's the getting down here. Well, supposing you had a friend three miles under ground, wouldn't you find it pretty hard to get there? Now you see the air to us is just as material as the ground. Can't understand it, don't care if you don't understand it. The air is material to us. It is so. And you may as well ask the highest spirit that ever had an idea of coming back, to descend into the interior of your earth, as to come down here. [Can't you descend still further?] Down into the earth? To be sure; this is only another stratum of material life, and that is another. They are different degrees. [Is it any more difficult to pass into the earth than the air?] Not a whit. I know those that have gone, and they say it's about the same. Why I should n't say I, is because I've never been there. I take their experience. [What's their object in descending into the earth?] Ask what is their object, when all over the country we are called upon to tell folks where oil, where gold or silver is to be found. If we don't do it we don't know anything. So we've got to be at our wits' end—those that are called upon to give such information. What is it that goes away from the body at death? Why, it's the real thinking part of you, the intelligent part of you—that's me and you—the real part can never die, but lives forever. Oh, I tell you life is a wondrous mystery, after all. I don't know but I shall take up some branch of science and pursue it to the North Pole.

Well, there's a great many things in your Bible that are not true. For instance, your fish story of Jonah and the whale, and your other story of the miraculous conception and birth of Christ. All such things you've got to unlearn, and you may as well begin now as any other time. The sooner you begin the sooner you will get through with them; so you'd better begin now.

I'd like my friend that I've communicated to here, to just say to all the rest that I've come; and that, you see, will just open the way for me to all the rest. What makes it so much harder is that we have to go it alone. If there was anybody at the other end calling me, it would be easier; but as there isn't, I'll have to go it alone. [Was your friend in the same regiment with you?] Oh, no; he didn't go. He tried to go, but I believe he was not accepted. I didn't know he was sick; but at any rate he was n't accepted, so he stayed at home and I went. [How old were you?] Twenty-six years.

Well, you'll do just about by me as you do by others, I suppose. Now I'll endeavor to rise by virtue of the powers that be. I asked an old scientific fellow on the other side how it was that we could overcome these things. He went into a long explanation of these things that was very satisfactory to me. If I could only use his nice, flowery way of dressing it up, I would tell it to you. Perhaps I may, sometime. At any rate, you may be sure that the atmosphere is material to us; that that belongs to your earth. When we get where it's more rarefied, it's different. You may as well go to school now as any other time. You may have to take an old woman for a school-marm; who knows?

Good-day. If your ship wants a sail when you get ready to cross the tide, call on me, and I'll lend you a hand. May 13.

Mary Elizabeth (alias Florence) Grey.

I was christened by my parents Mary Elizabeth Grey, and later in life took the name of Florence Grey, and by that name I shall be known by most of the friends I desire to reach. I have been here and learned the method of control by those of my friends who have come.

I was a passenger on board the "Evening Star." My mother went to the spirit-land when I was very young. My father was a pious man, and for his second associate married a pious woman. But their piety drove me from their roof; and so I became what I was in after life.

My father still lives on the earth, and perhaps would find satisfaction in the knowledge that I was dead. Perhaps he may find some comfort in the knowledge that I'm not unhappy, but on the

contrary am happy and satisfied. And my mother has no condemnation for me, nothing but pity and kindness.

That piety which raises itself to the throne of God upon its heap of discarded victims, is to my mind very poor piety. My father believed that a few were elected to salvation, and that many were elected to damnation. Well, I pity him for his darkness; and I know that he will regret sincerely the course he has led through earthly life, when he comes to understand life in all its phases. Jesus says, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Those pious egotists who assume so much are not little children. They are great, and old, and wise, in their own estimation. And if Jesus told the truth, then my father must either come down and be a little child, or stay outside of the kingdom of heaven, according to his own philosophy. My father will learn that the kingdom lies in kind thoughts, good deeds. The kingdom of heaven, I would have my father know, consists in doing the will of God; and the will of God is to do good. It is not good to consign any soul to endless punishment, either in thought or deed.

I told my father when I was a little child—yes, I was a little child—that I thought the time would come when I should be able to talk to him concerning his religious belief.

It matters not what kind of a road my feet wandered over in earthly life. If the road was a rough one, I gained also the experience accruing from a rough life; and that experience is worth all the world to me. I would not yield it up for all the fabled heaven that old theology can boast of. I thank God that I wandered over a rough and stony road on earth. It was good for me; and now I am able to see clearly, understand better, and to appreciate more fully the freedom and the joyousness of the spirit-land.

(To the Chairman.) Good-day, sir. [How old were you?] Nearly twenty-seven, sir. I understand your platform is free to all, therefore I am welcome to it. May 13.

Captain William Credeford.

Be kind enough, sir, to say that Captain William Credeford, of Kennebunkport, Maine, would be very glad to hold communication with friends there, if they'll just give him the opportunity to. Yes; good-day; short stories, you know, when you're in a hurry. That's my way. May 13.

Séance opened by William Ellery Channing; letters answered by George A. Redman.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, May 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; General Frederick Barringer, to his wife, Mrs. Barringer, of Cincinnati, O., to his father, Aunt Olive Litchfield, to her sons, in Boston, Mass.

Friday, June 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Messrs. Ann a Louder to the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT; Dr. J. R. Moore, of Lawrence, Mass.; David Chester, of Missouri, to his brother Stephen, in Kansas; Edith Wallace, of Cincinnati, O., to her friends in Philadelphia, Pa.; Sarah A. Southworth, to the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Thursday, July 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Howard M. Burnham, of Battery II, 5th Artillery; Frederick Straus, to his wife, and his friend Samuel in Philadelphia, Pa.; Sarah A. Southworth, to the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Monday, July 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Susan Bridgman, to her father; James C. Shelton, to his brother Charles, and friends in and about Portsmouth, Va.; Willie Putnam, to his mother, in Boston; James Riley, to his wife and children, in Boston.

Friday, July 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Brigadier-General George C. Strong, to his friends; Ephraim Harris, to friends in Princeton, Ind.; Clara Pope, to her brother, Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Boston; Lowell P. Wood, of Charleston, Mass., to friends.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Received from
G. A. Barnes, Olympia, Washington Territory.....\$1.38

Donations in Aid of the Poor.

Received from
Friend, St. Albans, Vt.....\$ 50
Benj. T. Horn, Peekskill, N. Y.....\$ 10.00

Children's Lyceum Excursion.

DEAR BANNER.—The excursion of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and Spiritual Association came off here on the 10th, as per programme, and it was really a very pleasant affair. The day was actually glorious; the ride down and up the beautiful Hudson was like floating through a landscape of serene dreams; and then the members of the Lyceum were so orderly and yet so free and spontaneous; our march with flags—the glorious stars and stripes, the symbol at once of liberty and law—was a very fine sight. Here's what the Troy Daily Times says of it:

"The excursion of the Lyceum yesterday down the river was a very pleasant affair. The party landed about two miles below New Baltimore, and repaired to a fine grove, where music, speaking and other interesting exercises took place. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. A. J. Davis, of New York city, and S. J. Finney, the Conductor of the Lyceum. Dancing was kept up with spirit on board of the barge to and fro, and the steamer Golden Gate brought the party back to this city in the happiest spirits at eight o'clock last evening. The procession of the children to the number of at least one hundred, all neatly dressed and bearing American flags, was a beautiful spectacle. The managers are certainly entitled to great credit for the agreeable and successful manner in which everything passed off during the day."

And I want to say to the Conductors of Lyceums everywhere, trust the children and they will trust you.

And you may be sure the presence of Bro. A. J. Davis was a real precious benediction to us all. Heartily do we all thank him for his coming and his counsel.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum here is rapidly enlarging and improving in all respects. We are all engaged in uniting and consolidating its forces. Those who were not at first Spiritualists—young gentlemen and ladies—are joining the ranks. And we now extend a cordial heart-warm-greeting to the one hundred and twelve other Lyceums throughout the country, and say to them, we will enter the lists to win the highest and holiest attainments in this blessed school of physical, mental and spiritual culture. Sure are we that this school is the germ of a Native American Religious Republic. It imports its method not from Judea, but from the Summer-Land; it is the incarnation of the New Age and the Harmonical Era. Let the Spiritualists of the United States but once realize the character of this Lyceum, and that anarchy which has so long wasted their best efforts will disappear.

I am most cordially yours for the Lyceum,
SELDEN J. FINNEY.

Troy, N. Y., July 12, 1887.

From Macon, Georgia.

I am requested by the members of our little spirit-circle to write to you, and ask your assistance in procuring a test medium to come to this city. The members of our circle are all so poor that we are at a loss to know how to offer any inducement to a medium to come in our midst and serve us; but I am authorized to say that if you can find a medium who is disposed to come South, he (or she) will find a welcome home at the house of (Bro. J. P. Hooker, until other arrangements can be made. And will further say, that we believe that if we had a good test medium here, we would soon find a good opening, and we will do all we can to introduce and get him into business. Brother Hooker is lecturing a little twice a week for us, but he is in feeble health, and cannot at the present time be relied on as a test medium. Macon, Ga., July 24, 1887. WINDHAM DORRIS.

