

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{ \$5.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 24.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT EVIDENCE.

BY JOS. A. FULLER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR, NEW YORK.

Armington and I were school-boys together, and while my inclination led me to adopt the legal profession, his sent him out of doors, as an artist; and he has seen much of the outer world, and, as I think, but little of the inner. He is visionary; not to an extreme, but is always trying experiments, to gain knowledge, he says, of himself and human nature, and of the soul. I have never really seconded him in any scheme of this kind, except once, where he made it appear that my professional honor required it. Of course, it is the duty of every lawyer to work for his client, as he is bound on his oath to do; but beyond that he should feel that not only interest but reputation is at stake, and never neglect any means, however apparently insignificant, to gain his cause, especially when he believes it just.

It was a case of embezzlement. A school-mate of ours, in Ludlow, when Bunnel was principal of Black River Academy, in 1845 and '46. Henry Pollard came to this city in 1853, and worked his way steadily up from one post to another, until he was made confidential clerk of the firm of Taylor & Co., Bankers, Wall street, his predecessor being promoted to a junior partnership. He had held the post with honor for nearly three years, up to the time of the alleged embezzlement.

Armington insisted that I should give him my services gratis, as assistant to Hon. Wm. Bronson, Esq., who had engaged to defend him, because he had a pretty good reputation as a criminal lawyer. He had called on Bronson, and learned that the only defence Pollard could make was a simple denial, while the proof was abundant, although circumstantial, and that in his opinion conviction was certain. What could I do? My inexperience could not hope to succeed where Bronson gave up the case as a lost one. Armington urged that Bronson had made his reputation and his fortune; there was but little stimulus here, either of money or reputation, and besides, he was a total stranger to Pollard. He urged me further to go with him to the tombs where Pollard was locked up, and have a talk with him.

We found him dejected and pale. Armington told one or two stories, by way of softening the heart, he said, and widening the features, for he never saw a man so long-featured and in such need of illumination. Then to business. Truly, he had nothing to say in defence. Thirty thousand dollars were missing from the safe, having disappeared between closing time Saturday and ten o'clock Monday morning, and the keys were in his keeping. His books were correct. He lived with his employer, kept good hours, had no expensive habits, was not a member of a club, and his bank account showed a balance of only about two hundred dollars in his favor. He supported his aged father and mother, up in the old home, and a younger brother in college. Could account for every dollar, as he kept a diary and item account for himself. Did not suspect any one in the office had a grudge against him—did not think any one in the employ of the firm had the money.

Armington went home with me to dinner. We were late, and there was only one or two at the table, so we could talk without intruding our affairs upon others. I don't enjoy the solitary meal. You may amuse yourself alone with chess, or cribbage, or croquet, but not eat alone. The chit-chat from your right and left, and opposite, neighbors, at the table, is so much spice and flavoring extract to your palate. A well-ordered court consists of a judge, counsel, victim, accusers, witnesses and audience; and a good table should have all these, and usually has, which adds immensely to the value of the occasion. One of those who sat with us at our late dinner was a Mrs. Russell, (really I don't know whether she was a widow or not; never inquired,) who was very plain looking, and given over to the "wiles of Spiritualism." I always seized the chance of throwing a mental brick at her by way of exciting her to some remarks on the vexed question, for I had no faith in ghostly things. Therefore I began, after a few minutes' conversation with my friend, by saying to Mrs. Russell:

"Well, if there is any good thing in the Nazareth of Spiritualism, now is the time to bring it out; but of course there is not, or it would sometimes appear, as if by accident."

"Have you ever tested it?" quietly asked Mrs. Russell.

"No. What's the use?"

"Then, if you have not tested it, it is unfair, to say the least, and unjust in a lawyer to judge without evidence and a fair trial."

That was a home-thrust from a good fencer. I am not sure but she was a grass widow, with whom it would be very difficult for a quiet man to get along. I thought of Pollard, and forgave her for the time, and wondered if it was possible that anything could be done for him by the spirits.

"What do you say, Armington?"

"Well enough to try, if anything promises to aid us."

To Mrs. Russell I said, "Come now, I will take you at your word. We will have a trial. I have a friend who is accused of a great crime, and I believe him innocent, but the proof against him is very strong, and he will be sure to be convicted unless a miracle, spiritual or otherwise, is enacted in his behalf. Now, what say you? Can anything be done?"

"We must ask for help."

"Certainly. Where?"

"Of any good medium—trance medium. You don't know any? Well, if you will attend our circle to-night, something may come to light."

Armington said we had better go, for even a

straw may show which way the wind blows. And we engaged to go.

We sat and listened to raps and the spelling out of communications for Tom, Dick and Harry, and I was getting very near the bottom of my patience, when Mrs. Russell said there was something for me. An eminent lawyer desired to say to his brother of earth that "He would soon hear of some very good news concerning a dear friend who was in trouble. He must be patient. The Lord would work out his righteousness in his own good time and way. Trust ye in the Lord, for He is good; for He is mighty. Praise ye the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men."

Oh, how disappointed I felt. Was this all we were to expect to help poor Pollard? I had trusted in a deed indeed.

"Have faith," said Mrs. Russell.

"How can I have faith in what I do not understand? There is nothing here for faith to look at, or stand on, or think about, except a vague promise of some good news. The fact is, I have always contended that there never was anything said or done by the Spiritualists that could not be accounted for by the living, without resort to the departed spirits. And this communication is in point. You know enough about the case to have said as much. Besides, the quotations from the Bible were botched."

"The good spirit was there, the letter is only the material servant and liable to err. You should not refuse to hear, having ears."

"But is there ever anything learned that is new?"

"Yes. Here is an evidence."

"What evidence?"

"The spirit said you should hear something good for your friend, and no one else in the room, but us three, knew anything about your errand."

"It seems such a flimsy thread to trust in."

"Wait and see."

Armington said we ought not to conclude on so slight grounds. "Even you lawyers are in the habit of temporizing, delaying, tormenting, also, by your diabolical inventions, in the art and mystery of worrying clients. Let us wait and see, as Mrs. Russell says; and besides, don't despise this small beginning, for it may be a test of our worthiness to receive more."

Confound him, I thought; Armington is half cracked.

Late into the night I fell asleep and dreamed that Pollard came to my bed-side and said, with beseeching, pale face, "Fuller, I am innocent, and you must work hard to prove it. It rests with you. Bronson is bribed to let me go. Think of my old father and mother; their gray hairs must not go down in sorrow to the grave. They are beyond the age of three score and ten now, and so feeble that this blow would kill them. How horrible, that innocent yet helpless, I should be the means of their death."

So clear and distinct had been the vision that when I awoke I looked around the room for Pollard, while something tugged at my heart, urging me to do my best, my utmost, to save him. I had almost begun to have faith in supernatural things, and ventured to wonder if Pollard had been dreaming anything corresponding to mine. So I called, on my way down town, at the tombs, and talked about this and that, only venturing after a while to say—

"How do you sleep these hot nights; is it cool in this stony hole?"

"Oh, I do n't sleep. I doze off, now and then, and scare myself with awful dreams. Sometimes I am at home up there, a boy, and in school, happy again, as in our old times; father and mother and brother and sister, all as you used to see them. But then the reality on waking is so bitter!"

So his dreams had nothing for me. Dreaming of parents and childhood is all very well for sentiment, but not for business. Legal facts or fictions are now current coin only. Something practical is wanted. Of course, it is all folly to spend a minute or a thought on the Spiritualists, and I must not let it out, or I shall catch it hot and heavy. Wonder what Bronson would say to his valuable and efficient assistant, running off to a spirit circle, instead of looking into the proper place for evidence, where they are most concerned. Of course I cannot go as a spy into the enemy's camp.

I introduced myself to the Hon. Mr. Bronson without delay, and asked for information and direction as his assistant. In the case of the People of the State of New York against Henry Pollard. Bronson said that all we could do was to wait for something to turn up in the prisoner's favor; as it stood now he would be convicted, and we could only hope, by bringing his previous good character to bear on the court in mitigation of his sentence. "We must try what can be got from him as a clue to a conspiracy, which no doubt exists in the case, as the evidence is entirely circumstantial, although very strong. We have ten days to term, and perhaps a few days longer, as there is a long calendar."

I questioned Pollard about his associates and friends, in and out of the office.

"I am a lawyer now, and no gossip, and must know the worst as well as the best, if I am to fight to advantage. There is sometimes desperate defence made to save the guilty, and often the innocent are lost by doing things half-way."

He mentioned one by one the clerks, messengers and partners in the office, and said he had lived for nearly two years with Mr. Taylor, and had but few associates outside of the family friends and acquaintances. Went to church at Chapin's, except now and then, when the family stayed at home, he went somewhere else; just as inclination prompted.

"Is there no woman in the case? There nearly always is, you know, when a man gets into trouble."

"I expected that. But as there is no guilt, there is no need of a woman."

"There is one then, after all?" queried I, teasingly.

Pollard colored, and looked down for an instant, while a cold chill ran down my back like a stream of water. I was afraid that he was guilty.

"I see you suspect me. But I repeat, a woman can have nothing to do with this case. I've not wasted money or time in that way."

"Are you engaged, or concerned in any way with any young lady?"

"Fuller, I say again, solemnly, that I can't see how any woman can be mixed up in this affair, for I am not guilty, I have kept no one, am not engaged to be married, and have only now and then—that is, I—"

(I thought he would never finish that sentence.)

"I have sometimes driven to the Park with Miss Munson."

"Who is Miss Munson?"

"Niece of Mr. Taylor, senior partner of the firm."

"Cost you much?"

"Went always in his carriage. Sometimes we have ice cream, but not always. Just as she chooses, and she is very moderate in her desires, and cares very little for luxuries. The scenery is her attraction."

"Did you go alone with her?"

"Never. The driver, of course, and Mr. Taylor's son and daughter, about six and ten years of age. No, never alone."

"Do you know whether she is engaged to anyone else who might be jealous of you?"

"No; Mr. Ellis, one of the junior partners, used to occupy my place in the office, and lived as I do in the house of Mr. Taylor, and I believe often drove out with the family to the Park. But just before I was promoted he left Mr. Taylor's suddenly, and took up his quarters in a room down town, and dined at the Athenaeum Club. I never heard any reason assigned for the change."

"Do you go to the opera with Miss Munson?"

"Yes. Mr. Taylor always has a season ticket for us all—and I don't know but he is a subscriber."

"Did Ellis enjoy these perquisites before you cut him out?"

"I did not know as I had cut him out. He left before I was promoted, some weeks, or months. But he is always very civil toward me."

I did not sleep until I had seen Ellis. Found him at his club, reading, and had a good opportunity to study him. Armington was with me. Armington has an instinct in the way of reading faces. Don't know any rules, scientific or otherwise, but feels so and so, and so it proves. He has often amused me by guessing at the occupation and character of the company where we have been spending the evening, and on inquiry he has always been found to be correct. So I expected much from him on this occasion.

Ellis was a genteel-looking, middle-aged man, with side whiskers, very quiet, full face, smooth; good, pleasant eyes; fair, round forehead; and he was dressed fashionably.

"Don't look like a rogue, Armington."

"I wish I could see him talking to some one."

"I'll venture. He doesn't know me, and I may learn something to our advantage."

I was entering the enemy's camp as a spy after all.

Ellis talked very coolly about the matter. Regretted that so promising a young man should give way to temptation, and hoped he might not be entirely crushed by it.

"I am an old acquaintance of Pollard's. Knew him in school."

"Then you must certainly feel interested in his case."

"Yes; and I can't believe him guilty, and hope to see him cleared."

"He will have hard work to get off. The proof is strong, direct. But, although it touches my interest, I would give twice the amount he is charged with having taken, to see him back in his place again, honorably."

I repeated the conversation to Armington, who replied:

"Fuller, as I am alive, that man is a rascal. I see it in his hair, his eyes, his fingers. What he said about giving so much to save Pollard is only a blind. We must wait and see."

"Armington, why don't you pronounce on this man? Is he the very rogue?"

"Well, that is cool. All any man can do is to detect a spurious coin or bill. You can't point out the place where it was made except by chance."

My partner helped me out with my copying and other work, so I gained some hours each day for the case, and since I had begun with the visionaries, as I called them, I thought best to call on Fowler & Wells, just to pick up an idea. I had no definite intention, only a vague impression that these men were pursuing a curious and abstruse science, which was yet not all a science, being still born in the field, uncut, unhusked, unshelled, unground, a great way off from bread, but after all, good sound corn. Behind the counter stood a fine-looking young man, with a quiet eye, and a "head well bumped," with whom it seemed the easiest thing in the world to get into conversation. He could not tell me about the science, as he had not made it a special study, but there was one in the examination room who was at my service. Mr. Fowler was in the West—Chicago—about that time, lecturing and conducting examinations. Mr. Wells was away on business, so I had to inquire at second hand. It may be all the better for that, thought I, for a man that is making a reputation for himself will work harder than when he has succeeded in gaining his coveted station. He stops to rest then:

I talked quite a long time, as no one came in to disturb us, except one or two for a "dollar examination," which was done with in a few minutes, and the subject away again. The good man got really interested in my queries, but said that I was too far beyond the present state of the science to expect much assistance from it. No

one, however expert, would risk the denouncing a man as a criminal on an inspection of his head alone. The office was lined with skulls, and casts of skulls, and casts of faces of noted criminals, but these were only records of what was known, and but little assistance in the search after what was hidden.

"Phrenology was then only a pastime, a means of cataloguing, not a means of discovering. This must then be put by the side of Spiritualism, as 'another delusion.'"

No. There are certain phases of the human soul that affect the countenance always in the same manner. By knowing these phases, as in known examples of great men and criminals, there may be an alphabet, as it were, formed, by which you can read from the soul, outward to the face. Mastering this alphabet, you may reverse the reading, from the face to the soul.

I took Armington with me the next day, and went over the whole ground again with him. The man tested him on various characters, portraits, skulls, and found him right every time, and claimed it as an unconscious testimony to the truth of the science.

Armington proposed that we visit some famous astrologer, or fortune teller, just to see what would come of it. In vain I urged that they were the most barefaced impostors in society, and that it was disgraceful to be seen or to be known as visiting them.

"People do say that sometimes they tell wonders. We have no right to reject any means, if we can try it without wasting time and better opportunities."

"One dollar for a gentleman. One at a time. Absolutely nothing, and worse than nothing. Why, she said that I was in trouble, great trouble, on account of some one else, and would see more trouble, when all would come out bright and clear at last. There was a dark-complexioned man, an enemy; I must look out for him."

"What cheap stuff the amusement market is supplied with. We had much better have gone to the theatre, for there the red-handed and black-hearted villain is always detected, and brought to justice with hemp, powder or cold steel, (made of painted pine), and you go home feeling inclined to be virtuous accordingly."

Armington gave it up this time, and agreed that "these vampires were the side-shows and catch-pennies that always hang around any good, respectable show—the Spiritualists have an honest show at any rate."

Mrs. Russell was kind enough to inquire how we got on in preparing a defence, and suggested that I would do well to call on Andrew Jackson Davis, who would be at her friend's house that evening. She would introduce me. So I concluded to go, and asked an invitation for Armington.

We had a long talk with Mr. Davis on the subject of a spiritual telegraph. He argued that such a telegraph, with spirits at one end and bodies animated with spirits at the other, might be very practicable. I opposed that the two natures were dissimilar—spirits in the flesh and out of it. He contended that they were the same essential spirit, whether on earth or in the spheres above. I verily believe that if I had listened another hour to that man, I should have doubted that any such thing as reason and common sense were extant, but had rather become fossilized and laid away among the used-up materials of the mental world, to be stratified for the future detection of some spiritual geologist, as we now have fossil shells and other remains.

Mr. Davis said that Armington was possessed of a remarkably powerful will, and if he should ever become convinced of the truth of spirit converse, and it should be found that he was a medium, he would without doubt be the means of developing some new and most important proof test. Why not make the trial to-night? Armington seconded the proposition. After a few minutes of preparation he was placed in rapport with a very powerful medium, a Mr. Black, from Michigan, and myself. Almost as soon as he sat down by this man, I felt impressed to ask him to inquire what brought me to the circle. He answered at once:

"The service of a friend who is in trouble."

I expected that much, for I had always believed there might be a secret sympathy between two or more souls, which, under peculiar circumstances, might produce the results common to the spirit circles. Mentally continuing my questions, the medium went on to tell the cause of my presence; how I had come reluctantly, and only to please another friend who was present, hoping to serve my friend who was in trouble; that I had been very busy and anxious to prove his innocence.

"Is that friend who is in trouble innocent?"

There was no answer, and I reflected that perhaps the medium could not act beyond the limits of those immediately in connection with him, and under the influence at the same time. I then asked:

"Is my friend present a believer in spirit converse?"

"No; only a seeker."

Nothing further was elicited worth mentioning, and we closed the experiment. An idea had dawned upon me. I remembered that some philosophers held that nothing is ever lost, either mental or material. Every thought, feeling or act, left its impress on the body, which was indelible, for it became a part of the substance by shaping it. The body is the material exhibition of the soul, which is of itself invisible to mortal eyes, and its growth and changes are recorded, even in their minutest phases; and if this is so, why may not these records be read? It is not many years since we were first able to read the history of a tree. Its age, the direction of the prevailing winds, and the succession of favorable and unfavorable seasons, and all this by an inspection of a cross section, near the ground, of the trunk. If there is such a thing as memory in man, why is it not a sure means of reminiscence?

How painfully conscious do we feel that our friends are writing their history from year to year, on their faces. The great philosopher, Swedenborg, who is so little understood, says that man is after death still a man, spiritually, with all his faculties, in the likeness of himself; as he was materially so he became spiritually, in exact accordance with the state of his heart and mind. St. Paul teaches the same truths. If now we can find any means of reading this man—this embodiment of ideas, thoughts, acts, passions—truly his past history can be brought to light. No Christian doubts the ability of the Almighty to read a man's history, that believes in the day of judgment.

Did the experiment with Black and Armington indicate any progress toward a method of such reading of the mental record? Perhaps so. It would be worth the repetition. I could only see Black again on the next evening, and in the meantime I would ascertain if I could get the consent of the turnkey at the tombs to have Pollard examined. I made my errand known, and what object I had in view, and was met by such a curious look by the officers, as though they suspected me of some sinister design. Some one suggested that I was just going crazy; but my straightforward manner and rational converse on other matters, when introduced to try me, led them to respect me as the possessor of my wits at least, although perhaps somewhat obscured at the present. So I obtained the services of Black, and with Armington's assistance at eight that evening, in the presence of six or seven persons, made an examination. The result was as I expected. He detailed his history for several weeks, but not one word about the missing money until the Monday morning—the day of his arrest. After we left Pollard in his cell again, we retired to a room with those who had witnessed the proceedings and talked the matter over. One thought it was certainly a very strange circumstance.

"But then," said a policeman, "no one can say, really, whether this was not all collusion, a regular trick, made up among you beforehand. Rather a poor basis for a defense before a jury."

Armington and I debated the matter. Who knows but that a man becomes so steeped in crime as to obliterate all traces of virtue, and he becomes a deception to himself? In that case he would deceive the medium also. It is said that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," so we may not be in the right way after all. Now even if we are sure of finding and reading the recorded thoughts and acts of any one, without their knowledge, or at least when they are unconscious, and cannot exert their will to oppose us, or to cover up and refuse certain secrets, then there must be a means of determining the truth from falsehood. We can do this in material things. Disease and deformity can always be detected on a proper diagnosis; why does not the rule hold good in mental or spiritual things? Falsehood as opposed to truth, sin as opposed to virtue, is only moral disease, decay, and its result is spiritual deformity. The thought is worthy of a trial at least. But how test it? By what means shall we lay hold of a reminiscence so as to examine its origin, whether good or evil? By the words that proceed out of a man's mouth is he judged. Yes; but in this case the words proceed out of the mouth of the medium, so they seem to be vicarious, or at second-hand. Is it possible that we may speak as truly and fairly from the impressions received from another's nature, as from his own? Is this the actual condition of the trance medium? Does the nature of the medium effect the communication, coloring it one way or another? These things must be examined and proved, one by one, as they arise, and I saw no better way than to proceed with experiments.

If we possess the power of reminiscence, why not read from the present backward into the past, tracing the events or impressions—as they took up the first Atlantic Cable, until they had traced it back to where they found a piece of it crushed, that had been the cause of its derangement?

Armington and I talked with Davis again. He warmed up on the subject, and predicted success.

"Your powerful will, Armington, and faculty of reading human nature, and peculiar mental calibre, enable you to penetrate other natures, and, as it were, set their will aside, while yours takes charge and conducts affairs. This is effected through the medium. You thus control two natures—the will of the one, the medium, being passive, that of the other, the subject under examination, becoming subjected for the time, or set aside. With proper practice you should be able to read men as we read a printed page. Be careful to guard against excess of every kind. Temperance in all things is the golden rule of health. It may be that you are to be the great developer, the discoverer, and be the means of advancing spiritual philosophy, by making it practically useful. Selfish men will always test things, material or spiritual, by their usefulness in this life."

This and much more to the same purport he said, and I felt moved to do even what my judgment disapproved of as visionary and fallacious, for the salvation of Pollard.

Often the reflection came upon me that it was strange that men must resort to such means in the defence of the innocent. It was because of our short-sightedness, our want of penetration, the impossibility of reading men's hearts in any other way than by their words and acts. If I should succeed, then, in perfecting a means of putting a window into a man's bosom, so all men could read his secret motives, which are recorded there impartially, should I not be doing a service to society that would be of the utmost value? The idea was very fascinating, and I became excited with the hope of succeeding, and felt that even then I had succeeded, if the results of the experiments already made were to be depended upon.

Armington was not so sanguine of success. He

thought we might get at a few isolated facts here and there, but this notion of unravelling the web of a man's life, through spirit influence, seemed but the idle dream of a crazy visionary. Long and earnestly did I explain to him my theory and the experiments already tried, and mentioned what had been derived from himself. This last item seemed to impress him more than all the rest. He could believe what he could see and know. If his own history had been touched upon, without his voluntary assistance, truly there was more than a mere notion in it.

He suggested that if it was possible to get Mr. Taylor's house servant, Bridget, under examination, we might test the theory, and at the same time possibly discover something to Pollard's advantage. He volunteered to try to secure her attendance, and hoped to succeed, through the assistance of a priest, with whom he was well acquainted, having studied the history of the Jesuit Missionaries in this country with him, both at Fortham and at Montreal.

A good lawyer is always cool and self-possessed when he can be. Then if ever I attain to that eminence it will be many years from now, when contact with the world has hardened my heart, for on that occasion I became very much excited, and my heart roared out through my breast as though it would burst its bounds; and I am always very excitable.

I sought out Black and talked over my theory with him; explaining at length my object in the service of Pollard, and he became very much interested. He said "It had been his experience, during some ten years, that every one succeeding in these matters possessed some special gift differing from another. If Armstrong had that valuable gift of reading men's faces, or characters in their faces, then it may be that he is exactly adapted to this peculiar business, and by careful culture may become very powerful, even irresistible, in opening up the soul's secret chambers and reading the record there."

"This seems like anticipating the developments of the future life. We generally believe that after death the spirit will put on its new and spiritual body, and will then be revealed in its own proper character without disguise or concealment of any kind, standing out clear for the inspection of all eyes. Can it be possible to so inspect the spirit of a man while it inhabits the body?"

Black: "We are not expected to account for all the phenomena that appear, either in the heavens or the earth, in material or spiritual things, on their first appearance. It is only after their frequent appearance, and they have become familiar, that we can compare them, and measure, describe, analyze, and, having attached our label to them, lay them away for future use among the materials already accumulated in 'the laboratory of the mind.'"

"Yes, I think I understand. Franklin discovered the means of using the electricity of the earth, explaining the phenomena of thunder storms. He did not live to see it made practically useful in the telegraph. How can I hope to do more than he did? If I succeed in really discovering a means of reading the hearts and minds of others it will be a great step in advance, and then I suppose I must rest contented that some one after me shall make it practically useful. But that reflection does not satisfy me. I want this aid now, now or never, to save an innocent man from imminent danger, and how to do it is the problem. Black, we must succeed!"

I did succeed in firing him up to do his best. He would be ready for the evening, and if Bridget came we would trust in the Lord for success.

Mr. Davis was present, and the girl being late in coming, we had an opportunity for further converse on the interesting subject.

I asked: "Who or what will be expected to oppose this matter?"

Mr. Davis: "Chiefly the evil-minded. Those whose hearts are fully set in them to do evil will dread and oppose any means that threatens to open their bosoms to inspection. The righteous only will not oppose. And even of these, many, through their friendship for erring friends or relatives, will shrink from such an examination, fearing the disclosure of something that may affect them. Thus do the good shield the evil. And we cannot say that this is altogether wrong. Does not the Almighty Father kindly cover up our infirmities from the sight of our associates? and we only imitate the Divine Charity when we do the same service for any erring brother. Yet the service of right and truth and justice may demand that we expose the evil door, especially to protect the innocent. And, in so doing, we only anticipate the future by a few short years, when all deeds, good and evil, will be laid bare."

Bridget came, accompanied by a friend whom we delivered into the keeping of the very entertaining Mrs. Russell. After one or two short experiments with others, improvised for the purpose of showing Bridget the mode of operation, and convincing her of the safety and harmlessness of it, we invited her to take the chair beside Mr. Black, Mr. Armstrong sitting facing both. In a few moments they were all under the influence, and the responses began to flow out, at first cautiously and slowly, but, perhaps after the subject was more fully under control, soon became prompt and frank.

Armstrong had been instructed by me to reverse the proceeding in this experiment, beginning with the present and retrograding until we had passed back beyond the day of the robbery.

Her every-day life was unveiled before us, in a few sentences, showing how very little of real, living fibre there is in some natures; so little spirit-food! so much animal passion! a word or two, at most a sentence, sufficed for one, and whole pages of gabble for the other. But, although we were highly excited and so very fearful of interruption, we listened with patience to the dull details, hoping to find the precious diamonds we suspected were hidden in all this sand. Thus two days of her life, which had only just passed, were gone over, and nearly a third, when this fact appeared: "Mr. Ellis gave me another fifty dollars, which he said was for my silence, and it was put in the Savings Bank with the others."

Davis and I exchanged looks, but dared not move, much less speak, although expectation was on tiptoe and my heart was choking me lest Bridget's friend should hear what was said and interrupt the sitting. I looked toward Mrs. Russell and saw her sitting, facing us, talking in an animated manner to the girl, whose back was toward us, and thus unconscious of our dolours. I telegraphed to Mrs. Russell to persevere, and she nodded understandingly and increased the flow of glowing descriptions of flowerly and bright paradises and spheres, as usual in such cases, for which I felt really grateful, thanking the gods, or spirits, that such "stuff" really could be useful sometimes.

Then there followed more items without value to us, until the day of the discovery of the robbery. Every breath in the room was hushed, except those of the medium and the glorious Russell, who hummed away so charmingly. Fact after fact came out implicating Ellis; and, not to be tedious by recounting them one by one, reversely

as we heard them, let them be arranged in proper order.

Mr. Ellis bribed Bridget to let him into the house by the basement, and, in disguise, he went up to Pollard's room while the family were at dinner, Bridget following him to see what he was doing. Here he gave her the first fifty dollars. In about one hour, or it might be a little more, he returned with the keys, which Bridget put in their proper place. So the keys had not been missed at all, Pollard being engaged in the dining-room or the parlor all this time. She had felt inclined several times to tell all about the affair, but had been kept silent by the hope of getting more money from Ellis, and always intended to tell when he stopped paying her.

The experiment was successful, and we felt satisfied with what we had heard; and, as Bridget showed signs of weariness, the sitting was closed. We told the girl that she was a splendid subject and gave us much pleasure, and I made her a good present, as much as my means justified. I could have given her a thousand dollars with a good will. We sat long in conference on these interesting developments, after the departure of the servant girls. Davis said this matter had better be kept quiet until we more fully understood the phenomena, and to that end recommended frequent experiments, and promised his best endeavors in aid of ours.

Armstrong and I walked home with Mrs. Russell, and I must confess that I began to feel much more charitable toward her, thinking that it must be that she was actually a widow, for certainly any reasonable man would be entertained by her, and find it very difficult to desert such a charming tongue.

That night I slept soundly, and no dreams came to disturb my repose.

I called on Bronson the first thing in the morning and reported what we had discovered of the night before. Showed him the written notes, taken down from the lips of the medium, and asked his opinion.

He said, "If this evidence had been discovered in the usual way, it would go hard against Ellis. But what can we do? It would not do to arrest him on the mere gabble of an Irish servant girl, under some mysterious influence, we know not what. We should excite the ridicule of the entire legal profession, and be liable for damages. If we can induce this girl to say this much here in our office, in her right mind, without any other influence than the desire to tell the truth and punish the guilty, we shall have some basis to build on, and it will be time to take action against Ellis. Suppose we try; I will send for this girl, and do you go to the bank for a transcript of her account."

This certainly did not look like being bribed to let Pollard go. So much for a dream. But while standing in the doorway, it occurred to me that I had better watch Bronson: that if there was any attempt to inform Ellis of the threatened danger, I should have reason to suspect him. So I sent a messenger to do my errand at the bank, and stood sentry. Bronson sent only one message, and that was for a cab. By the time my messenger had returned with the account, Bridget was in Bronson's office, with Armstrong and myself.

The girl denied having any money anywhere, but her own regular wages, "Barri's" her clothes-money." But on seeing that we had obtained a copy of her bank account, she broke down and blubbered:

"Mr. Ellis gave it to me for hush money."

Mr. Bronson said he would send for Mr. Taylor and also for an officer, and in a short time both were present, and the facts developed had been gone over to the utter astonishment of Mr. Taylor. He would scarcely credit his ears. He must send for Mr. Ellis. He surely would be able to explain the matter.

Mr. Bronson said, "The officer had better keep Mr. Ellis in sight, and if there was any attempt at a flight, to arrest him and take him to the toms."

"No, no," said Mr. Taylor; "bring him here, if necessary. But he will certainly come."

Mr. Ellis came. He seemed astonished at the gathering in Bronson's office, and inquired of Mr. Taylor if he was sent for by him?

"Certainly," said Mr. Taylor; "there appears to be something concerning some money paid to my servant girl, Bridget, which needs explanation, and—"

"Yes, yes, I see!" interrupted Ellis. "I gave some money to the girl to bribe her not to tell what she knew about Pollard's having the money in his trunk. Did you tell off, Bridget?"

"No, your honor. I kept your secret, as ye bid me."

Bronson's eyes flashed, Taylor's face lighted up, and Ellis looked triumphant, until I inquired:

"Mr. Ellis, how about that story of a man in disguise stealing some keys out of Pollard's room, being gone an hour or two, and then returning them to Bridget to be put back where they belonged, besides hush money to Bridget?"

"Who says that? It is false!" gasped Ellis. You should have seen his face then—it had materially changed its expression.

I need not detail this interview any further. The result was that the cell in the toms changed its occupant. There was no trial. On confession Mr. Ellis was sent up to Sing Sing for five years. His intended victim, Pollard, was restored to his place with honor, and no one rejoiced more than Miss Munson, who had daily visited him in his cell, bringing a basket of good things to tempt his appetite, which scarcely ever responded.

I suppose that a good and proper denouement would include "cards," but that happy time has not yet arrived, nor do I know whether it is expected this season, and know of no way of discovery but by another "experiment."

Armstrong felt glorious over the results, and frequently says that "All things have their uses, even Spiritualism."

My professional duties have kept me too much occupied to pay any attention to Armstrong and his inquiries; and I am not certain that he has made any since then. If so, he has said nothing to me about them.

The only "experiments" that Armstrong and I engage in now-a-days is an annual trip, with Pollard, to the trout brooks of Ludlow, where we luxuriate for a few days each summer.

Z. Fuller, formerly a Universalist minister, now editor of the U. S. Journal, published in Philadelphia, thus alludes to Spiritualism:

"While we are not prepared to subscribe to all that is claimed by modern Spiritualists, yet creation is too full of wonders for us to feel at liberty to condemn as a myth anything that may be considered possible in the infinitude of the order of nature, or that may appear probable in the unfolding of the mysterious plans of the great Creator, or as analogous to what we know does actually exist. Verily, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories and the illimitable progression reserved for him, in the peerless eternity that is before him. Eternity—the lifetime of God!"

A BRIGOT.—The mind of a brigot is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour upon it the more it contracts.—O. W. Holmes.

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 HOWE.)

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Clematis.

In a sunny, green meadow, nestled a little cluster of seeds, trustful and serene, full of the gladness of content. The autumn days came, full of golden light and fresh western breezes, and the sunlight and wind matured the seeds, and into their little cells came fresh longings and desires before unknown.

"Shall we forever linger here? See the beautiful world beyond; listen to the calling breezes. Why should we tarry about these familiar places?"

Thus sighed the little seeds, and shook themselves from their resting place, and as a strong wind swept by, it bore them away from their old quiet home, over meadows and uplands, far away, never to return.

How glad and free they felt, borne ever toward a life yet unknown! What wonder was in the world below them! What beauty in the sky above! Dancing, whirling, floating, with its little pennon outspread, one little seed awayed hither and thither full of glad delight. There was no regret for the life gone, no fears for that to come.

But the southwest wind lulled, and there were no arms of air to bear up the little silken seed, and it fell softly beside a granite rock close by a meadow. This was indeed a change from the triumphant journey through the air. The little seed sank down with a sigh; it had no power to move. Its little winged pennon was of no use now, and the world of beauty seemed like a dream.

But there had sprung up in the heart of the seed a new life—a longing for the unguined. It seemed to be ever repeating to itself, "higher, still higher. My little life shall yet reach forth to the nobler." But there were gloomy days for the little seed; days of storm and darkness; days when it seemed as if all hope had died out of its little heart. But still in all the darkness and gloom lived the little inner life, that still cried out through every cell, "higher, still higher."

A long, gloomy winter followed, and the little seed was deeply buried under the snow. It was a season for sleep and rest, and only when the sunniest, warmest days came, did it feel a thrill of its old life, or one longing for the life to come. But winter days do not last forever, and quickly bring on the beautiful springtime.

When the warm days had really brought their gladness to the earth, and the snow had disappeared from all the sunny places, then the little seed, that we will call Clementina, fairly quivered with joy. In every tiniest part of her being she felt the joy-thrills, and repeated to herself over and over the motto of her life, higher, still higher. Perhaps if she had paused from her wishing, or ceased her beautiful aspiration, she would have died like many a little seed about her, and lost the sweet history which lay already written on the pages of her cell chambers.

One morning as the sun lighted up the mountain to the westward, and sent its reflection to the quiet little lake, waking up the water-lilies and the myriads of insects that floated on its surface, Clementina felt an unusual warmth through her whole being. She was in love with all the world, and longed to gather its beauty into herself; and as she felt the gladdest thrills, a sudden tremor came over her, and she became a little plant. Two little leaves were where her hard shell had been, and a little root was seeking the warm earth below.

Clementina was content. She felt as if all her hopes were answered. She had entered the higher life, and she needed nothing more. Could she not now look up to the beautiful sky? Could she not feel the fresh rain and dew, and peer up to the protecting rock, and touch the green blades of grass?

But a few days of light, and nights of moonlight shone, and Clementina felt with more power than ever the glow of her inner life.

"I am not content," she said. "What is this that thrills in my whole being? I am not all I would be. Lift me higher, still higher."

And then other leaves burst out; the root struck down deeper and deeper into the soft soil, the tender stem began to climb—a little plant was growing beside the rock. All summer long the leaves expanded, the stem grew, the roots struck downward, and the little Clementina felt herself clinging to the rock, sheltering it with fresh beauty, and claiming for it a sweet protection.

And autumn came again, and the green faded from the leaves, and the stem drew its juices from the surface, and Clementina went to sleep. The winter snows buried her, and the north winds uncovered her, the frosts sealed up her roots, and the chill entered every fibre of her being. But again in the sunny days of January and the warmer days of February, a little glow of life awakened Clementina, and she knew that she still lived.

When the soft spring airs came again her life glowed with new power, and the rushing sap and the greening bark spoke again: "I cannot rest; higher, still higher." And the fresh leaves started, and every little bud swelled, and beauty crowned the rough face of the rock. Dear little Clementina was never happier. Now she could look up into the blue sky, and watch the floating clouds, and turn to the rising and setting sun.

"Now am I content," said she one summer's day. "I cannot ask for more. I would live thus forever."

But only a few days of warming heat, and a new life glowed in Clementina's heart. She was not content. Something still nattered the charmed words, and some little flower buds swelled and whitened in the clear air. There were but a few days of beauty, and some Star-flowers burst forth into the gladness of the new day. The sunlight looked into the bright eyes of the flower and wondered at the marvel there. The dew hung its brightest gems on the fair blossoms; the soft air fanned them and lifted them up in proud beauty; the stern old rock held an unusual warmth in its heart, and felt gladder than for many a day. The cool morning and evening, the hot noon and the moonlight, all seemed more beautiful for this fresh, pure life.

But happier than all was the proud Clementina. What was all of life before compared to this life? What were all joys compared to this great joy? This was the end, the great purpose of all life.

"Now am I wholly content," said Clementina. "I ask for nothing more."

And so she rested for a few days, full of the deep joy and peace that seemed given to her by every beautiful thing of the earth—a tribute from

the air, the sun, the dew, the rain, the earth, and a proof of the presence of the All-Bountiful close to the heart of Nature.

"She is going to-morrow," said Eldred. "How we shall miss her. I wish people would never get married."

"But only think how lovely she will look in her white satin. I wish I was going to be married," said Emma.

"But who will play for us to dance, and who will sing for us, and who will tell the long stories to us? Oh, Emma, how can you want to be married and go off and leave us?"

"But if we could only find some beautiful orange blossoms for her! Don't you remember how the bride of Soreto went forth crowned with orange blossoms? I should be the happiest of mortals if I could find some fair white blossoms for her. She looks so like a flower herself!"

"So she does, and I want to keep her always close to me."

Clementina in her contented hour heard these sweet voices with a new wonder. Ah, could she but answer the wish of this fair young girl, and give beauty to her, that she might make an offering of love to a young bride. What sweet words would it be her delight then to speak. She was sure she could whisper of all glad and beautiful things, and tell of hopes and wishes that would make the loved one forget everything but the bright coming time. And within her glowed again the aspiring life, and she sighed, "Oh for this higher, still higher office."

She almost lifted herself into the arms of the west wind, and the seekers of beauty saw her crowning with her white, star-like flowers the grey rock.

"Oh, was there ever anything so lovely! See the white buds so like pearls; see the blossoms so like stars. No orange flowers could be more beautiful. Will she not be as beautiful as the bride we read of?" said Emma.

And so Clementina sent on her new mission her most beautiful blossoms, and felt the gladness of that greatest of all pleasures, the bestowal of happiness and the ministry of beauty.

A golden day of autumn had come. The mellow light of October seemed to hold the wealth of Colorado in its sheen. The forest trees were all aglow. Flame-like branches fanned themselves in the soft wind, and orange, crimson, yellow and vivid green all formed themselves as in those bouquets that men think they know how best to arrange, to express the beauty of leaf and flower. The forests were glowing wreaths and bouquets.

In the orchards, too, the fruit hung red and golden and russet. It seemed as if Nature were trying to express the whole wonder of life. Every shadow had a gay tint, every reflection was rainbow hued. As the dewdrops first met the light they seemed to be set in gold; for the grass had lost its green, and sent back to the sky a reflection of contrasts.

Clementina was glad in all this beauty. But when she saw the soft, feathery seeds, that looked like the down from sea-birds, or like the smoke that, brightened by the sun, ascends as an incense from the duller earth; when she saw these beautiful fruits of her summer's labor, she felt as if indeed her time of rest had come, and she could content herself with all that life had brought her.

Two children came out this golden day, and Clementina heard their sweet voices. They were like music to her, for seldom did she hear any voices but of the farmer driving his sheep, or the herd boy calling his cattle.

"Oh, Eva, if we could wind some garlands for the little coffin, perhaps it would not look so hard and dreadful. I can't even see his sweet face for the dreadful look of those red boards."

"But he was so poor they said that they could not have anything better, but his mother is just as sorry for all that; and don't you think she'd see something beautiful through some flowers? Oh, I wish we could find some."

"I picked some flowers for old Mrs. Prink last summer, and you know she's just as cross as she can be most always, but she said they carried her right to heaven, where her little Sallie had gone. So you see flowers always talk about heaven to everybody."

"I suppose little Johnny is in heaven, if his mother does cry so about him."

"But then you know she can't see him with the angels, but perhaps if we should get something beautiful, she'd look straight through it and see them all, and know all about dear little Johnny."

Clementina listened, and then she began to feel the kindling of that hidden life, and it still spoke to her the words, "higher, still higher."

"Oh," she said, "if I could only perform this highest duty, if I could only make a sad, sorrowful heart look up to heaven in trust, then would I rest from my labors until the beautiful spring came again. What could be diviner than to lift a weary heart up to the rest of God's perfect peace? And as she spoke she lifted her fringed, feathery clusters to the breeze and they quivered and rustled in their beauty, and the children saw them and ran in an ecstasy of joy.

It was easy to wind garlands from the benedict vine, and the eager hands had soon twined and retwined the slender branches, and formed a soft, beautiful covering for little Johnny's coffin. More beautiful was it than any silken one, for every twig had been gathered in hope and love, and each little silvery thread was a testimony of the power of beauty.

Through those garlands, Johnny's mother looked up to the sky, and listened to the hymn, and took to her heart the gentle words, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and she was comforted.

Clementina had done her noblest and best work, and fell asleep for the long winter, but in her heart forever glowed the charmed words, "higher, still higher."

(Original.)

REMARKABLE BOYS.—No. 4.

In Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1642, lived a widow lady, whose husband died a few months after marriage to him. She had one little boy who was born after his father's death, and who, notwithstanding he was so puny and delicate that it was thought he could not survive the hour of his birth, was destined to win a name and fame the most illustrious.

His name was Isaac Newton. His mother married again while he was yet very young, and he was placed in the care of his grandmother. At the proper age, he was sent to school, but for some time he gave but little promise of ever becoming remarkable for scholarship. He was inattentive, and disliked to apply himself to study; and yet he gave evidence of remarkable powers of observation and great mechanical skill.

Nothing delighted him more than with a set of small tools to fashion with his hands various little inventions of his own brain. He would spend the hours that other boys gave to play in making models of clocks and windmills, and such like mechanical contrivances.

Into his model of a mill, he would sometimes put a live mouse, which he called his miller, and

the movements of the mouse would turn the wheel round. He also made a water clock, and it was most ingeniously constructed. The hands were turned by a piece of wood upon which water was made to drop, causing it to rise and fall, and thus carry round the index.

He watched very closely the motions of the sun, and by means of wooden pegs placed in the walls of the house where he lived, he most accurately marked the hours and half hours. This contrivance they called Isaac's dial. He also made a little cart with four wheels, and by means of a winlass he could drive himself wherever he wished to go.

As we have already said, he was at first rather an inattentive scholar; but at length an incident occurred that seemed to rouse all his ambition. The boy who was next above him in his class, was a rough, coarse boy, who treated him like a tyrant, and one day gave him a cruel kick in the stomach which caused him great pain. He determined to be revenged upon him, and this was the singular method of revenge he determined upon. He resolved that he would excel his enemy in all his studies and lessons. And so with great zeal and determination he applied himself to study, never wearying or faltering until he placed himself at the head of his class. Certainly he could not have adopted a braver or nobler system of revenge, and his persecutor could not but have felt ashamed of his mean conduct.

It was he who invented the flying of paper kites, and his great love of fun led him to take delight in fastening paper lanterns to the kites on a dark night, thereby making people believe they were meteors or comets. He took no delight whatever in the ordinary mischievous sports of boyhood, but his youthful occupations all pointed clearly to the character of the greatness he was destined to achieve.

When he was fifteen years old, his relatives thought that it was time for him to enter upon the career they had marked out for him—that of farmer. So he was taken from school and put to work at farming on the small estate on which he was born. But they soon ascertained that it was folly to attempt to make a farmer of him. He could not take the slightest interest in any of the common pursuits of a farmer. His mind was even then grappling with the great problems, the solution of which in after years was to make his name so illustrious.

He had an uncle who was settled as a clergyman in an adjoining parish, who found him one day seated beneath a tree so completely absorbed in a book he was reading as to render him oblivious to all the world beside. He was astonished to find that his nephew was deeply engaged in trying to solve a mathematical problem, and he made up his mind at once that Nature had never designed him for a farmer. This led to the young philosopher's being sent back to school again, to his great joy, where he remained a few months and then entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here the habits of close observation and active thought he had so long cultivated, served him well, and by means of them he became one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived.

He was the first man who discovered and clearly explained the law of gravitation. He was sitting in the garden one day, and he saw an apple fall from a tree to the ground. His active mind immediately set to work to find out why the apple took the direction that it did. He felt that there must be some cause that determined the direction the apple took, some reason why all bodies fall to the earth the moment the support which held them up is taken away. Carefully and patiently he thought and investigated, until he made one of the greatest discoveries, one of the most important ones man ever made—the law of gravitation, which unlocked to him the mystery of the system of the universe and enabled him to give to the world that immortal book called the Principia.

He rapidly rose to a high position in college. Honors flowed in upon him from all quarters. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris. In 1701 he was returned as member of Parliament for his University. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne, and has ever since been known as Sir Isaac Newton.

The habits of this great and good man were always of the simplest kind. He lived to be eighty-five years old, and to the very last his faculties were clear and strong. On the 20th of March, 1727, he expired, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where sleep England's most illustrious dead. There among heroes and kings and statesmen repose his ashes, and of all the great dead whose dust is enshrined in that magnificent burial place, no name is so stainless and so imperishable as that of the once poor little, farmer boy of Lincolnshire.

And though we cannot perhaps hope to vie with him in the splendor of his genius, or the grandeur of his discoveries, we can emulate his patience and perseverance and all those noble traits in his character that cannot but call forth our admiration.

Answer to Selected Charade in our last.

Pen-man-ship.

Lycium Convention.

Having been connected with a Lycium nearly two years, and being very much interested in the welfare of these institutions, I feel that I cannot let the moment pass without saying something concerning the Lycium Convention.

For one, I do not think that a NATIONAL Convention called purposely to consider the Lycium subject, or the National Convention at Cleveland, will accomplish the object so desirable. That Convention may and probably will consider this subject, but how small a number, comparatively, will be present of those immediately connected with the different Lyciums—conductors, guardians, leaders, members.

What we want, need, and MUST HAVE, is opportunities to meet together socially and have "a feast of reason and flow of soul"—become acquainted with each other, and know each other's experiences. Try these comparisons we are to be benefited—the Lyciums made more attractive and profitable. Can this be accomplished by a few meetings in NATIONAL Convention? I answer emphatically, NO! THE NATIONAL Convention to meet at Cleveland will do all it can, but we must not stop there; we must have, not another National Convention, but other Conventions—purposely for the consideration of this all important subject—held at different points, and this would accommodate ALL connected with the Lyciums throughout the Union. Bro. Carpenter did a good thing when he "set the ball in motion," and as he is a worker as well as a talker, we may say for about twenty Lyciums, and as the Cleveland Convention closes the first week in September, perhaps the first of October would be a good time to start. What say you, Bro. Carter, Fuller, Williams, Richardson, Dodge, and a host of others too numerous to mention? I. CARVER.

Fraternally yours,
Plymouth, Mass., August 14, 1867.

It seems that Dr. Cummings made a trifling error in his calculations concerning the total destruction to take place in 1867. In revising this work he found that he had overlooked figures which add something like a quintillion of years to the race which this mundane sphere had to run!

The Banner of Light is issued on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1887.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Convention to the People.

The Address of the Third National Spiritualist Convention to the people of the country, which has already been sent to all quarters of our republic in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, merits more than the brief mention we made of it in our last issue. A more earnest, stirring and thorough appeal never was made to the minds of the American people by a body authorized similarly to address them. It stated clearly and concisely the great objects of the Convention of Spiritualists—what they propose, what are the agents and instruments by which their work is to be done, and how they intend to make their great work successful. No man or woman in the land can peruse that popular appeal, and not believe in it for its fervor alone; and certainly it cannot come short of moving minds that are at all addicted to watch the great movements of the time, to be influenced by the same, and to desire to take a part in work which promises to flower and fruit in such splendid, such triumphant results.

The brief recapitulation of the objects of the National Association of Spiritualists is as timely as it is impressive. When the mariner is tossed on an unknown sea, he goes on deck at the first break of the clouds, and takes his reckoning anew. In the tempest of this modern age, it is meet that Spiritualists should look again at the sky, and see where they are among the many wrecks that drift wildly around them. Hence the aptness of the quotation in the Address of that Resolution which so broadly, yet tersely, recites the aims and scope of the Religion of Spiritualism. It declares that the Convention prescribes no creed, nor does it in any degree limit its freedom to the human mind; but that its sole object is the discovery of truth, and its practical application to the affairs and interests of human life. Nothing could well be more clear and to the point. Only creed-bound opponents can be mustered to combat the terms of so liberal a declaration.

So far as liberal minds of any or all other sects evince a desire to cooperate in the aims and efforts of Spiritualists, they receive a welcome as cordial as they could desire. But when it is discovered that there are ambitious persons who would propose such an union on terms of inequality, as if there were some fatal deficiency in the social standing of Spiritualism, of which they are capable of curing it—and when, moreover, the suspicion becomes verified, that these persons have selfish and sectarian designs on the Spiritualist Organization, betraying the fact that they would obtain control of it to advance and uphold purposes of their own, it is perfectly right that the Convention should protest in language that cannot be mistaken, and declare with the most impressive emphasis that the blessed work of Spiritualism shall never voluntarily be diverted into a channel so foreign to its entire objects and character.

The Address likewise summons into the approaching Convention at Cleveland that large body of early and thoroughly experienced believers, who habitually absent themselves on these occasions of the deepest interest, but would if present bring with them a weight of influence for efficient and harmonious action, not easily to be computed by themselves or by others. Just here is where the army of Spiritualists needs greatly to have its ranks strengthened. The very best soldiers are not to be found in the line. Those who might do the most in every way, do not come forward and signify their faith by their readiness. A stronger front is what our army now requires to show to the enemy. They taunt us with our social weakness; let the response be a real, an astonishing exhibition of social strength. This at least will command respect; and that in its turn will open ears now obstinately stopped to the appeals of reason, and cause the scales to fall from eyes now tightly shut to the higher and larger views of truth.

It is a fact, as the Address states with most serious emphasis, that what Spiritualism chiefly wants as a cause to-day is universal representation at its important Conventions. Let it have the benefit of that, and the battle with prejudice and blindness becomes comparatively easy, because so much of either is at once removed. Then our noble cause will be received everywhere with the seriousness which belongs to its character. Until then, it will continue to fight with but a single hand.

There is another point in the Address which makes itself so prominently bold in the bare statement of it, that it cannot longer be passed by without exciting a general determination among Spiritualists, and Liberals of every name and grade, to rally in open opposition. That point is that a class of men in this country of freedom and free thought seriously think to convert the government into a dynasty of sectaries, under pretence of making it answer more thoroughly to the behests of Almighty Wisdom. In other words, this sect and that have convened and passed resolves that this government should become "Evangelical." That is a cant word to express what lies uppermost in their minds as domination and sectarianism. They profess to believe that until the Constitution positively and unmistakably recognizes the existence and overruling of Divine Power, it will stand a memorial of ungodliness, and utterly fail of the ends of its establishment. In few words, all this is sheer priestcraft, seeking to bind State and Church together. The boast of our freedom has always been, that every man's faith in matters of religion was his own, with which the government could rightly have nothing to do; but these persons would condemn the liberality of the Fathers who left us this priceless legacy, and piously claim to be able to get up something far better than ever entered their ungodly heads. All we can say is, that if this government should ever fall into the hands of such men to control it, we shall have come quite to the limit of all genuine freedom.

The most effective portion of this appeal is that which insists on the broad and deep sufficiency of Spiritualism, when once fairly presented to the people, to answer their wants for this world and the hereafter. That consideration naturally grows out of the elements of its belief. These take hold directly of the soul; are their own

agents and representatives; lose none of their value by performing proxy service. We would urge our readers to recur to this portion of the Address again and again before the session of the Convention, that they may be perfectly familiar with the grounds on which we stand before the world as a united body of believers.

The call to swell the numbers and weight of the Convention is not a whim in too earnest a strain. In this culmination and crisis of the affairs of the country and the interests of the race, Spiritualism should boldly step forward and vindicate its ability to respond to all the demands of the time. Now, when the sects give out, is the hour for Spiritualists to come up to the emergency and prove themselves its equal by reason solely of their philosophy and their faith. Let us make a landmark of this coming Convention, so that it shall forever remain as a new point of departure for our grand army of believers and workers, and conduct us to the future in which our faith is speedily and universally to prevail.

Colorado.

Mr. John Wetherbee, whose facilities for knowing Colorado matters through and through are not equaled by those of any other person, has addressed a carefully prepared letter on the subject of the development of the mineral resources of this vigorous Territory to the stockholders of the Excelsior Mining Company, and to all others whom it may concern. The statement of facts to be found in this pamphlet may be relied on, and are made under a solemn pledge of having no connection with speculative interests.

The assumptions of scientific men, or rather the recorded opinions of scientific men, are traversed in this pamphlet with a boldness which a four years' study of the subject appears to warrant on the part of the writer, who challenges refutation and invites free criticism as to anything he may say. The present exposition of the subject was made by the writer rather for strangers than for those who are associated with him in the enterprise which furnishes the occasion for the letter.

Colorado mining has not yet been taken up and treated with the care it deserves; but here is a complete unfolding of the subject, from one who has visited the territory himself, who has applied himself to the getting out of the ore, to the invention of machinery and the discovery of chemical forces in combination for desulphurizing the deposit, and who understands from end to end the several companies, their different modes of operation, and the whole history of mining enterprises in that prolific territory. His chief desire has been to find a method of saving the gold that ordinarily runs to waste, or is left untouched because it cannot be successfully separated in its combination with earthly substances. It is made to appear that the modes of saving gold practiced in California and elsewhere are inadequate to secure the gold from most of the Colorado ores; and hence the problem is, how to accomplish this desired end without mistake or a disproportionate loss of time and means.

The history of the speculative fever is sketched and its lessons brought home to such as will heed them. The greed displayed by those who invested was generally the sole cause of their disappointments. The smooth and oily practices of those who are interested in running up a mining stock are set forth without qualification or reserve. The history of the Excelsior Company is faithfully written down, that the general public may see for itself on what rules of action it has proceeded, and understand the various causes for its delays of success. This sketch forms an exceedingly interesting summary of the whole enterprise of Colorado mining, and will be found to be very instructive also. After all the cost and pains, it was found that the gold is in chemical combination with sulphur; how to get it out, therefore, or how to desulphurize it, became forthwith the problem to be solved. It is known that gold and sulphur will not directly combine, and the question is, therefore, how to chemically separate the substance and the vapors, which exist together under mysterious and but ill understood conditions. The making, forwarding, and working of a machine invented to cover the requirements of the case, are given the reader in several clearly written pages; and they show how persevering are the wits and will of men who are determined to untie one of the knots which Nature ties for their picking out.

The process described we have not space to go over, but refer the reader to the pamphlet of Mr. Wetherbee. It will awaken some new suggestions for his thought. That it is his intention, and that of the Excelsior Company, to go forward with experimenting until success has been attained, and the gold separated with ease and certainty and cheapness from the sulphur with which it is in combination, is apparent from the spirit and letter of this timely production. A supplementary treatise on gold and its properties, and another on the exact process of the Excelsior Company, makes this pamphlet in all respects complete; and we honestly recommend it to the perusal of every one who is interested in efforts to effect such a saving of gold, now lost for want of proper machinery, as shall be equivalent in its results to the discovery of another California. All gold mines and corporations of gold mining companies will do well to post themselves by a careful reading of Mr. Wetherbee's understandable pages.

Children's Lyceum at Stoneham.

A few months ago our friends in the suburban town of Stoneham determined to start a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and took action accordingly. The project has met with astonishing success. They began right, by procuring a complete set of equipments throughout, and then chose competent officers to take the management of the Lyceum. There are now enrolled on the records of the Lyceum the names of one hundred and eighty children, and the interest is increasing. Last Sunday, August 18th, the officers of the Lyceum of the First Society of Spiritualists in Charlestown, headed by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor, paid a visit to the Stoneham Lyceum. The occasion was a very pleasant one. After witnessing the usual Lyceum exercises, Dr. Richardson pronounced the Stoneham Lyceum the best in New England—particularly so when the short time it has been inaugurated is taken into consideration. In the afternoon the party assembled in the woods near by and worshiped in Nature's temple for awhile. A happier time is rarely experienced than was enjoyed on that occasion.

Commencement of the Fall Meetings.

In our neighboring cities, Charlestown and Chelsea, the Spiritualists resume their regular Sunday meetings the first of September. Rev. Ed. O. Towne speaks in the former place, and Miss Eliza Howe Fuller in the latter.

Music Hall Meetings.

The spiritual meetings in Music Hall in this city will commence the first Sunday in October, with Judge Edmonds as the first speaker.

Thoughts from Beyond the Tomb.

By the Baron de Guldenstubbé and his Sister Julia.

The Baron de Guldenstubbé is a Swede, or rather he is a native of Livonia, which is a province of Sweden. He is perhaps the chief Spiritualist of the age, for he is at once eminent both as a scholar and an author, and also as a medium. In the knowledge of the Scriptures, and in Biblical learning, there are not many persons who are his equals; and as regards the philosophy of Revelation, his sentiments are like stars in the present deep midnight of theology.

The Baron has resided in Paris since his eighteenth year, when he left his native North for a milder climate. He was, perhaps, constitutionally predisposed to marvelous experiences. While a boy he was the subject of some singular occurrences. Belonging to his father's mansion was a room which occasionally was the scene of things supernatural, and one of his parents would seem to have been sensitive to the spiritual world. At the outbreak in Sweden of what has been called the preaching mania, the late Baron Guldenstubbé, the father of the present Baron, was a member of the Commission which was appointed to inquire into its nature; and he differed from his clerical associates on the subject, by thinking more respectfully of the manifestations than they did. The Baron Louis de Guldenstubbé had not therefore the misfortune to be born and bred a materialist. A reverential reader of the Scriptures and a patient student, he early and firmly decided that the Lutheranism of Sweden was a very different thing from "the word which God sent to the children of men." Mesmerism, magnetism and Spiritualism early attracted his attention, and showed him some of the mysteries of human nature.

Eleven years ago he began to find strange writing in his pocket-book and writing-desk. His friend, the Count D'Ourché, told him that it was probably the work of spirits, and advised him to make experiments on the subject; and on the thirteenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, he obtained certainty on the matter. Since then he has obtained writing directly from spirits, thousands of times, without any kind whatever of human intervention. He has published in Paris a volume on the subject, accompanied by a great quantity of engravings, which are fac-similes of communications made to him by spirits. Also he is the author of a work of great learning, on universal morality. The little work entitled "Thoughts from beyond the Tomb," was originally published in French, but it has now recently been translated into English, at the instance of the Baron, who has been passing some months at Brighton, in England.

Ever since the death of their parents in Sweden, the Baron has had residing with him his sister, Mademoiselle Julia de Guldenstubbé. She, too, is a great medium, and shares in her brother's studies. "Thoughts from beyond the Tomb" are communications given by spirits to the Baron and his sister. The following are some of these Thoughts:

The revelation of providence is universal. There are no chosen people. That Thou hast given to one of Thy children, shalt Thou not give to all? Oh weak and foolish man! that thou revereest in one nation thou abhorrest in another; that which thou adorest in the town of Salem thou rejectest in the vale of Ila.

The angels of the holy plain of Mamre are on the banks of the Euphrates transformed into gods. Intolerance is a conformity with evil spirits. Alas! true tolerance reigns alone in the kingdom of the heavens.

Demonophobia and demonology are the arms of Satan; the rod of iron he has held suspended for centuries over the church and her bigots.

That blind demonophobia which believes even in cures by demons, destroys all relation with the supernatural, and strengthens more and more the power of materialism and skepticism—that true kingdom of Satan.

According to the would-be Orthodox teachers, the demon is the sovereign Master of the creation, whilst God is seated, like an old Saint, impotent and superannuated, in a niche of the universe.

Love is a spark of celestial fire—a last reflection from the other world.

When love reigns in the heart of a noble man, it furnishes him with strength requisite for all generous actions.

In order to comprehend the secret of perfect love, we must purge the heart from vice, say the celestial geni.

True love cannot exist without purity of heart. Humility is the immortal crown God gives those hearts he has drawn toward himself.

Humility is the basis of true grandeur. Great things are accomplished by her, and small things by pride.

Wisdom is the garden wherein philosophy must cul her flowers.

Hatred only takes root in narrow hearts, and anger finds in little minds its sting.

The vice of ambition occasions the most suffering in the next world, because there are there neither thrones, nor prince, nor king, nor mighty one; nor the reverse of these; all are equally pensioners of God.

It is only under the direction of angels that the world can be free.

The school of the ancients was a complete work; it embraced causes and effects; it treated of the report of the world of spirits with the world of bodies; while our Academies reduce all to the meanest and most narrow limits—to matter alone.

Magnetism is the aurora of Science; Spiritualism its rising sun.

Modern Spiritualism is a faint echo of the sweet melodies from the joyous phalanx of angels who are preparing to chant the awakening of humanity.

The essence of Spiritualism consists in the conviction that the supernatural world of invisible causes, in which the soul of man forms a part, is in continual and intimate rapport with the material and visible world; thanks to the universal government of Providence.

In the last agony, man, instead of becoming unconscious, has, on the contrary, a double consciousness, perceiving things terrestrial and things invisible.

Death is the entering into another and better life; the celestial aurora from which frequently illumines the face of the dying.

With spirits who inhabit a world which is not a place, but a state or condition, there is identity of thought and being; time and space are absorbed in an infinite eternity; to the soul which is separated from matter.

Spirits incognizant of distance may perceive numberless happy states, in the different universes, as the rich man saw Lazarus, or as the blind clairvoyant here sees at a distance.

Thanks to sympathy, that moral attraction, a more advanced spirit can draw one less perfect toward himself by inducing the latter to progress more quickly in the way of perfection.

All spirits are merely the forms, multiplied and individualized, of one great Spirit.

Rev. Rowland Connor.

We mentioned in our last issue that the friends of Rev. Mr. Connor, who was recently dismissed from the School-street Universalist Society in this city, for "heresy," were organizing. They have proceeded so far as to form a new religious society, to be called the "Fraternal Universalists," and have secured the hall of the Mechanics' Institute building, corner of Bedford and Chauncey streets, and will commence regular meetings there, with Mr. Connor as pastor, the first Sunday in September. A Sunday school has also been formed, and some thirty of the teachers of the old Society are pledged to transfer their connection to the new one. The School-street Society will be left with "a beggarly account of empty" pews. So much for illiberality.

How "Indian Outrages" are Manufactured.

An Omaha correspondent of the Chicago Republican writes concerning the recent attack on a train of the Union Pacific Railway, as follows:

"The way the thing looks now, it does not appear that the red-skins did this business, but the white-skins did. The scalping was certainly not done by an Indian—so men who understand the business say. A red-skin would not be apt to leave the scalp behind—he would rather lose his own—that of itself is a little evidence; but what makes it almost sure, is the fact that the scalp of the man, who is still living, and in a fair way to recovery, by the way—is not taken in the Indian style. An Indian is never known to take the whole top of the head for the scalp, but merely a couple of inches from the crown of the head; and beside, they generally take it off neatly, while this was done in a very bungling manner. Some persons—and I must say that I am of the number—think there were no Indians concerned; but Omaha and all these western towns are bound to have an Indian war if possible; and their constant cry is extermination. Now, this late attack serves first-rate to bring Eastern people to their side of the question, provided they keep under a few of the facts. Several trains on Eastern and Southern railways have been thrown from the track before now, the cars robbed, and sometimes destroyed. This has been done inside of three years. There being no Indians there to throw the blame upon, it was at once charged rightly to thieves, rowdies and highway robbers; and it is very natural to suppose that the same class of beings will do the same kind of work here, if that class is here to do it. And it is not denied, but readily admitted, that towns such as Julesburg, and others not so far away, are more than half peopled by roughs. Another thing: every time there is a rumor of an Indian attack anywhere, it is telegraphed East as a fact; but when, a few hours later, it proves to be entirely untrue, the telegraph does not carry the correction."

Rescued from "Death."

Elias Howe, Jr., the sewing machine inventor, as we learn from the Daily Advertiser, has been suffering severely for months, and no physician could help him. He went to Europe and consulted the most eminent physicians in Paris and London, but found no relief, and returned to Bridgeport, Conn., to die. For weeks his case was pronounced entirely hopeless; daily wasting away, he assumed the moribund appearance. His limbs became dropsical, and his body swelled and put on the black hue. Physicians pronounced him dying. As a last resort, a well known female spiritual medium was sent for, who undertook his case. The result was, the dropsical effusion of the limbs soon yielded, and the black hue of the chest was followed by erysipelatous eruptions, and a general mitigation of the symptoms. The patient was so far restored to health as to be able last week to start on a fresh journey to visit his father in Massachusetts, first going to New York city. His friends and all who knew of his precarious condition, are perfectly astonished at his wonderful restoration through the agency of a clairvoyant, after the entire Medical Faculty had failed to discover and cure his disease. And yet similar instances are occurring every day.

Legacies in the Old Country.

The thousands in this country who are flattering themselves with the idea of obtaining a rich slice from some legacy in England, will be interested in the following statement. Hon. A. D. Hagar, the Vermont Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, has been investigating the prospects of American heirs to certain large estates in England, and does not make a very encouraging report. He writes home as follows:

"A short time before leaving Vermont I attended a meeting of the 'Wilson Family,' as it was called, at Essex Junction. From representations then and there made, I was induced to believe that the estates of such value might be obtained by the Wilsons of America, heirs of one 'Robert Wilson, Earl of Warwick,' who many years since died in England, leaving a large property.

From inquiries which I made when I landed, I am satisfied that there is not the least possible chance for any Wilson in America to ever get an acre of land or a dollar in money from this source, nor will the 'Jennings heirs' be more fortunate than the Wilsons.

I do not propose to enter into a discussion of the question, but give it as my opinion that every one who has paid a dollar for 'Scripture' or for the 'Investigation of Church Values,' had better charge it immediately to 'profit and loss,' and make no more investments in these worthless schemes."

A Presentiment.

The Boston Daily Press, a new penny paper just started, relates the following case:

"A most touching and singular circumstance occurred at the State Prison, in Charlestown, a few days since, which goes to show that there may be something in presentiments. Some three weeks ago, the only son of one of the inmates serving a life sentence was drowned near the ferry slip, on the East Boston side, and his body was found floating in the water a few days afterwards. After the burial, the mother visited the prison, and requested the warden to announce the fact of the son's death to the father, also requesting that he would not inform him that the three children of such value might be obtained by the Wilsons of America, heirs of one 'Robert Wilson, Earl of Warwick,' who many years since died in England, leaving a large property. On being asked why he thought so, he replied, that, two or three days before (mentioning the exact day the body was removed), he was impressed with the fact that his son had been drowned, and it had weighed heavily upon his mind ever since. The facts were then told to him, and it appeared that the presentiment of his son's death was correct in every particular."

Society Organization in Charlestown.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown have organized under the name of the "First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown," and have made choice of the following officers for the current year: President, Joseph Carr; Secretary, Charles H. Wing; Treasurer, Henry T. Rowell; Business Committee, Joseph Carr, Sampson Warren, A. H. Richardson, Dr. E. Page, Henry Brower; Board of Trustees, Sampson Warren, P. S. Briggs, J. B. Clapp, Charles H. Wing, H. T. Rowell, Henry Brower, Juda Weatherbee.

Phenomenal Spiritualism.

Phenomenal Spiritualism is the bridge which has carried millions safely over, and it would be folly to ignore it now. The following resolution, passed at the late meeting of Spiritualists in Genesee County, New York, speaks for itself:

"Resolved, That we recognize the important part that phenomenal Spiritualism has had in establishing in our minds the grand truth of spirit communion; and we do hereby manifest our disapprobation toward any movement that may be made in our coming National Convention to throw discredit upon media of this class."

Our Free Circles.

On Monday, Sept. 24, our free circles will be resumed, and continued three days in each week, namely, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at precisely three o'clock P. M. The public are cordially invited.

Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike

Has removed his office to No. 70 Tremont street, (nearly opposite the Tremont House.) He is an excellent physician.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September opens with the "Dodge Club," profusely illustrated, and is followed by two other illustrated papers. That entitled "Rob Roy in the Baltic" is humorous and laughable. The "Haunted House in Watertown" is sketched, and there are illustrations of what were supposed by the writer of the history of it to be scenes in the same. The readers of the BANNER are familiar with this history from our own columns. The other papers of note are the "Yankee before the Throne," "Light Castles in Spain," "La Belle France," "Walter Colquhoun, Georgia," and the Editorial essays. With these are numerous short pieces that will pleasantly engage one's attention in these dog-days, and the weather that is to come after. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

SIXTEENTH THOUSAND OF "NED NEVINS, OR STREET LIFE IN BOSTON."—This very entertaining work, by Rev. Henry Morgan, has reached its sixteenth thousand, and is still having a lively sale. The author says: "The truth is, the great masses of mankind love heart, soul and life; they care but little for cold, classical, artistic finish." That's the secret of Ned Nevins's success. It deals with every-day life just as it is—fearlessly and frankly. The price of the volume is \$1.50.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Evansville, Ind., during September, and in Richmond, Ind., during October. He will speak week evenings or hold sances anywhere within fifty miles of the above places. Mr. Wilson intends to be present at the National Convention of Spiritualists at Cleveland. He is doing a good work in the West.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain has returned from the West, and will spend a few months at Hyannis, on the sea-shore, which she hopes will be beneficial to her health.

C. B. Lynn, of Charlestown, a trance lecturer, and a young man of much promise, left last week on a lecturing tour through the West. He will speak at Johnson Creek and Buffalo on his way.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchison—now Mrs. English—has retired from the lecturing field for the present. In a note to us she says: "Wherever I am located, there will my work be, in some form or other for humanity. My heart and soul will be in our beautiful philosophy. It has saved me and thousands of others from the darkest infidelity. May the good work go on until the uttermost parts of the earth are penetrated by the angel voices."

St. Louis, Mo.

The Society of Spiritualists at St. Louis, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum, publish a little four-page "Monthly Record," containing local matters of interest to the Society and Lyceum. From it we learn that the Children's Lyceum, which was organized in 1885 with sixty-five members, now has enrolled in its journal two hundred and sixteen children. This fact is creditable to the efficiency of its officers. E. V. Wilson has been speaking for the Society this month, and Miss Susie M. Johnson follows for September. We print on our third page a synoptical report of one of Mr. Wilson's lectures in St. Louis.

The Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

Remember that this interesting occasion will commence its sessions on Thursday, August 29th, continuing three days, in Pierpont Grove, Malden. It is to be under the charge of Dr. H. B. Storer, whose programme, giving full particulars, will be found elsewhere in our paper.

Picnic to Walden Grove.

Dr. C. C. York, of Charlestown, is making arrangements for a social picnic, to take place on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, at Walden Pond Grove, Concord. Further particulars will be given in our next issue.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Montreal.

Dr. Newton, the renowned healer, will open an office in Montreal on Monday, Aug. 29th, for the purpose of healing the sick, the lame and the blind.

It has frequently been said, and with much truth, that they who denounce the loudest certain bad habits in others, may as well be suspected of practicing them at times themselves; employing their accusations as cloaks, or covers, by the aid of which they hope to do with impunity what they are as fond of as those whom they denounce.

A Significant Inscription.

It will no doubt be remembered by all or nearly all the readers of the BANNER that C. O. Felton, Professor of Greek at Harvard College, was not known as a Spiritualist! and many will remember the investigation of the spiritual phenomena which took place some years since at the Pavilion, in this city, arranged by Dr. Gardner for the enlightenment of Mr. Felton and the Harvard professors. The body of Prof. Felton now reposes at Mt. Auburn, and upon the stone erected over his grave is an inscription, which I think has a peculiar significance, under the circumstances. The inscription is in Greek, and upon being translated into English, is found to be the first part of the first verse of the fourth chapter of Revelations, which reads as follows: "After these things I looked, and behold a door was opened in Heaven." May this not mean that after public discussions of the question, and after the investigation, so called, by the Professors of Harvard University, Prof. Felton looked for himself, and was convinced that there was a door opened between heaven and earth, and that he was not willing to leave his earthly body without putting upon record—though in an unknown tongue (to the common people)—a confession that he was convinced of the great truth of intercommunication between the natural and the spiritual worlds? VERITAS.

Boston, August 19th, 1887.

The "Boston Progressive Lyceum."

The Spiritualists of this city have organized under the appropriate name of the "Progressive Lyceum," for carrying on the Children's Sunday Lyceum and Meetings, at Mercantile Hall. The Lyceum has cause to be very grateful to those friends of progress who have manifested so deep an interest in this undertaking, and hope that all friends will bear in mind that this is an effort to make the Lyceum not unlike its predecessors in New York, Philadelphia and other localities; for that purpose all Spiritualists should give a helping hand. Mr. Bond has kindly offered to furnish music for the Lyceum.

Dr. H. B. Storer lectured every Sunday, at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M., during August, and Mrs. E. A. Horton has been engaged to lecture during the month of September. Other able speakers will soon be announced. THOS. MARSH.

to friends in Springfield, and Boston, Mass.; Annie E. Williams to friends.

Tuesday, June 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers. Capt. William E. Hacker, to friends in Philadelphia; Gen. Stevenson, to friends in Boston; Oliver Sargent, to her mother and sister Sarah, in Lawrence, Mass.; Mary Callahan, to her friends.

