

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{ \$8.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 25.

The Lecture Room.

THE RELIGION OF MANHOOD.

A Lecture by Hon. WARREN CHASE, Delivered at Music Hall, New York, Aug. 4, 1867.

[Photographically reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by Wm. Henry Bloom.]

Man is by nature a religious being. Not as a gift of God, not by supernatural endowment, but as an inherent quality of the human soul, man is religious. There never was an atheist—there never can be an atheist.

To be an atheist, a being sinks below the human; for all human organizations have veneration; and where this is to be found there can be no atheism; for the mission and design of the religious organs are, to recognize a superlative or supreme being. In the various forms of the human soul there are extremes in organizations, but no extreme that is void of veneration. Whenever the organs of religious devotion are weak, the religion of that person is passionless, without zeal, and uniformly negative, but it is never entirely wanting; it is always to be found, and feeble though its expression be, an expression it has. The extremes are uncomfortable, if not dangerous, to the individual possessing them. With the religious organs extremely low, the person is not in harmony with nature nor with God. With the religious organs extremely large, the person is equally inharmonious, as too much zeal turns to fanaticism, and is carried through extremes of absurdity and ridiculousness that render the person unfit for good society, as much and even more so than the one whose organs are developed in the opposite extreme. As man is a progressive, as well as a religious being, therefore he can have no religion that will suit all ages, all conditions, all degrees of development. The religion of the race, and of individuals, must change, as the mental capacity and scope of their mind changes, and their ideas of God must correspond to the capacity of their minds. There can be no perfect God to man, no perfect religion to man, as man himself cannot be perfect. Progression would cease with perfection. Progression in the human soul never ceases, consequently change is perpetual, and the ideas of God must correspond to the change, and widen with the capacity of the human mind.

We shall consequently have, as a race, a religion of childhood, as we have a religion of childhood individually; a religion for youth, for the wild speculation and schemes of the rapidly ascending mind in its youthful career, reaching out beyond the physical objects within its earlier grasp; and a religion for manhood, ripened in this physical sphere with the scope of the sciences and philosophy reaching to the stars. We must have a religion corresponding to the capacity of the human mind. In the childhood of the race man's religion is expressed through the senses, and the gods that he worships are incarnate. They are brought within the reach of his senses, and he pays his devotion to images that his eyes and his hand can reach. The capacity of the mind is not sufficiently idealized to hold at a distance from his senses an object, and pay his devotion to it. Consequently the necessity for images to worship, the necessity for objects brought within his reach, which he shall see and feel and recognize as existences.

The mind will recognize those objects for worship in his fellow-man, and will endow them with powers no capacity can control. He will find in himself the Evil Being, the passion for power, for control, for dominion, the passion for superiority. He will praise his gods and will avoid their anger, will pacify them and will bring forward such things to please them as would please himself. He will look around, ripening slowly into boyhood; and beholding the phenomena of nature, he will attribute these to the power of his God. When he witnesses the thunder-storm, the earthquake, or the variations of the seasons, he will attribute these to the direct agency of God. Unacquainted with science, he will attribute his health and his sickness, his birth and death, to God, and will endeavor to please that God, to secure for himself the greatest blessings of life. Watching the outer phenomena of nature, he will attribute to God the lightning, the thunders, the eclipses, the day and night, the variation of the seasons, and all the phenomena, the causes of which he cannot reach. His mind expanding as he becomes a man, he will observe the motions of the stars, and of the constellations, and will gradually widen his religion out to astronomy, and the astronomical religion will be drawn in with the pagan worship of idols.

Succeeding it as a ripper form of the human mind, and coupling with it the motions of the planets and the stars, and the changes in the position of the earth and its relation to the constellations themselves, he will have connected with the astronomical religion, an astrological religion that will succeed the worship of clay and wooden images. He will apply it to man-in fortune-telling and predicting coming events. He will show his advancement by preparing better images for worship. The images of beasts changed to monstrousities, partly human, partly animal, human beings with more than one head, with more than two arms, will be stepping-stones toward a higher form of religion—toward the incarnation of a perfect God in the human form perfected. The Vishnu with three heads, is but a more advanced form of earlier idol worship. These are all stepping-stones toward the higher idol of God in Jesus of Nazareth.

Gradually his imagination becomes expanded and enables him to personify a God, invisible to the human eye, intangible to the human touch, separated from physical forms and idealized. Then the mind of man fills the vast region of ether with devils—with beings his fancy has created. Some he fears, some he hates, some paying devotions to, some shirking from.

Paganism is the religion of childhood. Christi-

anity is the religion of boyhood and youth. Spiritualism is the religion of manhood. I know full well how ridiculous this would sound to a majority of Orthodox ears; but this sounds no worse to Christians, than the advanced ideas of Christians would to Pagan worshippers. In the early days of Christianity it stood out in the same relation to more popular systems that Spiritualism does to it.

In this discourse, and others which are to follow, I shall show that Spiritualism is the religion of manhood. Each form of religion secures, saves and retains portions of that which precedes it. Christianity derives from the astronomical and astrological religion which precedes it, much of its sacred characters, ceremonies and objects. From astrology she has preserved prophecy, which simplified is fortune-telling—nothing more, nothing less. From the astronomical religion she has preserved types and symbols, and the objects that were originally in the heavens are carried forward ideally in the Christianity of our time. From the Pagan worship of the three-headed image, she has retained the Trinity in her God-head—three heads on one body. From the sacrifices of Paganism in beasts, and fruit, and raiment, and coin, she has brought forward sacrifice, and returned them in the portion of time rendered holy and set apart for devotion, in the prayers, which are nothing more, nothing less than sacrifices idealized and made mental instead of physical. Instead of offering up portions of slaughtered animals, a prayer from the heart, or read from a book, is offered up in words. It is to interest and attract their God, the same as Pagan sacrifices. In the Catholic Church, which stands at the bottom of the stairs of Christianity as the platform, without which it could not stand, they have retained the images, and the sacredness of objects worshiped. The holy wafer and the holy water are only portions of the Pagan devotion, which had sacredness and holiness in its images.

The Catholic Church brings the advanced Pagan so far as to leave the actual images of worship, and retain the incarnation of God in a human form. She has preserved and carried forward the physical form of her God. The pictured forms of holy angels and of Christ are only so much of the lower and earlier religions retained. The sacredness of their churches is only Pagan temple-worship brought forward. There is only one church in this country that is absolutely sacred to religion—the Catholic Church. No meetings for political or other purposes are allowed to be held there. This church, and its oldest daughters, the Episcopalians, are not to be profaned by political meetings. It is God's holy temple, sacred to his worship. She has brought forward the idea of a resurrection of those whose bodies are laid away, and declared in her doctrine that they are to be restored to life and rendered perfect and complete, and continue to exist, the same physical bodies through all eternity. Those whose sins are washed away, whose crimes have been pardoned by her God, shall live in perfect health and perfect happiness in the kingdom of God, praising him, and glorifying him, forever and forever. Salvation is denied to those whose sins are not forgiven, and they are to exist in endless agony. And she says this to the ignorant masses to induce them to join in her devotional exercises, and to contribute to her funds to assist in supporting her pope, cardinals, priests, institutions and religious exercises. She has been extremely successful, has obtained much present wealth, has gained large numbers, and has at this time more worshippers within her folds, and far more conscientious and sincere ones, than all the Protestant churches put together. The reason of this is that she is nearer to Paganism, which still contains and retains the largest portions of the race. Therefore she has the masses. Have you not as individuals, in your own lifetime, and in your own city, observed this fact, that the great body of Catholic worshippers are inferior to Protestant worshippers? I do not say they are less religious or less devoted; I say they are more religious and more devoted, but they are intellectually inferior. Their places show it to which they return from their worship. Where are they? Do they not occupy inferior positions to Protestants, your own children, and other citizens? This intellectual inferiority accounts for their worship and the success, prosperity and progress of their Church. Christianity, therefore, in its Roman Catholic form, is but one step from Paganism. Its highest idea of government is a monarchy; its highest idea of place, a palace and a throne, and on the right hand, and on the left, are princes and rulers, and it pushes this system forward into the future life.

Protestantism breaking out of Catholicism, advances upon it but retains its substance and gist. Its sacred books, its holy days and prayers, its Trinity in the God-head, and most of its cardinal doctrines are retained, reaffirmed and set forth again with renewed energy and zeal, in the creeds of the Protestant churches. She has modified the phases of existence, and drawn different lines of separation in the spirit-world. She has declared that the lines established as a separation between the righteous and the wicked, in the Catholic Church, are incorrect; that other lines determine the conditions of happiness and misery in the world of souls. She has gone so far as to condemn, in many instances, her mother, the Catholic Church, more bitterly than the Catholic Church has condemned her Pagan mother. She still retains all that is valuable, and much that is worthless. Like a naughty child which damns its mother, she has abused that individual, without whom she would not have had an existence. The Catholic Church believes the authority of God was set forth in the words of the Holy Book, and her exclusive right to make interpretations and explanations. The Protestant Church declares her right to make her explanations, and to give her interpretations, and to settle the meaning of the spiritual or temporal texts as written in this Holy Book, without consulting her mother church. The Catholic Church requires the confessions, ex-

ercises and tributes to be paid to the priests. The Protestant Church, to God. I know there are Societies of Protestants who neither admit a personal God or endless misery, but they are exceptions. The Protestant churches have retained their physical God, their general judgment, their final damnation of the many, and blessings and glory of the few. Their religion is an ideal religion; they believe in a personal God who is intangible, and worship him. But is it worse to worship a god made from nothing, than it is to worship one made from a given amount of wood or clay? Is it less idolatrous to worship a being you cannot see, than to worship one you can see? one that cannot be weighed, than one that will weigh on the scales one hundred and forty pounds? The attributes of the Christian God are not advanced from those of the Pagan only as their capacity is enlarged. Christianity is therefore the religion of youth.

Man is religiously sowing his wild oats. He gratifies the revenge in his bosom; if he hates his enemies he is godlike, if he loves his friends he is godlike. The religion of Christianity is in the heart—it is a heart religion. By heart we mean the feelings. God never placed eyes in your heart—it is blind—you cannot see with it. It always "goes it blind," and so does Christianity "go it blind." Feelings are appealed to; you are called upon to fear and to love. You are notified that God is the author of your existence; he gave you being, he takes your life, at death, no matter how it occurs—by accident, by sickness, by sudden stroke, or slow disease. God is the author, and you must fear him. You are taught by Christian teachers to fear death as the king of terrors—the monster sent into the world to punish man for his sins. In sickness you are called upon to thank God, in health you are to praise him. "These are put upon you that you may fear God constantly." We often hear such expressions from Christian ministers. It was but a few days since, a friend related to me what a minister had said to him. My friend's little child had recently died, and the minister told him that God had taken his child away, as a means of grace to him, that he might repent and join a church. My friend replied to him that other people lost their children, and those too who belong to the church, just the same. Christians claim the direct agency of God in all matters that pertain to man, life, birth, death, sickness and health. Only a few years since, the church taught that when the thunder and lightning came it was the voice and countenance of God, and they must pray to him for protection. But science reached out and caught the lightning and bottled it up, and found out its laws, and showed to the world that a lightning-rod was a great deal more effectual than prayer. Not long ago Christianity taught that when we saw the rainbow, it was God renewing his promise that he would never drown the world again. After a while experiments illustrated it on scientific principles. When the sun or the moon was eclipsed, the Christians recognized the direct agency of God. One after another of the phenomena of nature—day and night, the changes of the seasons, the motions of the planets, were all brought to light by science, and snatched away from the religionist, and he can no longer use them to make men fear or love God. But still they retain the phenomena connected with the human soul, and partially that connected with the human body. And yet to-day we are demonstrating the fact, that in birth, life, health and sickness, there is no more direct agency of God, than there is in the eclipse, or the falling of a snowflake or raindrops on the window pane, or the birth and growth of the flower in the garden. We reach forward into the real origin of life. We bring all the phenomena of Nature into the same natural plane, and teach that all its outer manifestations are produced by natural laws. That in the life hereafter, we shall see no personal God, more than here. No kingdom of God there. No masters, no slaves, no servants. Nobody there is called upon to love or fear God more than here. Man is a natural being there, the same as here. In that world they are pushing forward for new truths, pushing the gods further on. What the Pagans had made in their images, the Christians pushed further on, and manifestations that Christians ascribed to the special providence of God, science has found to be the result of natural laws, and that nothing is attributable to the direct agency of God. The two worlds are lying together—one filled with ponderable matter, the other of ether—intangible to our hands, but to the spirits who dwell there it is as real as the objects in this world are to us. Lightning rods, in that world, as in this, are better than prayers.

Now we are on the verge of a new era, the religion of manhood. Where is God, in this religion? Not in the kingdom of heaven, not in the personal forms incarnated here, but everywhere, in everything. A subtle, imponderable, elemental power, a force, a substance, working out through all existence, in you, in me, in yonder tree and flower; everywhere—"lives in all life," mundane, supermundane, material and spiritual. Planets and stars—space between them—God is everywhere, in everything. How then shall we worship God in the new religion of manhood? Worship him by doing that which brings happiness, by doing for others that which shall make them better and happier. To make others happy will be the highest duty of life and our religion. Here are the houses of God, personal temples of humanity at large. Work in the sphere of being where you are, and your religion will go into the labors of your hand. Cultivate flowers and you worship God. Every effort you put forth to bring out of the earth these beautiful forms, is a devotional exercise. True religion is in the utterance of your lips. Whatever you say to your fellow-being in your daily words, you say to God. The religion of manhood is a religion of life. It is not a religion of Sundays. It is a religion wrought in the daily cares of life. Every word

you say is an expression to God. You do your prayers in your daily works, and say them in your daily words, to whomsoever spoken, and you kneel to God whenever you kneel to labor, and pray in all your works. Making bread and raiments, your prayers are good—making cigars and whiskey, are unworthy your manhood and its God. Live true lives, by being true to the welfare of the race.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA.

BY DEAN CLARK.

Text: "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, Free-thinkers—whatever your name—hear me for my cause, for your cause, for humanity's cause:

Believing that the time has fully come for us not only to define but to take our true position before the world, I address these earnest words to you, hoping they may stir up your minds to a full realization of the duties and obligations that devolve upon us, individually and collectively, in the momentous struggle in which we are engaged.

It is high time that we understand, so far as possible, the design of the Higher Powers, who have arranged and instigated the grand revolutionary movement in which we are now called upon to act our part, in order that we may act in conjunction with them and one another, in carrying out the great purpose proposed. It is time that we ought to comprehend our individual responsibilities, so that we may not be derelict in the discharge of duties of the highest importance—time that we awaken to a full consciousness of the dangers that threaten us, that we may be prepared for emergencies as they arise, and thwart the designs of our enemies, ere they have time for consummation. What, then, is the grand design of this gigantic movement? What the issues at stake, and what the duties we are sacredly obliged to perform?

As has often been asserted by the Higher Powers and their agents, modern Spiritualism comprehends more than its phenomena, physical and mental; something beyond its philosophy, science and ethics. It is a grand revolutionary movement; a vast scheme for social, political and religious reconstruction; a new dispensation of divine truth and power, for the liberation, civilization and spiritualization of mankind—one of the grand strides of progress that mark the epochs of the ages. It involves all the great issues of the struggles through which mankind have passed in bygone centuries. In its purpose, we may behold the culmination of the plans, efforts and aspirations of the heroic philanthropists of all time. The master-spirits that swayed the world in all past eras; the founders of governments; of religions; of social, civil and national policies; the patriots, martyrs and champions of human rights, who labored while on earth for the highest interests of their fellowmen, are still at work, striving to ameliorate human conditions, and consummate the objects for which they sacrificed so much, and in which their interest is still unabated; they are the prime instigators and principal operators in this grand project which is to shape the destiny of races and nations. Its purpose, then, is not local nor partial, but universal. Every wrong in human relations—domestic, social, civil, national and international—is to be righted, and the inalienable rights of man are to be obtained and maintained ere the struggle will cease.

Let none deceive themselves with the idea that we are engaged in a mere religious controversy—that the only issues involved are simply religious beliefs and dogmas—for Spiritualism has to do with every question involving the welfare of mankind. Those who inveigh so strongly against meddling with social and political questions, have not yet been baptized in the deep fountains of spirituality; have not yet entered the inner sanctuary, and felt the divine inspirations that fill the soul with love toward humanity in every condition—they are yet standing in the porch, or remaining in the outer courts of the great Spiritual Temple, dallying with mere physical phenomena, or amusing themselves with the novelties of our philosophy, which have served only as an intellectual repast, without awakening their souls to a realization of the profound significance to which these external facts should induct them.

Spiritualism is a scheme or system of universal education, applying to man, physically, intellectually and spiritually; and its design is to change and reform every human condition and relation which is not in harmony with the principles of equity and universal justice. Its basic elements are the eternal principles and absolute facts of Nature, as revealed and demonstrated by science, and its purpose is to apply these in a system of education that shall bring mankind into harmonious relations with all of the laws of physical, mental and spiritual development.

As a system of theology, it is unique and original in many of its methods and ideas; discarding the old landmarks that lead through the labyrinthine mazes of ancient mythology, it takes the royal road of reason and pursues the highway of progress, guided by the polar star of science that illumines the way to "life everlasting" and progress eternal. Its philosophy is radically opposed to the fundamental tenets and dogmas of all Evangelical Churches. It denies their theory of creation, their dogmas of the fall of man, original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, endless misery, a personal devil, salvation by faith in the merits or blood of Jesus Christ, the infallibility of the Bible, forgiveness of sin, &c., and discards many of their religious rites as unnecessary and essentially idolatrous.

It opposes sectarianism of every form, and established creeds of every kind. Hence, in many respects, it takes a direct issue against all other creeds, and stands out before the world on an independent basis, challenging the religious world to

controvert its facts and philosophy, or yield to their sway.

What fellowship then, I ask, can we consistently have with the popular religious organizations of the day? We know that their theology stifles reason, and requires us to ignore the discoveries and deductions of science; that much of it rests upon the myths of ancient tradition, which the facts of science have long since exploded; that they are striving to inculcate and arbitrarily enforce false and pernicious doctrines, whose tendency is to cramp and dwarf the noblest faculties of the soul; that the rod of priestly dictation is used to awe and coerce, if possible, every communicant into servile subjection to sectarian rule; that they have all departed from the purity, simplicity and spirituality of the teachings of Jesus, whom they falsely profess to follow, and have conformed to the fashion, pride, covetousness and aristocracy of the time-serving and materialistic world; that they are more zealous to make converts to their creeds, and to build up the church, than to "save souls"; that they are hostile to all progressive ideas, and only adopt them when compelled to, from expediency; that they consult policy before principle, and selfishness before righteousness; that they ignore the facts of spirit intercourse, and misrepresent our philosophy, malign its advocates, asperse its votaries, and appeal to the lowest passions and prejudices of the people to oppose its progress. Ay, and we ought to know, and will ere long, to our sorrow, that some of them, at least, are surreptitiously plotting our overthrow by force!

In view of these considerations, I ask again, what fellowship can we conscientiously have with the Pharisaical Churches of Christendom? "What fellowship hath Christ with Belial?" What fellowship hath truth with error, science with superstition, freedom with slavery, liberality with bigotry, progress with conservatism, honesty with hypocrisy, fidelity with infidelity; or, in short, Spiritualism with Protestantism and Catholicism as now embodied in the "whited sepulchres" of sectarian churches? Let church-worshipping Spiritualists no longer hug the delusive idea that the new wine of Spiritualism is to be put into old theological bottles to be spoiled by the musty dregs of creeds, or that the new cloth of our philosophy is to be sewed into the old, thread-bare, patchwork garments that are scarcely fit for swaddling clothes for "spiritual babes"! The Doctors of Divinity did not officiate at the birth of this young giant, and he disdains now to put on their "straight jackets" and "sin-stained garments," and at twenty years of age, springs the attempt to cramp the feet, that have traversed continents, and trampled down all obstacles, into the Chinese shoes manufactured by theologic cobblers! The heaven of Spiritualism is no more to be placed in the ecclesiastical bushels of to-day than was Christianity in those of Judaism!

The "bread of life" for hungry souls is no longer to be made of the musty ideas of church doctrine, for fresher materials are at hand, and God places the new leaven just where he did before—among the "common people," the "world's people"—the Gentiles! With what propriety, then, can any Spiritualist, while claiming to be loyal to Spiritualism, patronize the churches, whose ostensible purpose is to supplant them with a totally different regime? Are any so craven-spirited and apocryphal as to toady to them for the sake of popularity and self-interest? If so, let them at once forswear all allegiance to our holy cause, and "go to their own"—"Let dogs return to their vomit." "Let Jacob cling to his idols." Let those who covet the flesh-pots, the sham respectability, and the vain show of Mammon-worshipping churches, obsequiously court their favor, and prostitute their manhood and womanhood for the sake of being fashionable, if they will; but for Heaven's sake, and in the name of consistency, let not such apostates call themselves Spiritualists!

Let us be one thing or the other, and not sit astride the fence, waiting to join the popular crowd, shouting "Good Lord and good devil," just as the one or the other is in the ascendant! Away with the nonsensical titles—"Bible-Christian-Spiritualists"—"Christian Spiritualists"—"Infidel Spiritualists"—"Catholic Spiritualists" &c.! We want no such mongrel names nor characters!

Let us not go begging respectability by assuming names that are and have been dishonored by association, tyranny, hypocrisy and sordid sectarianism, but let us cling to our true title, which is significant of all that is good, pure and divine, and gathering around its lofty standard of morality, truth and justice, let us proudly bear aloft, emblazoned upon our BANNER OF LIGHT in fiery letters of eternal splendor, the names SPIRITUALIST and SPIRITUALISM, which angels love and mankind will yet devoutly honor and bless.

Let none misunderstand me. I am not counseling bigotry nor sectarian exclusiveness, in appealing to every Spiritualist to leave the churches and withdraw their patronage of money and personal influence, and come out boldly and take an independent, manly position of fidelity to our cause; neither am I seeking to create an issue between ourselves and them. On the contrary, they have made and forced the issue between us by their persistent opposition to progressive ideas, and the division is inevitable, and it is idle and fallacious to attempt a compromise between such incompatible elements, or to dream that Spiritualism is finally to be absorbed by or engrafted into any existing Church!

Verily, they do err—not knowing the counsels of Heaven—who solace themselves, in their false position of trying to serve two masters, with any such groundless expectation; the annals of great reform movements give countenance to no such chimera; therefore as ours is an extraneous, and essentially a radical movement, let every Spiritualist who values consistency, fidelity to truth, duty, honor, and the angels who have blessed us, at once and forever, renounce all connection with

Churchmen, and forswear the unwarrantable and contemptible truckling policy which has led some "to give aid and encouragement to the enemies of the truths they profess to love! "Ye cannot serve two masters." "Choose ye this day whom you will serve."

I reiterate, it is fully time that Spiritualists everywhere come out and assume a true, distinctive position, and go to work to spread the truths now brought by the angels of the New Dispensation to supplant the myths and errors of an antiquated and fossilized theology. And we are recalcitrant to the most solemn obligations ever imposed on any generation, if we do not boldly renounce all subservency to ecclesiasticism, and enlist in the grand army of progress, which is armed with the sword of truth, panoplied with the power of gods and led by the mighty hosts of Heaven to conquests of future glory and renown. Why stand we thus idle? Why are so many professed Spiritualists doing absolutely nothing for the cause they claim to revere, but are "giving aid and comfort" to those who are "out-Heroding Herod," in their efforts to destroy the new-born Saviour? Is our cause of so little worth that we are willing to sell it, and our honor, for a meas of church pottage? Or are we so enamored with and enfolded by the Delilah of "public opinion" that we will tamely submit to have our strength shorn and our manhood reduced to imbecility for the sake of being "well with the world"? Are we so stupefied by the soporific influence of Pharisaic self-righteousness, that we will lie supinely and covet a little more sleep, a little more slumber, before arousing to a consciousness of the danger of such selfish apathy which paralyzes our own soul-powers and stops all intellectual and spiritual growth?

Are we so madly infatuated with the soul-withering lust of gold that we will sacrifice the highest interests of ourselves and humanity, ignore our most sacred duty, coldly repulse the loving angels who plead with us to allure this monster evil of Mammon-worship, which is destroying the spirituality of the world, and sulling the vesture of our immortal souls with stains that only the bitter tears of contrition flowing for ages in spirit-life can remove? Ah! I fear that this insatiable greed for riches which perishes, is the greatest obstacle to the progress of Spiritualists and their cause, for it has ever been the blasting Upas that has withered the human soul to dwarfishness, and shrunk the most beautiful plants of the soul's vineyard into crabbled and unsightly shrubs!

How much longer, oh money-loving Spiritualists! will you turn a deaf ear to the sad story that comes with startling plainness from those misguided souls in the "hells of spirit-life," who, while on earth, filled their coffers and stored their souls? How often in anguish of soul do they cry over that warning query, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—lose peace of mind, the joys of intellectual and spiritual culture, the happiness that flows from a consciousness of having done good to our fellowmen, the enjoyment that springs from feeling that we have done our whole duty! As you value your own soul's welfare, present and future, heed these warning voices, and use your superabundance to educate and feed the poor and needy; give to support the instrumentalities by which the benign truths of Spiritualism are disseminated, and thereby fulfill the obligation you owe to your fellowmen to share the blessings which have happened you, and which you owe to the spirits, who enjoin upon you to give as freely as you have received, and pay the debt of gratitude by becoming ministering spirits yourselves.

It is a burning shame to let our cause languish for want of more liberality on the part of Spiritualists who have enough, and to spare, financially, to send missionaries into nearly every town, and scatter through our noble papers the seeds of truth in nearly all the families of the land! It is unpardonable ingratitude to our spirit friends to selfishly hag our treasures of truth and money, and not dispense them to our fellowmen, as generously as they have showered them upon us! Are we morally justified in folding our hands with that degree of indifference which has thus far characterized a large portion of the spiritual public? "No," shouts the angelic host above us, "you are unworthy of the invaluable gifts we have conferred upon you, if you dispense not to others as it has been meted unto you!"

I am aware that I'm sending a bomb into the camp that will raise the dust, and that some will deem my position or counsels as merging toward extravagance and fanaticism; but let such bear in mind that I assume no authority over another's faith or practice, but say, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." I only suggest, and strive to convince of duty, by appealing to reason and conscience, which I trust all Spiritualists are endowed with, and if any Spiritualist can reconcile his or her position as a patron of churches with the genius of the Spiritual Movement or Philosophy, and feels no compunction in paying his money freely to them and sparingly, or not at all for the spread of our views—if they can justify themselves in selfish indifference as to the spiritual condition of their neighbors, or in entire inaction, or only spasmodic efforts to bring our ideas before the people, I can only say their conscience is more elastic than mine, or that their reason points in an opposite direction.

I do not claim that all the churches are wrong, or that any of them are wholly so in faith or practice. On the contrary, they have many good views and practices, and some that we should do well to adopt—one in particular, devotion to the interests of their cause! Spiritualism comprehends all truth, but it does not monopolize it all—the churches hold to much in common with us, and are all subserving a purpose of good to some, and are necessary to those who have not outgrown them—to those who need crutches—but full-grown Spiritualists cannot justify their adherence to them on the plea of necessity; and adherence to them (by those who reject their doctrines) from motives of worldly policy, looks to me to be cowardly and unjustifiable, except in a few rare instances where a nominal connection with them or starvation may be the only alternative; for it is certain that such a position is irreconcilable with the teachings of the advanced spirits, who always enjoin upon us the necessity of fealty to our highest conceptions of truth, honor, justice and duty! Hence I do not deem it ultra nor fanatical to assume the inevitable position of independence of all churches.

Friends of Spiritualism: I appeal to you by every consideration that can move men and women to activity in the discharge of imperative duties to yourselves, to humanity, and to loved ones in the world of light around us; by your love of truth, liberty, equality, progress, and all the benign principles of our philosophical religion, that brings glad tidings to suffering mortals, peace to troubled souls, joy to mourning hearts, health to the sick, counsel to the erring, light to those in darkness, freedom to those in bonds—brings heaven down to earth, and purifies and sweetens every relation in our earth-life, and entreat you to go to work with unflinching zeal to organize Societies, Children's Progressive

Lyceums, Missionary Associations, Public Libraries; get up public meetings for lectures and debates, subscription clubs for the BANNER OF LIGHT and SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, or any other journals that scatter spiritual truth and light—in a word, do all you can to carry on the work which angels have begun and beseech us to carry forward! If there are not enough believers to organize a society, in your own locality, send your money to some State Association, to some worthy lecturer who is sacrificing far more than you have ever done to spread the gospel of Spiritualism; or subscribe for several copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT to circulate among your neighbors, and thus bring the "bread of life" to starving multitudes.

Above all, I conjure you in the name of heaven to be at peace with one another! "In the household of faith!" The petty feuds, childish jealousies, party strifes, and antagonisms (which are perfectly legitimate in sectarian ranks of the "church militant") that exist to-day in so many communities, where there are Spiritualists enough for good working Societies, but who, because of these, are all disorganized, are a crying sin, a burning shame, an infamous disgrace to those who profess to believe in the harmonious philosophy, claim to be reformers, and prate of fraternity, unity and charity! Next to covetousness and parsimony, these evils are the most heinous shameful and disastrous that afflict us, and paralyze our power for the advancement of our cause!

How long, oh how long, will so many dishonor themselves and our noble cause, and cause loving angels to veil their faces in sorrow and shame for those who are so false to the principles of our faith? Harken to their admonitions as they repeat, "Unless your righteousness exceed the self-righteousness of nominal Christians, ye cannot enter the kingdom of harmony!" "Cast first the beam out of thine own eye, then thou canst see to pluck the mote out of thy brother's eye!"

Why this self-seeking for place and power? Wherefore this puerile disposition to control and lead others, or do nothing? Is it born of our spiritual nature? Are any actuated by no higher and nobler motives than to seek for "the leaves and fishes" of office? Saith the spirits, "He that dishonoreth our cause thus, is not worthy of us!" Why the envy and jealousy that exists to some degree among mediums and normal workers? Do we not know that we are all instruments in the hands of a higher power, and that we must stand solely upon our own personal merit? Have we not yet learned that there is room enough and work enough for all, without any clashing of interests? Let us take heed, and profit by the significant lessons of Jesus to his disciples—"He that exalteth himself shall be abased." "He that is greatest among you, shall be servant of all the rest!" Many who have striven to supersede others, have learned through defeat and suffering that "He that is first shall be last, and he that was last shall be first!" Let there be no issue forced between normal and abnormal speakers. Both are equally necessary, useful and indispensable; therefore let no vain conceit of self-excellence or superiority tempt any aspirant for public favor to "call that which God has cleansed" and angels anointed "common (or unclean)" Culture is necessary, education is needful, and scholasticism is beautiful, rhetoric and logic are desirable; but all culture, discipline and methodical training don't come from books, nor emanate from colleges—some get diplomas and commissions from higher schools! "In honor preferring one another," let us work together in the broad field of reform, and with hate toward none, but with charity for all, "Let us walk (worthy of our high calling)," and angels will bless us!

Written for the Banner of Light.

BESSIE WHITE.

BY D. HELEN INGHAM.

All that we could ask from childhood,
Of the tender, pure or bright,
Flashes like a sudden answer
From the eyes of Bessie White;

Eyes that make us long for glimpses
Of the spirit-germ within,
Looking from its starry windows
On a world of toll and sin.

Like a bird's impulsive carol
Falls her language on the ear,
Freighted with an olden music
That anew we pause to hear—
Pause to see the child-thoughts lighten
Over brow of sweet repose—
Over cheek like polished sea-shell,
Fairly flushed with hue of rose.

It was well to name her Bessie,
Since with her such beauty came
That it touched like wand of fairy
Even her little mystic name;

Beauty that we feel is deeper
Than external eye may see,
Having germ with precious blossom
Folded in the years to be.

Loving wishes, all unspoken—
To the heart like blessings press,
As we watch this little Bessie,
As we take her soft caress.

Yet we cannot ask that sorrow
From her life be kept aloof,
Knowing well that all our value
In its fire is put to proof.

That her spirit, unlike many,
Keep its self-hood still in sight,
Bowling to no lower idol,
Is our prayer for Bessie White.

Des Moines, 1867.

A Child Claimed by Two Mothers.
In the Circuit Court of Baltimore recently a case of habeas corpus was heard which presented some extraordinary features. Two women claimed to be the mother of the same child. The following is the account of the scene, as given by the Baltimore Sun, by which it will be seen that the sagacity of the child saved the judge from Solomon's disagreeable expediency of cutting it in two:

"Judge Alexander directed two chairs to be placed at one end of the court-room. He then requested Mrs. Perry, one of the petitioners, to take one of the seats, and Mrs. Ferrell, one of the respondents, the other. The child, during the hearing, had been standing upon the platform, at the side of the Judge. Judge Alexander then turned to the child and told it to go to its mother. The child started down, and then turned around and asked the Judge, 'Can I go to the mother I want?' The Judge said, 'Yes, child,' when she sprang forward and threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Ferrell, exclaiming, 'This is the mother I want.' She was received with passionate kisses. During these proceedings the eyes of the large number of women, as well as men present, were directed to the movements of the child, and when her choice was made, the women rose to their feet, and gave vent to their feelings in exclamations of delight. 'The darling child,' says one. 'She knows her mother,' says another. Sobs and tears accompanied the demonstration. The countenances of the men were not without emotion, and it was some time before the quiet of the court-room was restored."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 59, Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Golden Rod.

What boy or girl is there that has not wished to be transported to California or Colorado, to gather little golden pebbles, or to hunt for the gleaming ore that is supposed to bring the possessor so much happiness? How grand have seemed the stories of the Arabian Nights, and of Cinderella, in which magicians and fairies with the golden wands could change the common every-day things, that seem so homely, to real gleaming gold! There are few so free from ambition as to look without some longing on golden eagles, or gleaming chains and bracelets.

There is a little flower up here in New Hampshire, and all over New England, that is far more wonderful in its doings than any fairy god-mother or magician, and that proves our hard soil to be as rich as that of California.

Already the Golden Rod is pushing forward its myriads of blossoms, completely lining the roadsides with its beauty. What a prodigious power of beauty it must have. There is nothing among those sterile rocks to make one think of sunshine and sunsets, of kings' palaces and the heavenly Jerusalem, yet this little plant seems to know just how to find the glory, and it evidently means to signify continually that in all things created the beauty of wisdom lies hidden.

Solidago is the family name of the numerous plants that at this season arrange themselves so prettily beside the "stone walls grey with mosses," and that put such rich golden tassels and fringes about the granite boulders. There are a dozen species of this plant to be readily found, but they are not very easily separated from each other, for they are much alike, except in the manner in which the flowers arrange themselves on the peduncle, or flower-stalk. One of the finest varieties is the *Solidago laterifolia*, or the side-flowered golden rod.

This flower is always accompanied by the signs of autumn; indeed, we may call it autumn's ensign. This is the only melancholy thing one can find about the flower. It signifies that the glad, golden summer is almost over. It seems to desire to gather up the golden sunshine and put it into some form of beauty, so that summer may not wholly depart when the gleam of the gold begins to change to red and pale white.

This flower is interwoven into my whole life. Hardly a summer has been without its ministry to me, and I think it has power to put as many beautiful pictures before me as any artist's camera. I can read in it of those bright holidays when I went out to gather the luscious blackberries, gathering at the same time much better fruit with my eyes. I can see the old mill by the brook, and the far reaches of mountain ranges that fall around the hill yonder.

I see green graves in the old church-yard, and little childish hands thrust out of the shadows there, full of flowers. Sunny faces, golden curls, tender eyes, all peep out around the clusters of golden rod.

But I shall not tell you a child's story if I tell you of all these sights, for as they are to me in the spiritual beauty that memory gives to them; so I will tell you of a wonderful little fairy I knew, who lived like any of the rest of us, and not in a lily or a rose, but who turned everything to gold that she touched.

She opened her eyes one May-day in a very common place and in a very common way, and there seemed to be nothing about her that was at all remarkable. But her papa and mamma were very uncommon people, inasmuch as they did not like babies, and thought children a great deal of trouble.

They had become well known for their dislike of all childish things. A genuine laugh was quite absurd to them, and a little busy prattle quite set their nerves on tenter hooks.

But all people must love something, and these people loved cats and dogs. They must be very circumspect cats and dogs, however, to win their regard, and it did seem as if Old Prince knew the whole importance of serious behaviour, for he wagged his tail as if it was a solemn duty and admitted of no frivolity.

And Minnie, the cat, never frisked or frolicked, but washed herself in the sun with a calmness and precision quite marvelous. All the other cats and dogs partook of the spirit of Prince and Minnie, and the house was as orderly and quiet as if only Mr. and Mrs. Prim lived in it.

What order and neatness was there in that house. Every chair was in its place, every garment on its peg, every vase and dish stood matched with its counterpart. The rugs were never awry, the table covers had never a drooping corner.

Mr. Prim rose just at such a time, breakfasted precisely at the same hour the year around, read just so many verses in the Bible, and went about his work in the most solemn manner.

Mrs. Prim burned just so many grains of coffee, knew just how far a pound of tea would go, and never lost her reckoning of the family expenses.

Even after little Sella was old enough to want a little nap, she knew just how long the crackers would last, and missed a little corner that chanced to fall behind a box in the cupboard.

Dear little Sella! what could she do in this cold, formal life? She could do nothing but be a dear, little baby as she was, and crow and caper, and play with her fists, until she came out of her babyhood a little maiden, with the sunniest face and gladdest smile that ever shone into a mother's heart.

Everybody pity the child, in the chill of that home, for everybody said, There is no love there, and she must starve for the want of it. But Sella knew only that gladness was in her heart, and love enough for a Lapland winter, and she laughed and sang, and wove her fair life in and out and about all the stiffness and gloom, until there was no longer any Mr. and Mrs. Prim to be thought of, only the brightness and gladness of the little life that shone on theirs. She fringed about their stony hearts with golden light; she dressed them all up in golden drapery; she covered up the moss-grown forms of their life till they seemed like beautiful types of celestial ceremonies.

She did this just as the bird sings and the brook gurgles, the sunbeams dance; she did it by being true to her own sweet self, and never letting the shadows rest on her, or the coldness chill her.

It was not many years of this maidenhood, before Mr. and Mrs. Prim quite forgot who they were. It was not for them to measure their time

when this little sundial was marking off golden minutes. It was not for them to mind about little matters, like the hanging up of a hat or a coat, when this little regulator was hanging up her golden fancies on everything.

And thus it was that little Sella put the dishes and garments out of order, but put tempers in order. She broke into the regular forms, but filled up the time with her own happy pleasures. And now everybody said, What a fortunate child Sella is; she has everything her own way.

And so she did, as you will know by this little gleam from her life. It was a Sunday afternoon, bright and beautiful, and Sella thought she had never felt so happy before and so much like a genuine frolic. She felt it in her very finger ends, which moved up and down in time to the moving leaves on the old poplar.

"What's that noise, papa? It must be a robin in distress. I'm afraid Minnie's kitten is learning to catch birds. Come, papa, come help me find what's the matter."

"But, child, I'm busy hunting out the text of the afternoon's sermon."

"Yes, papa, but then think of the poor robin; it doesn't care for texts when its babies are going to be eaten up."

"Well, child, well, I'll come."

Kitty was shut up, and all was quiet again, except Sella's busy little fingers, which still danced and whirled like her own busy thoughts.

"I say, papa, I do believe that humming bird is fighting all the bumble bees. Do put out your long arm and shake the larkspru, and make them all fly away."

"Why, child, I shall never find my place in the hymn book."

"Yes, papa, but look quick and see how funny it is. The humming bird looks real angry. Do come, and let's see where he goes to; run quick."

And so into the sunshine went Mr. Prim, and into the field, and over fences, quite out of breath, without tracking the tiny little bird.

"Oh, see, papa, how lovely the pond looks, and look at those lilies. Oh, if I could have one—just one! There's the boat, and I know where the oars are hidden."

"But, my dear, it's the Sabbath."

"Yes, papa, and that's very nice, because if we get some lilies we shall be all fixed up. I'll put some round your neck, and on my head."

"And Solomon was not arrayed like one of these," said Mr. Prim, and waded out for a handful of the white blossoms.

"Oh, papa, I do believe old Mrs. Weeks is sick. Mamma said so, and it's only a step over there; let's go and see."

"But, my dear, it's almost supper time."

"Oh, yes, but I guess she has n't any supper time, for she's ever so poor."

"Then let us go and get her some."

So home they went, and Mrs. Prim bustled about and fitted out a basket of bread and cakes and milk and butter, and they went through the woods to carry gladness to the sorrowful.

And this was the way that Sella governed the household, having her own way, because love and goodness is so much stronger and more powerful than coldness and heartlessness. Little Sella had given to her the fullness of a child's mission, and she was able to do her work as well as the golden rod does it by the roadside.

Every child has some such work to do, for all homes need the warmth and light of a child's gladness.

Are there any children that are not all love and goodness? We will not dream of them now in sight of the Golden Rod.

(Original.)

REMARKABLE BOYS.—No. 5.

John Flaxman was one of the most distinguished of English sculptors. At a very early age he gave indications of the great genius that in after years was to make him so famous.

His father was in very humble life, being a modeler of little plaster figures, which he sold in a small shop. His little son was exceedingly frail and delicate, and slightly deformed. He could never join in the merry out-door games of happy, healthy boyhood, but used to sit bolted up in a little stuffed chair, that was just high enough for him to see over the counter of his father's shop. Here he would amuse himself for hours with paper and pencils and books.

He was so patient and gentle, and his little face always wore so sweet and loving, though sad an expression, that his father's customers were irresistibly attracted toward him. His great desire for knowledge, even when very young, attracted the attention of several persons of taste and culture, and they talked with him about the books he had read, and told him delightful stories of poets and sculptors, and gods and heroes. They brought him books to read, and examined his little drawings, and encouraged him in every way.

When he was five years old he was very much attracted by the watch-seals worn by gentlemen, and examined all that he could get access to. He kept wax by him all the time, and when he saw a seal that particularly pleased him he would take an impression of it. In the days of his greatness, when he occupied a proud position as a most eminent sculptor, and associated with the rich and great—even with kings and lords—some one reminded him of this habit of his boyhood. He replied:

"Sir, we are never too young to learn what is useful, or too old to grow wise and good."

One of his earliest patrons was a clergyman by the name of Matthew. He was one of the first to discover that the child possessed remarkable powers. We will let him tell his own story in his own language. He says:

"I went to the shop of old Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and while I was standing there I heard a child cough behind the counter. I looked over, and there I saw a little boy seated on a small chair, with a large chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said, 'What book is that?' He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and said: 'Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it.' 'Ay, indeed,' I answered; 'you are a fine boy. But this is not the proper book. I'll bring you a right one to-morrow.' I did as I had promised; and the acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life."

This little fellow was never idle. He worked constantly through the many long hours that other children give to sports, from which he was debarred by his sufferings, and the infirmities that compelled him to go upon crutches. He began to model little images in wax and clay and plaster-of-Paris. Some of these were preserved a great many years, and are even in existence now. Though only six or seven years old, he did not feel satisfied with imitating the works of others, but set himself about designing from his own imagination illustrations of the poems of Homer, showing that even at that early age he had read understandingly those famous classical works.

Sweetly and patiently he bore the and infirmities that are so very hard for childhood to bear,

until he was ten years old, and then, as if to reward him for his gentle submission, there came to him a blessed change. He grew strong and active, threw aside his crutches, and could run about the fields, and take all the active exercises that boys so delight in. But he never allowed these delights, from which he had so long been cut off, to interfere with his studies or divert his attention from them for a moment. He well understood that only by patient, undraining industry, can we become perfect in anything; and by means of this he made most rapid advancement, won to himself many most valuable friends, and laid broad and deep the foundation of that success that made him famous.

When he was fifteen years old he obtained the Silver Prize Medal at the Royal Academy. From that time he steadily improved, until he became one of the world's most famous sculptors. His life was full of beautiful lessons of patience, perseverance, trust, gentleness and love. With infirmities of the flesh upon him in early life that would have discouraged many a boy from ever attempting to make anything of himself, he improved every moment to increase his fund of knowledge, and to cultivate and perfect his powers. And all through his life, through disappointments many, through poverty and various trials, he ever maintained the same spirit of cheerfulness and fortitude, that so won the hearts of all who saw him when he was a little suffering boy.

In 1782 Flaxman married Ann Denman whom he had loved. She was amiable and accomplished, and a great admirer of her husband's genius, and encouraged and cheered him in those moments of discouragement and despondency that often come to all sensitive artist-souls. When Sir Joshua Reynolds, who at that time was President of the Royal Academy, heard that Flaxman was married, he said to him:

"So, Flaxman, I am told you are married. If so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist."

Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist."

"John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?"

"It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

But Sir Joshua Reynolds was never more mistaken, for the world-wide fame of this great sculptor was attained after his marriage.

He lived to be seventy-two years old, and was not only greatly admired for his genius, but also greatly beloved for his gentleness and childlike simplicity. He cared very little for the pomp and splendor of the world. In the height of his fame he loved his own modest home far better than the gilded splendor of the great, and only valued the money he earned for the sake of the good it enabled him to do to others. His kindness to his workmen and their families could not be exceeded, and they always spoke of him with the greatest enthusiasm, saying, "He is the best master God ever made."

He would never consent to take more for any piece of his work than he himself thought it was really worth. The most of his drawings and models were religious in their character, and impressed every one with a sense of the pure and sweet tranquility of soul that so characterized him who made them.

When he died every one who knew him felt that a sweet and pure spirit had left the earth. His departure to a brighter and more beautiful world than this, was tenderly mourned by a very large circle of friends. Sir Thomas Lawrence—who formed the subject of our last sketch—said of him: "Peace be with the memory of him who died in his own small circle of affection; enduring pain, but full of meekness, gratitude and faith."

Here is an instance of a beautiful character, full of beneficent uses to mankind, the foundation of which was laid in early childhood, in the midst of physical weakness and deformity. Every boy who reads this sketch has it in his power to do as much for himself as John Flaxman did for himself; perhaps not in the same direction, but many and varied are the paths in which to achieve success in life.

Remember John Flaxman's words, and bind them like a talisman to your hearts:

"We are never too young to learn what is useful, or too old to grow wise and good."

The State Agency Work, etc.

Allow me to give the readers of the BANNER an idea of the spiritual work that is going on in our little neighborhood in West Raynham, a little village two and a half miles northerly from Taunton. I would say that Mr. E. S. Wheeler of the "Association" came here early in the month of May, and gave a free lecture in our district school house, which was well attended, and a good degree of interest awakened in regard to the matter of Spiritualism, and so much so that a medium was much desired and was at length obtained, or that is, one was obtained who was reputed to be such, although when she came she did not claim for herself that power, but promised us only what the "Invisibles" might be able to produce. She would promise nothing of herself, but would give herself up to the spirit power to do whatever they might be able to.

Well, at the appointed time she came, and she did indeed give us great satisfaction, giving some very good tests, and an extraordinarily good discourse, which was to the full satisfaction of her hearers. The audience was composed almost entirely of unbelievers and curiosity seekers, at first, but admirers of her discourse, and since then, which was in May last, we have had meetings regularly every two weeks Sunday afternoons and evenings, and she has given us some very good discourses, and become a great favorite with us as a public speaker. It is but justice to her that she should be more extensively known, that she might be able to do more good both for herself and for the cause. She is a widow lady, whose husband passed from earth-life early in the month of March. He passed away in full belief in the truth of Spiritualism. Her post-office address is Mrs. M. E. Anderson, Taunton, Mass. box 48.

I beg leave to suggest to you the propriety of giving her more notoriety in the BANNER, as a good trance speaker. I feel full confidence in her as a lady of undoubted integrity and honesty of purpose, and whose character is far above the least semblance of suspicion. She is indeed an honest, upright and worthy lady, but modest and unassuming—extremely so—and makes no pretensions for herself. I am reliably informed that she is in moderate circumstances, and not in good health, not as formerly, sufficient to support herself and little girl with her needle, but she is ready and willing to answer all questions, and to give assistance to her in that direction would be of service to her and assistance also to the cause of Spiritualism, a cause which she is really engaged in honestly, heart and soul.

I would also at this time beg leave to suggest to you the propriety of the Association sending her a little assistance in way of a speaker, who could give us some good tests and speak to us occasionally, alternate Sundays, to keep up the interest. We are young and small here, and have to make great exertions, a very few of us, to be able to pay for speaking we now have—and a little assistance by the Association, I think, would be the means of doing great good.

M. C. HAYDEN.

A gentleman after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady in a frightened manner said, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

PRESENT IN THE SPIRIT.

Oh not alone, though never more
I hear thy footfall by my door,
My heart so grew to thee of yore,
That when thou whispered in, "He died,"
I knew, through all life's waning years,
Thy love would stay the blinding tears.
And so I walk with thee by day,
And roam at night 'neath starry skies;
And mark, those always near, the play
Of shadows where the green hills rise,
And see the moonbeams silver glow
Lie soft where ocean murmurs low.
As day by day o'er mountain height
Planted the fleecy clouds away,
And in each rugged gorge the light
In all its golden richness lay,
I felt that thy clear eyes with mine
Gazed on each vale, each mountain shrine.
When life seems clouded most and dear,
In spirit rests my hand in thine;
And when my path is smooth and clear,
Thy smile makes all its peace divine.
Not parted, no! but at my side,
Lover and friend and angel guide!
—Boston Transcript.

CINCINNATI PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

BY GEO. W. KATES.

The Queen City of the West is not populated by church-going people that are enthusiastic on religious movements, self-cultivation and purification. The masses do not attend the churches that bedeck our city in numbers many, and architecture massive and grand. The male element, wrapt up in cold, sensual, sordid conditions, engendered by unbridled devotion to merchandising, amusements, pleasures, and the sustenance of the distilleries, breweries and saloons, could not be expected to be Christian (?) only at stated periods. Physical and sensual cultivation predominates to-day, especially with young men, almost to the exclusion of mental and spiritual. I am pained to witness daily how little attention my young men acquaintances pay to mental acquirements; how sensual, ignorant and dissipated they are becoming. Oh, would that young men realized that the mother, sister or some dear friend they loved so well and in purity on earth, are yet with them, ever conscious of their habits and thoughts! Young men, turn your thoughts inward—obey the secret monitor that tells you this is right, that wrong!

These secret monitors are our spirit friends—guardians that love us, that have our spiritual welfare at heart, that will lead us into higher walks of life and make us useful agents for benefiting humanity and purifying our own spirit for its immortal existence when the sands of time shall say the work of thy body is done, enter thou into the robes of eternal life, and advance to higher conditions of thought and usefulness.

The female element, so fragile in form, so uncomfortable in dress, cannot be enthusiastic in church-attendance—the weather is too hot; streets are hot, bristling with iron rails, crowded with travel, uncomfortable; or their residence is not near one of the lines. While the young men are dissipating in the coarser habits of life, the young ladies have entered the extremes of dissipation in that which cultivates the same low conditions, viz: uncomfortable and extravagant dressing, flirting, encouragement of and associating with young men that are noted for being fast and gay, rather than the intelligent, unassuming, sober and industrious. It is a fact that the majority of young ladies prefer frivolous, rather than intelligent associates. I ask myself often, what are our future men and women to do? Mothers and fathers of a rising generation that shall bless the earth, or brutes wallowing in the filth and mire of ignorance and sin, with no other purposes of life but sensual, external ones? Shall they be intelligent, pure and spiritual, or shall they be low and groveling?

Young men and ladies, is it for you to decide, to act. You are soon to step upon the plane of life's realities and duties—will you be prepared to meet the stern demands of progress, to battle with ignorance, bigotry and the terrible scourges of sin and suffering now rampant in our midst? If you have never thought beyond the confines of sensual conditions, then unlock your soul's strong barriers, allowing it to roam the fields of space, gathering infinite knowledge, receiving the dew of heaven's inspirations, visit the high and low of earth, administering unto the poor, needy and ignorant, sympathizing with and assisting the unfortunate, and you will find beauties and benefits in existence, before withheld from gladdening your pathway. Try one practical act, say that are in sensual, selfish conditions, and a clarity is that never have; comfort the sick, broken-hearted, aged and weary, say that have passed them by; for once, follow your soul's dictations and await the result.

Spiritualism—dawning upon the world when men and women are almost barred against and are uninterested in religious or spiritual cultivation, when ignorance, bigotry, sensuality and selfishness predominate in the church, in business and in the social walks of life—cannot be expected to cause an immediate reformation, or infuse life and energy into drones.

It is a fact commented to find Spiritualists less demonstrative than our Orthodox brothers in love for their cause. We of Cincinnati, I suppose, could not be expected to work enthusiastically in the cause of Spiritualism, or have popular and well attended meetings, as that would be out of the order of things. Popularly, public patronage and the general weal of Cincinnati, lie in politics, amusements, beer gardens, match games, &c., &c.

We have Spiritualists by thousands, with wealth cumbersome to their soul's expansion; wealth that is dragging them down into the conditions of material wealth; wealth that is soon to perish, with their corrupt bodies; yet a Society has not been sustained. Spiritualists have considerable to learn in Spiritualism. First, they must learn that spiritual benefits and communion are not for them alone—but for them to promulgate. There is too much hugging of facts and benefits close to themselves. Practice, oh Spiritualists! the knowledge you have, the truths and precepts you promulgate; open your hearts in love and charity, your purses in generosity; harmonize yourselves, that you may have harmony. Harmony is not one-sided; it is neither positive or negative.

The expenses of the Cincinnati Society have devolved, peculiarly, upon a few; while hundreds have regularly attended the meetings, derived the benefits, cried amen to the work of giving to mankind the philosophy and facts of Spiritualism, contributed their dimes, then ensconced themselves against "outsiders" in their home circle, to always receive, never to promote Spiritualism through its manifestations.

Next comes the cry that Society organizations are not perfect enough, but according to the views of the cause are composed of inferior minds and unpopular persons; clairvoyant, physical and healing mediums appearing amongst us unannounced, are strangers, and we have been duped so much, they must first establish a reputation or build up a practice, before I (your Spiritualist brother) can patronize or assist you in spiritual works!

If Spiritualism is to you a true religion, my brother or sister, and you are intelligent, pure, popular and wealthy, why not put these benefits you possess into the work of building up a Society upon such foundations that not one of our kindred those that are doing what they can? "Consistency thou art a jewel!" Society organizations want improvements; higher forms are needed; individual action and freedom are necessary—but collective work, the attainment of an ultimate result as the demands of the masses, needs an union of action, determination of purpose and a blending of self in harmony with the work, to accomplish it. Contemplate the advancement in the cause of Spiritualism, if all the complainers and believers would devote their energies to overcoming the material obstacles, relying upon the intelligence and spirituality of our immortal guides and the hosts with them to overcome the higher obstacles!

With man lies the work of overcoming material obstacles; with spirits the spiritual ones.

stone from death's sepulchre, to bring peace and prosperity to man. Mortals, will you continue to clothe yourselves in the garments of ignorance, bigotry, sensuality and selfishness, thus erecting about you strong barriers to guard their approach? Spiritual communion, though a fact, is not possible under all conditions. With earth's inhabitants exists the responsibility for making conditions. A brother, confident of the truth of the assertion, made the following to me: "There are Spiritualists enough in this city with wealth to spare, that are willing to build a temple devoted to promulgating and advancing the philosophy and facts of Spiritualism, that would cost two hundred thousand dollars." If this be true, who will undertake the movement? who will be the first of two hundred with a thousand dollars? Much can be done by energy and enterprise. It is well to set our mark high—then devote ourselves to its accomplishment.

We, as Spiritualists, say we want no magnificent edifices to devote to Spiritualism; but we, as Spiritualists, want fine residences—want home influences neat and pure. Are we better, more refined, more susceptible to disorder and surrounding influences at home than in a spiritual gathering? We must popularize Spiritualism so much as shall cater to the public refinement, purity and love of the beautiful as to build our places for meeting and spirit communing as tasteful and comfortable as homes.

Cincinnati wants a moneyed man, an enthusiastic Spiritualist, for a leader, a worker. From whence shall he come? Who is the man?

The Children's Progressive Lyceum has also been deprived of proper support. Parents do not take enough interest in sending their children or attending themselves. Our Lyceum has accomplished much—has laid the foundation for a future superstructure that shall loom up in massive strength and grandeur, gathering within its folds the younger minds of our city, and through its benign influence and angel guidance, expand them into intelligent, pure, perfect men and women, competent to cope with the final struggles of old theology, bigotry and ignorance which will be their lot to meet and overcome. God and angels inspire the work! Man and money being the pillars—shall their support be withheld? We adjourned the Lyceum for vacation during August. An effort, during July, was made to create more interest in its work and establish it upon a self-sustaining basis; but the apathy and inharmonious existing was found almost impregnable. The time has come in Cincinnati to allow the public to hunger and thirst for spiritual food—to lead them to those sources, instead of their own thoughts, through which they may awaken an appreciation of the cause and results, creating a demand that shall call forth more general and united action.

Spiritualists are too often afraid to meet the scorn and jeer of the public, by bravely proclaiming and sustaining the facts and philosophy of their religion. Thanks to the noble men and women of the past that have firmly planted their banners upon the very bulwarks of bigotry and ignorance—defending them with mighty heroism and power against the combined attacks of church and state—we receive the inspiration of their own meeting the impending struggles and to prepare ourselves for the final conflict. We do not work practically enough for the dissemination of our facts and philosophy, for the instructing of mankind for the amelioration of crime and want, and for the advancement of our cause.

As an item of practical labor, I will mention that two young men regularly visit the Hamilton County Jail, distributing the BANNER OF LIGHT, talking with the prisoners upon the subject of Spiritualism, and leading them into higher paths of life by instruction and kind words. Many a low condition can be gladdened by the beauties of Spiritualism. The three young murderers who lately suffered the extreme penalty of the law, were deeply interested and seemingly benefited, promising to return. They have done so, blessing the kindness that prompted so much interest in their welfare, and making bright promises for future works.

Cincinnati is in need of public mediums. The people have feasted on philosophy and hungered for facts. Spiritualism being a fact-religion, more attention should be given to furnishing the facts. I am often asked, Where can I see the spirit and manifestations upon which you base your knowledge and philosophy? I never can answer. We have several mediums, but they will not, neither have there been any effort made to have them, appear before the public.

Dr. I. D. Seely is, by aid of the spirits and his knowledge of medicine, performing some excellent cures. Spiritualists prefer to employ "old-foxy doctors" until Dr. S. builds up a reputation and practice, instead of assisting him, as they should, every brother appearing amongst them. Dr. Seely has made some cures, but they are not established beyond a doubt his possession of great healing power. He will in time cause some commotion in the ranks of skeptics, assisting by his high calling the onward march of liberalism by adding many proofs of spirit presence and power.

Hoping our successes may be inspirations, and our reverses may strengthen us for future works, I commend the cause of Spiritualism and humanity to the untiring devotion of those yet inactive, assuring them of help from the immortals.

THOUGHTS FROM THE WEST.

BY MRS. A. WILHELM, M. D.

How pleasant, at times, to linger in memory amid the scenes and associations of other days, the forms and influences of home and friends, the dear friends, who still live to bless the past, to inspire the present, with the cherished hope of ere long meeting again.

More than two years have passed away since I gave to such a parting hand, the farewell kiss, anticipating a few months of Western labor, then home again; but the call of the angels, the pressing need for spiritual truths in the pathway of duty, have bid me onward move amid Western hearts and homes, where Spiritualism is becoming a strong and decided element in her people, whose pioneering and progressive spirit is ever ready to appreciate and compensate talent, toil and consistency in our workers.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
This place furnishes a good field of labor for the practical promulgation of our growing philosophy. Although in its infancy as a progressive movement, asking for more material unity and system, yet the few strong, earnest workers, are preparing the foundation walls for a noble structure in behalf of the "angel teachings" whose practical lessons will be seen in the consistency of a daily life practice—without which our preaching is in vain.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
"The Philadelphia of the West" is nobly representing our cause, through the resources and efficiency of its workers—a spacious hall, progressive choir and Lyceum. Their lectures are well attended, especially in the evening. Hence, with continued system, unity and diversity, they cannot fail in the establishment of a permanent and prosperous organization, expressive of the most satisfactory results.

FRUITLAND, ILL.
While engaged in St. Louis I visited this new settlement, sixty miles north on the Mississippi River, which will in time become a place of considerable interest to fruit growers. Bro. M. Williams, the proprietor, whose honest, generous soul pulsates for humanity, and our ennobling gospel, proposes to donate five, ten, fifteen and twenty acres of land, to industrious, moral settlers, (in proportion to means of cultivation), for the sake of adding those with limited capitals, and the formation of a harmonious and progressive society. Further information will be gladly given by addressing Mr. Williams at Fruitland, Fruitland, Calhoun Co., Ill. Lectures which at St. Louis will remember this locality, and dispense to earnest seekers our blessed ministry, for which they will be well paid, with a moderate compensation, congenial home, and the consciousness of having blessed others.

DE ROTA,
Southwest of St. Louis, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, is also worthy of notice. Bro. Robert Parks and amiable wife will welcome to their pleasant home speakers or test mediums, who have the good of our cause prominent in their affections, who do not neglect or despise pioneering labor, (an indispensable branch of our profession,) because of the few struggling representatives and limited compensation.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
Will long be remembered by the writer as a hospitable and truly appreciative field of labor, characterized by the spirit of unity and enterprise in its association of earnest men and women, who without speakers from abroad have been developing their home talent, working nobly under the banner of truth and freedom, in regular meetings; also in behalf of the dear children through the Progressive Lyceum, inaugurated under the auspices of our beloved sister, Mrs. E. G. Hancock, which is in successful operation. This warm hearts, appreciative minds, and the inspiration of harmony, will welcome and bless our sensitive workers in this department of our moral vineyard.

Dr. H. Slade has lately aided our cause here by his clairvoyant powers in the examination of diseases, with satisfactory results; also through his most convincing character in favor of immortality or spirit-communion. No wonder the dear angel friends linger around such an atmosphere, when his daily life-practice is in keeping with their higher teachings, and the spiritual guidance of virtue, truth and justice.

A pleasant ride or walk from the city brings us to the spot where rests the mortal remains of our spiritually arisen Lincoln. Foliage, birds and the fragrance of new-mown hay add to the natural scenery and sacred calmness of his resting-place—he whose greatness is cherished because of his fidelity to freedom, honesty and truth; whose soul-honor, integrity and usefulness still live, not only in the affections of the American people but in the "higher life."

Where the iris arch of beauty bridges a celestial sky, and the soul of duty lies a living truth lies the costly monument in contemplation to his memory is demanding more money before it can be completed. Would it not be more consistent with a practical Christianity, the progressive ideas of the age, and the earnest, sympathetic characteristics of the noble departed, to erect a living monument to his memory, dedicated to the widows and orphans of his adopted State, in which a beautiful structure would point to living deeds of doing good, and speak nobly in behalf of our civilization, economy and high appreciation of the immortal Lincoln, whose spirit still pulsates in behalf of the oppressed?

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.
This place and vicinity will claim my labors during the present month. It is built on human rights and spiritual freedom. Its people are liberal, intelligent and progressive, perhaps more so than can be found elsewhere with the same extent of territory and population. The Spiritual Association has been patiently struggling and hoping for greater strength and activity through the agency of Eastern or Western pioneers, who with progressive truth and well directed skill and wisdom could aid in building our spiritual temple, dedicated to the ministry of the "Christ principle." If our workers have not this object in view, failing to "look," and also to "hear," I am the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. D. Tanny, Hygeian Home, whose noble souls of sympathetic and spiritual beauty are ever ready to welcome and bless progressive and consistent workers, men or women. The first State Convention of Spiritualists will be held here the last of the month. The movement is regarded as one of important interest, for the furtherance of political, social and spiritual elevation, through which Kansas will be represented by one of the world's workers at our next "National Convention."

Laurence, Kan., August, 1867.

Confirmation of Spirit Messages.
The following letters have a direct bearing upon the fact of spirit communion, and will be read with interest:

WEST PENSACOLE, OKONTO CO., WIS.,
August 11th, 1867.

Mr. WHITE: Dear Sir—While reading the BANNER of August 10th I found among the messages one communication addressed to you, from Aunt Polly Locke of Newcastle. I do not need any test to convince me of the truth that our departed friends return in spirit and converse with us who are left in the earth-form. But please allow me to state that I was born in Newcastle in 1819, in a little old wood-croft house, near the water's edge, between the house of Mr. Curtis and the still-continued residence of Capt. Thomas E. Oliver. I remember Aunt Polly Locke, and also her husband, John Locke, as we used to call him. My father, John Yeaton, was also born in Newcastle; was a half-brother to Mary, Capt. Oliver's wife; and Hannah, my mother, was a niece of Capt. Oliver. I also know John Bruce referred to in the communication. It seems to me that had you not left there so young, we must necessarily have been school-boys together.

My mother passed to the spirit-land in 1825, and for the last sixteen years she and other spirit-friends have communicated with me nearly every day. I either feel them, hear them, or see them, and I am convinced that I have never been deceived in any of these things, hence I need no test to convince me of the truth, but I read them all with a joyful heart, believing that they are needed by some one.

My father and Mary Olive Spokesfield, my youngest sister, went to the spirit-land some twelve years ago, and my mother brought the news to me, over one hundred miles, the very hour that my father was passing the transition state, and I announced it to my family and other friends in Newburyport at the time; and the express from Guilford, N.H., corroborated every particular the next evening. I have been told by my spirit mother these evenings in succession, previous to her illness; but his death, brought by excess, was the first announcement I received from my earthly friends. But this is but one test out of very, very many. What a blessing is spirit communion!

In the latter part of the late rebellion I belonged to the 16th Massachusetts Battery. I received an injury in the right hip, and it troubles me yet, but I owe unspeakable gratitude to spirits of native Indians of the North-west, for the benefits I have received from them. They came after I have retired for the night, and manipulate the hip, and my vision is cleared and I see them; and the power of their influence is very great and sensibly felt. Oh what a blessing on earth! and greatest of all, we continue our conscious existence throughout the future.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
RICHARD B. YEATON.

A Test Message.
BOSTON, MASS., March 17th, 1867.
Mr. YOUNG: Sir—I have been in the habit of going to a spiritual circle for the last few months, and there has been very many communications revealed through the medium of our circle, and last night there was a communication from a spirit who gave her name as Sarah Young, and it was her request that I should write to Oliver Young, Iowa Hill, San Francisco, Cal., and tell him that she had communicated through a medium here, and it was her request that we should tell you that she was always with and watching over you; and that she was with you at the time your house was burned down, but could not save any of the things.

And now, Mr. Young, if you ever get this, and there is any truth in this, which there must be if there is such a man, you will do me a kindness to answer this by return mail, and if you would like for me to ask the medium any questions, I will be most happy to give you all the information in my power; and shall be most happy for you to give me now questions to ask, for it will be a good test for me, and will assist me in my investigations of this, that I am trying to solve out and give it the name it should have. Please answer soon.

You may address EARL W. PLUMMER, 5 and 6 So. Market street, Boston, Mass.

CONFIRMATION OF THE ABOVE.
WILSON'S HILL, June 10, 1867.
Mr. PLUMMER: Sir—Your letter of March 17th was delivered some time since, while I was in San Francisco. It did surprise me, for I had been expecting something of the kind for some weeks.

Some months since a friend of mine, his wife and myself were sitting at a table, when my wife announced herself and proceeded to give some proof of her identity. Before she left, the lady asked her if she "would go to some distant place and write a communication to me." She promised to do so, and perhaps this may be in answer to that request.

Whether it is or not, it is evident you have received a message from a spirit, and it is true. This letter will be evidence to you that "there is such a man," and you can find a notice in the "Union" of the destruction of my house and all its contents. I will hunt up a copy and send you if you wish.

I shall have some curiosity to know how much "assistance" it is to you in "trying to solve out and give it the name it should have."

Perhaps it would be as well to let her write what she wishes; but will give you some questions should I hear from you again.
My address is, Mrs. E. H. Plummer, about 175 miles from San Francisco, but letters pass through there.
O. H. YOUNG,
Iowa Hill, Placer Co.

Spirit Message from J. W. Terry.
TORONTO, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
August 20, 1867.

Editors of Banner of Light—The glorious truths of Spiritualism are slowly but steadily being unfolded in these Northern lands. There are many influences to contend with and many prejudices to overcome, yet I have no doubt but that our angel friends will burst through all obstacles in order to show light in our midst. I will take an early opportunity to write you more fully on the subject. At present I have to comply with a request from the spirit-land.

In my family we hold circles twice a week. We are joined by a few earnest friends, and through two mediums we have had many pleasant and instructive communications from the other side of the river. On the 12th of this month a spirit came and earnestly entreated me to send to your paper a message from him for publication, which I agreed to do. You will find it verbatim just as dictated by him.

I have been a constant reader of your BANNER for the last three years. It always comes a welcome visitor to my family. In fact, I could not do without it, and I hope to get it I wish to tell you I will have a great many subscribers from this city. I must now close by wishing you every success in the great work in which you are engaged. I am yours fraternally.

K. MACDONALD.
JOHN WESLEY TERRY.
TORONTO, 12th of Aug., 1867.

Allow me to introduce myself to your BANNER of LIGHT. My name, John Wesley Terry. I have been long wanting to send a few lines to my father, Joseph Terry, who now resides in Milford, Oakland County, Mich. I also wish to inform him that I am around him every day, and have made many efforts to draw his attention—that I have something to tell him. He thinks there is no such thing as spirits coming back after death. There is such a thing as coming back after death, as I can fully convince him—so can many others. My mother, Emily Wilson, before marriage, has many times endeavored to draw his attention, but in vain, and as soon as my father receives this, I shall be more ready to talk to him than now, it being a trial for him to believe in my coming.

Foreign Missionaries.

Attending the morning service of a church in Boston, on the last Sunday of June, a missionary Rev. Mr. S., from Assam, in Burmah, related some of the reasons why he wanted Christians to pray for him. One was the intelligence of the teachers of their native religion, as thus illustrated:

"While preaching to a crowd of listeners on a street, about there being only one God, one of those teachers came up to him and asked, 'What you say to these people?' He was telling them there was only one God, the Great Spirit.' 'What you say so for? There are fifty thousand gods; I am God—(and turning to the multitude he said) Am I not God?' They said, 'Yes, holy father, you are our Lord and our God,' and they bowed before him in form of worship. I said then, 'If you are God, make the grass to grow here where there is none, or a flower to spring up and blossom. God can do that, and if you are God do it also!'

He said, 'There is one Great God, and he is strong. Here is water in this cup; there is water in the river; you put a boat on the river and it will float; you cast a stone on the water in the cup, but are they not both water? I am like the cup, and the Great God like the river. You can place a chip on this cup of water and it will bear it up; now take a drop of water and it will bear it up; any more than the cup could bear the boat; yet it is all water. The drops are these people, and I am the cup, so we are all a part of God and are like him, as water in the river is to the cup or drop.'

This is the kind we have to meet, and we cannot answer them to satisfy an audience there, although we might a Christian audience. This is why we ask your prayers. Again, when meeting one of these teachers on Mol worship, he said, 'We do not all use these outward symbols to worship. I have grown out of their use since a youth; I worship directly to the Spirit, but these ignorant ones require some outward visible object through which to worship the spirit beyond. Why do not I go and say—after passing your place of worship, and having seen you breaking the bread and giving it to the people as the body, and the wine as the blood of Jesus—that you were worshipping the bread and wine as the body and blood of Jesus? I do not, for I know you have these as symbols and, you are worshipping the spirit beyond; but use two of the senses, sight and taste, through which to worship. I should think you knew enough not to need them, although the people may, as with us.' This, friends, is why we ask your prayers."

Much more the gentleman said that was interesting, but these ideas indicated that the talent already there was possessed of reasoning powers so far beyond that sent from here, that it cannot be met and overcome; therefore the missionaries return and ask for prayers at home, but whether to give the latter more brains, (this Mr. S. is not wanting in that commodity,) or that less reasoning powers be given the native teachers, the gentleman did not say.

The only hope that seemed to be left was by getting the sympathy of some ignorant ones, or taking children and teaching them to become missionaries. The whole matter is not ignorance on doctrine, but caste or brotherhood of universal man. When missionaries work for that, and omit doctrine, then will they show their love to God by love to their neighbor.

W. A. D.

Spiritualism in Rochester, N. Y.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 11, A. B. Whiting closed a course of ten lectures in this city, with great acceptance to the large and highly intelligent audiences attending. His arguments in support of Spiritualism were drawn from history, from the teachings of the ancient philosophers, from the testimony of the Christian fathers and of the enemies of spirit-communion in all ages, and tended to build up believers still stronger in their beautiful faith, and to convince the skeptical.

At the close of the lecture, P. I. Clum, Esq., arose, and after a few remarks quite flattering to the speaker, offered the following resolutions, as expressive of the sense of the audience:

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of this audience are due, and are hereby tendered to Mr. A. B. Whiting, for the series of able and eloquent lectures just closed by him in this hall, in exposition and vindication of the Spiritualist Philosophy and religion, whereby his listeners have been instructed and had their faith strengthened in the immortality of the human soul, and in its progression in intelligence and goodness, through the future state of eternity.

Resolved, That it will contribute to the gratification and pleasure of this audience to listen to further discourses from Mr. Whiting at some time in the future when they may suit his convenience.

The cause of Spiritualism is rapidly on the gain in Rochester, notwithstanding the many difficulties it has had to encounter, including first and the opposition of those from whom better things were to be expected. Weekly meetings have been held pretty regularly for over a year, and upwards of twenty hundred persons have been called out to sustain them. Mrs. Nettie O. Maynard began a three months' engagement last Sunday.

The Children's Lyceum is in a highly flourishing condition, in spite of obstacles similar to those overcome by the Society. It has now a regular attendance of about seventy scholars.

Letter from England.

DEAR BANNER—Thinking that many of my friends in the United States may wish to hear from me on this side of the Atlantic, and as some of them do not know of my departure to the Old World, I ask the favor of a small portion in the columns of your paper.

I left my home in Rockford, Ill., on the 11th of June last, for a few months' sojourn in my native land (England), hoping thereby to improve my health, which was somewhat impaired. The trip across the ocean was delightful, and so far, the change has proved beneficial. I spent the first fortnight, after my arrival, in Yorkshire, in the quiet little village of Gayles, the place of my nativity, and to me the loveliest spot Yorkshire can produce. The surrounding country is rich in agricultural produce, and grand scenery; being a beautiful combination of wood and water, hill and dale, rich meadows and high moorlands, ornamented with elegant residences and parks, old monastic ruins, covered with the beautiful ivy that grows so luxuriantly on the old crumbling walls, quiet little cottages huddled up together, forming villages, the little church with its rather tall spire adding quite a feature to the landscape, together with the industry of the inhabitants, make it a place where the traveler can find rest for a time, as well as find food for contemplation. Still among all this beautiful scenery there is so much that is suggestive of slow growth, such a conservative atmosphere prevails, that it is next thing to impossible to retain a progressive idea for any length of time. Everything around bears the landmarks of long ago. Even the trees are not much larger than they were thirty years ago, when I left them a child in years. The old walls are a little more covered with moss. The old village church has passed through some repairs, though it is just as damp and chilly and cold as ever. I attended services the first Sunday after my arrival, but the damp atmosphere of the building and the conservatism prevailing threw me into an acute chill, and I was glad at the conclusion of the services to make my egress, and get into the rays of the sun. But aside from this I enjoyed the rambles in the green fields, under the beautiful hedges, fragrant with honeysuckle and wild roses; for while there I lived over again many scenes enacted in the innocence of childhood.

I next visited the city of London, the great metropolis of the civilized world, with its three millions of inhabitants. Time and space forbid me to tell all I saw during the nine days I spent there, and will only mention a few of the places—Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, New Palace of Westminster, Crystal Palace, Hampton Court Palace and Gardens, Kew Gardens, and several other places of interest. Indeed I saw too much in so short a space of time.

I spent one half day in the British Museum; could not do more than cast a glance at each object of interest and then pass on. In company with Mr. H. R. Freeman, of Milwaukee, Wis., I called upon Mr. J. Burns, Publisher of "Human Nature," and proprietor of Progressive Library. This gentleman was the first Spiritualist I had met with on this side of the Atlantic. I truly felt that I was breathing a new atmosphere. He seemed very glad to meet his American friend, and offered to do all in his power to make my stay in the city as pleasant as possible. And to him I am indebted for the enjoyment of one day's entertainment amid the beautiful works of ancient architecture, and both modern and ancient art. I shall ever recall the day as one of the pleasantest of my life.

The day when Mr. Freeman and myself called on Mr. Burns, we found him busily engaged in opening packages from Warren Chase, Frank Wadsworth, and others of our American friends. Mr. F. and myself took each a copy of the "BANNER OF LIGHT" and "SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC" while there, they being the first which had greeted us on this side the Atlantic. You may be sure we devoured their contents as a hungry traveler would a dinner suited to his appetite. We also took four copies of "Human Nature." This magazine is in the hands of one who is, I think, bound to make it worthy to be sustained by all progressive minds. It is replete with deep philosophical reasoning, scientific research, and is scattered with many gems of truth. There are also some fine selections from writers of note. The whole is a periodical suited to the times. Mr. B. is in every way a reformer, not only theoretically but practically, and his wife is also an earnest worker with him. She is also a mother worthy of imitation. They as a family live in a proper relation to the laws of health. Their two little boys, the pictures of health, preach to the children in the street on the laws of health, diet, &c.

From Mr. Burns we obtained the names of other progressive friends in London. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Telbis. We spent a short time with them very pleasantly, as we found them conversant with and interested in all the reforms needed at the present time.

We also formed the acquaintance of Mr. J. H. Powell, late editor of the Spiritual Times. He has devoted himself so closely to business that his health has given way. I think he intends to start for America as soon as sufficient means can be raised to take his family there, hoping thereby that change of air, as well as a wider scope and far more remunerative labor, may prove beneficial in that country. I sincerely hope he may be successful in the undertaking.

My next trip was taken to Paris, where I spent ten days. The sight-seeing there was magnificent, almost too much for weak human nature to bear in so limited a space of time. It would certainly take two months to see and digest enough to do justice in the description; a glance in passing along is nothing.

I returned by way of London, spent two more days among the friends, visited the Zoological Garden, left for Yorkshire by way of York, the country town of Yorkshire, an old Roman city of great antiquity, as many relics of the olden time have been found near it. One I will mention, is an old Roman altar with figures in baso relievo of sacrificing instruments, on the sides of it, with the following inscription in the centre: (Translated.) "To the great and mighty Jupiter, and to all Gods and Goddesses, household and peculiar gods, Publus, Albus, Marcianus, prefect of a cohort, for the preservation of his own health, and that of his family, dedicated this altar to the Great Preserver." These and a great many other things of antiquity are collected in the Museum at York. There are also many fine buildings of interest.

Yorkminster, I think, is the most beautiful structure I ever saw. The castle is very fine also. It is surrounded by one of the most splendid Gothic walls, with pierced battlements and projecting towers, ever seen in England. The view from Clifford's Tower is very fine indeed. I think I enjoyed the scenery around York more than any place I have yet visited. Richmond is another interesting and very romantic town. It is but six miles from Gayles, my native village, and where, through the kindness of some London friends, I had found some progressive minds. I shall stop in this place a few days, then return to Gayles to rest a season before starting for Derbyshire. Then I shall visit Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, noted for its grand architecture and fine scenery. This vicinity also abounds in Druidical vestiges and natural curiosities.

I intend returning to the States sometime this autumn, and shall call on some of the friends at Easton, my way to Illinois.

With many heartfelt wishes for the continued prosperity of the BANNER, on its beautiful mission and love greetings to my many friends in America, I am, yours for progress,
M. MOULTON TERRY.
Richmond, Yorkshire, England, Aug. 2d, 1867.

Some excitement was created at Ellensburg, N. Y. recently, by the discovery that a clergyman who had been preaching some little time in a neighborhood close by Ellensburg Depot and at Clinton Mill was—a woman! During service at the latter place she fainted away, when the disguise was discovered.—Ex.

Some excitement was created at Ellensburg, N. Y. recently, by the discovery that a clergyman who had been preaching some little time in a neighborhood close by Ellensburg Depot and at Clinton Mill was—a woman! During service at the latter place she fainted away, when the disguise was discovered.—Ex.

Some excitement was created at Ellensburg, N. Y. recently, by the discovery that a clergyman who had been preaching some little time in a neighborhood close by Ellensburg Depot and at Clinton Mill was—a woman! During service at the latter place she fainted away, when the disguise was discovered.—Ex.

Some excitement was created at Ellensburg, N. Y. recently, by the discovery that a clergyman who had been preaching some little time in a neighborhood

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

OFFICE 138 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL, LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS D. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

Spiritual Meetings in Music Hall.

The arrangements for speakers by the management of the Spiritualists of Boston, prior to the meetings which are to be held in Music Hall from October to May, are so nearly completed as to permit us to allude to them at this early day in advance; and we take the occasion to assure the readers of the BANNER that a course of Sunday afternoon lectures is providing for them in this city, with which they will not fail to be entirely satisfied. To merely mention that Judge Edmonds, of New York, is to inaugurate the series of discourses, is enough to convince all attendants on spiritual lectures in Boston that they are to sit forward with eager delight. He will be succeeded by Thomas Gales Forster, than whom there is no more acceptable speaker in the Spiritualist ranks. Others of approved repute will follow regularly in the course, whose persuasive and convincing syllables will fall on not unwilling ears and hearts.

The Music Hall meetings will in no way conflict with those of Mercantile Hall. Able lecturers will be provided in both. There is neither reason nor room for inharmonious between the two. Associated with the regular Sunday exercises in the latter is the Children's Lyceum, an institution which all true Spiritualists have profoundly at heart, and whose advancement in general and in detail no believer would be willing to put in jeopardy. Those who propose to worship at Music Hall will of course wish only the largest success to the arrangements made for Mercantile Hall, and the frequenters of the latter will not less feel a desire to see Music Hall filled every Sunday afternoon to its full capacity.

It cannot be necessary for us to make any sort of appeal to the devoted and generous Spiritualists of Boston to put their shoulders to the wheel of work this winter, and make their public meetings a marked success. If the acts can sustain their costly church establishments, it behooves us to at least keep alive the interest that inspires our own meetings in the public halls. Nor are we at all in doubt about the result of the plans which have been sketched above. They have been taken with deliberation, and will be prosecuted with resolution and faith. This is indeed the full meaning of the new era into which the modern world has been ushered, and Spiritualists, who have waited and worked for its coming, should be prompt to cooperate obediently to its inspired suggestions.

It will be noticed from a perusal of the accompanying programme, that tickets for the course of lectures are offered for four dollars, which is certainly as reasonable as could be expected in view of the substantial attractions.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES AT MUSIC HALL.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity have the pleasure to announce that arrangements for a Sunday course of lectures at Music Hall, for the fall and winter season, are completed, and the most distinguished exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy in America have been secured, as follows:

Opening lecture, October 6th, 1867, by JUDITH W. EDMONDS, of New York, (on which occasion the Great Organ will be played).

Oct. 13, 20 and 27, THOS. GALES FORSTER, of Washington, D. C.

Nov. 3 and 10, Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER, of Massachusetts.

Nov. 17, Wm. LLOYD GARRISON, of Massachusetts.

Nov. 24, Mrs. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM, of Massachusetts.

Dec. 1, PROF. WM. DENTON, of Massachusetts.

Dec. 8 and 15, Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLEN, of New York.

Dec. 22, and Jan. 12 and 19, To be announced.

Feb. 2, 9, 16 and 23, Wm. ALFONSO WILHELM, M. D., of Philadelphia.

March 2, J. M. Peabody, of Michigan.

March 9, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, of New Jersey.

March 16, S. J. FINNEY, of Troy, New York.

March 23 and 30, and April 6, 13, 20 and 27, To be announced.

The above vacancies will be filled by the best talent that can be secured.

Tickets for the season, (28 Sundays, from October to May) \$4 each.

Services will commence at 2 1/2 o'clock P. M.

On Tuesday, Sept. 3, the sale of tickets will commence, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 138 Washington street, Room No. 3, up stairs, and at HON. R. F. FILLER'S (successor to Walker, Fuller & Co.) bookseller, 245 Washington street.

Let every one desiring a seat apply early and secure their ticket.

The Universalist Schism.

A meeting was held, August 24, in Mechanics' Hall, on the corner of Bedford and Chauncy streets, Boston, for the purpose of organizing a new Universalist Church and Society. The occasion grew out of the controversy between the Rev. Dr. Miner and the Rev. Rowland Connor, senior and junior pastors of the School-street Chapel. This controversy caused a division among the members of the Church, many supporting Mr. Connor and believing the causes of his dismissal insufficient. By these supporters of Mr. C. the meeting was held.

They planted themselves on the broad platform of the "Winchester Confession of Faith," as adopted by the General Convention of Universalists at its session in Winchester, N. H., A. D. 1803, which is as follows:

"Article 1. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God.

"Article 2. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is love, revealed in our Lord Jesus Christ by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

"Article 3. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works; for these are good and profitable unto men."

The above very simple, liberal and comprehensive "confession" accords with the view we took of it in our recent remarks on this controversy. The quoted Articles prove that the course of the majority in excluding Mr. Connor because of certain independent notions he may have entertained in regard to the nature of Christ, the efficacy of natural religion, &c., was wholly unwarranted by the fundamental doctrines of the sect itself.

A new Society was formed by the seceders from Dr. Miner's Church. It was voted that \$5,000 be

raised to defray the expenses of the new society during the coming year; and that the first service be held at Mechanics' Hall the first Sunday in September. A vote was also passed inviting the Rev. Mr. Connor to be the pastor for one year.

Success to this attempt to exorcise the spirit of bigotry and bibliolatry from a religious organization! Let every reverent and able inquirer after truth be welcome to a hearing from the new society.

Mrs. Gordon at Colorado.

We observe, from the Colorado Tribune, published at Denver City, that Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon not long ago challenged the clergymen of the Territory to a public discussion of Spiritualism. It was some little time before she could muster even one champion of Orthodoxy, by her challenge, to meet her on her fair terms in open debate. The clergy at large either had not time to give to her, or they instinctively felt their inability to grapple with the subject with any surety of coming out of the contest conquerors. But at length the Rev. William Crawford takes up the gauntlet; he had previously delivered a course of lectures in the Territory against Spiritualism, and was therefore looked to as, of all others, the very individual who should come to the defence of his own doctrines and the proof of his own assumptions.

The three questions which Mrs. Gordon proposed for discussion at the meeting were as follows: 1st. Is there a personal God? 2d. Is the Holy Bible the inspired and infallible Word of God? 3d. Was Jesus Christ divine in his nature? The editors of the Tribune reviewed the proposal briefly in their columns, and concluded that they were generally of too comprehensive a character to be properly discussed before a popular audience, their treatment requiring the shape of an essay or a treatise. But the discussion was held, nevertheless; and we find in the columns of the Colorado Times a sketch of the same, faithfully reported by one who was present and listened to it as it progressed. It is confessed, at the start, that Mr. Crawford was the best opponent for the Church advocates and defenders which Mrs. Gordon could have had pitted against her. The lady's appearance is described as exceedingly impressive and striking, and her words were not less effective.

We are not about to repeat in this place the details of the report, but must be content to merely state its summary. It was a close grapple and a vigorous contest. Mrs. Gordon planted herself on the broad and impregnable ground that immortal spirits had appeared to mortals from the earliest days of which the world has record; and hence her plain purpose was to show that spirit intercourse was no new thing, but was merely a continuation of an established law. In brief, she planted herself on Bible ground, so to speak, and challenged her opponent to crowd her off. This he could not do. Nor did he, in fact, make the attempt. He apparently accepted the fact which she adduced, but perverted it as much as he could, by assuming that the communicating spirits were all evil spirits; a position which in no wise invalidates the spiritualistic theory, but makes a futile effort to break its force. If the church prefers to believe "the Devil" omnipotent, and that some huge "Evil Spirit" rules the universe through his laws, it is quite welcome to make the most of its assumption and profession of faith, and to enjoy both to its heart's content.

The argument in this discussion was admittedly with Mrs. Gordon. It is not to be supposed that her opponent was convinced, or that he confessed to a triumph on the lady's side. But the effect of such a discussion on the public mind cannot fail to be good. In a young Territory like Colorado, whose hardy settlers are hungering for spiritual stimulus and sustenance, it is well to lay before them the high and noble truths which make up the body of spiritual doctrines; and in the course of such a verbal conflict as this, listened to by crowded audiences, nothing but good could come to the liberal cause. The Spiritualists of Colorado are to be congratulated on having such a speaker and champion in their midst to propound and defend the Truth.

Healing Mediums.

This class of mediums is becoming numerous in various parts of the country, and we are continually receiving detailed accounts of cures made through their instrumentality, which we are unable to print for lack of space.

One of the most remarkable mediums for healing and giving tests, is Capt. Thomas Hunt, a wealthy gentleman, of Salem, Mass. We received not long since a letter from a friend in the country containing a lock of hair, which the writer requested us to hand to a reliable medium for the purpose of enabling the clairvoyant to see the disease of the patient and prescribe a remedy. On the receipt of the letter, Capt. Hunt came in, and we made known its contents to him, at the same time querying what medium we should apply to. He replied, "Give me the lock of hair, and write down what I shall say." We of course readily assented to the proposition. The medium then gave a diagnosis of the disease of the patient, and carefully prescribed a remedy. We forwarded the prescription, with a request that it be strictly followed. We have since learned that it was, and that the lady has entirely recovered. Our friends in California will be pleased to learn that Capt. Hunt contemplates visiting San Francisco soon, and would be happy to meet any Spiritualists or others at the Lick House, after his arrival. He will sail from New York on the 21st inst. After remaining in San Francisco a brief period, giving tests and prescribing for the sick, "without money and without price," he will continue his journey to Hong Kong, China, where he intends to remain with his family for some length of time.

Another medium, who has done much good in our midst, but who has not "blown his own trumpet," is Dr. Samuel Grover, of No. 13 Dix Place. He does not pretend to cure every one who applies to him, but he has been very successful in his practice, thanks to the humanitarian spirits who control him from time to time.

A. S. Hayward, a healing medium, who cures by the "laying on of hands," has just made his public debut, although he has effected many cures for several years past in New York and Boston among his immediate friends. Dr. Hayward will visit patients in Boston and vicinity during the next three weeks. Address him at East Somerville, or care of this office. His charges are moderate.

The World Abolition Congress.

An Abolition Congress, composed of the leading anti-slavery men of the world, commenced a session in Paris, August 26th, so a cable telegram asserts. A large number of Americans and many of the African race were present. One of the objects of this Congress is to prepare and adopt a memorial to all the governments which now tolerate human slavery within their dominions, urging the abolition of such bondage. Wm. Lloyd Garrison was present and made a speech.

Second Spiritualist Picnic at Abington.

The customary notice of Dr. Gardner that he had made arrangements for another of his popular picnic parties at Abington (the second of the season) for Thursday, Aug. 22d, brought together a much larger number of the friends than assembled at the previous one, though as before the weather in the morning betokened inclemency ere the day was over, which unfortunately in the afternoon proved true to the morning indications. The Spiritualists of Eastern Massachusetts long ago learned to associate their outdoor gatherings with Island Grove, at Abington; and justly so, too, for rare are the places possessing equal advantages for public enjoyment.

Duly arriving at the grove, and allowing time for the friends to indulge in a pleasant stroll about the grounds, the speakers' stand became surrounded with expectant hearers, when Dr. Gardner, after making several announcements relative to the trains, time for adjournment, &c., requested Mr. George A. Bacon, of Boston, to act as Chairman. Mr. Bacon, on taking the stand, said it was unfortunate for those before him that he had reluctantly consented to act in that capacity, but he would endeavor to do the best he could to perform the formal part of the services, which consisted in simply introducing the various speakers. He congratulated those present in thus coming together again, and heartily welcomed them to the old familiar spot. He recited a brief poem appropriate to the occasion, composed by a favorite Indian maiden in her happy hunting-ground above, and concluded by calling upon Mr. John Wetherbee, who entertained the friends in one of his happy and telling speeches. He disclaimed the title by which he was introduced—namely, that of deacon—as inapplicable to his position, though he felt from some unusual cause peculiarly religious, and proceeded to speak of the religious faculty in man, with special reference to its unfulfillment in himself.

Mr. W. is one of the spiciest and raciest stump speakers to be found in these parts.

Little Miss Adams, a bright-eyed member of the First Charlestown Spiritualist Lyceum, delighted with pleasing effect one of her Lyceum pieces; as she also did in the afternoon.

Mr. Lincoln offered some sensible remarks, replete with practical advice, concerning the necessity of obeying the laws of mind equally as well as those of the body, if they would live satisfactory and harmonious lives.

Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Salem, on being called for, took the platform, and made a very practical and effective speech, which evidently was much relished by those present.

Recitations were then given by Mrs. Ladd, Mrs. Rand and Mr. Fay, after which the friends adjourned to dinner, to assemble again at 2 P. M.

The afternoon exercises were very acceptably opened by singing, by a trio of voices. In the line of speaking Mr. Harris led the way, followed by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, a song by Mrs. Johnson, a well timed speech by Miss Lizzie Doten, characteristic remarks from John Wetherbee, who was succeeded by Mrs. Chappell.

Mr. Bacon said, without detaining the friends any longer he had but to announce that the time had arrived when it was necessary to think of wedding their way to the cars.

Mr. Home, the Physical Medium.

A few weeks since we published a letter from London containing authentic statements in regard to the Home-Lyon trouble. We now present a corroborative statement of a later date, (August 4th), given by the London correspondent of the Belfast News Letter:

"MR. HOME, THE SPIRITUALIST, AND MRS. LYON'S MONEY.—As a variety of stories are going the round of the papers, in reference to the forthcoming extraordinary trial in which Mr. Home-Lyon, the famous American Spiritualist, is to play a distinguished rôle, and as the whole of the facts are known to me, you may as well have the genuine version of the affair. The proceedings at law are to recover the sum of £30,000, which an old lady named Lyon made over to Mr. Home, in consideration of her esteem and affection for him, and also in consideration of his taking her name. It seems that one evening, some three years since, a shabbily dressed old woman called upon Mr. Home, and expressed her desire to join a society, composed for the most part of persons interested in Spiritualism, who desired to found a permanent centre or place of meeting, which they called 'The Athenæum.'"

The applicant's appearance was not such as to induce the belief that she could afford to pay so high an entrance fee as five guineas; but when Mr. Home mentioned the amount, she said that money was no consideration, and gave her check for the required sum. She begged Mr. Home to call and see her the following day. This, he said, he was unable to do; but, on her pressing the request, he said he would call upon her in the course of a few days, and did so. She subsequently sent him a present of £20, which he returned. Shortly afterward she informed him that she had no friends or relations for whom she had any regard, and that she intended to adopt him as her son, present him with £24,000, and make a will in his favor, bequeathing him property to the extent of about £150,000. This proposal took Mr. Home so much by surprise, that he very properly informed her that he must consult his friends, and that he could not act in the matter without their approval. He did accordingly, consult Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Wilkinson, of Lincoln's Inn-Fields, and other persons of high respectability, and, at his request, Mr. Wilkinson wrote to Mrs. Lyon on behalf of Mr. Home, urging her to consider well the step she was about to take. She replied that she knew very well what she was about.

Eventually the sum of £24,000 was transferred to trustees for the benefit of Mr. Home, who then, according to arrangement, took the name of Lyon in addition to his own patronymic. Mrs. Lyon insisted upon being allowed to remain so far as passing the day with her, but he continued to sleep at the lodgings he had occupied in Sloane street when he made her acquaintance. The habits of the lady were eccentric and penurious; but until lately she never exhibited any desire to revoke what she had done. On the contrary, she wrote to the trustees of Mr. Home, stating that she wished to give her adopted son a surprise on his birthday, and that she desired to add £6000 to the £24,000 already given him, in order to make the gross amount £30,000. This was accordingly done, and the money invested in mortgage of real estate in Yorkville. Such being the true version of affairs, it seems difficult to understand upon what principle of equity the gift can be revoked. Mrs. Lyon married the grandson of the Earl of Strathmore, and has been a widow about seven years."

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

The Children's Lyceum connected with those meetings has enrolled on its books the names of one hundred children, and each Sunday brings additional ones. We are glad to hear of their success, and hope those who can afford to do so will furnish the means to complete the equipments required for their use, and secure a library.

New Music.

C. M. Trumaine, 481 Broadway, N. Y., has just issued "Annie Alden," Tennyson's story of Enoch Arden in five verses, written and composed by W. O. Baker; "The New-Boy's Song," by the same author; "Girls, wait for a Temperance Man," a humorous song and chorus; words by Mrs. M. A. Kilder; music by Mrs. A. M. Parkhurst.

Spiritual Picnic at Franklin, Mass.

Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the weather, which probably deterred at least half the number who would otherwise have attended, from four to five hundred persons assembled in the beautiful fine grove on the sloping hillside of Kingsbury Pond, to enjoy a holiday of rational recreation for body and mind under the genial influences of spiritual freedom and social sympathy.

Nearly all present had come to the grounds from towns within a radius of ten or fifteen miles by private conveyances, and vehicles of all sorts flanked the grove and were gathered about under the trees. It being a basket picnic, every family brought their own provisions, and a bountiful supply for the many friends who desired to join.

An early desire was manifested after the greetings and introductions of old and new acquaintances, to have the speaking exercises commence at the platform. Accordingly, by request, Mr. Vose, of Woonsocket, consented to preside, and opened the meeting by an interesting narration of some very extraordinary musical manifestations which he had recently witnessed at the house of a gentleman in Newport, R. I., the particulars of which will probably soon be published in the BANNER. He then called upon Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, who addressed the audience in such tones of earnestness and clearness of statement upon the "baptism of the spirit," as to thrill all hearts and at once concentrate the minds of her hearers upon the profound truths involved in the subject, and which in her own experience she so happily illustrated.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter was next unexpectedly called upon, and although as he said wholly unprepared, proved himself a "minute man," ready to present practical views of the work to be done by Spiritualists, particularly in the education of children, in accordance with the methods of the Children's Lyceum.

A lady whose name the writer did not learn, spoke of the power of Spiritualism to strengthen and sustain the soul in the hour of bereavement, and whenever the cares and trials of earthly life seem too great to be borne. Her inspired thoughts were calculated to comfort those who need "light in the valley," that they may walk without stumbling toward the hills of the better land.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, then briefly addressed the audience upon the trinity of Spiritualism, as spontaneously illustrated by the order of remarks just made:

1st. The facts or phenomena, as presented by Mr. Vose.

2d. The philosophy deduced from the facts.

3d. The practical work of Spiritualism.

He claimed an identity of method in becoming acquainted with Spiritualism, with that by which any and all knowledge is acquired, and recognized the essential conditions of individual progress to be, a childlike or teachable disposition, willingness to observe all facts, faithfulness to our convictions as to their significance, and voluntary adaptation to them in practical life.

The audience seemed reluctant to leave the stand, although the time for dinner had arrived, and the meeting was adjourned for about two hours. What appetites are expected and provided for at these outdoor meetings! If the tables did not groan under their burdens of good things, it was only because they partook of the general glee, and were so happy they could not. But the "circles among the tables" did not get all the "physical manifestations" Under the trees, on the hillside, back in the bushes, on the banks of the pond, parties were gathered around spreads upon the grass or leaves, turning all sorts of good things into human nature.

The natural advantages of the locality are very fine, and in boating upon the pond, bathing, and strolls through the woods, the company diversified the pleasures of the day.

Large additions were made to the audience after dinner, when speaking was resumed and addresses made by Mrs. Wilcoxson, Mrs. Juliet Yeaw and Dr. Storer. Our limits will not permit even a sketch of the remarks, which were listened to with the deepest interest and attention by a company not half of whom probably were familiar with the teachings of Spiritualism, but who feel that it was profitable for them to be there.

Laura V. Ellis in Newburyport.

Quite a sensation was manifested in Newburyport recently in regard to this child medium. It was claimed by many citizens of that place that nearly all of the mediums who had taken pains to give entertainments of physical manifestations in that city had been "exposed." But Miss Ellis, it seems, came off triumphantly. Invariably the committee reported that an intelligence and power independent of the medium must have performed the manifestations they witnessed.

On Friday evening, Aug. 20, Judge Currier, of that city, acted as committee, and his report was the same as above mentioned.

On Saturday evening following, Rev. Charles Beecher (brother of Henry Ward Beecher), served on the committee at a séance held in Georgetown. His report corresponds with that of Judge Currier.

Miss Ellis will be at her home in Springfield the last of this week, where she will remain a short time before starting out on her fall campaign. Those desiring her services should address her father, M. M. Ellis, Springfield, Mass.

A Public Blessing.

The people of Chicago, who have long suffered for the want of good water, are demanding that they be supplied with the pure article which flows from the Artesian Wells, in that city, discovered a few years ago by spirit direction, through the mediumship of Mr. A. James. The need is so pressing and the demand so great that the city authorities are taking measures to supply a portion, at least, of the city from these two wells, which now flow 125,000 gallons of delicious beverage per day. A rich blessing is in store for the inhabitants of that great and growing city, but which they ought now to be enjoying, and would long since, if wisdom had ruled a former city government.

Sealed Letters Answered.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, through whom the invisible answer sealed letters, is convincing thousands upon thousands of the mighty fact of the return of the spirit after it has laid off its mortal form. His address is 102 West 15th street, New York city.

It is officially announced through the Christian Advocate that the centenary contributions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so far reported, exceed four million dollars, and it is estimated that when the Western Conferences are heard from, the aggregate will probably reach six and a half millions of dollars. If Spiritualists would contribute but a moiety of that amount to scatter the truths of SPIRITUALISM among the people, much more good would be accomplished.

Delegates to the National Convention.

We learn that arrangements have been made with the Hotels in Cleveland to accommodate those who attend the Convention of Spiritualists, at half price, during their stay.

We publish the following names in addition to those given in previous issues:

VERMONT.—The following named delegates were regularly appointed by the Vermont State Convention: Gen. McDaniels, Rutland, Newman Weeks, Rutland, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, Rockingham, Daniel P. Wilder, Plymouth.

THOS. MIDDLETON, Secretary.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—At a duly notified special meeting of the First Spiritualist Association of Binghamton, held Aug. 26th, 1867, at the store of Mr. Wm. Apsey, in this city, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Fourth National Convention of Spiritualists, notified to meet in the city of Cleveland, O., on the 30th day of September next, the following named persons were appointed to represent this Association in that Convention: Anna S. L. Tiltonson, Edwin A. Tiltonson, Daniel J. Lane, President.

WM. APSEY, Secretary.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—At a regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Society, of Rock Island, Ill., held in Norris Hall, August 4th, 1867, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Norris were duly elected delegates to the National Convention of Spiritualists, to be held in the city of Cleveland, O., during the first week in September. F. J. Underwood, Secretary, pro tem.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—At a regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, the following persons were elected delegates to the National Convention: Mr. T. M. Watson, Miss Theresa Zellman and Dr. Thomas L. Freeman. At a regular meeting of the Spiritualist Society in conference, the following persons were elected delegates to said Convention: Mr. A. B. Severance, Mrs. Mary Severance, Mr. I. B. Burr and H. B. Brown, M. D.

We never have had so large and interesting conferences before as we have now every Sunday night. The cause is attracting the attention of thoughtful, substantial persons more than ever before. Notices of all our Sunday meetings are given under the religious notices in our daily papers of Saturday. H. S. BROWN, M. D., 648 Astor street.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

L. K. Joslin, of Providence, R. I., has gone West. He spoke in Toledo, O., last Sunday.

Mrs. S. Helen Matthews is engaged to speak for the First Society of Spiritualists in Detroit, Mich., the first three Sundays in September.

J. H. W. Toohy is engaged to lecture in Providence, R. I., the first four Sundays in September.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Mounmouth, Ill., September and October.

J. G. Fish will speak in Pittsburgh, Pa., the first two Sundays in September. He has been having quite a spiritual debate in Swansville with Mr. Allen Marron, a Scotch Presbyterian. The Spiritual Philosophy never suffers in the hands of Bro. Fish.

Mr. E. Sprague, of Schenectady, N. Y., who has recently returned from the great West, having been as far as Nebraska, on a lecturing tour, was in this city last week. He attended the Spiritualist Camp Meeting. Early in September he returns to fill a lecturing engagement in the State of New York.

Dean Clark has been lecturing in Vermont for the last three weeks. He speaks in Lowell, Mass., Sept. 8th and 15th, and Leominster on the 22d. He will attend the New Hampshire State Convention, and so will Mrs. Sarah A. Horton.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is engaged to speak in Bangor, Me., during this month.

Pioneering in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Mary E. Withee, who has been lecturing in New Hampshire recently, is about to return to her home in Newark, N. J., where she will answer further calls to lecture. Address her at 182 Elm street. In a note to us dated North Dorchester, N. H., Aug. 27th, she says:

"I am at present pioneering among the hills of Grafton County, N. H., speaking in school and town houses, and in some cases in private dwellings. Only two families in this town, so far as I can learn, are acknowledged Spiritualists, yet a goodly number came to hear me, and expressed much satisfaction with the utterances. Minds seem to be prepared for the higher light among these rugged hills as elsewhere."

Particular Notice to Subscribers.

As the present volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT is drawing to a close, we request those of our patrons whose subscriptions run out with it, to renew at once—if they intend to continue, (and of course they do.) By so doing it will save our clerks much unnecessary labor, as they have to remove every name from the mailing-machine when the subscription expires. It would create confusion to make exceptions to this rule. In a word, a prompt renewal will save much extra labor in the mailing department.

Picnic at Walden Pond.

It will be seen by his card in another column, that Dr. H. F. Gardner invites the Spiritualists of Boston, Charlestown and Chelsea to unite in a picnic excursion to Walden Pond, on Wednesday, Sept. 18th. Well-behaved persons not Spiritualists are also invited to participate in this, the last grand picnic of the season. Eloquent speakers have been engaged.

Returned to New York.

Our friends in New York city and all others interested will be pleased to learn that the excellent test medium, Mr. Chas. H. Foster, has returned to his old quarters, 29 West Fourth street, where he will hold public sances until further notice.

John O. Calhoun's message, which was given at our Public Circle through the agency of Mrs. Conant, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT May 6th, 1867, is having quite a run in the newspapers. By-and-by the press will find out that the matter in the BANNER is alive, if it does come from "dead folks"! The living truths we send out upon the sea of literature every week are producing beneficial results, viz.: the disenchantment of the human mind from bigotry, superstition and intolerance.

Jonathan Pelce, who recently passed to spirit-life from Chelsea, has communicated through the agency of Mrs. Conant. He said that when she visited him a few days previous to his change, he felt fully impressed he should return and communicate through her organism. He was truly thankful that his impressions had proved true. He says the half has not been told of the beauties of the spirit-world; that he would not return if he could, to live on earth again. He bade us persevere in the great work before us until all the peoples of earth became fully convinced of the reality of spirit communion.

The BANNER OF LIGHT Spirit Message Department is unusually interesting the present week. The reader will find ample food for reflection therein.

JUDGE EDMONDS.
Price 50 cents; postage free. For sale at this Office; also at our Branch Office, 646 Broadway, New York. April 1

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (upstairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

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

Invocation.

Thou God who art never absent from either saint or sinner, thou Saviour of every soul, we would learn how to worship thee in spirit and in truth. We would learn how to perform our duties; learn how we may walk in the way of everlasting truth. That thou art nigh unto us, we know. That thou never changes, except in thy manifestations, we know. That thou art perfect and altogether good, we know. We also know that thou hast no need that we praise thee. We also know that thou hast no need, neither have any souls need to ask thee for blessings, for thou art continually blessing us under all circumstances. Even when the shadow comes nearest unto our souls thy blessing is not apart from us. Even when we descend into the valley of woe, when despair possesses our souls, and in our ignorance, our weakness, we wonder if thou hast forsaken us, even then, when the clouds part and the sun of thy love smiles upon us, we know that thou hast only been behind the cloud, and not absent from us. We know, oh Spirit who buildeth up nations, who callest into action souls, who movest upon the waters of life, that thou wilt protect us. Still we pray, still we ask, "Lord, Lord, save us, or we perish!" In thy wisdom thou knowest that it is our ignorance that feareth thee, that doubteth. It is not that soul-life that stands nearest unto thee, but it is that life that is nearest unto mortal, nearest unto form, nearest unto the changing things of time. That it is that fears, doubts. But, our Father, we feel that thou wilt do all things well, and whether souls die or pass through the change called death upon the battle-field, or whether surrounded by loved ones at home, it is all the same with thee. Thou art with them wherever they are, a protecting presence, and will finally usher every one of them into the Kingdom of Peace, unto the Heaven of the soul's rest.

June 6.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions for which answers are desired, we will endeavor to give them.

QUES.—Is spirit refined matter?

ANS.—There are many degrees of spirit, but as far as we are able to trace it, we determine it to be refined matter.

QUES.—Are you non-conscious of your consciousness in a pre-existent state?

ANS.—As a distinctive human intelligence I claim to be conscious of having lived in another state of existence.

QUES.—Previous to the one on earth?

ANS.—I did not so say; you added that. If your correspondent desires to know whether I remember of existing in form prior to the existence in the earth-form, I must answer in the negative.

QUES.—(By W. A. D., of Boston.)—In the reply of Dr. Channing to certain exceptions taken to an assertion previously made concerning Calanpas and Mary, (BANNERS of May 4 and June 1), he says: "It is a well known fact among historians, ancient and modern, that all history concerning Jesus was written long after he had passed from earth. Thus it becomes not a history in truth, but mere speculation. At all events, we care not what Josephus or any other writer hath said," &c. &c. "We come to shed the light of a new experience upon you." As history is never written until after a combination of events have occurred that gives the historian an object for writing, are we therefore to repudiate history? What is to take its place?

ANS.—No, you are not to repudiate history. But when the historian takes up his points three hundred years after the events transpired, and there is no positive evidence concerning the transpiring of those events, then certainly there is very large ground for doubt.

June 6.

Sergeant-Major George F. Polley.

I've never been so near the earth since the morning of the 18th of June, '64, as I am at present.

I have heard many reports concerning the power of the people you call dead to return to the scenes of their former lives, but I never saw any way clear to judge concerning those reports until to-day.

Three years before my death, I left Springfield with my regiment, the 10th Massachusetts, with the full hope of aiding in crushing out this most infernal rebellion; and I did what I was able to in the way of soldierly duty. But just as we were striking camp, or breaking camp, I should say, with the expectation of receiving orders for a homeward march, I received orders in a very unceremonious manner for a march to my so-called long home. We were about three miles—it may not be more than two and a half—from Petersburg, and when the enemy saw—they were on the opposite bank to us—there was confusion in our regiment which was necessary for the time, they commenced to shell us most vigorously, and the result was I received a wound which produced almost instant death, so I suppose. At all events I am not conscious of retaining to suffer, and have been told by my friends on the other side that I died within five or seven minutes from the time I was struck. My brave comrades bore my body, I believe, to City Point, and buried it and went on their way home.

It is not necessary for me to say that I am here because I am anxious to meet with friends I have left, for that every reasoning mind must suppose. Nor is it necessary to say to those who understand the *modus operandi* of this thing, that I have labored hard to gain a knowledge of return, and I do hope that, as compensation for my efforts, I

shall be rewarded with as warm a welcome from those I've left on the earth as if I had returned in company with the body that fell before Petersburg. It seems to me that there should be no difference as to how a man or woman comes back to their friends, so they come with truth and integrity and enough of love to bring them back. They should be received. You would hardly think of questioning concerning the conveyance that brought a long absent friend back to you, if that friend were in the form. Then be as reasonable with those out of the form.

I have talked with some five or six soldiers who are in the way of knowing about these things, and some of them tell me they have returned to their friends but to receive—shall I say it?—a most damning rebuff.

Well, if I should meet with the same reception from my friends, I shall try to attribute it to their ignorance, to the superstitions of childhood and mature age, and pray earnestly that they may soon get out of ignorance and out of the bondage of superstition. I want to talk with them all, and also the boys of the 10th Massachusetts. I want to talk with them concerning this spiritual battle-ground, these Elysian fields beyond the river of Death that a certain writer has sought to picture so very vividly to human minds, yet all artists who endeavor to convey ideas of that spirit-land, as it is to earth, fall far short of the reality.

I am George F. Polley, Sergeant-Major of the 10th Massachusetts, and I expect my message will go to friends in Springfield. June 6.

Hiram Banks.

As I was here waiting for my time of control to arrive, I asked an old soldier, who was also waiting here, what name this place was called by. "Oh," he says, "this is 'The Soldier's Rest.'" I asked him why that name was given it? He says, "Because we come here and give our messages, and rest from all anxiety about their reaching our friends, and then go on our way rejoicing. So a number of the boys," he says, "have named it 'The Soldier's Rest.'" I suppose it is.

I have been passing through a series of strange experiences in the spirit-world since I became one of its inhabitants. I say strange, because they are new.

I went out from my body at the second battle of Bull Run; and although I have heard a great deal concerning this coming back, still I have never thought it worth my while to make any efforts in this direction, until a few days ago. I was, I should say, talking, I suppose, so you will understand what I mean; really it is not the kind of talking you indulge in here—with the Chaplain of our regiment, Mr. Fuller, and he says, "Have you been back to your friends on earth?" "No." "You have not?" "No." "Why, you are in the dark," he says, "about some things. You can return; would you like to go back?" I says, "I should like very much to."

So he told me something concerning the way of return, and assisted me to come here to-day; and from all I am able to judge of this thing, I feel I am under deep obligations to Mr. Fuller for his friendly aid.

Life seems to be one vast revolving machine. At one revolution we are round the earth, at another we are in the spirit-land, and at another we are perhaps at the furthest boundaries of that spirit-land, or in some far-off star, and so on. We are rushing from point to point, and we never lose our lives, and I believe that immortality we are perfectly sure of. The machine may revolve ever so fast, and we may be ever so angular ourselves, still those corners will only round us off, make us better proportioned and better fitted to do God's work. Life is a wondrous problem, and I doubt if it is ever solved.

Well, I suppose I have the right to claim relationship with one of your prominent Massachusetts men. You call him Honorable N. P. Banks. I claim to be his brother Hiram, and I know of nothing in all the world that I should rather do than have a good talk with him. [Do you remember me?] I think you look familiar. Have I ever met you at the State House? Did you ever see me there? [No; I used to do the State printing, though.] White, of Spring Lane? [Yes.] Then I know you.

I am in excellent health, most excellent health. I only wish that all the inhabitants of this changeable world were as well off as I am.

Now I want, if I can, to come into communication with my brother, too. There are special reasons why I should. In my conversation with my Chaplain—Fuller—he told me of a medium in New York city, I think it was, and thought I would do well by visiting him. [Mr. Mansfield?] That's the name. Well, now, I don't understand what kind of a medium he is. [What you desire is that your brother address you some questions and you will answer them.] Through this Mr. Mansfield? [Yes.] Well, I certainly should be very glad to have him take that course. I knew when I was here on the earth, there was a great deal of prejudice about concerning this Spiritualism. I should like that my brother and friends would for a little while lay aside their prejudices, and let their curiosity get the ascendancy for a little while—if it will aid them—be curious to know whether this thing is true or false. [I have not seen your brother to hold much conversation with him since he was Governor, but think him independent enough to attend to your wishes.] Well, I should be loth to believe that he was slave enough to public superstition to be afraid to answer my call. I don't want to believe it of him. I would just as soon believe that he would be a coward in the ranks; and it would be very hard to believe that of him.

(To the Chairman.)—Well, sir, I am under obligations to you for your kindness; and if it's ever in my way, I will repay you. Since life is endless, we may be thrown together again, and perhaps the second time we are thrown together, you may be in need of my services, and then I shall be very glad to render them. Good-day. June 6.

Captain David Roche.

The soldier who is not a coward never likes to hear the order, "Fall back." But in this case I must say I was very glad when I seemed to hear the order to "Fall back," and with the falling back to come into the company again of the friends we have left.

When I was told that we could come back, I said, "That is something I don't like. It looks too much like retrograding. I like to keep onward." But presently the power came upon me, the desire to come. It was revived. When I died, when I found I was in the spirit-land, I shut out all thoughts of earthly scenes from my mind. I had no idea of meeting my friends again. I might meet them in some far-off heaven. But when I heard that we could come, at the second thought about the matter I began to feel that idea that I buried when I entered the spirit-land coming into life again; and I was so intensely anxious to come back again that I could hardly wait for the time to come.

Now I suppose I may find it somewhat difficult to reach the friends I have left here, but I am not

one that is afraid of obstacles. I shall persevere, and if I don't succeed by my coming to-day, I shall not give up; I shall return again, and perhaps again; shall take advantage of all opportunities that may be offered to me.

I, too, am from the 16th Massachusetts, and I suppose I received my discharge at Spottsylvania. My name, David Roche, and I shall also be honest in claiming Ireland as my native land. I held the rank of Captain in that regiment, and in coming back here, I suppose—I myself do not think I ever disgraced the flag of this American nation; others may not think so well of me, but for my own part I think I never disgraced it. I did what I was able to toward bringing about a peace by soundly thrashing those who had inaugurated war. I believed it could only be done by giving them a sound thrashing, for if ever there were souls that need a sound dressing down at the point of the bayonet, it's those who caused the rebellion at the South. Ah, there's some at the North, I know, too, and I'd thrash them too. I'd put them into the front ranks, so they'd be shot first; yes, I would. I have no sympathy with those people who are always up to their elbows in everything that pertains to a mess. I have no sympathy with those who talk loudly about their patriotism, and have their hand in somebody's pocket. Ah, I am not in the ranks with that class of people, and I only wish that I was here at the head of a regiment of a hundred thousand, with my old body. I would wash out the rebellion, and that is not what has been done yet; I'm sorry to say it.

Well, that is preaching a political sermon, when I came to reach my friends. I would like to meet with the officers and men of the regiment. I would like to talk with them of my spirit-home. And indeed I am very anxious to come into communication with those who will understand me, who were near to me when here. They fancy now that I am in some distant location assigned for me by the Great God, and that I am cut off from all communication with them. But 'tis not so. I am in the way of coming back and talking with all my friends. It seems that a Great God in his infinite wisdom has opened the windows of the spirit-land, and the hearts are out of every one of them. That's so. It's a queer expression, I know, but it seems like that to me. When we were leaving for the seat of war, all along the route the windows of that mansion on the other side are all wide open, and if you want to get a chance to talk with any of the friends, you're only to send up the order. [Where are your friends?] In Springfield, sir, and some here in Boston, sir. [Did you leave a wife?] Yes, sir. I first hope to reach the boys of the regiment, and then go down to those below, those who have more fear of these things. Those who have been before the cannon's mouth ought not to be afraid of a ghost like me. I won't single out any one who has known me. I might single out one, and they might say, "He can't come; there's no truth in these things." So let them come—I've said I can come. If they want me to come, let them say I can come. Then, you see, we'll meet and shake hands. Good-day. June 6.

Annie E. Williams.

I desire my friends in Gardiner, Saco, Bath, also my friends in Massachusetts, to know that I have passed to the spirit-world. My name was Annie E. Williams—Annie Elizabeth Williams—and I died at Grass Valley, California. I had been sick some time, but expected to get well. It's nine days on the 10th since I died.

I will try to come, sir, again. I'm not able now to stay any longer. June 6.

Séance opened by Arthur B. Fuller; closed by Thomas Campbell.

Invocation.

Oh Eternal Spirit, to whom we are indebted for life, with its varied experiences—thou God to whom the brook hables its prayers, thou vordrums Life to which every soul turns either in supplication or praise; thou who hast been recognized through every age as the protecting power of all things—thou Life Eternal, we would stand upon the mountain of our own experience, and there commune with thee. We have ascended from the deep valley of human experience. We have learned of thee by contact with the forms of time. We have talked with thee by the experiences common to human life. And now, oh Lord, in our higher state of existence, we still ask to talk still further with thee. We do not expect to understand thy wisdom. Though we do not aspire to know thee entire, yet, oh Lord, our Protector, our Life, we do desire to know more and still more of thee as we advance in life. Life is before us, life is behind us, life is above us, life is below us, life is all around us everywhere. And, oh Lord our Father, because it is, we would know of the past, we would know of the present, we would know of that which is to come. The soul seeks with the power of thine own Divine Life to come nearer and still nearer unto thee. There is no soul that does not in the purity of its soul-existence yearn to know of thee. And we believe, oh our Father, that this yearning comes because of our alliance unto thee. It comes because we are thy children, and thou art our Father. We desire, oh Spirit of this Age, to know concerning thy wisdom as it hath been exhibited in all ages. We desire, oh Lord, to come face to face with thee, learning, oh Spirit Eternal, of thy power through thy wondrous manifestations. The sunlight and the little flower teach us of thy presence, and even our lives are constantly exhaling an aroma that belongs to thee.

Father, while we pray earnestly to come nearer unto thee, we know that thy guardian spirits from the Courts of Wisdom will bear our souls still higher and higher in the way of Life, until at last we rejoice in a more perfect knowledge of thee; until at last we enter the haven of the soul's rest. Amen. June 11.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider.

CHAIRMAN.—I have none to-day.

SPIRIT.—Then if it is not out of order, I will answer one which the invisible guides of those séances are constantly receiving from all portions of the country. It is this: If Spiritualism is a truth, and has for its foundation absolute fact, why is it that the far-seeing disrobed spirits do not interfere with the affairs of human governments, guiding them to better issues?

ANS.—It is impossible to determine where human originality ends and spiritual interference begins. Or in other words, it is impossible to tell who is not under either direct or indirect influence from the spirit-world.

My brief experience in the things pertaining to the so-called spirit-world, leads me to determine that spiritual influence is broadcast; and that every soul dwelling upon the face of the earth is influenced by invisible beings, to a greater or less extent. My experience has taught me that the spirit-world is at present in such close rapport

with mortal life that there must be an exchange of life continually going on between the two worlds. The spirit-world is influenced by mortal life, and mortal life in turn is influenced by the spirit-world. But all spirits who are truly wise, will not seek to rob you of your individuality, except perhaps in rare instances, and where they are sure great good is to be accomplished. Therefore if in your ignorance you inaugurate a system of government that is not the best, not the wisest, it would be unwise for the inhabitants of the spirit-world, if they had the inclination, to interfere with your plans and doings, despite your individuality. The souls of men and women grow by experience. And it so happens that sometimes the mistakes made by the ignorant soul prove to be the very best teachers the soul ever had.

Your forefathers, who labored so hard to legate to you a high and holy form of government, were they on the earth to-day would do far different from what they did years ago. They see now where they made most terrible mistakes, see now where they could have planted to better advantage. But if they had been interfered with by the inhabitants of the spirit-world, you would have lost that which you have gained by this unhappy experience.

A certain writer has declared that all souls who enter heaven at all, enter it by way of hell. Well, there is a great truth underlying this statement, for I believe that no soul can justly appreciate the good, the holy, the heavenly, unless they have had the experience of the opposite sphere of life.

Now to those persons who are constantly querying with regard to the control, and particularly with regard to spirit control, in governmental affairs, we have only this much to say: Inasmuch as you perform every duty in accordance with the highest light that God and the times has given you, you will do just as well as God desires of you. If you only live up to the highest light you have, if your governments fall, if war is the result instead of peace, it matters not. You have done as well as you could. You have acted up to your own individuality, have grown so much stronger, have come so much nearer the manhood of your own life. June 11.

Captain William E. Hacker.

I am entirely ignorant concerning these things, and therefore it is possible I may make some mistake in what I may desire to give.

It is but a very short time since I learned I could manifest in this way to the friends I have here; and I have been so very anxious that I have perhaps overlooked the small matters in the case, and not learned so much as I might have done or should have done.

I was Captain of Company A, 3d Maryland Infantry. I was severely wounded at Antietam, and I suppose I never entirely recovered from the wound. But at all events, I recovered so far as to be able to return to duty again.

I returned about the first of February, after the battle that you know took place in September. And about the middle of February I was taken sick with typhoid fever, and died on the 28th of March.

I am a native of Philadelphia, and a graduate from the Military School at Worcester, and I possessed what experience I could gain by living on the earth between eighteen and nineteen years. I was about eighteen years and a little over—six months, yes, near seven months—at the time of my death; and the name by which I was known here, William E. Hacker.

I am very anxious to come into communication with the friends I've left. Some of them belong to a society of Friends, and will hardly be prepared to receive anything from me from this invisible side of existence. But, like a very large army of returning soldiers, I am very anxious to gain the headquarters of my own earthly home; and anxious, also, to be recognized and welcomed. Not that I find things unpleasant in the spirit-land, not that I would return permanently if I had the power to, but I know they will be very much happier if they know something concerning their future home before they get there. I'm sure I should have been, and I know that they will be, if they only lay down their prejudices and look beyond the veil without fear.

(To the Chairman.)—I labor, sir, under very hard conditions here. I am suffering as I was the last day of my life, but I am told it will never affect me at a second return. I would like, if it's not against your rule, I would like to be able to return and take a look at the proof of my few broken sentences. Then if there is anything out of the way, I will render it all right. [When the proof is handed to the medium you can correct it if you have the power to do so.] Ah, thank you, thank you. Yes, sir; good-day. June 11.

General T. G. Stevenson.

This singular way of return to my native city fills me with a strange variety of feelings. I am joyous, and I am sad; joyous because of the way that has been opened for our return, and sad because every soul on the earth is not aware of it.

I hardly know how to approach the friends I have here, inasmuch as they are no doubt unacquainted with this mysterious yet simple way of return. Therefore I cannot say much more than to inform them that I am still alive, not dead, and in every way capable of receiving tidings from them, and also capable of transmitting tidings from myself to them. The only serious obstacle seems to be their want of knowledge concerning these things, and the only way to get it, is to investigate seriously and earnestly and fearlessly. 'Tis the only way. If it is false, prove it so; if it is true, take advantage of it. That seems to me to be the only decent course.

My mind has hurried over the great heap of experiences when I was a Boston boy. It is impossible for me to stand out clear from those experiences; I am running into them constantly; from the time when I was at school—going back to the days when I was behind the counter—going back to the days when I was here walking through your streets, in a physical body like your own.

But my only purpose in coming here is to invite the attention of my friends to this new-old, very old, phenomenon of Spiritualism.

They called me General Stevenson when here. Did I ever meet you? [Not to know me, unless you saw me at the State House.] No, I think not there. [I knew your father.] You did? [I have met him many times.] Yes.

Well, this power of return is a glorious thing. [Grand, I should suppose.] It is grand. I do hope my friends will avail themselves of it, by giving me a welcome at home; allowing me to come freely to them at home. As I said before, I'm alive, so there's no dead man to be afraid of. Good-day. June 11.

Olive Sargent.

I've been trying a long time to come to my mother and my sister Sarah, Sarah and myself worked in the mill at Lawrence, and I was killed and she was n't, when the mill fell. I've been in

the spirit-land ever since I was fourteen years old; Sarah was sixteen. My name was Olive Sargent, and her name was Sarah Sargent. [Are your mother and Sarah in Lawrence now?] Yes, sir. I was killed, and was burnt so bad I was n't found, was n't recognized.

But I want my mother to know that I am very happy in the spirit-world, and I don't think it makes any kind of difference what religion you had on earth, or whether you had any at all. I've met some folks, and they say they never had any, and they're very good folks, and they are very happy. I have met an old man there. He was an infidel when on earth. He lived, he said, over eighty years, and he never believed in any kind of religion, but done what kind of good he could. He always helped the poor; done all the good he could always. He never kept more of this world's goods than was necessary for his own use, and when he died, he was just as sure, if there was a heaven, he should enjoy it; if there was a hell, he should not go there. So when he came to die, he was n't at all disappointed, though he didn't make up his mind that there really was a future state. And he's very good there, and he is very happy, and he says he was infidel to all kinds of religion; he didn't believe in any kind of earthly religion, but thought it was a system of idolatry, and he said so when here.

My mother believes in religion; so does Sarah; and they believe that our happiness depends upon belonging to some church. But if you'll only please, sir, to tell my mother 'tis n't so. I know my mother used to feel badly because I never wanted to go to church, and she don't think I'm unhappy, but she fears I am. But I want her to know that I think I'm happy, and am just as well off as if I had joined the church. I didn't know much about the religious here, and didn't care much about them. Perhaps it was wrong, perhaps I will see it was wrong, but I haven't yet. [Can you give the name of the old gentleman referred to?] Yes, sir, I can. His name when he was here on earth was Porter. He told me he was an Englishman by birth, but he came to this country, he told me, and lived here quite a long time, and then he went back to England again. He came to this country because all his people didn't like him; because, he says, he ignored the English Church. He didn't believe in forms. He says he was a renegade. But he's very good to me, and he's very good to a great many, and I was very unhappy when I first came to the spirit-world. I was afraid I should never see heaven. I was thinking of it all the time. But when I got acquainted with him—he was appointed one of my teachers—he very soon swept all that fear away; and of course I love him very much. I never knew him here, never knew him on the earth. And he saw that I was unhappy, and was in trouble, so he tried to cheer me up and make me happy. Well, you know, I thought of my mother's teachings, and I thought very naturally, too, that she might be right. My teacher told me she was mistaken; still I kept thinking that my mother might be right, and I was wrong. But he was so good, and seemed to know so much, that I at once had confidence in his opinions, and I hope I always shall in everybody that's as good as he is, if he is a renegade and infidel. [Where did he live here?] He told me that he spent the most part of his time in Pennsylvania. I think he said he lived here eighteen or twenty years—I'm not sure about it—then he went back to England. Some of his people died, and he was heir to their property. And then when he came in heir to their money, then he gave it away to charitable institutions and objects of charity. He went round doing all the good he could, and he kept only enough to keep him alive. Wasn't he a good man? And he was very happy.

I want my mother—I want to tell her that I'll introduce her and Sarah to him, if he is an infidel; and I know my mother will like him. (To the Chairman.) Good-day, sir. Don't forget my name, will you, please? [No.] June 11.

Mary Callahan.

As nigh as I can tell, I have been about eighteen or nineteen months in some kind of a life. I don't know what it is. It may be a heaven. I don't know what it is. But four times within the last three months, my daughter has been to confession; has been to ask for prayers for me. And I was there, and I thought maybe I could come. And I met there one of the priests who used to be here, and he said he would take me back, so I could talk with my daughter. That's what I come for.

I was not the right kind; I not done just what was right here. Well, I got some kind of a bad spell on me, and I took to drink, and I was carried down to the Island, and I died there. Well, I don't know, sir, what I was. I was a Catholic. Sometimes I used to do what was right here, sometimes I did wrong. I had a weakness about me, and I took to drink. And I had this girl—and as pretty a girl as you'd want to see who was—and she cried many a time. Oh the Lord, didn't she most break her heart about me. And oh, I know she's tormenting herself about me.

Mr. Shaw was a priest when he was here; yes, sir; and he brings me back here. And I want to reach my daughter through the priest where she goes to confession. She's all I have left here, all I have. She's now eighteen years old; she'll be eighteen this month, June; yes, sir. And her name is Mary Callahan, and that was my name. And I want the priest to tell her I'm doing better now; and I'm going to watch over her, and I don't want her to cry any more, not to feel bad, not to be tormenting herself about me. And I know I shall get better by-and-by. And Mr. Shaw says, "No soul ever stays down all the time; and I shall not be down all the time; and there's no need of any prayers, only my own prayers, those in good deeds." And I know it's true.

And I want that girl to be happy about me. She's wondering what's become of me, and paying in money to have me prayed for. It's no good at all for her to be crying about me all the time. She said to me, "Mother, when will you ever reform? Will you ever do better?" Oh I am reformed.

I know very well you're a Protestant. It makes no difference, I suppose. It is too bad to come back and say I died at the Island. It's a disgrace. I am sorry for her sake I have to come. But then 'tis so. I'm sorry for it now, and I'm better now—I'm better now; and I don't want her to think any more about me being bad off. I would be happy if she was; that's it. [You'll feel better by coming.] Yes, sir; Mr. Shaw told me I should come here, and that you would be my confessor, and all that, and that you was a Protestant, and all that. Oh, he told me all about it. He was a good man when he was here. [He has been to me many times.] Yes, he said he had. I want the priest to tell my child I come; that I am happy, and doing well; and that I am very near to her. [He'll comfort her.] Yes, I know he will. He's a good man, and I know he will do what he can. Oh, I am sorry that I led the life I did here.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. PEEBLES, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with the Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, should be addressed to J. M. PEEBLES, Editor, at the Western Department, and long articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the Western Department, Boston. Those who particularly desire their contributions inserted in the Western Department, will please to mark them. Persons writing us this month, will direct to Little Creek, Mich.

Thomas Say—A Quaker's Trance.

The past—the grand old past! It reaches down to us ten thousand hands from the New Atlantis, from India and Egypt, from Syria, Greece and Rome, from bannered cities long sanded from sight, from ancient temples, Gothic cathedrals, and Norman castles magnificent even in ruin. The past, with its long shadows, with its symbols, hieroglyphs, paintings, proverbs, rabbinical lore, visions, trances and spirit communings, converges—all converge into the present.

The Friends were always a spiritual people, speaking as moved by the spirit, and gifted with the "signs" that Christ promised to believers.

Before us lies a book, published No. 58 North Second street, Philadelphia, by "Budd & Bartram," in 1796, containing a memoir of the life of Thomas Say and a compilation of his writings and manuscripts, collected and printed by his son. Bearing as it does upon the religious and spiritual, the perusal has deeply interested us.

Thomas Say was born in the city of Philadelphia, ninth month, 16th, 1709, old style. His grandfather and mother came from England with Wm. Penn. His mother married Wm. Say at Friend's Meeting House, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 4th day of second month, 1733.

In early life Thomas Say was noted for his great candor and sincerity of soul. He held offices of public trust; was a devoted member of the Friends Church, sincere in his profession, seemingly blameless in life, and "blessed under the providence of God with the gift of healing." His biographer, after affirming that he "could cure wens, remove tumors, and other afflictive diseases, by stroking with the hand," says, that "however some might ridicule this, it was a fact, in proof of which many living testimonies could be produced."

After times of fasting and secret prayers his inner sight would be opened, enabling him to clairvoyantly see the glories of the heavenly world. He also had visions, as did Joel and the prophets in the past, and as do media in the present. We transfer one of the most interesting of his spiritual experiences to these columns, commencing page 66, and copying verbatim, save slight grammatical corrections and the omission of some out-of-the-way details:

THE TRANCE AND THE JOURNEY.

On the ninth day, between the hours of four and five, I fell into a trance, and so continued till about the hour of three or four the next morning. After my departure from the body (for I left the body), my father and mother, Susannah Robinson and others who watched me shook my body, felt for my pulse, and tried if they could discern the remains of any life or breath in me, but found none. Some may be desirous to know whether I was laid out or not.

I found myself, when I opened my eyes, lying on my back, as a corpse on a board; and was told after getting better, that I was not laid out on a board, because mother could not find freedom to have it done. They then sent for Dr. Kearney, who attended me, for his opinion. He found no pulse nor any remains of life; but as he was going away, returned again, and said that something came into his mind to try further. He then asked for a small looking-glass, which Catherine Souder, who lived with my father, procured. The doctor placing it over my mouth, a short time thereafter appeared on it a little moisture. The doctor then said to them, "It is not dead, I think he is so far gone he will never open his eyes again; let him lie while he continues warm, and when he begins to grow cold, lay him out."

This they told me when I returned into the body. Upon hearing me speak, they were all very much surprised; the second time I spoke they all rose to their chairs, and the third time they all came to me. My father and mother inquired how it had been with me? I answered, and said unto them, I thought I had been dead and gone to heaven. After I left my body I heard, as it were, the voices of men, women, and children singing songs of praises to the Lord God, without intermission, which ravished my soul and threw me into transports of joy. My soul was also delighted with most beautiful glades and gardens, which appeared to me on every side, and such as were never seen in this world. Through these I passed being all clothed in white, and in my full shape without the least diminution of parts. As I passed along toward a higher state of bliss, I cast my eyes (being perfectly conscious) upon the earth, which I saw plainly, and beheld three men (whom I knew) die. Two of them were white men, one of which entered into rest. There appeared a beautiful transparent gate opened; and as I with the one that entered into rest came up to it, he stepped in; but as I was about to enter I stepped into the body.

When recovering from my trance, I mentioned the names of these persons, telling how I saw them die, and which of them entered into rest. I said to my mother, Oh that I had made one step further, then I should not have come back to earth. After telling them what I had to say, I desired them to say no more, for I still heard the voices and melodious songs of praises, and longed for my final release.

After I told them of the death of the three men, they sent to see if it was so, and when the messenger returned, he told them they were all dead, and died in their rooms, &c., as I had told them. Upon hearing this, I fell into tears, and said, Oh Lord, wouldst thou hadst kept me and sent him back that was in pain, for he seemed one of the lost. The third was a colored man belonging to the widow Kearney, whom I saw die in the brick kitchen, and while they were laying his corpse on a board, his head fell out of their hands, which I plainly saw with other circumstances; for remember, the walls were so transparent to my sight. Though the negro's body was black, his soul was clothed in white, filled with joy, as it appeared to me a token of his acceptance with God. . . . Yet I was not permitted to see him fully enter into rest; but just as I thought myself entering, I came into the body again.

Sometime after my recovery, the widow Kearney, the mistress of the colored man, sent for me, and inquired whether I thought departed spirits knew one another? I answered in the affirmative, telling her I saw her negro man die whilst I was lying as a corpse. She then asked me where did he die? I told her in her brick kitchen, between the jamb of the chimney and the wall, and when they took him from the bed to lay him on the board, his head slipped from their hands. She then said, So it did! She then asked if I could tell where they laid him. I informed her between the back door and street door. She said she remembered that it was so, and was satisfied, having reason to believe what she had often thought, that departed spirits knew each other in heaven.

These men, upon inquiring, were found to die at the very time I saw them, and all the circumstances of their death were found to be exactly as I related them. As some may desire to know how or in what shape those that were dead appeared to me, I would say that they appeared each in a complete body, which I take to be the spiritual body, separated from the earthly, sinful body. They were also clothed—the two that entered into rest in white, and the other, who was seemingly cast off, had his garment somewhat white, but spotted. I saw also the bodies in which each of them lived when upon earth, and also how they were laid out; but my own body I did not see. The rest of the story I saw my own body, nor

entered fully into rest, I take to be this: that my soul was not quite separated from my body, as the others were; though it was so far separated as to permit my seeing those things, and hearing their songs of praise and thanksgiving. Some may think the dead know not each other. These I would refer to the Scriptures—asking, did not David know both Abraham and Lazarus, though afar off?

This record of Thomas Say's journey in the spheres, while out of his body, is exceedingly valuable to Spiritualists, because occurring so long before these modern spiritual manifestations—because these modern spiritual manifestations—a people distinguished for their integrity and devotion to religious convictions—because related in that peculiar artlessness and simplicity of style that characterized the whole Christian life of Thomas Say, and because in such perfect consonance with multitudes of similar and undeniable facts in the present. How true that the past re-lives in the present; and that the present, in a measure, corroborates the past!

Is it not strange that churchmen reject the very trances, visions, prophecies, healings and "gifts of the spirit" with the "greater works" that Jesus said should follow believers? And is it not equally strange that Universalists, Unitarians, Deists and Atheists, with the harmony of Herodas and Pilates, should all unite in the dismal, dolorous doctrine that the stone still lies at the "door of the sepulchre," and that from that bourn no traveler returns? This is an age of show, selfishness and unbelief. If a man die, shall he live again? Is still a question with the masses! Christians are swallowing all the scriptural canons of the Jewish ages; believing that God made the world in six days; that he walked in the garden in the cool of the day; that he came down to see the city and the tower; that he made woman from one of Adam's ribs; cast down great stones out of heaven; took off the Egyptian's chariot wheels, and sent the she-bears to eat the children; believing that the waters of the Red Sea opened for the passage of the Israelites; that the quails fell around the camp some three and a half feet in a single night; that the walls of Jericho fell at the sounding of a ram's horn; that Samson caught the foxes, and carried the gates of Gaza; that Elisha's axe was made to swim, and the sun and moon to stand still; believing, too, that the whale swallowed Jonah, and all because booked and labeled holy. They believe those ancient occurrences, though purporting to have happened two, three and four thousand years ago, among those old, selfish, warlike and murderous Jews, and then traveling down to us through a corrupt Roman Catholic priesthood. And yet, while plausibly believing the above, with other theological monstrosities, they reject the evidences of their senses; reject the trances, visions, healings and spiritual gifts of the present; reject the candid testimony of Thomas Say—reject the testimony of Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, Senator Wade; yea, hundreds, thousands and tens of thousands, in our midst, whose integrity, eminent social positions and high moral worth, are an honor even to this nineteenth century. Great God, have mercy on the souls of these church Infidels! For them, we promise to "pray without ceasing," as enjoined by the sainted apostle.

Col. Barron—N. B. Starr's Spirit Paintings.

Away from the dust of Detroit last week, the Steamer Reindeer after a few hours landed us in St. Clair, a beautiful Michigan village. We were soon in the hospitable home of the Colonel and his estimable companion, and in converse with Bro. Starr, examining his paintings and listening to his clairvoyant revelations concerning the art galleries of heaven. From the upper room we occupied in the residence of Bro. Barron, casting our eyes upon the placid waters of the St. Clair, just fresh and free from Lake Huron, we were reminded of the poet's crystal river, bridged with gold and arched with jasper and sapphire.

These spirit pencilings and paintings, considering the time occupied in their production, are among the wonders of the age. Bro. Starr, now in his serene of life, fifty years a mechanic working at the lathe, owes all his artistic skill to his immortal guides. And unassuming and unpretending as he is, how many, oh, how many tearful eyes look up and thank him for being the instrument of transferring to canvas the forms of their loved that have passed death's peaceful river.

He paints in oils. Permitted in his studio, we saw him work in this semi-conscious psychologic state. The room was partially darkened. He painted standing, and some of his motions were quick almost as the lightning. We have crayon head from the ascended Rogers, several elegant pencilled pictures from the widely known W. P. Anderson, and now a large oil painting from Mr. Starr, showing the different conditions of spirits, and the callings that obtain in the spirit-world. Grand is the mission of these spirit artists. Long after their mortal forms have perished, will their masterpieces of art awaken holy memories of the sainted in the summer-land.

Sitting at our desk in St. Clair, Mrs. M. G. V. Smith, now engaged in writing a promising volume involving the principles of Spiritualism, and whose articles have frequently enriched the BANNER, put upon our table a basket of flowers and fruit, with the following prayer-branched words:

I place an offering—
"The offering of soft summer hours,"
Upon the altar of love's shrine;
And 'mid the beautiful,
The freshly glowing fruit and flowers,
I kneel in thankfulness
To our Father, the All Divine;
And pray that thou may'st breathe as sweet perfume,
As does the summer bloom,
Through all thy life's allotted hours;
That thou may'st fill as pure a mission here,
Then, with a soul as clear,
Softly fade from earth, like summer flowers.

Dr. H. M. Houghton coming West.

Glad to hear it—glad to know it. These Western villages and cities want just such earnest, eloquent young men to lecture, organize, systematize and give this great spiritual movement direction.

There are calls enough, audiences enough, and money enough to support ten lecturers where there's one, could Spiritualists and progressive thinkers be thoroughly aroused to the duties of the hour. The signs, however, are promising—the future is radiant with rainbows and stary with promise. Committees will address Bro. Houghton, Milford, Mass.

Rev. H. Snow Pacific-bound.

This brother, formerly of Rockford, Ill., though nominally connected with the Unitarians, has been for years an outspoken Spiritualist, recognized by all who know him as an excellent man, good writer, sound thinker and faithful worker in the interests of humanity. Safe in California, he proposes to engage in the "book and periodical business," keeping the works of Spiritualists, the radical Unitarians, in fine, all the first-class progressive and liberal books, pamphlets and papers for sale. In connection with this he proposes a "circulating library." We warrant him a warm welcome, and wish him abundant success. He

will the 1st of October. Here is the closing paragraph of his letter:

"It is needless for me to say to you that although this movement is not exclusively of a spiritualistic character, yet that no one single doctrine of it will be more prominently featured than the doctrine of the grand unity which has now been in my mind, and openly maintained, for more than sixteen years, that the heavens and the earth are ever in close proximity and active sympathy with each other—I mean that portion of earth whose spiritual eyes are opened. With renewed assurances of fraternal regard,

Yours mostly truly, HEINMAN SNOW."

Notes from W. B. B.

"TO BE SUNG BY THE WHOLE CONGREGATION, WITH ALL ITS MIGHT."

I noticed in a late number of the BANNER an announcement from Mrs. Peabody and Barrett, that a new book of hymns and tunes was in process of compilation for the use of spiritual meetings, conventions, social gatherings, &c.

It has always been a matter of surprise, and a puzzle hard to solve with myself, why music has had so small a show in the exercises of spiritual meetings; and I now read in the BANNER the remarks of S. A. Davis of the one thing lacking at the last Abington picnic—music—the "harmony of sweet sounds."

How many times I have listened to earnest, eloquent, touching words, which came from speakers who had the entire soul of the evening's discourse to go forth with, without so much as a sign from the dumb, silent mass of humanity before them, to indicate that they had any part or lot in the business of the hour. How depressing it must be? How exhausting to the weary body and tired soul of the one from whom words of wisdom, comfort and strength are expected! This seems all the more sad when we find it is wholly unnecessary, wholly unexcusable. I don't believe it is possible to get fifty people together anywhere in the North or West, without being able to get good singing—such as would make the heart glad, if it did not captivate and charm the ear. But, just now, as we as Spiritualists are up and patter after "respectable Orthodox choir," just so long will this want, this blight and millow, rest upon our cause.

If there is one thing more than any other which we should aim to make universal and homogeneous, it is in the use of the element of music as a part of all our meetings, of whatever kind or nature; we have used this element as though it were a convenience, a help, and not a necessity, which it most assuredly is, to a genuine, vigorous, healthy spiritual growth. And we must make it such a part in the exercises of our meetings as all the world will be bound to notice. Just now, as this is done, but in having the congregation sing, no doubt there will be many to cavil at this and cry "all nonsense"—say it's been tried over and over again, and with only occasional success. But after the twenty-five years' experience in all sorts of capacities, as member of a large choir, chorister, leader, teacher, one of a "tip-top" quartette and "presenter" or leader of a congregation, I tell you it is not all nonsense but a blessed reality. Never has the effort yet been made to have the singing done by the congregation, where abundant success has not crowned the effort, and reasonable amount of determination.

We have an excellent practical illustration of what can be done in this direction in the meetings of the "Liberal Christian League" of this city, at Library Hall, alluded to in former notes. The hymns for the evening are printed on a slip or small sheet of paper and distributed among the congregation, who are told by Mr. Collyer, as he closes the reading of the hymn, in the words at the head of these notes: "To be sung by the whole congregation, with all its might." This is said in that kind of "England-expects-every-man-to-do-his-duty" sort of way, that when the familiar tune is taken up by some one in the congregation, to sing with all their might; and there is no better singing in any place of worship in Chicago than they have at these meetings at Library Hall. True, Mr. Collyer is an earnest advocate of congregational singing and throws all his whole-hearted earnestness into the cause, but so can others do the same thing, with results equally satisfactory.

I do not know what Mrs. Peabody and Barrett propose to do; but I will state briefly and conclusively as possible what it seems to me is most needed.

1. A good selection of hymns and songs adapted for the use of all our in-door and out-door meetings, printed without music, in cheap form, so as to be supplied to all the congregation. There must be a complete and large variety of all the different metres in common use.

2. The one best fitted to select and start off the tunes is the one with experience (if possible), as to what is most familiar to the congregation; one who is not easily flurried or disconcerted.

A good instrument will help greatly, but with no "choir" grouped around or near it, and if there be good singers, and make a choir, let them judiciously distributed among the congregation. Let the people feel that something is expected of them—that they have something to do—and with a fair opportunity they will not disappoint you. A well drilled choir or quartette is a luxury few societies can indulge in, and even where they do exist, of necessity they are unreliable, because they cannot always be present unless they are paid and make it a part of their business.

But for myself, I would rather have good congregational singing in our meetings than the singing of the highest salaried choir in the city. A good hymn and tune book is very desirable and much to be desired, but give us the words to sing such tunes as we already know first, and let us sooner the better—then we shall not go from our meetings feeling as though something had been left undone that might have been done to increase their interest and usefulness.

W. B. B.

Chicago, Aug. 9.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Spiritual meetings are held at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Samuel F. Towle, President; Daniel N. Ford, Vice President and Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Association, at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon, at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Progressive Societies in care of Miss Phelps meet at No. 12 Howard street, up two flights, in hall. Sunday services, 10 o'clock, 3 and 7 p. m.

East Boston.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. L. P. Freeman, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Association meets at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown hold regular meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian. Mrs. S. A. Horton is engaged to speak during September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

The Children's Progressive Association of Chelsea hold regular meetings at 10 o'clock, every Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock. Mrs. M. A. Sanborn, Guardian