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Original Essays.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

The churches (so-called) or religious sects are professedly hostile to all. Our effort has been to defeat, and not encourage attempts at forming societies, getting up conventions, and establishing a sectarian press. . . . If you love the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, go there. If you prefer the simplicity of the Quakers, or the enthusiasm of the Methodists, as best calculated to encourage or gratify in you the spirit of devotion, go there. . . . Our cardinal rule of action has been to build up no party, create no sect, cultivate no spirit of proselytism, make no parade of faith. . . . While a few who could find no other congenial place of worship have united together in forming societies, not one out of ten true believers ever attend their meetings. . . . Unless when I occasionally lecture, I scarcely ever attend those meetings. My daughter, who gave herself up for several years to her duties as a medium, never attends, but worships in her own, the Catholic Church. . . . Under no circumstances will any sect be built up out of Spiritualism by believers withdrawing themselves into selfish associations, and away from an intimate connection with their fellowmen, into whatever condition, Catholic or Protestant, Established Church or Dissenters, they may choose to place themselves.—Letter of Hon. J. W. Edmonds, to the Spiritual Magazine, London.

Spiritualism is waging war with the enemies of truth. The sons of Anak, a serried host, are in battle array and seek to stay its resistless movements. But fearlessly and Caesar-like, it rushes into the field of moral and intellectual combat, and is fighting a good fight—keeps the faith which was once delivered unto the saints—and marches onward from conquering to conquer—a power in the land, a mighty sect among the religionists of the age, in spite of professing foe or purporting friend; though we know that everywhere it is spoken against, as of old was the sect of the Nazarenes, whose great teacher and leader was Jesus the Christ. Millions have come over, which is the signification of proselytism, to Spiritualism and joined its multitudinous ranks, all individual advice and effort and action to the contrary notwithstanding. Such attempts to quiet these millions within the pale of Old Theology—under the droppings of the sanctuary—manifestly have been but infinitesimal dust, imperceptible frictions in the grand highway along which roll its chariot wheels.

The true believer in Spiritualism will seek truth and Biblical instruction elsewhere than within the walls of the church or cathedral—for how can he honestly and truly consent to remain in fellowship and fraternity with those of a faith in hostility to his own—to say nothing of the necessary expenditure of money for pew rent, etc., which must go to support and continue in being an establishment destructive to his own highest spiritual interest? What is the good, the gain, for all this sacrifice of feeling, faith, consistency, self-respect, money? The proper answer, perhaps, may be seen in the common maxim, "better reign in hell than serve in heaven," or in that something which is implied in non-attendance upon spiritual meetings, unless in capacity of speaker, or which is implied in the inconvenience of contact there with the ignoble vulgar, the common people, who in the time of the Nazarene, it is said, heard him gladly. There should be, indeed, some corresponding benefit for a practice or conduct so unnatural as that which is sometimes recommended to Spiritualists.

It is true that just now the meetings of Spiritualists must mainly be held in places other than costly edifices—it may be in some secular hall or saloon, on the banks of some quiet lake or peaceful river, in the cool shades and soft breezes of some silent grove—the groves were God's first temples, saith Bryant, one of the high priests of the muses. And just as true is it that the old Spiritualists, the disciples, apostles and followers of Jesus, were without sacred edifices, had no synagogues, no temples. These structures, as now, belonged to the self-righteous, boastful and exclusive Pharisee. The parable has it, that in the temple, going there to pray, this churchman said, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess. Good place this and good society there for these old Spiritualists of the school of Jesus. Wonder why their Master did not advise them to "go there," and what a pity it is that these men could not have seen through modern eyes, and so not desert the sacred temple, to go off into upper rooms privately, away by the seaside, or apart upon the elevations of a mountain, to hold high communion with the Great Spirit and the spirits of just men made perfect.

The pulpit has hitherto exercised a monopoly in the matter of Biblical learning. Its sway over the minds and affairs of men, in this country at least, has been well nigh omnipotent till within the last fifty years. The Reformation of Luther, so memorable and so much lauded, as an event in which the Sovereign Pontiff first began to feel the vibrations of a moral earthquake, that has since so shaken the foundations of his seat on the Seven Hills, that at one time—the time of his flight to Gaeta—was deemed by him and his College of Cardinals no longer a safe lodging place for his Holiness, did not relieve the people from clerical bondage—certainly not those who have ever remained faithful adherents to the regency of the See of Rome—and, we think, most sincerely, as certainly not those who protested against its jurisdiction, and finally ruptured the ligaments that bound them to the Papacy. We think so, because the bondage exercised by a single Pope has been partitioned among many, and their multiplication has only enhanced the power and extent of the evil, not relieved from its dominion. The Reformation was an element of division and diffusion—not of decay—not of destruction of ecclesiastical bondage. Thunders from the paragonage and bulls from the parish pulpit, have always had equal potency with the like agents emanating from the Vatican.

Theology has continued to establish its own exclusively religious and dogmatic schools and seminaries not only, but to fill almost all the principal chairs of learning in the colleges and universities with its professors—its hold in this behalf has never been weakened nor its progress in this direction ever been checked or impeded. Once it held unquestionable sovereignty in New England over all the people—it placed in all the pulpits men who had received its fostering care and teaching at its strongholds of learning—and from these so-called sacred places, the pulpits, there were alone obtained all the information on spiritual and religious matters that ever reached the minds of the masses, and nearly all they ever received on literary and scientific matters, these sometimes being brought before them collaterally to illustrate or prove some proposition or argument in a discourse. The meeting-house or lecture-room was the only Lyceum Hall—the people who were its main attendants and supporters, were the elect, the chosen, the church, par excellence. The minister settled there on a salary, for life, during good behavior, or until deposed or dismissed by his fellows, to whose association or consolation he belonged, was town teacher—secular and sacred preacher—and general supervisor of the marriages of men and maidens, of the baptisms of babes, of the burials of all classes!

But knowledge of all kinds, and especially that which once came only through the doctors of divinity, now reaches the minds of men through other means—the press has come to relieve the anxious student and honest inquirer after truth, and to break the bondage which held such multitudes in subjection. The difference between yesterday and to-day, is this: then, conditions were involuntary—now, none need wear shackles—men may run and not be weary, walk and not faint. The press has popularized Science, Literature and Religion. The people now have within their reach, through the newspaper, what they once were obliged to get through the pulpit, if obtained at all. The ponderous review and theological magazine were the store-rooms of the learned disquisitions of the day. They were too learned and technical and costly for the common reader. The professional few alone could afford them or well understand them. They were not written for the people—the elite, the elect only, were to be admitted within the sacred penetralia.

Popularization of theology and of general learning has increased so fast and gone so far by means of the press, schools, etc., that the pulpit has lost its prestige to a certain extent, and is now only a secondary affair, a shorn institution. The pews upon which the pulpit once poured its treasures of learning, have been evacuated by the earnest and sincere seekers after truth and knowledge, and their successors have converted them into soft sofas, for a solemn or smirking, as the case may be, sentimentalism to sit upon, on Sundays, whose visible flesh and blood embodiments make handsome exhibition of perfumed and sweet-scented dress and fashionable attire—sanctuary in these days vying with saloon or show-shop of gewgaws and gay frivolity. For the man of sense, of thought, of research, the meeting-house and its fellow edifice, claiming to be holier, and hence calling itself the Church, have but little attraction and less of profit. The peaceful, quiet fireside and the library stocked with books and the current periodical literature, cannot fail to afford greater entertainment, and to be productive of larger spiritual profits.

While the pulpit sends forth a false theology and is the main support to an effete ecclesiasticism, pray remind us not to the churches, hostile, as it is confessed they are, to Spiritualism and its hosts of believers.

It is an invocation of Paul that believers should have an especial regard to the household of faith. This faith was the ancient Spiritualism taught by Jesus the Christ—the same Spiritualism as that of to-day, as is demonstrated by the spiritual phenomena in our presence. This apostle declared that whosoever neglected his own household, was worse than an infidel, in other words, than an unbeliever. Just as applicable this to the household of faith, as to the personal or family household—hence let Spiritualists, as they have done, continue to work in the vineyard of the Great Founder of their Faith. The field of labor is the wide world. The period of labor is this life not only, but that which lies beyond the visible diurnal sphere—they know that man lives forever, is immortal, and by a law of deity can return to earth-life and aid mortals in their pilgrimage here. What a glorious work has Spiritualism done and is doing—millions disenthralled from the errors of the ages and brought into the substantial liberty of a gospel that disarms death of its power and takes from the tomb its terror!

The ministers of Spiritualism are visible and invisible. They need no ordination of men—no laying on of the hands of presbytery or prelacy to qualify them for work in the harvest-fields of humanity. Laymen and women are welcome priests and priestesses at the altars of Spiritualism. Their inspirations must be the tests—"the credentials clear"—to warrant their ministrations. No convention of bishops or mitred heads can sit in judgment upon their fitness to herald the glad tidings of immortality. The people alone will judge them in this behalf.

—And lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach and will not learn."

Spiritualism has had and still has potent instrumentalities—and shall it be said that they have been unproductive—and is it meet that they should be opposed by true believers? Witness its literature, how voluminous; its societies, established all over the land; its conventions, national, State, county, etc.; its Children's Sunday, Lyceums, spreading from village to village; its lecturers, male and female; itinerant and local; how numerous and how eloquent, gathering together the multitudes to hear the words of a better gospel. And can the true Spiritualist find

satisfying allment in the churches whether he is advised to wend his way? Let him proceed thither, if he desire still to partake of the flesh pots and the leeks and the onions of Egypt. He is not so fully a Spiritualist as to warrant his enrollment—he is a Catholic, or Quaker, or Methodist, or what not. See to it in taking the census of Spiritualists that he is not numbered as such.

Cesar said, in recording the result of his marches and victories, in the language placed at the head of these remarks, *I came, I saw, I conquered*. May not Spiritualism justly say the same, in view of its successes? "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON WAGES.

NUMBER FOUR.

QUES.—But admitting that rent is a feudal tax of an oppressive nature to those who have only wages or salary to depend upon, still we cannot absolutely do without it.

ANS.—There must be transient tenants; but the more just regulation of the principle of renting would establish a more reasonable system for all others.

Q.—Men will give anything for accommodation where they require it.

A.—That is no excuse for a lasting wrong. Temporary inconveniences must be submitted to. When, however, the injustice is legalized, then the poor begin to feel the burden and their poverty increases with the duration of the torture. A man, the third of whose income is absorbed by rent, has little chance of saving money to be applied to pursuits, inventions, industries or schemes for the increase of his means. The productive energy of his mind is cramped by so much, and the nation loses in proportion. His useful money, which should circulate, is generally hoarded by the landlord, who, turning dignified and lazy, stops his own productive work to live upon his rents, and thus becomes a mere consumer or drone. He may use the excess of money in similar efforts to increase his income, or gamble with it in business or pleasure.

Q.—To control this choice of operation would be difficult.

A.—By no means. Abolish the feudal habit of holding on to property bought by rent, and all men will be instinctively occupied in using their money to the best advantage out of that bad routine. Circulation will go on better. There will be no check then to the natural flow of change of all property or values from money to land.

Q.—The same argument would apply to money lent at high interest.

A.—To some extent. But here also the evil of a large indebtedness is modified by true principles being admitted in relation to circulation, as already contended. In a purely feudal country almost everybody—even the rich—are in debt. In a free country, where some steps have been made in the right direction, the ability to use borrowed money and repay it is vastly increased. We have regular times of financial crisis in which the rich borrower is brought down just as the poor laborer is by rent. If one hundred millions of dollars are borrowed at ten per cent., in twenty years the sum has been paid twice and is yet owing! Hence legislation to relieve the embarrassed rich—embarrassed through their own imprudence, for the most part—and little legislation to relieve the laborer, whose relief and elevation to a higher standard of existence would benefit all other classes.

Q.—Nevertheless our men of leisure and professions do much good?

A.—It is just as important that every rich man should be constantly occupied in earning his living productively, as that all other members of society, male and female, should be doing something useful. The number of non-workers and non-productive workers is extraordinary. The number of rich, their wives and children; professional men, wives, &c.; clergymen, lawyers, doctors, soldiers, &c., who add nothing whatever by mental or manual labor to the actual wealth, is enormous. No wonder those who work (of all classes) are overworked. Eight hours a day cannot be enough.

Q.—But all these professionals have duties to perform.

A.—If the amount of wealth created adds to the prosperity and happiness of humanity, then not to add something to that wealth is an irrelevant act. Charity does not consist in relieving temporary wants, so much as establishing permanent relief in independence. The medicine-man among the Indians lives upon the tribe. He shakes his dry bones, beats his drum and mumbles incantations; and his lazy cunning, though thought to be wondrous learning, and dreaded as a power, produces its counterpart and punishment in burden and poverty to the ignorant worker.

Q.—Our professional men devote themselves to—

A.—Undoubtedly, and with perfectly good intention. When young we do not comprehend the result of errors in which we are trained; and when old we are too impotent to escape from them. When we shall educate youth how to labor productively, he will find out that he can at the same time do good and teach what is good, without being an actual burden to humanity, and the counterpart of so much distress and poverty.

Q.—But what could we do without religious instructors?

A.—Millions of men have taught, and in numberless ways are teaching, without making a burden and a vanity of their words. The "prophets," whom the *instigated* people "stoned," were not priests.

Q.—And how can we do without lawyers?

A.—Or rather how could lawyers do without litigation? It is very questionable whether all the decisions in the tortuous lawsuits in the

world in one year, involve anything like the amount of money audited and distributed in the government departments of a single country in the same time by men, few of whom are trained as lawyers. The most difficult cases are settled within a limited period, with a promptness and justice seldom questioned. These salaried clerks use only common sense and the rule or law applicable to the case. They have not so much need, and have not so many opportunities to make fortunes out of others' rights and wrongs.

Q.—You cannot do without doctors.

A.—No. But medicine has its mystifications too. Our thousand ills will arise more from our drugs—stale and adulterated—than from want of skill, questionable as that must be, considering the antiquity of the source, and the blind training to follow the authority rather than use thorough investigation.

Q.—Let us pass the soldier. Taken from labor, he must live idly on the labor of others.

A.—The anti-Christ is not so much this sect or that, but all those who, not knowing what they do, ruin nations by pauperizing and demoralizing them.

Q.—Men have been held to be public benefactors who could make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

A.—And with good reason. But when the burden of rents, taxes, fees, tithes and collections—added to the necessity imposed on the poor of buying everything in small quantities, and paying at least twenty per cent. more for the same articles than the rich—the small earnings are soon eaten up, hours of toil increase with the demands of the middle-men, and the money which should go into the market is accumulated by a few who cannot spend it all upon themselves. Hence we have a large class of mere speculators, brokers or bankers, who, deviating from the ordinary line of honest business, gamble with this surplus wealth—amusing themselves by, as it were, taking it from one man's pocket and putting it into another's.

Q.—Do not some employers build houses for their employees, let them at a low rent, and find their advantage in it?

A.—Certainly. And if cities could be built up in the same manner, a large revenue would accrue to the municipal governments, while the mass of people, rich and poor, being relieved from rental extortion, would find abundant means and opportunity for the fuller development of their industry.

Q.—But how are we to do without teachers?

A.—A man may teach useful things and facts, and would therefore deserve wages, for he furnishes laboriously, through experiment and research, the practical information we all need for our work of every kind. But another man may only teach Arabian Nights' tales, superstitions and opinions, which, from their immoral, impracticable character, only damage our humane or religious feelings and sentiments, while another may teach wrong principles of law and justice, and practice imposture and quackery. Thus many men really only give us their windy assertions for solid cash, and are dangerous to society and to morals; and as they make no return for their support, each one of them must have his counterpart in a number of families beggared and starved.

Q.—How can you show that?

A.—If a crazy fit took our rich people, and they were to resolve to devote nearly all their means to build pyramids, triumphal arches, gorgeous monuments, &c., in honor of the sun, and, in addition, appointed a man at a large salary to keep each monument in order, and expatiate eloquently on its marvelous beauties, these buildings, affording neither shelter, comfort, use nor profit, would, with the salaries, quickly eat up everything that labor, religiously applied, had or could produce for the practical benefit of God's children. And here we see that what the Pagan calls "profane" uses, is the really religious use, and what he calls "sacred," is what has beggared humanity to gratify his savage pride and greed. Add to this foolishness of the wisdom of the rich, their ignorance of the sources of wealth, and the only true means of sustaining it, leading them to establish laws which absorb the products of labor, and ruin and enslave the laborer, and we have an explanation of the causes of the "decline and fall" of all nations, Imperial, Royal and Republican.

Q.—Then we are to suppose that labor has some "natural" rights which, having been trampled under foot, have yielded to human society these numerous evils.

A.—The spirit of association in business for the benefit of many united as a "Company," &c., which long ago commenced among the commercial classes, is now extending in a coöperative form among the working classes, with and without mercenary motives. It is an advantage to both, and a recognition at last of the rights of the laborer to a fair share in that which he makes his own by his applied skill and industry.

Q.—But when the employer furnishes the place and the tools and the raw material?

A.—And receives payment for the same, he is not entitled to sell them over and over again. They have a certain given value, oftentimes very trivial, compared to the labor, time, skill and thought applied to develop them into saleable products. What right has he to enact a perpetual tax which absorbs almost all the profits?

Q.—Then it may be said that every man who is employed by another, acquires a right in that labor, and in the tools supplied to carry it on?

A.—As the labor would not have been accomplished, and the tools would have been without value, had he not supplied what is infinitely more valuable and important, the skill, talent, energy, patience, time and suffering which are necessary to create values, and as all this application, honestly given, is the most sacred of duties and trusts, the laborer, by his personal sacrifice, literally molds these instruments to his use, and creates out of his spiritual and physical powers the values demanded. He thus acquires a right in them which becomes superior to that of any mere technician owner, and this is continually demonstrated by the fact of the attachment which always grows up between the workman and the things used by him—an attachment which shows itself in mental distress when, even at a proper time, it becomes a necessity for him to be separated from his work.

PENETRALIA.

BY F. T. L.

In the social world there are beautiful lakes, whose waters are soothing and magnetic. The ocean of life—the busy world—is turbulent; there is an unceasing ebb and flow, a tidal motion to the atmosphere, rendering spiritual rest and quiet impossible. To withdraw from this external life, and in the quietude of the evening hour engage in spiritual commerce with some congenial friend, is like an excursion on the water by moonlight. A soothing magnetism envelops each of us like a mantle. With steady, self-polished will, we push out on the aerial lake; we row side by side; each "paddles his own canoe," and we glide far out among the lilies. The cares of life float to the shore, like drift-wood; the perplexities of head and heart fall like dead weights, for they require the murky, denser atmosphere of the street to make them adhesive. The world is near yet distant. We are even in the heart of the city, within a stone's throw of all its turmoil, but our seclusion, like our enjoyment, arises from self-possession. People press closely around the shore, yet the lake is to them a vacuum, for the sensuous instincts dominate their minds, and hence they involuntarily move back, to what appears to them solid ground.

Out here on this cosy lake, a smile or a look is transparent; silence is vocal; we find our sweetest rest in action; on shore we "talk" and grow weary, but here we converse and are mutually strengthened.

To the mere man of the world, this description is simply "moonshine." He plods only the common thoroughfare, ignoring the sylvan dell or cool retreat by the wayside. Thus he becomes foot-sore and weary, and sings with unctious song, "Jordan is a hard road to travel." There are only a few, to-day, whose conceptions of rest and refreshment can be expressed by the language of the old Egyptians, "Rest—rest for man and beast." No; even the humblest and most untutored have a vague sense that it is in the "by-ways," and not in the "high-way" of life, that they must seek for their sweetest rest or highest enjoyment. The new Gospel—the good news—begins thus: Discard theological goggles and the world will cease to look "blue." Then, through all the varied modes of culture, the immanence of spiritual forces will be both a sweet surprise and a constant source of help and relief. Then we can suffer, if need be, and yet be strong. Then, through the dust and above the din of every-day life, we can

"Hear each other's voices softened by the distance,
As each sends his words of comfort and assistance."

Because we have discovered flowers so near the wayside, we need not pluck them up by the roots. The grass is a soft carpet, and its color is pleasant to the eye, but we cannot roll on it without being stained. It is well for all the faculties, at times, to frolic like children, but sound discretion, rather than the pious "Mrs. Grundy," should select the play-ground.

Above all, let us give due heed to our attitudes; then our adjustment to *externals* will be easy as well as rapid. The Mount of Transfiguration is not objective; if it were, we could measure it with a yardstick. Let us remember, then, that without attitude there can be no beauty.

Lawrence, Mass.

INKLINGS OF MORAL TRUTH.

ARTICLE TWO.*

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

In order to ascertain the true meaning of those indefinite and seemingly indefinable epithets, *good* and *evil*, *right* and *wrong*, which, as I have said, seem to signify almost everything as well as nothing, it is necessary to penetrate the sentiment itself of which they are primarily born; and this is only another way of affirming the common need of moral science, that is for compassing the end proposed. And since every science is a logical classification of things known, according to certain distinctive data of their similitude, which are so many indices of an identical yet partly consecutive genesis, the several categories whereof are comprehended by one logically radical principle; as in botany, for instance, all plants, however diversified by generic, special and peculiar characteristics, are classified according to general resemblances which denote the singleness of their vegetative principle; and since orderly intelligence, like vegetation, is progressive from the root upward, that is in the direction in which truth ramifies, making it necessary in the learning of any science to begin at its beginning: therefore, and in like manner, in order to discover what is Moral Truth, we are compelled to go to the root of the matter by considering the nature, and extent of that totality of which this, the subject of the present writing, is either a notable part or, as will presently appear, a partial predicate. In no other way that I know of is it possible to apprehend the subject which is thus taken in hand and brought to the door of reason. Hence the radical primum of my pen.

There is one short, Anglo-Saxon word which epitomizes the meaning of all other words, whose implication is even broader than the explanation of all human tongues; and that word is TRUTH. In popular usage it often signifies the opposite of falsehood; but this is not its logical acceptance, since every falsehood is either in the mind, as a *misapprehension*, or out of the mind, as a *misrepresentation*, of truth; and this or that, perceived for

* The first article appeared in our issue of August 31.—Ed.

exactly what it is, must be an item of truth itself; for every individual truth is a reality, or something the opposite of which is its negation. Hence, in the largest and proper sense of the word, *Truth is all that is*, and is opposed only to nothing, or imaginary nothingness.

To make this definition sufficiently broad, it must not be limited in time. While many things that are have not always been, and will not always be, many also have been that are no more, and others that are not and have never been, are yet to be. The Universe is replete with novel existences, while the volitions and actions of sentient beings, as well as the apparent operations of Nature, are innumerable various and successive. Truth, then, is a name for all things, not only that are and are done, but that have been, and been done, as well as that shall be and be done.

But one more enlargement is required to make this definition comprehensive. It is observable that more things are always possible than are real or actual; and every possibility, that is every unperceivable conception of reality, is being or action in a remote sense, as indicated by the infinitive verb *is*. Therefore, *whatsoever is or is done*, has been or been done, *is to be or to be done*, together with all that can be or be done, is my definition of the word TRUTH.

Of Truth, as the word is here defined, there are three categories: that of Principles, that of Phenomena, both real and possible, and the purport of the latter as being predicable Good or evil, Right or wrong. As to the first of these categories, which I call *Rational Truth*, it is opportune to say now that it makes no part of *Moral Truth*, but the sheer foundation of what is predicable only of *Phenomenal Truth*. Good and evil are epithets of Being, and Right and wrong, of Action. Whatever ought to be, is Good, and whatever ought to be done, is Right, that is in the adjective sense of these terms; and the negative of this proposition comprises evil and wrong. But what is the gist of ought? By what rule shall we determine what ought or ought not to be or be done? To answer this question one must be able to say *primordially what is Good in itself*, that is what the noun represents; for that is the sole criterion of Right, both relative and absolute.

Good in itself is the goal of Right. This must be the theme of another article, a pause in my argument being favorable to a due consideration of its developed bearing as verifying an important dialectical equation, to wit: Pope's old conceit that "Whatever is, is right," though loudly mouthed by his youngest disciples, exactly balances an assumption which nobody will father—that whatever can be done, ought to be done.

SLANDER.

BY A. E. CARPENTER.

This seems to be a besetting sin even among us who claim to be reformers and advocates of charity in its broadest sense. Its dire effects are seen in every community and among all classes. Often do we find its poisonous arrows, sharpened with jealousy and hate, pointed toward our mediums and public teachers, many of whom are sacrificing health and comfort for humanity. Some of our best and most honest mediums have been so basely slandered and belied that they have taken themselves from the field of labor, disheartened and discouraged. Their sensitive natures were not able to withstand the oft repeated and sore attacks, and they have given up in despair. I am acquainted with men and women who are possessed of wonderful spiritual gifts and thereby the power or blessing humanity, who are kept from doing the good they would, were it not for the busy tongue of the slanderer and the want of proper appreciation by those who should be their friends.

Severe criticism is right and justifiable, but misrepresentation and falsehood cannot be too strongly condemned.

It is very unpleasant to see that this spirit creeps in among the mediums themselves, and in their ambition to be first and foremost they trample upon the rights of each other, and instead of laboring together for the elevation of themselves and their brothers, they destroy the good effects of their teachings by bad examples of personal altercations and difficulties.

The course that has been pursued by the BANNER in matters of this kind deserves our highest encomiums. Ever slow to judge, and apparently following the maxim of "believing every one innocent until proved guilty," it has shown a charity and love to mankind which is worthy of imitation.

Slander! Let us avoid it as we would the breath of the simoon which carries death and destruction to all in its path. The desert traveler in its way has no alternative but to cast himself down and wrap his mantle about his head until the fatal blast is past. So should we, when we hear the voice of slander, wrap the mantle of charity and human sympathy so closely around us that it will pass by and leave us uncontaminated with its foul breath.

"Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, but the greatest of all is Charity." Jealousy, Hate, Slander, the worst of these, because the parent of the others is Slander.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

The necessity of physical culture is commencing to excite the attention which its importance demands. People are beginning to realize that souls without bodies are not of much account in this world.

The trite old saying, "A sound mind in a sound body," is better appreciated than it was a few years since. A great many people are beginning to have a little more conscience upon the subject of health than formerly. Many parents, in looking around to determine to what school they shall send their children, are giving preference to those schools in which the care of the health of the pupil is a marked feature; where some attention is paid to their dietetic habits; and where (which is, perhaps of even more importance) each pupil is required to spend two or three hours every day in regular systematic exercise in the open air, when the weather will permit, and in a large and thoroughly ventilated hall when it will not.

Alas for the health of the rising generation that such schools are so few and far between. But it is a cause of thankfulness that they are on the increase, and that they are destined to multiply ten fold faster hereafter than heretofore. The reason upon which I venture this prediction is the awakened public sentiment upon the subject already referred to.

Intelligent educators everywhere are beginning to give the matter earnest thought and action.

I have recently visited, near Boston—at Lexington—what I regard as the model school of America for young ladies, conducted by Dr. Dio Lewis. In addition to the very best provision for the moral and mental attainments of his pupils, such attention is given to health as can scarcely fail to insure them that most desirable of all earthly possessions, viz., a sound and cultivated mind in a sound body.

The system of light gymnastics of which Dr.

Lewis is the author or inventor, and which has already given him something of a world wide reputation, is beyond doubt the very best and most practical system of exercises ever adopted for the development of the long and abdominal cavities; for however good walking, dancing, and military drill may be, and are, for the lower extremities, they are not to be compared as a means of strengthening and development of the upper half of the body. And it is here that we most need development, for there is scarcely one in ten who has not either a lung affection, dyspepsia, or stooped shoulders.

Dr. L. has also a training school for teachers of gymnastics. A few score graduates go forth from this Institution every year, whose influence for good will not be lightly estimated by coming generations.

J. W. M.

THE MERITS OF CHRIST.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

That man can be saved (i. e. have heaven in or out of the body), only by the merits of Christ, is the corner-stone of the Christian temple, as it is represented in the churches of Christendom. That man can be saved only by his own merits, is a fundamental principle of Spiritualism, as it is taught by the teachers and organs of Spiritualism generally. Heaven came to Jesus by reason of his own merits. He deserved heaven, and had it. He finds what he deserves. No more; no less. But his merits can be of no use to me, can never give heaven to me, unless they become mine.

If ever heaven enters my heart, it must come solely by my merits. I am saved by the merits of Henry C. Wright, and not by the merits, nor by the blood of Christ. So must you and so must all be saved, each one by his own merits, and never by the merits of Christ. It must be true of me, of thee, and of each human being. I find what I deserve. *Deserve heaven, and have it. MERIT HEAVEN, AND HAVE HEAVEN.* This is true of us all now, and forever. The consciousness of deserving heaven is heaven. The consciousness of deserving hell is hell.

CHARACTER DETERMINES DESTINY. My character determines my destiny from day to day and hour to hour; and must do so forever. Christ's character decides his; yours decides yours. So of every human being. The character of each man, not the character nor the blood of Christ, must fix his destiny, be it for heaven or for hell; for happiness or for unhappiness; for *good* or for *evil*.

The question for me is not what was the character, merits or demerits of Christ, but what is the character, merits or demerits of Henry C. Wright? The merits of Christ were great; his character was divine; yet his character and merits are of no account to me; can no more bring heaven to me, than the water drunk by Christ can quench my thirst. I must drink or die. That Christ ate cannot save me from starving. I must eat or die. So of character. I must have the character that is essential to heaven, or be in hell. Christ's merits are naught to me. The merits or demerits of Henry C. Wright alone concern my destiny.

This is the teaching of the disembodied world, as it speaks through Jesus, and through the apostles of modern Spiritualism. What is that character which alone can give us heaven now and forever? We find what we deserve. How can we deserve heaven? Christ merited heaven, and had it. How can we merit it?

Written for the Banner of Light.

"WE ALL SAIL IN ONE BOAT TOGETHER."

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

From all we have learned in the past,
This flower of wisdom we gather:
On the storm-beaten ocean of life,
"We all sail in one boat together."

We are bound with a mystical chain
By the hand of the Father Divine;
No man is a stranger to me,
For his joys and his sorrows are mine.

The highest enjoyments of life
From sympathy sweet do we gather;
Which demonstrates clearly the truth:
"We all sail in one boat together."

You may play a false part with your brother—
Defraud him for pitiful pelf;
But the wrong that you do to another,
Is a greater one done to yourself.

The soul, after all, is the centre
From which all true happiness springs;
When the foul forms of evil once enter,
Like an angel it droopeth its wings.

When the harp of the spirit's musing,
"Tis a difficult labor to tune it;
And the grand law of harmony proves
That the whole human race is a unit.

We chase the false phantoms of self,
Till we get to the end of our tether;
And we find out the great truth, at last,
"We all sail in one boat together."

Our life is a garden of weeds,
But Time is a terrible reaper;
And the old Bible-truth will crop out,
That man is his brother man's keeper.

Be assured that your evil or good
Is the evil or good of the million;
Alas! how that truth presses home,
When we think of our bloody Rebellion.

From the once blooming plains of the South
A cry of distress cometh forth;
And the same fearful cry goeth up
From the far distant hills of the North.

The evil affecting a portion,
The good of the whole doth invade;
Our burdens have grown to extortion,
And a mildew has fallen on trade.

'Tis a great, vital law to remember,
That the whole, and a part, are the same;
And the virus that creeps in a member,
Must poison the whole human frame.

This jewel of truth we conceive
More precious than fortune or talents;
We stand on each end of a plank,
And our safety consists in our balance.

Our law is, like planets in motion,
To revolve round one grand, central sun;
God bound us with lake, gulf and ocean—
In weal or in woe we are one.

Ah! the cross of all crosses we bear
Is the faith we have lost in each other;
Though the terrible struggle is past,
We still harbor hate for our brother.

We rejoice that the eagle of war
In the temple of peace now reposes;
But the trail of the serpent is seen
In our beautiful garden of roses!

God grant, from our sufferings at last
This glorious truth we may gather,
That on the rough voyage of life
"We all sail in one boat together."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 30,
Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Wild Aster.

This autumn flower, with its clear eye and its trusting faith, is looking up to the blue heavens before the summer days are fairly over. But few flowers have been blooming since the hot days came, and this one seems to take advantage of that law of life, and to gather the beauties of sky and of earth to itself, as if to represent to us the great fact that, after all, heaven and earth are not to be separated.

The Asters contrast beautifully in their blue and purple and white garments with the brilliant Golden Rod. They love the same places, and live beside each other in the most friendly manner. They make the roadsides seem as if hemmed in by garlands, and they bring beauty to the humblest places.

There are many species of this plant, but all resemble each other. It belongs to the seventeenth class, and is therefore a compound flower; that is, the numerous small flowers are so arranged that they seem to compose one single flower. The Dandelion, the Daisy, the Sunflower, the Thistle, are compound flowers. Indeed, there is a larger number of common and useful plants in this class—the seventeenth—than in any other.

The Aster is a very democratic flower. It does not disdain the humble places, and is as beautiful and radiant by the stone wall of the cottage as by the gate of the palace. I think flowers never seem so much at home as in common places—by the roadside, under a stone wall, in the field and meadow. I often wonder if they are conscious of the happiness they give to the tired or the sad.

The Aster has always been a pet flower of mine, and so you will not wonder that it seems to talk to me, and to tell me pleasant little stories. Perhaps if I repeat one to you, you will believe a little bit of it, just for the sake of the pretty flower.

It was a lovely day in the early autumn. The sun was still hot as it shone at mid day, but the breeze had a cool, refreshing feeling, as if somewhere the frosts had cooled the earth, and had marked the spots where the first snows would fall. Little Aster and I listened. She nodded, and so did I; but she was wide awake and I half asleep. The tall pines seemed to me to be an organ in an old cathedral, and through my misty eyes I could see the nuns coming and going to matins; though when I roused up a little, there was nothing but the lights and shadows among the trees. After a while I heard the rustling of silks and satins. "Ah," thought I, "now the fine ladies have come to their worship. I wonder if their devotions are as sincere as those of the meek women yonder?" And then I opened my ears to hear a little more clearly the sweet sound of the poplar as its leaves rippled in the never ceasing tide of air.

But after a little while I looked no more at the nuns and solemn priests in the shadows, but into the clear eye of my friendly Aster, and I heard no more the organ and chanting, but a loving voice close to my ear:

"I've been wanting to see you ever so much," said a little lady in blue. "This is almost the last chance we poor little flower fairies shall have, and I have lots to tell you."

"Do begin, for I am tired of the magazines and papers, and can't keep awake over them only when I read about the sea serpent, or the Sultan, and I should like nothing better than a little bit of romance out here."

"Oh, as to romance, don't expect anything wonderful, but the sunniest thing has happened I ever heard of. You know little Pinkie Parker—though she is n't so very little or so very young, but she's the dearest girl in all the region where Asters grow. We all know that, and we know her well."

"Yes, I know she's true gold, but what of her?"

"Well, she's married to Ernauld Hunter, and settled in as snug a little home as ever a dear little queen could want."

"Dear me, that is news. How did it happen? Mr. Parker is such an old aristocrat, and declared years ago—I've heard him myself—that Pinkie should never marry any one that could not give her as good a home as she should leave."

"Well, it's quite a little story; but if you are not in a hurry I don't mind telling you, though I do believe I've told it fifty times before."

You know we all loved Pinkie ever since she was a baby. My grandmother told me that when she was only six weeks old the Asters were in their last blooming, and a cluster was carried to her. She smiled the sweetest of smiles, just as much as to say, "I saw those flowers where I came from." Well, Pinkie grew up in all goodness and beauty. She looked as if she came straight out of heaven, and she was n't over handsome, either—no prettier than many others, but she loved all good and beautiful things. It was natural to her, and I believe she loved everything.

As she grew older she seemed to fit into everybody's life, and to be made on purpose to go about the world doing good. I don't believe she ever thought of herself when anybody else was to be thought of. We have watched her many a year—we Asters—and we called her one of our family. You know we were all born to do good. There is not an Aster in all the world that don't know that. It's our mission, as some of our prim people say. We can't toll or spin, and we have no cotton or silk to give to the world; neither do the doctors or nurses want us, and I've heard people say we were just good for nothing.

Never was a greater mistake made. We are among the most useful of families. We love the poor things of this world as well as the rich. We want to bless the whole universe. I'm sure I'd just as lief be here shining and shimmering, as to be in the king's garden, only let me know anything is made the gladder or even the prettier for my being here. I like to think this old pasture is indebted to me for one little reflection of heaven's blue, and this little corner of earth is telling a sweeter story of the goodness and beauty of life for my living in it.

Now Pinkie felt just so, though she was born little less than a princess. Nothing ever made her so glad as to know she'd blessed somebody. What wonderful stories we Asters could tell of her. Her little feet have traveled miles and miles, just to speak a kind word or do a kind deed. Nobody ever wanted anything she had that didn't get it. When she was not much more than a baby, she took home all the friendless cats and dogs, and she gave her lumps of sugar to the flies and bees, and never wanted a cherry that the robins would gather.

But perhaps you know all that. I love Pinkie as if she were my own child, and so I am never tired of telling all her virtues. I can only add she's a real Aster, and after our own heart.

When Ernauld came here he was almost such another, only he was poor, and she was ever and ever so rich, and she did just as she wanted to, and he could do nothing as he wanted. But they had one heart and one wish, to make the world like heaven, and if ever two people ought to have loved each other, it was Ernauld and Pinkie; and so they did, and she had a good helper in him. Never was a night too dark or a day too stormy for him to go on her errands; and she used to send him here and there, as she felt some one needed something. When they were all down with fever in Slocum's old shanty, Ernauld was afraid of nothing, but did just what Pinkie told him to do.

We watched them off and on for ten years, and we knew they loved each other just as the diamond loves the setting of gold, and shines and gleams with a new beauty. But her father was dead set against their marrying, and I was a little afraid that Pinkie would grow sour and selfish about it. But she just grew more lovely every day. She set her great love in her heart, and made it a great sun to shine out on the whole world. Dear Pinkie! how proud we were of her when we found she was true to the blessed law of love, and did nothing to shame a single Aster.

We let things work on so for five years longer, and then people said Pinkie was growing old, but we knew better. She was in her freshest youth, for her heart was as pure as a child's, and I guess she should have let her gone on in her beautiful glory, but for one thing: old Mr. Parker said she must marry Tom Slater's son, the most selfish, unfeeling, proud fellow in all the country.

I can tell you the heart of every Aster was stirred at such a proposition. The news spread like wildfire among us. Not one of us but uttered a solemn declaration that it should never be. From the shores of the sea way back to the hills of Berkshire, and from the Sound to the St. Lawrence there was a general declaration of war against the thing.

But what to do, that was the question. We had to wait our time, and it came. Mr. Parker got sick walking out late one evening, and had a hard time of it. Just as he was getting better, and felt all the richness of Pinkie's love and all the goodness of her heart, because of her devoted care, just then it was our time of full flowering.

What possessed Pinkie I don't exactly know, unless she felt in sympathy with the Aster world. Anyway, she went out and gathered hands full, even arms full of our loveliest flowers, and embowered her room with them. She said she had a fancy that they were wholesome for a sick man. And then she hugged and kissed him just as if she were a little child, and not thirty-five years old—and she was but sixteen in her heart.

She left him alone, and he began to doze—he hadn't slept much—and he whispered to each other, "Now's our chance. We all began together, whispering and singing, and putting pretty pictures before him. We showed him Pinkie when she was a dear little baby, and led him up through all her lovely childhood. We showed him all her good, sweet ways, and let him see all her acts of love.

Then we showed him his own life, so selfish and so hard, except in his love for her. We showed him all the mean, selfish things he had done and concealed from dear Pinkie. Oh, I tell you we were a busy set of beings. I say too, for I sent my best cluster of flowers to the work—you see where the stem was broken—but I do not feel the loss in the least.

Well, we worked away at the old man until he fairly cried; he could n't help it. Who could, at seeing such a blossoming beauty as Pinkie, and such an old withered stump as himself?

In the very nick of time Pinkie came in, and he laid his head on her shoulder and wept like a child.

"Pinkie," said he, "you shall be married next week—no, to-morrow—no, to-night—no, now, in sight of all these blossoms, under this bower of beauty. It is God's will, and I know it. Go and tell Ernauld, and bring the minister. I mean it, Pinkie. Perhaps I shall die if you wait longer. Hasten, child, for I am not wild with fever now, but in my right mind."

And they were married, just then and there, under the beautiful blossoms so like her life. Yes, if I do say it, Pinkie is a genuine Aster, and it was beautiful to see her there.

And now look at the world. Is it not a lovely place? Do you not see how those good lives make it seem like heaven? But the best of all was, that Ernauld would find the home, and Pinkie would go to the little cottage; and there they are, like two of God's angels sent to this world to show how good and beautiful it is, just as we are put here to show the beauty that can come out of this gravel and sand. There never was a better year for Asters, and we are all doing our best to prove our work has been well and faithfully done.

I roused myself to find my head half bent over an Aster that seemed to be looking straight into my eye. I could not have dozed but a moment, for there sat the robin on the selfsame branch of the maple tree.

But what was all this story? A dream? There was left the one beautiful fact: the lovely, the beloved Pinkie Parker was indeed married to the excellent, the devoted Ernauld Hunter, the rich, proud, selfish father giving her away. And she went to live in the pretty cottage under the hill, just under the shelter of which the Asters grow in great luxuriance. Who shall say flowers have nothing to do in this world of ours? At least, we may be sure they open the senses of the soul, through which we can look at many wonders. They will never speak falsely, or waken gloomy dreams, but ever become as sweet loving companions to the loving heart.

A Prophetic Dream.

In the "Diary and Letters of Sarah Pierpont," who married Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated theologian, now publishing in *Hours at Home*, occurs the following letter describing a singularly prophetic dream relative to the celebrated Aaron Burr, who was a grandson of Mrs. Edwards:

STOCKBRIDGE, MAY 10TH, 1788.
Dear Brother James:—Your letters always do us good, and your last was one of your best. Have you heard of the birth of the sixth of February last, at Newark? It was born the sixth of February last, and his parents have named him Aaron Burr, Jr., after his father, the worthy President of the College. I trust the little immortal will grow up to be a good and useful man. But, somehow, a strange presentiment of evil has hung over my mind of late, and I can hardly rid myself of the impression that that child was born to see trouble.

You know I don't believe in dreams and visions; but lately I had a sad night of broken sleep, in which the future career of that boy seemed to pass before me. He first appeared as a little child, just beginning to ascend a high hill. Not long after he set out, the two guides who started with him, disappeared, one after the other. He went on alone, and as the road was open and plain,

and as friends met him at every turn, he got along very well. At times he took on the air and bearing of a soldier, and then of a statesman, assuming to lead and control others. As he neared the top of the hill, the way grew more steep and difficult, and his companions became alienated from him, refusing to help him or be led by him. Baffled in his designs, and angered at his ill-success, he began to lay about him with violence, leading some astray, and pulling down others at every attempt to rise. Soon he himself began to slip and slide down the rough and perilous sides of the hill; now regaining his footing for a little, then losing it again, until at length he stumbled and fell head long down, down into a black and yawning gulf at the base!

At this I woke in distress, and was glad enough to find it was only a dream. Now, you may make as much or as little of this as you please. I think the disturbed state of our country, along with my indifferent health, must have occasioned it. A letter from his mother, to-day, assures me that her little Aaron is a lively, prattling fellow, filling his parents' hearts with joy.

Your loving sister, SARAH.

Though "only a dream," this vision of the night prefigured a sad reality, and the first incidents of the mournful history quickly came to pass. A memorandum of Sept. 30, 1786, records the death of President Burr—one of the "guides"—the previous week, and under date of Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1788, is this entry in the diary:

"Arrived here yesterday, to take charge of my dear Esther's children, who have been in this city since their mother's death. We shall return in a few days to Princeton. Sad as it is to see my household so rent and broken, God still lives, and He has my whole heart."

Only two years after the dream, and both "guides" gone! How faithfully the rest of the dream was fulfilled is matter of history.

Children's Lyceums.

Agreeing fully with Bro. A. E. Carpenter in regard to the importance of the Lyceum movement and the "problem in regard to the relation which the Lyceum should sustain to the Society," but differing with him in its solution, with your permission I would say a few words in reply to his criticism upon my answer to the queries of your Western Editor.

Bro. Carpenter says, "Almost wherever I go through the new England States, I find the Societies gone or going to pieces, in consequence of the financial interests of the Societies and the Lyceums being disconnected or separate." If such is his experience, I hope he has not traveled much the past year; and if the Societies have no more self-respect or sense of justice than to be dependent upon the earnings and efforts of their Children's Sunday School for an existence, and are so mean and contemptible as to be jealous of the success, efforts, and what their children can do, from such Societies I would say, "Good Lord deliver us!" And if they are gone or going to pieces, I would sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." They should not only go to pieces, but should be ground into dust and made better use of.

In my opinion, the argument Bro. Carpenter presents for the necessity or a unity of financial and other interests of the Society and Lyceum, is the best reason why they should in that respect be separate. He says when money is raised by exhibitions, festivals or other entertainments of the Lyceum, the Society becomes jealous, and dissatisfaction arises in regard to whom the profits or proceeds belong. Is it possible that there are any who are willing to quarrel about whether they have a right to the proceeds of their children's efforts to meet the expenses of their Society? Where did the idea of exhibitions, concerts, socials and entertainments originate, and by whom are they made what they are? The Children's Progressive Lyceum; and they are the means by which the Lyceum is constituted a self-sustaining institution, and is not dependent upon the Society for its support. But according to Bro. Carpenter's observation and experience, these poor, decrepit Societies are dying out, or going to pieces, because the children do not support them. He says some of the members of the Societies take part in these exhibitions and entertainments, and therefore the profits or proceeds should belong equally to the Lyceum and the Society. Because a father assists his son in establishing himself in business and in enabling him to support himself, does he claim half the profits of his son's business? If the Societies have not brains, energy, industry and executive ability enough in them to devise means by which they can support themselves without taking the means of support from their children, it is time and better they should go to pieces and give up the ghost.

The effect of combining the financial interests of the Society and the Lyceum will ultimate in destruction of all self-reliance on the part of the members of both the Society and Lyceum. The Society will say, We are out of funds and in debt; the Lyceum must give an exhibition, or work in some other way to meet the deficiency. The members of the Lyceum will say and feel that they will not exert themselves to pay the debts of the Society, in the creation of which they had no voice.

Again, he says the officers of the Lyceum should be elected and controlled by the Society. With the same propriety and justice might you say, because the compact denominated the United States is one in object, aims and purposes, that the government at Washington must or should elect all your State officers, control the finances of each State, and pay all their debts.

Again, Bro. Carpenter says the Society must be one and inseparable in its financial and all other interests, because their aims and purposes are the same; and in the next breath advocates a total separation of all interests of a financial and executive character by calling for separate Conventions for the exclusive and special interests of the Lyceum, and a still greater subdivision of interests of the Lyceum itself, by making those Conventions local and sectional. He complains of a want of funds to sustain the Societies and Lyceums in New England, and then proposes to squander a few thousands of dollars in holding half-dozen sectional Conventions, where one should answer every purpose. If the Societies are to elect the Lyceum officers and control their finances, &c., will not Bro. Carpenter and the Lyceums have to ask permission of their masters whether they shall be allowed to hold a separate Convention and spend the Society's money? He complains that at the last Convention a sufficient portion of the Lyceum matters; to which I would say, If the Lyceum interest was not adequately presented, it was the fault of its representatives, not the Convention. No subject before that Convention commanded more respect or elicited greater interest, and every delegate had a good opportunity to express his views upon that question, to whomsoever he embraced it.

Let the Lyceums send their representatives to this Convention, and they will have no cause to fear a lack of opportunity to be heard. I regret that Bro. Carpenter should have so construed or misconstrued what I said in a previous reference to this subject into a reflection upon his sanity, ability or devotion to the cause. No such reference was made, or intended, for I esteem Bro. Carpenter as a noble, energetic, faithful, and eminent co-laborer in the Lyceum movement, and a worthy advocate of the cause of human progress and elevation.

M. D. DROZD,
Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 24th, 1867.

CA correspondent is anxious that we reprint the following poem, for the especial benefit of many "Christians" who may have never seen it. We comply.—Ed.

BORROBOOLA GHA.

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hour sermon
With a barbarous sounding name;
"Was all about some heathens,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness,
Called "Borroboola Gha."

So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passed,
Each listener felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car,
That carries light and comfort
To "Borroboola Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation,
I took my morning stroll;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down in wonder,
I saw a little child—

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want? I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mamma, she's a-dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunlight never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay
I found a fellow-creature
Passing from earth away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh! never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe.

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The aching group that huddled
Around the dying bed—
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar,
Was I suddenly transported
To "Borroboola Gha?"

Oh, the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry,
That meet me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only for the heathen,
This was the charge to them:
"Go, preach the Word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian! God has promised,
Whoe'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in Heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far:
You'll find it yonder hovel
A "Borroboola Gha."

Translation from the "Revue Spirituelle."

The sixth number of this magazine for 1867, contains Judge Edmonds's letter upon "Spiritualism in America," translated from the BANNER OF LIGHT; also, from the BANNER OF May 11th, that prophetic paragraph in which Rev. Wm. E. Channing closes his editorial of the "Spirit of the Age" in 1839, showing that our organ of Spiritualism is appreciated in France.

There are several interesting articles in this number, and we translate a few extracts from the editor's (Z. I. Pierant) "Revelations de mon Genie"—thoughts and teachings given him through the mediumship of a young girl, who becomes entranced, and an amaranthus then writes down what she slowly speaks. This is upon "The Origin and Destiny of the Spirit," which the editor says was entirely repugnant to his own belief, as he had been inclined to the Bible teaching, "that man was a fallen angel." We have had various theories propounded on this subject, but as this was somewhat new and curious, I thought it might interest some of your readers, and especially as it seems to partly explain some of the strange stories of sorcery and witchery, as well as the double of one's self. Thus it teaches: "The spirit, when it emanates from the Creator, is individualized and complete in its essence; containing all virtue, all light, all power; but for its perfect development it needs to traverse the entire universe, to draw from each element the means of manifesting its virtue, light and power. It remains for a long time in a zone unexplainable to you, because it contains elements unknown to your planet. At length it is drawn nearer matter, and takes from it an element which completes it into what the ancients termed a soul."

"This soul is a part of the universal life, which has now individualized itself, adhering to the spiritual essence which it envelopes. Behold then the spirit drawn by the law of attraction slowly to descend toward a material world; and we ought to note that its first immersion always takes place in a world of fusion. It draws, then, by reason of the fluid medium it approaches, the elements which complete the trinity of spirit, soul and body. But a long time elapses before this; and when it completes itself by approaching a body, it is not that of man, animal or even vegetable; it belongs to a kingdom unknown to planets inhabited by man, and it is not the spirit now that is incarnated, only the soul—the soul which holds the spirit by an indissoluble tie, and which penetrates it and gives it life. At the decomposition of this material individuality, it attaches itself to a new body, each new life adding something to it—now acquiring sensation—then one day it gains a greater independence, raises itself complete, developed, and now animates the most perfect of God's creatures—man! Here at last spirit is absorbed in this incarnation; so it is absurd to say the spirit of man has been incarnated in such and such a being of the inferior kingdom."

"I have spoken of the soul of the earth, essence of life, which constitutes the body of your planet; active, powerful, sublimely, but not intelligent. I have spoken of the individual soul, which puts the spirit in contact with the body. I have said that in the inferior incarnations the spirit does not allow itself to be contained in the material body with which it enters into communication by means of the soul. I have said that in man alone the spirit deigns to enter, and by an organism perceptible to the delicate sense, and which permits it to preserve contact with the spiritual world, which is truly its world. However much the spirit may become attached to the body during its rudimentary state, it never becomes an integral part of it. The more life is perfected in the inferior being, the more of spirit it possesses.

And when the body is destroyed, it remains in contact with the soul when it reascends. The 'spectre' is formed the moment the body disappears, which is the form the soul preserves after quitting the body; reacting, when that is destroyed, upon the spirit. The medium or condition in which you live, is filled with these spectres of things and beings. In the normal condition of life they are as harmless to you as they are invisible. But to your 'seers' they are perceptible, and to certain others gifted with extremely delicate sense.

"I will now endeavor to describe the elementary world of spiritual beings, to which I will give the name of 'demons,' not attaching to the word the idea the Catholics hold, but they are a turbulent, subtle troupe, causing strange perturbations when they violently disturb the domain of humanity; pushed or provoked, they act according to their nature, but never with conscience of evil. These powers, these demons, which can be employed by your wisdom, directed by your light, may become as good and serviceable as in the past they have been injurious, as in those bad conditions in which 'possessions' are produced. It is frequently the case that a man thus afflicted takes the movement or cry of some animal. This should be attributed to these demons who, coming in contact with a body, cannot approach another body without imposing some of its traits. The circumstances that facilitate these 'possessions' are various—sometimes an organic defect, sometimes a malady which holds a human being a long time in a weak, irritated state, which predisposes it to this condition; and I will add that others, and the most fatal, are degenerated from the great and noble science of 'magism,' which is called sorcery! But the ignorant sorcerer knows not how to spell the first page of magism; he has indeed a power upon demons, but one he can neither regulate nor control. He determines the fact without power over the result, and the evil spreads because of the corporeal predisposition and mental ignorance of those near upon whom it acts. Causes them to penetrate into the country, especially this instruction; enlighten these brave soldiers of the plow, too much forgotten by men of the city; spread this spiritual light everywhere, and these fatal accidents will disappear, these unfortunate people will be no more objects of horror and disgust. As for the sorcerers and witches so feared, enlighten them. Almost all are gifted with a power which, with their ignorance, cannot be employed for good."

The spirit was then asked to explain facts of "lycanthropy" and sorcery, so celebrated in the history of occult science, where it has been stated that wounds made by iron or lead on the body of the apparition or "double" reflected or appeared on the corresponding corporeal organs of the sorcerer.

The answer was: "Facts have been badly observed. It is not always the spirit power of a man that enters into the animal, but a demon forces it to a course or exercise proper to an animal. Often the sorcerer employs his own power, deforms his spiritual members, convulses them, and gives to his body the appearance or spectre of the object he wishes to represent; then, if that receives a wound, it is permanently reflected on his own members. This 'doublage' takes place only under certain conditions. The diabolical character attributed to them by ignorance will disappear as the cause is made known."

Again it was asked, was it a demon or the spirit of the sorcerer which took the form of an animal—as a wolf, for instance, as the famous "Loup Garou" was?

"It may be either. Again, when the victim of the sorcery, by the strength of its moral superiority, finds the force to act against its oppressor, his action partakes of the nature against which it reacts, and as there is more reason and energy in its justice and its spontaneity, instead of receiving a wound, it will send back the destined blow to the guilty man, who will receive the material signs in his own person. The power of man for evil is incalculable; but the day is coming when it will be greater still for good."

Further teaching upon this subject is promised by the spirit, who wishes no one to receive his instruction if it is not in accordance with reason.

Grove Meeting at Cicero, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

Agreeable to notice in the BANNER, the Spiritualists of Cicero and vicinity held a grove meeting at Haskell's Grove, in the above town, on the 24th and 25th of August. Owing to the weather threatening rain, but few friends had arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but enough, however, to organize and make ready for the "feast of good things," spiritual and intellectual. The weather cleared off by noon, and the meeting was convened in the grove at 2 o'clock on the 24th.

Walter Peck, of Syracuse, was invited to the Chair, and M. W. Peters appointed Secretary. Two hours were most agreeably and profitably spent in conference, when the meeting adjourned to the school-house, where was delivered an excellent discourse by the invisibles through the organism of Warren Woolson of Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful, and at 9 o'clock the meeting at the grove was called to order, and Elizabeth Tallmadge, of Onondaga Valley, N. Y., selected to preside during the day. One hour was spent in conference, and then a short address was delivered by Ansel Morse, Esq., of Hastings, wherein he gave an interesting account of his spiritual experience and journey from Orthodoxy to Spiritualism.

Warren Woolson, the regular speaker for the occasion, gave two lectures during the day, which were listened to by several hundred persons, who by their earnest and respectful attention seemed to appreciate the harmonious truths which flowed so beautifully from the lips of the speaker, as he presented the glorious facts and principles of our heaven-born religion. The discourses of Mr. W. were interspersed with beautiful poetry, which lent a charm to them that dull prose could not give. He should be kept constantly at work, for he is an ardent and efficient laborer in the spiritual field.

After resolving, unanimously, to meet again in the same place on the last Saturday and Sunday in August next year, the meeting was adjourned.

M. W. PETERS.

DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

How little we think as we travel
Through life's ups and downs, day by day,
What good each might do for his neighbor,
Did all of us go the right way!
How many a poor fellow, whose talents
To elevate science would tend,
Is lost to the world's gaze forever,
And all for the want of a friend!
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
For remember life's but a span,
'Tis our duty to help one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

Some boast of their wealth and connections,
And look with contempt upon those
Of lower degree—quite forgetting
The means by which they, perhaps, rose.
So be kind to the poor and the lowly;
Never utter a word that's untrue;
Prize the maxim which says, 'Act to others
As you would they should act unto you.'
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
Since life's after all but a span;
Let us try to assist one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer
—he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF
THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF
SPIRITUALISTS.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Second Annual Meeting of "The Illinois Association of Spiritualists" was held at the city of Galesburg, commencing on Friday, August 23, and closing Sunday evening following. The representation from the several local organizations in different parts of the State was large.

OPENING OF THE CONVENTION.

At the appointed hour (2 o'clock P. M.) the President of the Association, Bro. S. S. Jones, called the Convention to order, and gave the following address:

PRESIDENT JONES'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Brothers and Sisters—For the second time we have assembled as a State Organization of Spiritualists—as representatives of local organizations instituted in various parts of the State of Illinois for the promulgation of the great principles of Spiritualism, which underlies all reforms.

Thanks to the intelligence of the last half of the nineteenth century, we assemble upon a plane that creeds nor clung to dogmas, but as individuals who have outgrown the childish fear of church anathemas and the frowns and sneers of self-conceited, credulous devotees of a decaying system of theology, called "the Christian religion."

While the anathemas, frowns and sneers of the devotees and friends of the popular churches have no terrors for Spiritualists, yet let it be distinctly understood that we love and adore the great truths that underlie true Christianity, and hold in high veneration that great noble soul—the gentle Nazarene—who died for the redemption of a race of principles which, when fully appreciated and practiced, make mankind better and happier. After the lapse of almost nineteen centuries, the world begins to awake to the truths that were promulgated by that great reformer. As was ever the custom of the world, in its ignorance it first crucified and then deified the good man. In defying him, they but acted in accordance with the ignorant examples of preceding ages.

Whenever principles have been developed to the human understanding, they have been seized upon with avidity, and the world has been made more acceptable than the most magnificent of a well spread table are to the craving appetite. Then it is that the opposition of old systems sanctioned by ages of ignorance is aroused, and terrible conflicts between the devotees of the old and the new ensue. In ages past this conflict in each period has been marked by violence and human suffering, the recounting of which would curdle the very blood in our veins. And yet it has all been done in the name of religion, and under the Christian dispensation in the name of Christ, the great reformer, a good man, whom the world in its childish simplicity calls a member of the Holy Trinity—the very God!

It is not the principles taught by reformers in any age that have produced the dire calamities which have deluged the world with human gore and lighted the fagots around the victims, more terrible than is to-day practiced by the savages of our Western wilds toward their supposed natural enemy—the pale face. Nay, nay, not the principles taught by the reformer, but the cruel Church dogmas which have been from time to time put forth to the world in the form of decrees, bulls, creeds, by Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Synods, and other convocations of Church dignitaries, which have sprung forth from time to time, as different periods have given different religious partisans the ascendancy in numbers and physical power.

And so time has rolled on. Each successive century has made its mark in its onward march in the unfolding of mind, until the law of physical force is seldom resorted to to compel obedience to any system of popular theology. The fagots, the fire, the stake, the dungeon, for such purposes are entirely dispensed with in our own beloved country, as well as among other enlightened nations. Religious persecution, and intolerance is a child of darkness—of ignorance; and while we feel our freedom in assembling here to-day in council, we cannot shut our eyes to the persecutions practiced toward our mediums for physical and trance spirit-manifestations, and often, too, by those professing to be tolerant and most liberal. While each and every medium in turn is the subject of the foul breath of slanderous charges or insinuations from the self-righteous Pharisees, and often accused of being possessed of devils, it is no uncommon thing for our best mediums for physical spirit-manifestations to be treated with violence, to be persecuted and imprisoned; and we are sorry to say that in too many instances "Peters" are found, who were supposed, in hours of prosperity, to be true friends, swearing they know nothing of the man! Yes, we lament the fact that there are those who profess to believe in the truths of modern Spiritualism, and who, notwithstanding, ignore, and join with the opponents of Spiritualism in denouncing all mediums for physical manifestations as impostors, and virtually join in the cry: "Crucify! Crucify!"

But in spite of ignorance and selfishness—in spite of open enemies and the opposition of pretended friends, the door is wide open for spirit communion.

The day is fairly ushered in in which our loved ones who have passed the portals of physical death, can commune with us from the other shore, and tell us of the hereafter—of the glorious spirit-world, redolent and glowing with fragrance and beauty—with a lovelessness that soothes the troubled spirit, and calms the excited passions, unfolds the mind and makes it receptive to the myriads of objects ever presenting themselves to the gaze and admiration of the spiritually progressive soul. Onward and onward, hand in hand, let us come, for the medium that believed, the spirit is attracted by ever changing scenery, which allures and beguiles the time. No pain, no sorrow, no anxiety is lasting with the spirit who reads from the ever unfolding scroll of time and eternity, in the tracing of living light, an eternal use and utility in every purpose and work of Omnipotence. Loving instructors, guardian angels, are ever near the new-born spirit, to guide and to soothe all disquietude that so great a change (however lovely and attractive the scenery) might for a brief period produce. The wisdom and love of the previous age of the world are crystallized and presented to the new-born spirit for its development, and for the unfolding of its faculties and happiness, just in proportion to its powers of receptivity. We have the evidence of these truths—a glorious age. I thank God that I live in this age, and that I have been so fortunate as to receive the evidence that has made me a Spiritualist—real, tangible, physical evidence, that has reached my senses as perfectly as any other evidence that I take cognizance of in transactions of every-day life.

I know, therefore, that I have a privilege in my privilege—a great privilege it is to commune with those who now dwell upon the spirit-plane of life, whom I once knew and loved on this material plane as we now live.

For many years I have been a close student of Spiritual Philosophy. I have eagerly pursued my investigations under every phase of manifestation within my reach, and I am free to say that, in my opinion, that which is ascertained by a certain class of our brethren as the basis of Spiritualism, is to-day and ever will be as important to Spiritual Philosophy as the basis of the latter in the republic of letters, and that the basis of the latter as well as be dispensed with as the former. So long as there are children to learn the alphabet, so long will there be individuals who need and will demand the tiny rap—the varied phases of physical and trance manifestation of spirit power through media. In other words, mediums for spirit manifestation will ever be in demand, as no spirit can manifest itself on the physical plane of life without a medium—a medium of some kind. Not necessarily a human being for every phase of manifestation, but a medium suited to the phase desired to be manifested. Our own physical bodies are our present mediums for manifestations on the physical plane of life.

When we cast off our physical bodies, we must make use of some other medium to manifest our selves through to the natural or physical senses of our friends, and the kind of manifestation which the spirit makes depends very much upon the kind of media it uses; so that when we fail to get a perfect and self-evident test of the identity of our friend purporting to be a medium, we should always remember that the fraud is in the using the same medium as we were familiar with

when he lived on the physical plane of life, hence the inability often to give the desired test.

My brethren, we have assembled at this State Convention for the purpose of an interchange of thought upon this great subject—spirit communion—a subject that teaches us that we really exist in that never-ending world, but upon the shaded, clouded or obscured side, so to speak, of it, which we call the physical plane of life; that really and in fact the spirit-world is wherever spirit is found, and spirit is an all-pervading element, consequently the spirit-world fills immensity and is everywhere. If so, we are in the spirit-world now, and are surrounded, near or remote, by all who have ever lived upon the material plane of life; and being thus surrounded with intelligences of many ages, we have but to put ourselves in a receptive condition to receive instructions, and become the beneficiaries of the wisdom and goodness of the great and truthful of past ages, who, though invisible to us, yet live and take an interest in our affairs.

To interchange thought and devise plans and adopt measures to aid in bringing the physical plane of life closely in rapport with the spiritual, is the object in a great measure of our convocation.

From the spirit-world comes the light and knowledge that elevates man in the scale of humanity above the savage.

Spiritualism lays at the basis of every reform. It is nothing new in fact. We, poor, benighted children of the earth or physical plane, are just beginning to realize the great truth that has ever existed—that the spirit-world is just as near to the earth as the perfume is to the flower; that those who once lived on earth are often as deeply interested in our affairs as when we saw them in active life, and will with the same love aid us as of yore, if we will but accept their greetings and encouragement.

We deem it unnecessary to recount or call your especial attention to the various reforms of the age in which we are more or less interested. Our specialty is the promulgation of our principles.

Let us lay broad and deep these principles which constitute Spiritualism in the minds of investigators, by an intelligent and satisfactory explanation of the varied phenomena as presented through media. Let us aid in every possible way in carrying the evidence which has and yet is convincing us of the truth of spirit communion, to all who desire to investigate the subject. Let us unite with heart and soul with everybody in every great reformatory movement, which in our opinion is for the general good of all mankind.

But in all this work we are to engage our attention, let us be charitable to the opinions of others, and never attempt, unduly, to force our convictions upon any one, ever bearing in mind that as we differ in look, so necessarily we differ in thought and expression thereof. Let us be loving and kind, and ever ready to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us; ever remain true to angel ministry, and, in the language of the editor of the Western Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, let us have no compromise with the church prisons whence we have escaped. Our church has cost us as great prices. We have endured too long a servitude, let us deep in our gallings links, suffered too much persecution, drank too copiously of the fountains of spiritual life, received too many blessings in our sacrifices, ascended too high glories of experience, altogether so, to sell our birthright now for a "mess of pottage." It is no use to propose a splicing of new timber with rotten staves; no marrying of Christ with Belial; no dalliance of Samson with Delilah! Let dogs go back to their vomit, but let Spiritualists be firm in the truths of their blessed gospel. We rejoice in the Free Religion of the Radical Unitarians, and will work with them in their rationalistic reform; but we say to them, as we say to all, there is need of the inspirational, the interior illumination, to sanctify the whole body. To accept of your platform with angel ministry left out, or ignored the least in word or act, might be a beautiful scholarship, fair as the marble Greek Slave, but just as dead. Let us have a Free Religion, but give it a soul that shall work even "miracles" in our re-constructive age. Good brothers, ascend the Mount of Calvary and talk with the angels, till a divine aroma shall pervade your whole being, making you "ministers of flaming fire."

[The balance of the report will be forwarded in season for the next BANNER.]

Correspondence.

S. J. Finney at Portage Falls, N. Y.

When listening to Mr. Finney at Portage Falls, Aug. 29th, I heard for the first time a full fledged apostle of the New Dispensation; and if Spiritualism is as unfalsified by him, then have I been a Spiritualist for many years.

I have long held the belief that the theological creeds of the day were unmeaning—absolutely emasculating the human soul; that the fires of thought was relaxing in the withering glare of a false heat, and intellectuality had become the slave of a sentiment. But a reaction is now taking place. The soul, asserting itself, has turned upon what was worrying and choking it, and is about to beat it off.

The church-plety of Christianity is the Frankenstein monster of modern civilization, following humanity wherever he and his brooding presence enshrouds life of its exulting joys. Like a huge spider, it has sat by the highways and the byways of life, spinning and so obscuring with its web that the present had become covered, and nothing was to be seen but a fancy sketch of the Future—THE FUTURE—THE FUTURE—on one side of which lay an existence dreary with pain-singing, on the other an eternity relieved only by an extra twinge of torture. Natural anxieties were condemned, and we were told to set our thoughts on things above—as if the great, lusty earth, with its ten thousand avenues to sensuous enjoyments, were a temptation only and its delights not things of an inheritance to be used.

Unfortunately for the wholesome expansion of Christ's distinguishing teachings, they are popularly associated with a mass of tralling, mythological Hebrewisms which degrade belief; forcing liberal minds into antagonism with immaterialities of any sort, or disposing them to the adoption of any vagary that might float to their attention.

The God of Moses is as much a vagary of the fancy as is the Greek Jupiter. And he is just as much inferior in character to the Thunderer, as is the more of the weakness of our race in his dealings with the creatures and things of his handiwork.

The story of the fall is as trifling a fabrication as is the metamorphosis of Jupiter for Europa, or any other fabulous escapade of the Greek Deity. It is utterly inconsistent with the attribute of Omnipotence, and wholly irreconcilable with justice. A General placing a man in a position of danger, whom by a previous knowledge of his character he knew would run at the firing of the first gun, would subject himself to the contents of the powder can, and the punishment he would afterward cause to be inflicted on the coward would be nothing, if not infamous cruelty. No faint illustration of God's dealing with the first pair, as related by Moses.

Again, if a man were to build a mill to grind grain withal, and he found on its completion that it was only fitted to crumble up bark, we would be apt to smile at his lost labor and call him a fool. But if after he had made the discovery of its unadaptedness, he were to push it angrily into the lake, we would be shocked at his folly. Then if we all his experience to commence another mill on the old foundation, and succeeded in proving himself to be quite as much of a botch as he did in his first effort, and he deplored his claims to folly by setting fire to part of it, and in an idiotic huff told the rest to go to the devil, who could be found so absurd as to give him a job? This is the flood and the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah in a nut shell. All such trumpery stories, however, Mr. Finney handled with masterly ability, and with an eloquence seldom equalled by any of his contemporaries.

The day was glorious in all respects. A delightfully cool atmosphere tempered the rays of the summer sun and filled eyes and hearts with pleasure. Never was there brought together a more respectable crowd. Quiet, orderly, attentive, they seemed to have met together, attracted by their rational instincts, to indulge in enjoyments worthy of cultivated men and women. Nothing was there to be seen to cause a sad thought, or to whisper a regret—unless it was the presence of those who, in the poet, whose gentle sympathy and gent drew many eyes in a painful sympathy toward him.

Journal in Maine.

I have often read with pleasure and profit, "Jottings by the Way," which have from time to time appeared in the columns of the excellent BANNER OF LIGHT, as they give us some idea of the progress of our faith in the different parts of the country; and when we reflect upon the simultaneous unfolding of these spiritual truths in every part of our own land, as well as all other lands—without proselyting, or the necessity of an expensive corps of missionaries to promulgate these heaven-given and angel-spoken words of comfort and healing to the bruised hearts and bodies of humanity, we are lost in wonder and astonishment, and our faith is strengthened in the ministry of the angels, who are surely undermining the foundations of old faiths, and ushering in the new era of truth and freedom, when man shall be free not only physically but spiritually.

The first ten days of this month Mrs. S. and myself have been sojourning in the beautiful town of Jay, about sixty miles in a northerly direction from Portland, situated in the beautiful valley of the Androscoggin, surrounded by hills and the musical flow of the noble river, winding its way to the ocean, far from the noise and bustle of the busy, jostling world, amid the holy calm of Nature. This spot has harmoniously adapted to the communion of the angel-world, and the thought occurred to me, while wandering amid these scenes, (perchance it was an inspiration,) that when we understand the laws of adaptation in Nature, we may be able to appropriate to ourselves, physically and spiritually, the grandeur and firmness of the mountain, the stability and strength of the granite boulder, the deep inspirational flow of the river, and incorporate them in our very being, and thus the suffering and afflicted sons and daughters of humanity may gain new life and vigor to battle with the contending elements around them.

Here we found some choice friends, who are not strangers to our glorious faith, and in the quiet home of our brother and sister Richardson we passed the days happily and profitably to our inner and outer man; also in the home of our pioneer brother Leach and his excellent lady, who are spending their declining years in this quiet retreat, we enjoyed many happy hours in social converse, on the themes nearest our hearts, and shall long remember our pleasant visit.

Sunday, August 4th, Mrs. S. spoke under inspiration to a small but very intelligent audience, to the satisfaction of all. Her theme was, "The progress of spiritual truth and the downfall of error," and the subject was handled in a manner worthy of the intelligence controlling.

The Spiritualists in this section, though few in number, embrace the most intelligent portion, and the liberal minds among them are becoming convinced of its truth. We found the BANNER OF LIGHT here unfalsified, and its treasury of thought, the people's meat and drink spiritually; and they longed for its weekly advent as the dove with the olive branch of peace and joy to their homes.

Our cause is prospering in Portland, and the morning gatherings of our Lyceum, which has again been organized, promise abundant success when the hot days of summer are over. But we feel sadly the need of suitable books for our library, and hope the brothers and sisters who are interested in the wants of the children will hurry up and get their books ready, as the children are anxiously waiting. The conference in the afternoon is also well attended, and has of late been very interesting and profitable.

Yours in the bonds of truth, W. E. S.

Spiritualism in Ohio.

I have just been reading some of the many good things contained in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and have stopped a few moments to tell you how the cause is prospering in this locality.

During my residence in this place (I came here last fall), we have had only one lecturer, Mrs. Stearns, of Vineland, N. J., who, by the way, is an excellent speaker. She spoke in the Court House two Sundays, and gave, so far as I have been able to learn, universal satisfaction. The meetings have been well attended, all things considered, and a commendable degree of interest shown.

There are quite a number in this vicinity who are believers in the fact "that spirits out of the body can and do hold intelligent communion with those in the body;" yet for fear of the unpopularity it may cause, do not stand up like men and women and own their belief—giving on all proper occasions reasons "for the faith that is in them." Because one has had sufficient testimony to convince him that such communion does exist, it does not follow that he should show his opinions upon others, or render himself otherwise obnoxious; but when a man, woman or child has formed an honest opinion upon a subject—no matter what that subject may be—they have the right to entertain that opinion, and upon proper occasions to give their reasons therefor.

If we were to compare notes and exchange views with our neighbors upon religious, political and in fact any and all subjects that chance to engage our attention, in a friendly and generous spirit, with only one object in view, namely, the power and advancement of truth, how much better off the world it would be.

God never made two men to look, act, talk, speak, write, and especially to think exactly alike; hence the great variety of sects and beliefs. I think James Russell Lowell beautifully expresses the idea I wish to convey when he says:

"God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations suited to their needs,
And shapes of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
Unto the selfish rule of one sole race;
Therefore, every form of error, every path
Sweyed the life of man and given him to grasp
The mastery of knowledge—REVERENCE—
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right."

No one is wholly right or wholly wrong; but if all were true to their "inner light," and could live up to their ideal of the truth and its application, it would be well. I am trying to do this; but I confess as yet with poor success. I shall keep trying, however, trusting that the future will give better results.

Some talk has been had relative to forming some sort of an organization for business purposes, and to try and raise funds sufficient to have speaking here at least once in two weeks, and all that now remains for us is to unite our means and strength, and to pull steadily together, and we can accomplish the end desired. There are many who are anxious to listen to the truths of the New Dispensation, and only await an opportunity to do so.

Friends, let us all guard well the "inner light," and show by our every day life that we believe in a religion which teaches all that is pure, holy and good in the eyes of God and angels; and when we can reduce such a belief to acts and deeds, our success is sure, our triumph certain.

W. H. CROWELL.

Jefferson, Ashabula Co., Ohio.

Lyceum Convention.

As the ball is set in motion, let it continue to roll until something is done. Come, let us unite our efforts to secure that to which we are entitled, the Children's Lyceum, and who are expected to take an interest, to issue the call for a Lyceum Convention at an early date. It need not be deferred till "another year," because "we are young in the work." This is one of the good reasons in favor of the proposition and its fulfillment. "Procrastination is the thief of time." Its object has already been presented by Bros. Carpenter, Carver and others. Are you ready for the question? When and where shall it be? I would suggest, with Bro. Carpenter, that it be held early in the October, and would add that it be in some locality that would suit all. Perhaps Worcester would be the most central place.

Mrs. M. A. STEARNS.

Organization of a Spiritualist Society

in Geneva, N. Y.

A few of the Spiritualists of this place came together in Union Hall, Aug. 25th, for the purpose of organizing a society. W. H. G. Jocelyn was called to the chair, and G. H. Griffing chosen Secretary of the meeting. A declaration of principles as a basis was read and adopted, after which the following officers were chosen: W. H. Stigelmire, President; Thomas Dunn, Vice President; M. B. Beach, Treasurer; G. H. Griffing, Secretary; Mrs. C. C. Griffing, Assistant Secretary.

The meeting then chose Dr. W. H. Jocelyn and lady and Dr. J. H. Fowler as delegates to attend the National Convention, and it was also resolved that the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT for publication.

G. H. GRIFFING, Secy.

An Insane Man Hung.

The opinion appears to be gaining ground among a class of the community that insanity ought not to be hereditarily admitted as a plea in extenuation of crime. Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, in refusing to pardon or even reprieve George W. Winemore, has boldly placed himself among the advocates of this theory. The telegraph brought word, the 29th of August, that Winemore was hung on that day—hung notwithstanding three superintendents of insane asylums had applied to the Governor, asking a respite until the question of the prisoner's insanity could be more fully considered.

The conviction must force itself irresistibly upon every person acquainted with the forms of mania and mental disease, that Winemore, if he committed the act for which he has been hung, did it in a state of frenzy for which he was not morally accountable. No motive for the act was shown to have existed. He was a young man of twenty-two, Mrs. Magilton, the victim, an elderly married woman of upwards of sixty. There was no suspicion of any wrong relations between the two. The deceased treated Winemore like a son, and showed the deepest compassion for him; trying in every way, especially by membership, to cure him of his terrible disease, epilepsy.

It was shown beyond all dispute, that from his third year up to the very time of his trial, Winemore had been an epileptic; that he had been known to have thirty fits in twenty-four hours; that at these times he would suffer much from pain in his forehead, and would often try to bite his best friends. His mother and his sisters testified that he was insane. Dr. Roberts testified as to his insanity long before the homicide. It was proved that he had been discharged from the army of the United States because of his liability to epileptic fits; that, in his sane moments, he was a singularly mild, kind-hearted, sympathetic youth, and that his life had been free from brawls and acts of violence.

And yet, as made by the prosecuting attorney to show that Winemore had robbed Mrs. Magilton of four dollars. The only evidence for this was that four dollars of United States currency were found in his pockets, and there was some evidence that Mrs. Magilton had in her possession four dollars of similar currency. But there was no identification of the money, and it was not shown that Winemore was in want of money. No case of necessity was made out against him. The attempt to invent a sane motive for the homicide failed utterly.

The manner of the hanging was like the work of a maniac. Seven blows on the head with a hammer, five of them penetrating to the brain, and each of the five enough to produce death, and then the cutting of the throat from ear to ear. And all this, it is hypothesized, a sane man did for the sake of pilfering four dollars! Adding to the chances of his detection by a wholly superfluous cutting of the throat! Winemore himself first went for an officer of the law, and though he had plenty of chances to escape before suspicion was raised against him, made no attempt to do so. He was as free from apparent consciousness of guilt as the chairs and tables that were present during the assault.

When arrested and charged with the crime, he is reported to have said, "If I did it, I was not aware of it," or words to that effect; and on that expression many persons base their belief of his guilt. But what made it so hard to win him was the fact that he was an avowed out-and-out Spiritualist; not a speculative one merely, but one who, if we may credit his own wild declarations, was in daily, hourly, direct intercourse with legions of spirits. Unlike of Spiritualism seems to have been at the bottom of the motives which led the jury to convict Winemore of murder, and the Governor to treat with contempt the appeals of the many experts in the treatment of mental disease who besought him for a respite.

Here is a specimen of Winemore's conversation after the murder:

"I am a Spiritualist and a medium. Mrs. Magilton was a medium. She was a magnetizer, and often placed me in an unconscious state. She was also a good healing medium, and I have been cured of a great many complaints while in her house. The influences that surrounded her were very ancient ones. She controlled me by the spirits that controlled her. It looked as if there were millions of them. One evening they came into the room where we were, and commenced to talk. She called them Arabs and Chinese, but they did not look like them, nor like any pictures of men I have ever seen. They were dressed in uniform like an army. They had a large white band, about four inches wide, tied around their heads to keep their hair back. They wore white shirts and blue breeches. They had at their sides large scimitars. They carried long spears in their hands. Mrs. Magilton claimed that she was under the influence of these spirits, and when she did so I saw them.

She painted pictures which she said represented diseases of several kinds. I cannot express the feelings I had on seeing them. I felt as though I could get up and tear them all to pieces. As soon as I looked at them I felt very strange and wild. At times I would leave the house on account of them. The mere thought of them would make me feel bad. If any person tried to hold me, I wanted to fight. Once I was at a house where I knew there were some of the pictures. There was a three-cornered seat, filled with little relics, in the room, and I felt like kicking it to pieces."

In all this, the simplicity and freedom from all attempt to talk insanity must carry home to every psychological student the conviction, which strong internal evidence conveys, of Winemore's insanity.

Some one asked him if, since the reading of his death-warrant, he had any hard feelings toward any one. In his reply, from the utter absence of all pretence and affectation, the serenity of his views of death, the fullness of his assurance of spiritual comfort and aid, his language, had he been sane, would deserve to be quoted with that of Socrates while under the effect of the hemlock. Winemore said:

"I have had no unkind feelings toward any one. Since that time I have felt happier and more contented than ever in my life. Those I loved on this earth have come back to me and controlled me very often. I have in my cell been able to see those I love around me. They did not weep or look discouraged, for they knew I would soon be with them. They are waiting to wait me to my mansion above. I have seen my own home, where I will be in a few days, there to be in company with those with whom I loved on earth, and with some I never saw on earth, who have kept me and surrounded me with their bright influences. While I had no friends here at one time, I had plenty of invisible ones—visible to me, but not to all. I do not leave this world friendless."

The counsel for Winemore, Messrs. Warriner and Kilgore, two cultivated gentlemen, in a most earnest, cogent and learned appeal to the Governor, declared it as their belief, as gentlemen and men of science, that Winemore was insane. They quoted from the most recent and eminent authorities on the subject of epilepsy and mental disease, (such as Dr. Maudsley's etc.) etc., etc., conclusive facts, showing that the prisoner's disease was a full and sufficient explanation and extenuation of the act of frenzy proved against him.

But the appeals of counsel, of eminent physicians, of numerous experts, and of three superintendents of insane asylums, were all of no avail in procuring for the prisoner even the briefest respite. He died protesting his innocence, and manifesting the same confidence in spiritual realities which he had displayed so wonderfully from the first.

The facts of the case justify us in pronouncing that on the part of the authorities who could then send a diseased lunatic to the gallows, there was either the densest, most dogged and willful ignorance of established facts in mental pathology and medical jurisprudence, or else far more of the stuff out of which murderers are made than there ever was in the conscious, responsible heart of George Winemore.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

To all the Spiritualists in the State of Connecticut.

Greeting: The Spiritual Missionary Association for the State of Connecticut, has commenced its work by appointing my humble self their missionary. I have been at work one month, and so far as I am able to judge, the Mission is a success.

It meets with favor among almost all to whom I have presented its claims. All seem to feel that it is the right move in the right direction; that

it is what we need as a bond of union to draw and bind us together. It is surely what the world needs for enlightenment and deliverance from the cruel bondage in which it has so long been held.

In all the places in the State where there is a family that can obtain a hall, or school-house, or find room in their own dwelling for a meeting, and can give shelter and a place of bread to the missionary, let them send at once their requests, and I will arrange appointments, and as soon as possible comply with them.

My Post-office address will be Hartford, Conn., care of R. K. Stoddard, box 657. A. T. FOSS.

The Home-Lyon Suit—Phenomenal Spiritualism, etc.

The following interesting letter, dated Paris, August 9th, we copy from *The N. Y. Nation* of the 29th ult:

"The suit spoken of in my last as likely to be brought against Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon, for the recovery of £20,000 given by her to the celebrated 'medium,' on his adoption by her, has commenced. But public curiosity is a good deal disappointed by the fact that it is in the Court of Chancery that this curious affair will be investigated and judged; for the proceedings of that court are conducted exclusively by writing, all the evidence being submitted in the form of affidavits—no pleading, no questioning and cross-questioning of witnesses ever taking place in the execution of the suits submitted to its decision. Written evidence in support of the reality of the 'phenomena' which are declared to have occurred in the course of the adoption and dotation of Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon is understood to be pouring in upon the learned officers of the high court in question, and one can well imagine the amazement and embarrassment of those big-wigged and dignified functionaries at finding themselves thus called upon to decide whether chairs and tables did really move about a room and rise into the air without any one touching them, and whether the spirit of the lady's deceased husband was, or was not, by communications transmitted through the tables and otherwise, her sole prompter and counselor in the adoption, whose effects she now seeks to undo. One can also understand how greatly their sense of the heterodox character of such a suit must be intensified by finding that Mrs. Lyon, so far from disputing the fact of the alleged communications from the other world, fully admits their reality, but affirms that they were produced not by the spirit of her husband, but by the agency of evil and lying spirits, suborned by the great medium to further his private ends.

While the much-disputed claims of modern Spiritualism are thus being brought so prominently before the English public, an analogous sensation of surprise has been created on this side of the Channel by the appearance of a pamphlet, entitled 'An Enquiry into the Causes of Atheism,' by a Catholic, and dedicated to the Archbishop of Paris, in reply to a recent homily put forth in regard to the decline of faith among the French people by that prince of the Gallic Church. The pamphlet in question, published by Dentu, crammed with theological lore, and known to be written by Madame Petit—an intimate personal friend and correspondent of the deceased Pope, and one of the most fervent Catholics in existence—denounces the archbishop for the cause of the decadence he deprecates to be found in the failure in the Church of Rome to keep pace with the progress of humanity, and the provocations to incredulity resulting, first, from her fatal rigidity in maintaining 'the bondage of the letter that killeth'; secondly, by delaying to undertake the new translation of the Sacred Canon, imperiously needed to purge its books of evident and admitted errors; and thirdly, her refusal to acknowledge and direct the unfolding of the intimate relations existing between the present Pope, and the spiritual spheres, which the author declares to be now taking place in the order of Providence, and to be the great fact of the present age. The consternation produced by the appearance of the pamphlet in question will be readily understood. Madame Petit has long been looked up to as the very incarnation of Catholic orthodoxy and personal excellence, and the fact of her intimate friendship with the Pope—who is said to have no other lay correspondent—has surrounded her with a halo of sanctity and venerability in the eyes of the Faithful of St. Germain and the Catholic party in general, all of whom are agitated at the spectacle of such doctrines emanating from such a quarter, and are inquiring of Heaven and of one another, 'What are we coming to?'

Your correspondent's goose-quill having wandered so near the frontiers of the unseen, would fain, before returning to the beaten track of mundane beings, make over to your readers one of those incidents which most people like to hear of, even if only to laugh at them afterwards, and which has the double merit of having come to me very nearly 'at first hand,' and of offering certain peculiarities not always met with in 'ghost stories.'

My friend, Colonel Sir William D—, an officer in the British army, having seen much service in various parts of the world, has been for some time past residing in Paris with his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a highly accomplished and charming daughter. From Sir William and his daughter I have the following story, which I give—changing only the names and initials of the parties—exactly as they told it to me a few evenings ago:

The eldest son, when pursuing his studies, a very few years since, at the Military College of Sandhurst, near London, was on intimate terms with another of the cadets, whom we will call Hartly. Young Hartly was a general favorite in the college, a promising, active young fellow, fond of the sports usually played by young men in England, and especially addicted to cricket. One Saturday afternoon, young Hartly having been absent for some time from the college on a visit to his parents in London, the pupils all turned out for a game of cricket. It was a fine sunny afternoon; the cricket-ground was full of animation, and the game was going on merrily. Presently to the surprise and satisfaction of all the players, young Hartly was seen to enter the ground, dressed as usual, and looking in all respects exactly like his usual self. He went up to the ushers and shook hands with them, and with a number of the pupils. All present appear to have seen him perfectly, and to have felt pleased at seeing him come back. Presently he threw himself on the ground, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and began to smoke, watching the game, meanwhile, with his usual interest, and every now and then commenting upon its progress, criticizing the stroke, applauding that, and so on, as if he had been on the ground all the players. At length he suddenly drew out of his watch, and started to his feet, exclaiming, 'I am wanted in London at four o'clock, and I must be off at once, for I have but just time to catch the train,' and rushed from the ground in the direction of the railway station. Much surprised at so sudden a departure, several of the pupils took out their watches and discussed his chances of being in London by four o'clock, as it then wanted but a few minutes of that hour.

Next day brought to the astonished inmates of the college the news that young Hartly's death, which had occurred the preceding day at his father's house, exactly at four o'clock. He had fallen ill during his visit home, and, as was afterwards ascertained, had not once left his bed from the time of his falling ill. It was also ascertained that during the whole of that last day, through which he lay in a sort of quiet stupor, his mother had never left his bedside. 'We've seen a real apparition for once in our lives!' was the shuddering admission of the cadets when the news of Hartly's decease reached them. But the awkwardness of such an admission, and the impossibility of classifying or explaining so inconceivable a fact as the visible and tangible presence of their comrade on the cricket-ground while he was really dying in his bed in London, were too obvious not to produce a certain reaction; and so it came to pass that, in course of time, the cadets gave up the idea of having 'seen an apparition,' and settled down on the more convenient hypothesis of an 'hallucination.' A few of the number, however, of whom young D— is one, persist firmly in their belief in regard to this remarkable incident, and stoutly declare that they did see, touch, and hear the perfect image of their friend, though utterly unable to explain the nature of such an appearance."

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

The Argument of Ridicule.

It appears as if the enemies of Spiritualism owed it a settled grudge which they feel no disposition to pay to any of the creeds to which they profess themselves equally infidel. The real reason is, no doubt, that the creeds are still masters of the social machinery, and Spiritualism is not; and so long as that continues to be the case, the men and presses that work for gain and place will fall to with all conceivable rancor to degrade in popular regard the religion which is not yet the rule of the social system. Change the circumstance, and we should instantly find these deliberate libelers on our own side. Let us not cease to be grateful that they are just where they are; and may they never come over until they come from conviction and with a fixed faith.

When the secular press of the day makes such a boast of its intelligence, we stop to think of the way it deals with Spiritualists and their belief. When it plumes itself upon its liberality, we cannot help regarding the rancorous spirit with which it visits every act, profession, and public assemblage of those who put their faith in the reality of spirit intercommunication. Ridicule is all the argument they have; long since driven from the ground they took with open argument, based on incontrovertible facts, they shoot these Partisan arrows at our advancing hosts in their own retreat, and positively proclaim themselves defeated by the style of weapons they are driven to employ. It is much like the confessing of defeat which an army would make in battle, if, instead of leveling and firing its long lines of deadly musketry, it should club them and make ready to cover their retreating footsteps.

This practice, now about the only one followed toward Spiritualism by a subsidized press, we do not allude to in a spirit of anger. Furthest possible from that. Although we still insist, as we always have done, that the practice itself is an abominable one, it is nevertheless welcome enough on account of its significance. It says, as plainly as anything can say, that the armory of argument is clean exhausted, that nothing remains there to be drawn away, and that all that the enemies of our Religion can do is to fall back on the bald resources of ridicule and slang. This they alternate with cant, in order to give it an air of respectability and veracity. It is all hypocrisy, therefore, the slang not less than the cant.

We cannot readily believe that those who profess a creed of their own are genuine believers in the spirit or terms of the same, unless they pay respect to those who differ from them. More especially are we prepared to discredit them, when, after piling up penalties mountain high against such as dare to speak scoffingly of their faith, they turn and scoff themselves at those who believe in the closer relationship of the earth and heaven. It is nothing to know why they should not rather be rejoiced that the heavens were indeed opened to man; but it is everything to discover that their creed has no spark or seed or religion in it. It does not make them gentle and tolerant; it fails to show them patterns fit to be copied; else they would certainly fall to and make copies; it works not in or upon their hearts; and it hardens and overlays and deadens with a satisfied conceit. That is no religion, and never can be. It is worthlessness of the worst sort, because of the meanness. If the creeds have nothing better than this to give, the people need be in no fear of committing an error in calling for their early demolition.

France and Austria.

It is not yet known what Napoleon and Francis Joseph mean by their recent conference at Salzburg, and the Prussian Minister is apparently dissatisfied with the meeting. One report is, that the Emperors met to consider what was to be done about the Mexican loan, of which the European creditors are becoming clamorous; another declares their purpose to be as much to reach a joint understanding on the Eastern Question as anything. And a third rumor is, that they intend to put up the four States of South Germany to opposing Prussia's project of incorporation, and to stand out firmly for the maintenance of their own independence. It is a fact that the South German matter is more available than perhaps any other for a pretext for a quarrel. Prussia being determined to appropriate every individual German State to herself, and thus establish a consolidated Empire, in place of the mere Kingdom she was. Austria would naturally feel anew the indignities from which she suffered last year, and would be glad to find an ally in so powerful a nation as France against Prussia.

That some sort of an alliance has been concluded between them seems pretty much admitted on all sides. But to what end it is not so plain. Austria cannot desire war so soon again with Prussia; and Napoleon, in his recent speeches on his return home, declares emphatically that he is for peace and business prosperity, although he goes on strengthening and drilling and perfecting both army and navy. Possibly, if not probably, the understanding between France and Austria is something like this: If France will back Austria in the sure dismemberment of Turkey, so that Austria may extend herself in the south and east, instead of suffering continued encroachments from Russia, then Austria is to lend her moral and physical aid to support France in any expected trouble with Prussia. Thus the alliance would be in the nature of a trade; what one did in one direction, the other would balance by doing in return in another. Russia is becoming impatient to know the sequel. And Prussia, through the Berlin Journals, is growing tart and bold toward France, evidently seeking to provoke the trouble that is almost certain to come. Matters in Europe will not be quiet till France and Prussia have made a trial of their strength.

Our Book List.

Those who desire to replenish their libraries, are referred to the list of valuable publications on our seventh page. All books in this list will be promptly mailed to any address, from our Office in Boston, or our Branch Office in New York, upon receipt of price. All other books published in this country may also be ordered through us, at the very lowest market prices.

Rev. Rowland Connor.

This gentleman, who was thrust out of his pulpit by the pew-owners (not the congregation) of the School-street Universalist Church, has organized a new Society of Universalists, many of them going off from Dr. Miner's Church, and opened Mechanics' Institute for holding public Sunday services. His first discourse to his congregation under the new organization was preached on the 1st day of September, and its theme was "The Religion of To-Day." He had previously accepted the invitation of his people to become their pastor, and formally subscribed his faith in their approved Universalist form of belief. His text was taken from the Epistle of James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world." After stating as preliminary that the breath of God had been breathed into every living soul, and that all humanity is in its own way devout, he passed to the comprehensive remark that there is perceptible progress in religious ideas, for which new forms and modes of expression are demanded.

Mind never ceases to grow and expand; and the religion of the past time is therefore not like the religion of the present. The distinctive religions of the world are just beginning to make one another's acquaintance. The world is rousing up with a curiosity to know the history and significance of them all, as well as their relationship. Nations are reaching out their hands one to the other. The old and traditional ideas and conceptions are breaking up. The opinions of men are boiling and bubbling as in a cauldron, and an unnatural excitement is for some time to be looked for in consequence. But finally, these discords and inharmonies will be reconciled, and the whole world will keep step to the tune it is marching by. Can any existing religion withstand this contentious excitement? It is essential that we should stop and look to see where our ark of faith is likely to rest. Our Father's tabernacle has been lifted up. Men do not now read Calvin and Edwards, Hopkins and Wesley; but Colenso and Renss, Spencer, Mill and Emerson. Science is undermining old theology. Our theologies are evidently to be reconstructed. The foundation of all of them was to be—MAN. We are not to believe in pope, creed, or church; nor to believe first in anything but Man. That faith includes and involves all the rest.

Legal Murder in Philadelphia.

In another column the reader will find an article from the Boston Transcript on the hanging of George Winemore, the Philadelphia murderer, which will repay a careful perusal. It considers the subject of lunacy, or obsession by evil spirits, as was clearly the trouble with the wretched man who paid the forfeit of his life for his great crime, from a side not commonly regarded. We do not propose to indulge in any comments of our own on this matter at present, but intend to return to the subject another time. The remarks, or suggestions rather, which are all that we shall permit expression to now, are in brief that there is a law that governs in this thing, the disobedience of which by ignorance has long entailed an amount of suffering from which the world may readily free itself. By understanding that law, there need be no such Innates as Winemore, no horrible murders such as he committed, no hanging scenes to be multiplied upon one another because their lesson is as ineffective now as years ago, and no more procreation of murderers and murder-cherishing natures. It is that great Law to which we would revert at another time.

Death of Mrs. E. A. Bliss.

A private letter to a gentleman in this city announces the death on board the steamboat Montana of this estimable lady, while on her voyage to California and shortly after leaving Panama. The object of the journey was the recovery of her health, which has been very much impaired for several years, together with the hope of being useful in spreading the glad tidings of Spiritualism in the golden land. But she has made the long voyage, passed through the "golden gate," and found the haven of rest. All who have listened to the practical truths enunciated with such fearlessness and sincerity from her lips, while the body seemed hardly strong enough to serve the spirit's uses, will rejoice with her in the rest which she has attained, and the greater freedom upon which she has entered. Her body was consigned to the ocean at sunset on the 27th day of July.

Spiritualist Grove Meetings, Picnics, Conventions, etc.

The present summer has been prolific of Spiritualist Conventions, Grove Meetings, Picnics, etc., in various portions of the country. This is a sure index that the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century is rapidly gaining proselytes. At these gatherings men and women of talent and energy lecture to the multitudes that attend; who, in turn, scatter the gems of Love, Wisdom and Truth they have listened to and drank in from inspired lips, among those less fortunate than themselves. Thus the good seed is being sown, which in due time will yield an abundant harvest.

The Great Organ.

The Management of the Music Hall Spiritual Sunday afternoon meetings have succeeded in obtaining the use of the Great Organ, which will be played half an hour preceding each lecture by the distinguished organist, W. Eugene Thayer, whose services have been secured for the season.

Spiritualists and others desirous of attending these meetings, which commence Oct. 6th, with a lecture by Judge Edmonds, are notified that season tickets (price \$4) can be had at This Office.

Characteristic.

We understand that the Congregationalist newspaper has of late published an article, in which the writer, "a devout and humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus," endeavored to hold up to ridicule the proceedings of the late Spiritualist Convention in this city. The intolerance of bigotry is proverbial, and our Orthodox friends eclipse all other credulists in their opposition to the incoming soul-inspiring truths of Spiritualism.

Caution.

There are numbers of people in our midst, both male and female, that advertise in the daily papers as "healing mediums," "spiritual clairvoyants," etc., who are not and never were Spiritualists. Spiritualists should be on their guard, and not be deceived by such pretenders, whose only and sole aim is to make money out of the unwary. There are plenty of good and true clairvoyants. Beware of the spurious ones.

We have been obliged to omit our New York Department the present week, in consequence of the great press of other matter upon our inside pages.

FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

This Convention assembled in compliance with the call, at Cleveland, Ohio, in Brainerd's Hall, on Tuesday, September 3d, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Newman Weeks, of Vermont, President of the Third National Convention, called the Assembly to order. After the usual preliminary business was transacted, J. M. Peebles offered a resolution in commemoration of the late venerable JOHN PIERPONT, President of the Second National Convention of Spiritualists. He made a very fitting speech on the occasion, and was followed by J. M. Spear, H. C. Wright, E. V. Wilson, Dr. Hallock, and Moses Hull, who all spoke briefly and to the point. Mr. W. R. Jocelyn, entranced, then gave a brief poetic address, purporting to come from the spirit of Pierpont.

The Convention then took a recess till 3 P. M., to give the committee time to make up their reports.

In the afternoon, Henry C. Wright spoke upon the need of a definite statement of the issues made between Christianity and Spiritualism, claiming that Spiritualism was essentially a plan of salvation, more in accordance with reason and nature than any hitherto offered the world. No man, he said, could be a true Spiritualist while following immoral practices or indulging in unnatural habits.

The Committee on Credentials here made a partial report. The Committee on Permanent Organization reported ISAAC REIN, of Philadelphia, for President; H. T. Child for Secretary, and L. K. Joslin, of Providence, for Treasurer. The report was accepted and adopted.

Mr. Weeks introduced the newly elected President, who, with a few exceedingly happy and concise sentences, took the Chair.

S. J. Finney moved a vote of thanks to Newman Weeks, Chairman of the Third National Convention, which was seconded and heartily carried. Mr. Weeks retired after making a brief and eloquent speech.

Mr. Chase moved that the parliamentary rules in common use be the rule of the Convention.

The Chairman of the Business Committee announced that the evening session would be devoted to the hearing of essays—the first by Mr. Finney, on the character of the Spiritual Philosophy; the other by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, on the Spiritual Idea of Education.

The large hall, capable of holding twelve hundred persons, was well filled during the day and crowded in the evening. The weather was delightful.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns will lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., until further notice. Permanent address, Vineland, N. J.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture and establish Lyceums. He would like to make engagements for the fall and winter as early as possible. Permanent address, Putnam, Ct.

Isaac P. Greenleaf is to speak in City Hall, Charlestown, Sept. 15 and 22.

A. A. Wheelock, of St. John's, Mich., speaks in Cleveland, O., the last Sunday of September.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Louisville, Ky., during this month.

James G. Albee will speak for the Society of Spiritualists holding meetings in Lamartine Hall, New York, on Sunday, Sept. 15.

Mrs. Lolla Walsbrooker writes as follows: "Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, of Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., has consented to enter the field as a speaker. I have known her for years, and would say to the friends that she is every way worthy of encouragement. She is also a good circle medium, and has fine healing powers. Set her to work, friends; set her to work."

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.

St. Louis.

We have received from St. Louis a very neat small-sized monthly sheet, published by the "Society of Spiritualists and Progressive Lyceum" there. It announces as speakers for September, Susie M. Johnson; for October, Hudson Tuttle; for November, J. M. Peebles. It chronicles the fact that Dr. Stale, of Michigan, is a powerful physical medium. All the manifestations through him are done in the light. They are considered very wonderful by those who have witnessed them.

The Lyceum Banner.

The children of Spiritualists will no doubt be pleased with their paper, the LYCEUM BANNER, the first number of which has just been issued. It is filled with interesting illustrated stories, choice poetry, music, etc., edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and published monthly at Chicago, Ill., by Mrs. L. H. Kimball. For sale in this city by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

Spiritualist Funeral.

On Saturday last we attended the funeral of an infant son of John W. Wentworth, of Brighton. The services were conducted by Mrs. Conant, through whom was given a most beautiful address and prayer by Theodore Parker. Surely it is good, when the angels are present, to visit the house of mourning.

Healing Medium Wanted.

The Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., we have reliable information for stating, are anxious that a good healing medium locate there. Our informant is of the opinion that such an one would be the means of not only restoring the sick to health, but also of spreading the gospel of truth in that locality.

Spiritualist Camp Meeting on Cape Cod.

The camp meeting at Caloon's Grove, Harwich, we learn, was a perfect success. So much so, that the managers continued it until the 9th.

By Dr. York's notice in another column, it will be seen that the grand social picnic of the Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity will take place at Walden Pond Grove, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. This excursion is to be for the pecuniary benefit of the Children's Lyceum, therefore it is desirable that the friends muster in strong force.

A subscription to erect a statue to the Emperor Maximilian has been opened in Trieste.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

This number closes Volume 21 of the BANNER—and a grand number it is, replete with living inspiration upon every page.

A host will join Dr. Gardner's Grand Excursion to Walden Grove on the 18th inst., weather permitting. For full particulars, see notice in another column.

The spirit message on our sixth page, purporting to come from Abby Green in spirit-land, is so full of feeling and sincerity that we should indeed be deeply gratified (if such a person ever lived on the earth), to receive material evidence of its truthfulness. Will the dear friends she says she left in Williamsburg have the kindness to respond to our request?

If the letter sent to our care for another party by some one in Groveland, Illinois, is valuable, the writer had better send for it, as we have no knowledge of the whereabouts of the person to whom it is addressed.

There are some persons in this world whom you may assist ever so much, even for many years, that will turn, viper-like, and sting you the moment you cease to aid them peculiarly. They will write letters to your friends derogatory of your character, and show their vindictiveness in various ways. These peculiarities of human nature teach the benevolent man who has been injured by them to become cautious as to whom he aids. Ingratitude is the father of selfishness, and raises many children.

Frank Smith, of Baltimore, wants us to double the size of the BANNER and double our "Message Department," and that we double the price of subscription, if necessary, to accomplish this purpose. Brother, this is just what we should like to do; but (ominous words) while "friends will aid us" in a literary point of view, they will not, peculiarly. Recollect, friend Smith, it costs more than double to publish a paper now that it did when we commenced the BANNER.

THE PHILBRICK HOUSE, Portsmouth, N. H., under the superintendence of Henry C. Amory, is one of the neatest and best managed hotels in the country. It is very evident that Mr. Amory fully understands his business. Friends visiting Portsmouth are advised to tarry at the Philbrick House, by all means.

Dr. J. R. NEWTON.—This gentleman has sent us a long list of cures performed by him during his late sojourn in Boston—some very severe cases—the patients having since reported to him that they are still in good health, and are willing that their names should be known for the benefit of the afflicted. Dr. Newton is now healing the sick in Syracuse, N. Y., where he purports to remain six or eight weeks.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

The entire receipts at the Springfield, Mass., Horse Fair were about \$16,000, of which amount nearly \$3000 was profit.

The cholera is raging fearfully in Palermo, and throughout Sicily. Nearly one-half the cases terminate fatally.

The Christian Era and The Universalist are at variance in regard to the Connor School-street Church case. Their language does not indicate a very refined "Christian spirit," it seems to us.

Dr. U. CLARK IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—The friends and patients of Dr. U. Clark in Central and Western New York, will be interested to learn that he is about revisiting the scenes of his former labors, as will be seen by his advertisement on the fifth page.

An exchange says, "Chicago has eaten frogs voraciously this season, having already consumed 100,000!" The poor innocent croakers in that locality have become silent! It is well.

Faithful hands that tolled so long,
Lips that sung my cradle song,
Come and hush my sighs once more,
Lighthen burdens as before!
Softly through this silent room
Floats a brightness through the gloom,
While her presence seems to steal
Back to me beside this wheel.

Charles Pelree, Esq., writing us from Maine, under date of Aug. 29, says, "I am sorry to announce to you that a great calamity has befallen the industrious farmers of Maine, viz, the total destruction of the potato crop by that great scourge, the 'potato rot.' Its operations are most singular. The day before the disease struck the vines they were perfect and promising; the next morning whole fields appeared as if a scorching fire had run through them, the foliage black and crisped. In one week after, the potato in the hill became discolored and was soon a mass of decayed matter, fit for food for neither man nor beast. From what I can learn, the disease has swept over the whole State."

The Portland physicians account for the remarkable healthiness of that city this year by attributing it to the purifying influence of the great fire.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—We would call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the above named paper. It is the exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy; is decidedly progressive in its tendencies, and is filled with reading of an exceedingly high moral and Christian character. It is well worth reading. We take much pleasure in perusing it.—Advocate, Greenville, Ill.

The editor of the "Banner of Progress" has challenged the priesthood in California to a public oral discussion as to the truth or falsity of Spiritualism; but none as yet have ventured to accept the challenge. By the way, the "Progress" is a live paper. Success to you, friends.

If our friend, Mordcael Larkin, who dates his letter from Milford, and sends \$1.50 for the BANNER OF LIGHT, six months, will give us the name of the State in which he resides, we will forward the paper.

A servant girl in Rochester was given a sandglass to cook eggs by, and put it into the kettle with them. She did this three times before her novel method was discovered.

A Card from Walter Hyde.

Our labors in "Teaching the Philosophy of Healing by the laying on of hands, and the Principles attending mediumistic development," have for a time been suspended; but under far more favorable auspices than formerly, we have opened our doors to the public, and invite attention to our classic instructions and evening stances, which commence on the 17th of this month, and continue one week, at No. 100 East 29th street, New York City.

We believe the nature of the conditions necessary to success may be learned, and that mortals may heal even as the spirits do, if they but know how. We have our bodies to work through, while they use their mediums. WALTER HYDE.

SECOND GREAT SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING.

At Pierpont Grove, Melrose, Mass., August 20th, 21st and 22nd Sept. 1887.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Last year's successful inauguration by the Spiritualists of Eastern Massachusetts, of the Camp Meeting system of physical recreation, social intercourse and spiritual culture, prompted a very general desire among all who participated in that first meeting, or read the report thereof in the BANNER, to have another convene upon the same grounds this year. In accordance with this desire, several gentlemen residing in Malden, Melrose and vicinity, known as zealous, active and practical Spiritualists, determined that the wishes of the people should be gratified, and at once assumed the responsibility of calling, and the labor and expense of preparing for the meeting. Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, was elected Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and the engagement of speakers and general charge of the meetings entrusted to him.

Although not, perhaps, exactly the spot that "Camp Meeting John" or any other Methodist veteran would have selected for a permanent camping ground, in all weathers, yet last season being dry, the splendid grove, thickly studded with a great variety of forest trees, covering about four acres, two of level land, and gradually rising on the southwest and south upon a protecting hillside, forming a vast amphitheatre, quiet, beautiful and secluded, charmed every visitor, and left a pleasant picture in the mind of the place itself. But the present season has been uncommonly wet, and the disadvantages of the locality have been brought out by the rain in very distinct water-courses.

An early visit to the Camp, on Thursday morning, was calculated to dampen enthusiasm. A small portion of the grounds was already wet and marshy, owing to recent rains, and all signs, including air, sky, wind, smoke and tree-tops, portended a storm. About twenty tents were already up, and the working committee were busily engaged in finishing up the sitting accommodations for about two thousand persons, around the large stand for speakers. At the west end of the grove was the police tent, and the wooden structure of the caterer. By noon time some two or three hundred persons had arrived upon the ground, generally from abroad—tents were selected, trunks deposited, and preparations made for enjoying whatever circumstances would permit. Several speakers were already on the ground, and at 2 o'clock Dr. Storer called the audience together and announced a Conference meeting for the afternoon, the exercises to consist of short volunteer speeches, singing, and the narration of experiences and facts.

The choir, with melodeon accompaniment, then opened the meeting by singing the animating hymn—

"The Host of God, they come to us,
On heavenly mission bound."

The Conference was of a very interesting character, being addressed by A. C. Robinson, of Salem, Dr. E. Sprague, of Schenectady, N. Y., J. S. Loveland, A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, Mrs. Litch, of Melrose, Chauncey Barnes, and Dr. Greenwood, of Malden.

No rain fell during the meeting, but later in the afternoon a drizzling storm set in, which prevented an evening meeting, and drove everybody to the shelter of their tents. Through the night the rain poured in torrents, draining down from the "beautiful hills," in the rear of the tents, miniature rivers running under the straw, and making bed clothes, tents and bedding generally moist and uncomfortable. Toward morning, however, the rain ceased, the clouds dispersed before a rising breeze which played among the tree tops, shaking the drops from the branches, and the campers waking on Friday morning from troubled dreams of drowning, were greeted and gladdened by the sunlight glimmering through the foliage, and bathing the grove in golden promise. During the morning large accessions were made to the company. More tents were pitched, and among them a large Marquee tent for the remarkable exhibitions of physical manifestations through the mediumship of Miss Laura V. Ellis. So well satisfied were all the committee of the genuineness of these spiritual manifestations, that Mr. Ellis was cordially invited to give opportunity for those who might attend this meeting to witness for themselves these remarkable phenomena; and we may here say, that the interest of the meeting was greatly increased thereby, some nine sances having been given during the four days, probably attended by at least one thousand persons. The evident fairness and sincerity with which this exhibition was conducted, seemed to impress every visitor, and although considered astonishing and uncomfortable by the numerous skeptics present, we heard not a word of distrust or suspicion expressed.

At 10 o'clock the large bell sounded through the camp, and the morning Conference commenced. Dr. Storer gave opportunity for the exercise of freedom in opening the meeting with prayer, if any desired it, which brought upon the stand Mr. Chauncey Barnes, who offered an appropriate and earnest invocation to the Father of all spirits, and the spirit children of the Infinite Father. An original hymn, written for and presented to the camp by Mrs. S. S. Johnson, was then sung to the tune, "Tramp! tramp! tramp!" by the choir.

E. S. Wheeler, after quoting a sentiment of Bishop Ashbury, "What thou hast not by suffering bought, presume not thou to teach," delivered an eloquent address, condensed but clearly illustrated, upon the contributions made to human knowledge and human progress, by the life-experiences of individuals.

A poem entitled "Ministering Spirits," was read by J. S. Loveland, in the hush of profound attention and appreciation of soul; followed by the controverted subject of rope-tying and dark circle manifestations, the sentiment being approved and heartily approved, as enunciated by Mr. Wheeler, that "whatever may be true or false as to the mediumship of this or that individual, the demands of a scientific study of Spiritualism require that the conditions under which they are produced be such as absolutely to preclude the possibility of deception." Conference closed with singing.

The afternoon session was opened with singing by the choir, its numbers somewhat increased, and aided by the melodeon accompaniment, for the excellent playing of which throughout the meeting, the audience were indebted to Miss Maud Jackson, of Malden. The choir followed as directed by Mrs. O. Fannie Allen, on practical obedience to the highest perceived laws of our nature, at the close of which a poem was improvised on a subject given her by some one in the audience, entitled, "Inward Light," evincing very marked ability in expressing appropriate sentiments in rhyme and rhythm.

Mrs. O. H. Rand, of Milford, Mass., read Lizzie Doten's beautiful poem, entitled, "The Spirit Mother," after which Dr. Houghton, of Milford, delivered an excellent address upon the "Natural and Philosophical Satisfaction of Man." Brief remarks were also made by Mr. J. S. Loveland upon the "Sacredness of True Mediumship," and the duty of Spiritualists to protect their mediums, so far as possible, not only from conditions that tended to involve them in suspicion as impostors, but from the necessity of publicly exhibiting their mediumship for pay, in competition with jugglers and imitating impostors. He said that efforts had been industriously and persistently made to create the impression that some prominent and well known Spiritualists, such as Mr. Drott, of Philadelphia, E. L. Wadsworth,

editor of the Spiritual Republic, himself and others, were opposed to physical manifestations. Nothing could be more false. They were determined to expose the impostors, as all true Spiritualists should be, that the genuine medium might be protected from the imputation of being now publicly cast upon all professing such mediumship, and that the laws involved in it might be thoroughly studied.

After singing, the large audience adjourned till the evening session. Evening Meeting.—Notwithstanding the dampness of the grove, that rendered it imprudent for many to remain during the evening that would otherwise have done so, arrivals from Boston, Malden, Melrose and adjoining towns, kept up the number in attendance, so that when the ball was struck at seven o'clock, there were probably five hundred persons assembled. Attention to the announced address of Mrs. S. A. Horton, the efficient co-laborer with Bro. E. S. Wheeler in the State missionary work. Her inspired thoughts, flowing calmly on as a deep stream from an inexhaustible fountain, seemed to pervade all minds, and win universal approval and acceptance.

The choir sang "The Gifts of Angels," after which Prof. J. H. W. Toohey, of Boston, narrated the circumstances attending the murder committed by the so-called Spiritualist Winemore at Philadelphia, and the efforts which had been made for a commutation of his sentence.

The meeting closed with a selection by the choir, the audience in large part departing for their homes by carriages and on foot, leaving the campers to get the best sleep they could in the chilly atmosphere of the tents. Saturday morning dawned bright and fair. At an early hour the camp was astir, and active preparations made for breakfast. Arrivals by horse and steam cars, including small delegations from Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, swelled the numbers in attendance during the day to about three thousand. Promptly at 10 o'clock, Dr. Storer rang out the morning call to Conference, which was opened by singing the original hymn presented by Mrs. S. S. Johnson. The address was delivered by Ex-Rev. E. Sprague, followed by Miss Barbara Allen, Dr. Greenwood, of Cambridgeport, Miss Davis, of Charlestown, Miss Dedham, of Boston, J. Madison Allen, J. S. Loveland and Miss Hattie Wilson, of East Cambridge, the colored medium, interspersed with singing by the choir. Miss Wilson's address excited thrilling interest, and was at once an eloquent plea for the recognition of the capacities of her race, the sentiment and philosophy of universal brotherhood, and a timely and beautiful application of the idea of human progress, under the figure of a moving camp, testing its light day by day nearer home.

A fraternal greeting was received from the Camp Meeting at Calhoun's Grove, Harwich, now in session, by their Secretary, R. Thayer, which Dr. Storer read to the meeting, responding to the fraternal sentiments expressed in behalf of this meeting.

At the close of each session the President gave notice of the sances to be held at the tent of Mr. Ellis, and the recess of about two hours gave opportunity for witnessing the spiritual manifestations there produced, dinner, or a stroll to the beautiful cascade in the immediate vicinity.

The afternoon services were opened by an invocation, Dr. St. Johnston, singing "The Host of God," and the reading of a poem by Mrs. Rand, entitled, "The Soul's Asking." An address occupying an hour, upon the "Obstructions to Spiritual Freedom," was delivered by Mr. I. P. Greenleaf, of Maine, and the President then introduced Mrs. S. E. Johnson, of Abington, who sang in a very sweet and beautiful manner the song entitled, "Shall we meet each other there?" which was listened to with intense interest and heartily applauded. Short addresses were then made by Mrs. J. J. Clark, of Connecticut, and Mrs. S. A. Willis, of Lawrence, the latter from the peculiar text, "Mind your own business," with general and special applications.

Evening Session.—Twilight faded, the innumerable stars blossomed out in the heavens above, and as the throng of people poured in from every direction, the grove, illuminated by the numerous lights suspended from the trees and burning in the tents, presented a cheerful and brilliant appearance. The chilliness of the air rendered shawls and thick clothing indispensable, but the seats were rapidly filled, and hundreds stood in the aisles and on the outer circle during the exercises. After a select song by the choir, united in the congregation, Mr. J. S. Loveland rose to address the audience. The hush of expectation swept over the assembly, as the speaker's low voice of the speaker introduced the subject of the evening, attention was at once concentrated, and uninterrupted to the close. He spoke upon "Charity, as interpreted by Spiritualism." The speaker's inspiration was indeed a "deep breath in the atmosphere of serene ideas."

Short inspirational addresses were made by Mrs. Litch, of Melrose, Mrs. Belknap, of Hopedale, and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, of Northboro', Mass., the exercises closing about nine o'clock. Sunday was expected to have been the great day of the feast, and but for the threatening appearance of the rain, there would have been a vast concourse present. As it was, extra trains were run from Stoneham, Malden, Melrose, East Boston and Chelsea, and before night not less than 6,000 persons had visited the ground.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the signal bell rang through the grove, and Dr. Storer announced the opening of the morning Conference. As upon each previous day, it was desired that all persons having interesting facts, personal narratives or short pertinent remarks to make calculated to interest the assembly, should feel free to speak, and by giving their names at the stand would be announced in order to the audience. The East Boston artist choir, on arriving, augmented the musical talent, and led the congregation in the opening hymn—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

Mrs. Rand read in a very impressive manner the beautiful poem "Evermore," followed by an address from Mr. Morrison, a young trance medium from Haverhill. Interesting musical manifestations were described by Mr. Vose, of Woonsocket, and brief addresses made by Mr. R. Walker, of Hopedale, Mr. Lincoln, of Boston, Mr. Gouldwin, trance medium, of Marblehead, and Mr. Harris, of Abington.

An announcement, in accordance with previous announcement, Mr. J. S. Loveland, after reading the grand poem, "The Watcher on the Tower," delivered an address in answer to the question, "What is Spiritualism?" followed by Mrs. M. M. Wood, of Connecticut. Mrs. Wood's discourse was founded upon the words "Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that shall be revealed," &c. These addresses, in intrinsic value of their subject-matter, profound analysis of the principles involved, clearness of statement, and general ability of treatment, were remarkable, and were fortunately heard by one of the largest audiences present. The time having arrived, the speaker's interest and enjoyment of the lectures was equally intense.

But little rain fell during the day, not enough to interrupt the public exercises. The dampness, however, increasing, many left the camp before the evening meeting, leaving perhaps 800 persons on the ground to participate in the closing exercises. Dr. E. Sprague first addressed the meeting—subject, "Spiritualism the best Religion," followed by Dr. J. N. Hodges, of East Boston, upon the "Service rendered to man by all Religions and the necessity of every progressive step that has been taken." The time having arrived, the speaker's interest and enjoyment of the lectures was equally intense.

By request, the President then desired all who favored the idea of holding another camp meeting next year, to signify it by saying "Ay," when a unanimous shout resounded through the grove, confirming the desire. The choir then sang in sweet, harmonious strains, "Home, sweet home," and the services closed.

Owing to the very efficient police regulations under the direction of Capt. J. T. Lervey, of Melrose, and L. D. Phillips, of Malden, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the camp during the four days, and no arrests were made.

Sunday Afternoon Lectures in Music Hall, Boston.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity have the pleasure to announce that arrangements for a Sunday course of Lectures at the 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, 1887, by JUDGE J. 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 and 15, Mrs. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, of New York.
Dec. 22, and Jan. 12 and 19, To be announced.
Feb. 5, 12, 19 and 26, Mrs. ALICIA WILHELM, M. D., of Philadelphia.
March 2, J. M. Peebles, 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. For sale at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, Room No. 2, 2nd story, and at HENRY B. FULLER'S, (successor to Walker, Fuller & Co.) bookseller, 235 Washington street. Let every one desiring a seat apply early and secure their ticket.
Services will commence at 2 1/2 o'clock P. M.

A Social Lereo

Will be held at Macchist's and Blacksmiths Hall, corner of City Square and Chelsea street, Charlestown, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 18th, 1887, for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum that meets in said hall. Good music for dancing. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets—for gentlemen, 50 cents; ladies, 25 cents each.
C. C. YORK, Manager.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
J. C. PARIS, Ill.—Dear friend, your kind note has been received. The manuscript is safely on file. It will be reached soon.

Business Matters.

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

THE RADICAL for September is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

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

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, June and July numbers, for sale at this office, price 10 cents. Also the new monthly, HUMAN NATURE, published in London; price 35 cents.

SITUATION WANTED.—A lady who is a thorough English and French scholar, desires a situation as governess, copyist, or to do any kind of writing. Will leave New England if a good salary is offered. References exchanged. Address Miss G., BANNER OF LIGHT office, aug10 6wt

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin. Agents wanted (male or female), to sell our celebrated FRANKLIN'S DIAMOND BRAND SHIRT-THREAD SEWING MACHINES. Complete with Treadle and \$25. Single-Thread Hand Machines are also practical for any sewing at any price. We give AWAY our Machines to the poor and needy, and send them out on trial. Circulars and information free. Address J. C. OTTIS & Co., BOSTON, MASS. sept7-4w

LADIES WHO ARE INVALIDS, as well as others, will find great comfort by wearing BACHELLER'S IMPROVED PATENT SKIRT SUPPORTER. It may be worn with or without corsets. It completely removes the weight of the under-clothing from the loins and hips, also prevents the distressing heaving down and dragging of the skirts at the waist. Salesroom, 405 WASHINGTON STREET; factory, 10 ARCH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

A VALUABLE MEDICINAL OFFERING to sufferers from the pains of NEURALGIA, Nerve-ache, and all other painful nervous diseases, headache, hysteria affections and extreme prostration of the nervous system, is Dr. TURNER'S TRODOLOREX or UNIVERSEAL REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA. In this medicine the sufferer will surely find relief. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 THURMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. PRICE \$1 per package; by mail two postage stamps extra.

Special Notices.

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

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

Rare Chance for a Medical Student.

For an enterprising, intelligent young man desirous of procuring a complete knowledge of the Science of Medicine, and who is desirous of applying to practical applications daily, in every Department, and feels himself too limited in means to obtain such an ordinary course, and is desirous of paying his way by his own labor by making himself practically useful, may learn of such a situation by applying to the Troy Lung and Hygiene Institute. He must possess unwavering moral integrity, be characterized by decision of character, perseverance, and subject to no debasing habits.

Address DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygiene Institute, No. 96 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y. Sept. 14.

The Great Medicine of the World.—Perry Davis & Son's "Pain Killer" may most justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe where it has not long been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no climate to which it has not been proved to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; and as a special and unsurpassed remedy, speedy and safe, for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds, and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea, and local complaints generally, it is admirably suited for every race of men on the globe.

It is a very significant fact, that notwithstanding the long period of years that the "Pain Killer" has been before the world, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, or shown the least sign of becoming unfashionable; but on the contrary, the call for it has steadily increased from its first discovery by that excellent and honored man, Perry Davis, and at no previous time has the demand for it been so great, or the quantity made been so large as it is at this day.

Another significant fact is, that nowhere has the "Pain Killer" ever been in higher repute, or been more generally used by families and individuals, than it has been here at home, where it was first discovered and introduced, and where its proprietors, Messrs. Perry Davis and Son, have ever been held in high esteem. The "Pain Killer" will continue to be what we have styled it, the great medicine of the world, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.—Providence Advertiser. 2w—Sept. 14.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

MRS. M. M. WOOD, CLAIRVOYANT, will answer questions on business matters, give delineation of character, and give the particulars concerning your development, by the aid of her non-conducting medium, at her office, 111 Broadway street, Worcester, Mass. Sept. 14.

MRS. FOWLER, CLAIRVOYANT-Physician and Test Medium, No. 65 Bedford street, cures disease by laying on of hands; also Red-Red of lost money, disease, love, marriage and death. Terms \$2.00. Circle money, please. 1w—Sept. 14.

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THE SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY, Scrofula, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Female Weaknesses, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Debility of Nursing and Pregnancy, and all CHRONIC DISORDERS OF EVERY NATURE.

"AS SURE A REMEDY IN CONSUMPTION as Quinine is in Intermittent Fever, and as EFFECTUAL AND PRESERVATIVE as Vaccination in Small Pox."—Dr. Churchill. "It is unequalled in NERVOUS DEBILITY, and I believe it is the only medicine that will cure a pure case of it."—Dr. E. V. Styler, Turin, N. Y. "I would say to all who have any tendency to Consumption, TAKE THIS REMEDY, and the sooner the better."—W. H. Townsend, M. D., Unionville, Pa.

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CALIFORNIA AGENCY.—D. NORCROSS, No. 5 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco.

NEW ENGLAND AGENCY.—GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston. 14—Sept. 14.

DR. J. R. NEWTON Will Heal the Sick at SYRACUSE, N. Y., On and after Sept. 8th.

MAGEE STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES.

Magee Parlor Stoves, unrivalled for economy, power and beauty.

Magee Cook Stoves, superior to any stove ever sold in this country. Ten thousand of these Stoves have been sold within four years.

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SYRACUSE, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS.

DR. URIAH CLARK,

LATE of Greenwood Health College, and of Boston, author of the "PLANS GIVEN TO SPIRITS," and former editor of the "SPIRITUAL CLARION," will treat the sick at the Empire House, Syracuse, N. Y., from Sept. 10th to the 21st, at the Reformed House, Rochester, from 21st to 28th, and at the Exchange House, Niagara Falls, from 28th to 30th. All kinds of invalids guaranteed thorough treatment to insure cures. Evening lessons given to qualify persons wishing to learn to practice without using medicine, or to deliver for list of wonderful cures, etc. 2w—Sept. 14.

DR. P. B. AND JENNIE RANDOLPH, CLAIRVOYANTS, cure Fits, Epilepsy, Nervous disorders, Insanity, and suicidal propensities, by means of Clairvoyance, No Failure. Teach and develop Clairvoyance, Mediumship, the Will-power, and indicate where one's real power lies. Terms \$2.00. Address 1102 33rd St., N. Y. City, Sept. 14.

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SPINAL CURVATURE.

THE author has invented means to treat Spinal Diseases, Weakness, and Curvature of the Spine, and practical tests with success hitherto unequalled. Curve it has been straightened when it was supposed impossible. Bones, muscles, nerves, cartilages and blood vessels, crowded entirely out of place by a curved spine, or other disease, have, by these means, been returned to their natural places, and to their normal size, length and action.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (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.

Oh Lucifer, thou Morning Star, whose brightness hath glided the heavens and the earth, draw nigh unto these souls in mortal, shedding a divine halo over the altar of their being, such as shall drive away the bats and owls of superstition and bigotry. We know thy light hath shone through every age. We know that no soul is without its radiance; yet in behalf of the souls who are gathered here on this occasion, we beseech thee to shed a newness of thy light upon these souls, whereby they may come to an understanding of thy truth, and shall be made ready to leave all doubt, all superstition and error, and be ready to worship at the shrine of everlasting truth.

Thou art our Father; thou art our Source; thou art the brightening radiance of our souls; thou art the Father that giveth us our immortality. We cannot understand thee, but we can worship and love thee. In the midst of the darkness of every age, thy wondrous wisdom some soul hath been able to perceive. In the midst of wars, of pestilence, of famine, and of all those dark experiences through which the soul in humanity is called to pass, there thou hast shone, and thy light has been the light that has led every soul unto heaven.

Therefore, oh Son of the Morning, oh Morning Star, unto thee we will ascribe all honor, all glory, all praise, forever and ever. Amen. June 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Whatever questions you may have received, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to talk about.

CHAIRMAN.—Phoebe Hammond, of Chester, N. H., sends a question for the Rev. Mr. Pierpont's special consideration.

SPIRIT.—I will do what I can toward answering it.

Q.—Will the spirit of John Pierpont answer the following question: We often hear an audible sigh for "that land of rest where sin or sorrow never enter." Now is there any such place? If when we leave the form we enter the spirit-world with the same propensities that we had while living on earth-life, will not the same faculties be employed? and, if so, the desire to do evil? Returning, might we not be led to degrees of sinfulness toward mortals that in time would induce us to sorrow deeply? And if our spirit-life be a life of progression, how can it be a state of rest?

A.—Oh yes, there is a condition of peace and rest such as the soul sighs for, but humanity has not properly defined that condition. True rest does not imply inaction. On the contrary, it means that action that brings pleasure to the soul of him or her who acts. When a soul is in a state of harmony with itself, with all the circumstances that belong particularly to itself, then it knows something concerning that state of rest, that peace that it sighs for when out amidst the conflicts of time. Or in other words, when the soul has overcome by the exercise of its own native goodness all that which is less good than itself, then it is in harmony with itself, with its surroundings, and consequently is in that state of rest, that condition of peace. It is vain to go outside of one's self to find heaven. Christ said the kingdom of heaven is within you, for he knew very well that it could not be found elsewhere. The kingdom of heaven is within, and the power to understand and enjoy that kingdom is also within. It is not without. Men go all over the world seeking for heaven, when it is within themselves. They go into the gold mines seeking for gold, because they hope perchance it will bring them heaven. They seek for the diamonds of Peru, because they hope to find heaven there. Everywhere they seek, except in the right place. It is the purpose and the mission of the spirits who return here, to show you how to find the kingdom of heaven. They purpose to lead you within yourselves, to tell you that you are no longer to seek outside your own being for the kingdom of heaven. Oh yes, there is a kingdom of heaven, there is a place of rest, there is a condition of peace, but it's not in any distant star. It's within the holy of holies of one's own being.

Q.—Will the Intelligence please to inform us if Christ, our Saviour, descended into the earth after he was crucified, and preached to spirits in prison? And if so, how were they imprisoned? and were they afterward set free?

A.—Yes, why not? The Spirit of Truth, which was the spirit that manifested through Jesus Christ, is not limited by the circumstances of human life. It finds no barrier in rocks or earth, in clouds or sunshine. It can go everywhere. It can penetrate through all darkness, it can understand all light. Now this same Spirit of Truth that descended into—if I may so speak—the caverns of hell, where spirits were imprisoned by superstition, by error, by religious darkness, by all those crimes that are born of ignorance, it went there, it preached to those spirits, and in preaching liberated them. It did so centuries ago, and it does so to-day. The Christ is not dead, spirit is not lost. Life is life, and there are spirits in prison to-day, just as there were in the days of the man, Jesus the Christ.

Q.—Are spirits who die now in darkness imprisoned the same as in the days of Jesus?

A.—Precisely the same. The rule is not killed nor lost. It exists, and is in action to-day, just as it was in his day. The Spirit of Truth preaches continually to those spirits who are bound in prison-houses of error. You have them all over the land. Some of them are bowing down beneath frescoed walls, from cushioned pews, before gilded altars. But nevertheless they are in prison, and the Spirit of Truth, in robes of simple white, approaches every one of them in good time, and, preaching to them, sets them free.

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June 18.

Stephen H. Caverly.

I am not at all posted in this most glorious way of return to one's friends, but I suppose it's not to be expected that new beginners should be well posted. I had no knowledge of these things when I was here, and I've not had as good advantages as many have had of gaining knowledge since I left the earth. But there are many urgent reasons why I should return, so I have made the attempt, hoping I should be successful.

I want to reach my family, who were in Bainbridge, Pa. Do you suppose I can? [We think it probable.]

Well, you see, if I look back at all on the last scenes of my earthly life, I find myself getting rather unhappy. But I'm obliged to travel back there in thought for a few moments, in order to identify myself.

They say it is your custom to receive from all those who come here, certain facts relating to their earthly lives that will lead to their identification. [For the spirit's benefit we require such facts.] Yes, I understand it.

Well, in the battle before Richmond I was wounded, and taken prisoner. I say in the battle before Richmond—I suppose it was called that—I do not know; at any rate, it is the name I have given it. It was in '64, sir. They tell me it is now '67. [June.] Yes, well, in May, '64, I was taken prisoner, and was quartered in the Pemberton building. I do not know, but I was so told. [You were not in Libby, were you?] No, opposite there. At any rate, they said, "Libby is over there," and I certainly was in an opposite direction; that was on the other side of the street from where I was. I was taken sick right away upon entering that place, and very soon died.

It was said that I was exchanged. That was a mistake; I was not. And again, it was said that I was shot—murdered. That was a mistake. I died from want of care, want of food, and from sickness.

I am terribly troubled by a comrade who is determined that I shall surrender to him. But I am determined that I shall not until I have finished. He says it was his turn to come here and speak—not mine. Well, if it was, I am sorry; that's all. It so happens that I am here, and he is a few paces at the rear. (Turning and speaking to the spirit:) Your turn comes next; so, comrade, wait. I know you had the ground before me; but never mind, you shall come back and have your say. I know I stepped into your shoes, but it happened rather naturally. I was awaiting a chance to come, and he was n't paying strict attention, so he lost his ground. But I'll make it all right with him. You see, he wants to reach his friends in Pennsylvania. I want to reach mine in Massachusetts. [I think you have got things rather mixed up.] I know it, but I'll straighten them all out. He wants to go to his friends in Pennsylvania. I am from the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, he from the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry. There's the difference. I am from the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, Company K. (Speaking to the spirit:) "All right; you shall have your say." And I died, as I said before, at the Pemberton building, opposite Libby. And I would like that my friends apply to the Colonel of our regiment for further information. Perhaps he may give it; I do not know. But at all events, I hope they'll give me an invitation home; that is to say, meet me where I can speak to them.

I have not given my name, but I will do so. Stephen H. Caverly. (To the spirit again:) "All right; you wait awhile." I am under the necessity of using a little force with my friend; not because I've got anything against him, but because he's crowding me considerably.

(To the spirit:) Now, then, my good lady, strike out the Pennsylvania part, and substitute Massachusetts. That will do. [What town in Massachusetts were you from?] Boston, good old Boston; right here where I am.

I suppose my friends do not exactly know where I died. I want them to know I'm alive, and as I've come back, of course they'll know it.

(To the spirit:) "I'll surrender to you, good friend." June 18.

Jackson Logan.

Well, that's what I call "tenting on the old camp ground" in good earnest. Now, for fear he should come back again, I'll hurry up a little.

I'm a recruit from Andersonville; a little different from Libby Prison or the Pemberton building; and I'm from Bainbridge, Pennsylvania. My name, Jackson Logan; a descendant from the Mingo chief, I claim to be. I do not know how much of his blood runs in my veins, though. I'm one of the enthusiastic kind, and I don't like to have anybody step into my place.

Now I'm very anxious that my family should know I can come back, so they can get what government should pay over to them; and I do not want them to go to other folks about me, but I want them to ask me to come, and let me come and talk with them myself. That's the very best way, because, you see, I know my own story, and can tell it better than any one else. But I know very well they don't know anything about this thing.

I want, in the first place, to open the windows to let them know I can come back here and talk; in the second place, that I want to talk with them; and in the third place, to come straight to them. [You want them to provide you with a medium?] I want them to let me have as good a one as they can. If they can't give me the best, let them give me as good a one as they can, for I do not like these half machines that some folks are obliged to make use of.

I hear that Mr. Davis is at large. Very poor pay for those boys who fought so hard to put down the rebellion. I hope the time is not far distant when he'll get his just deserts. Talk about hanging him to a sour apple-tree! Poor old Massachusetts never grew an apple-tree crooked enough to be willing to bear the disgrace of Mr. Davis upon its branches. That's the way I feel about it. That's the way a great many others feel. I'm not alone.

But that's nothing to do with my wife, is it? I want her to overcome all her prejudices in regard to these things, and be willing to hear a voice from Andersonville. It's not so strong a voice as some, but anyway it's strong enough, I suppose, to give light enough, nevertheless. If my wife wants to gain further evidence concerning my death, let her find me some good medium, and I purpose to ask her to come and have a talk with me.

Now, then, suppose you mail one of your good papers to Mrs. Ellen Logan, Bainbridge, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. That is straightforward, is it? [Yes.] All right; and I'll pay you in something better than "greenbacks," or even gold, when you get to the spirit-world.

June 18.

Patrick Mamamara.

All right, major-general. There seems to be a sort of an earnestness on the part of the boys to

have the right to get in just where they belong in coming back here to talk.

I'm a graduate from the 9th Massachusetts, and I claim allegiance to the name of Patrick Mamamara. You will spell it Macnamara; and I'm come from the country where dead folks are said to live. I've just emigrated, and I've got on my freedom suit, and I've got folks here myself. Now, sir, all that's wanting is a good vehicle through which I can talk to them, and let them know I can come; that I'm alive; and that I'm as ready to fight now for the capture of Jeff. Davis as I was here. Oh the rascal! he is out, they say. Well, he would not be if I was in Andy Johnson's place. But he's the greatest rascal of the two. That's the living truth, sir. I hope the party that elected him is satisfied with him; that's all. Oh, if he didn't give him the greatest—what do you call it when they've all got their heads in a bag together? All right, I suppose, if he don't come out of the bag head foremost. But when he dies, he may not ascend head up, as Lincoln did. Faith, I think if he gets killed, it's not all the parade would be made about him that there was for Mr. Lincoln. No, sir, I rather think he might possibly get a pine box. A hemlock one would suit him better, I think. [Are n't you a little rough?] Oh yes, sir, I suppose I am rough; and if I'm not of the fancy to be smooth, I suppose you'll have to put up with the other thing.

That old Dow fellow what is here preaching to-day, feels the same way I do about Andy. I think if he should speak his mind, he'd say just what I should say, that he and others have a right to express their opinion about Mr. Johnson.

Well, now, I want my folks to come up where I can talk with 'em. I've got nothing to tell about money. I've got to tell them how I got to the spirit-land; how I am myself. What's the use of their wishing me back? I'd not do it if I could. They all say I'm just as happy as a lamb in the spirit-land. Yes, sir, I am just as happy as a lamb. I had no idea that I could come back, and when I was told I could come here, I could hardly believe it. Talk about going down into the grave when you die! I never was there. [Are you sure?] Oh, sure, if I'd be sure about myself. No, sir, I'm alive. It's only dead so far as the body is concerned. That's not me. Pah! you may as well talk about your old coat being yourself. Faith, I may as well say that this one's clothes is me. Faith, I know I'm alive, and you'll please say so to my folks.

(To the Chairman.) I do not know how I'll pay you, sir. [Who do you wish your message to go to?] All of 'em, every one of 'em. [That's not definite.] No, sir, I know it's not very definite, but I'd like to reach the whole crowd of them here. [You'd better give their names, or some of them.] Well, then, I will. There is Michael, and there's James, and then there is my sister Catherine, and Mary and Alice. Oh well, I'd go on all day if I could say any good; but I'll tell you I think Michael is the best, because he's the nearest your kind. I'd like him to come and have a talk with me, then I'll reach all the rest through him. [You'd better have it directed to him, then.] All right, sir. May the boat have a fair wind when you come over. June 18.

Adelaide Garvin.

I am Adelaide Garvin. I am from Chicago. I was twelve years old. I died of inflammation of the lungs. I am here with my mother. Her name is Charlotte, and I've come hoping to find my father. He is, I suppose, in New Orleans, and his name is Stephen W. Garvin. He was away when mother died, and he was away when I died. And we are very anxious, both of us, to come to him. We are living in company with Aunt Rosalind. She was his sister. He used to tell me about her. I never saw her till I died, and I never thought I should live with her in the spirit-land. But I am with her, and she sends many blessings and much love. She died before I was born, and I never saw her here. But we all want father to know we can come. And I've seen a great many of our folks in the spirit-land. I have seen, since I went there, old Father Fraser. Father will know him. He has died, too, since father went away. Grandmother is there, and she says, "Send my love too." Her name was Elizabeth.

(To the Chairman.) What makes me come, sir, is because my father bought one of the papers, the other day, what you will publish my message in. And he thought it was very strange, and he said, "I should like to know if it's true; and I should like to have some of my folks come, if it is true."

You'll publish my letter, will you, sir? [Yes.] Where does your father reside? In Chicago, sir. [How long has he been absent? Do you remember?] Yes, he has been having business in New Orleans since the war. Good-day, sir. June 18.

Mary Burke.

I would have you say that Sister Mary Burke, from the Society of Friends at Watervliet, N. Y., has returned, desiring to communicate with her friends in the spirit-land. Say that she has pleased the Spirit of heaven to open wide the doors between the two worlds, and souls of all castes are availing themselves of the blessing, and it comes to all souls on earth. And whosoever close the doors of their hearts against it, close the doors of their hearts against the king of truth and the kingdom of heaven.

There is a new unfolding to come to our people. There is to be a rolling back of the skies of the past, and new revelations are to be made. And it behooves every brother and sister of the faith to receive the revelations, trusting in the God who hath seen fit to make them.

Our Mother Ann taught us when on earth that we were to be led by the spirit. She did not teach us that we were to undertake to lead the spirit; but she taught us that we were to be led by it. And if that spirit leads into new revelations, the soul that refuses to follow brings death, moral death, to its own soul, and unhappiness must be the result. This new revelation will come to the brethren and to the sisters, and I pray God that no soul may reject it, or refuse to provide a place in their hearts for it. June 18.

Seance opened by Lorenzo Dow; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

Invocation.

Thou Spirit whose glory becometh in through the shadows of Time, and glideth even the valley and the shadow of Death so that we may fear no evil, thou who art Father and Mother too, we would lift up our souls with a song of thanksgiving to thee; not because thou hast need of our praises, but because thy brow needeth laurel at our hands, not because we can add to thy greatness, but because we love to praise thee; for in praising thee we come nearer and still nearer unto an understanding of thee, and therefore we are near unto the kingdom of heaven and rest. For when the soul truly understands thee, its source, then it is that it will rest in peace.

Thou Spirit who smildest this hour upon us, grant that thy children who have gathered here may each and all recognize thy presence in all its fullness and glory. Let them understand that thou art near them. Let them feel that thou art sustaining them; that whatever sorrow may be near them, that thou art as near as the sorrow; though shades environ them, thou art present with them, and the sunlight of thy love, the greatness of thy wisdom, will overcome all sorrow will overcome all darkness.

Father, Mother, we thank thee for the gift of flowers; for like the songs of little children, they lift our souls nearer unto that kingdom of heaven, unto that haven of rest that the soul in its weary pilgrimage through earth so often sighs for. Oh strengthen the hearts of thy children who are weary. Send thy ministering angels to teach them that thou art near, very near, to every sorrowing soul; teaching them that they are near to that kingdom of heaven, and pointing them to the rest within. Lead them from the turmoil and war that is without unto the kingdom of peace that is within.

Father, our simple offerings of praise we lay

upon thine altar, and we ask thy blessing thereon. Amen.

June 20.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By W. T. Mullins, of Memphis, Tenn.: Was Mr. E. O. Evans, (whose communication appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT of May 25th), assassinated through mistake, by being taken for a spy or approver? And would it be advisable for a young man to go to Ireland and assist in reviving the Fenian organization there? or will the freedom of Ireland be accomplished during the next ten years?

A.—We are informed that the intelligence questioned concerning was assassinated not by mistake, but designedly. We are also informed by those who have made the matter a subject of deep and earnest study, that it is almost a settled fact that Ireland will be free within the next fifteen years. The Fenian spirit seems to be very largely alive, perhaps not so much in words and in deeds as in that deep under-current that will sooner or later burst forth in most terrible volcanoes. The crust seems to be very thin. Judging from appearances, we should say that these volcanoes will soon be in action. It is impossible to tell whether or not it would be advisable for any special young man to go to Ireland as one of her defenders. But we believe that wherever the spirit of human freedom, in its largest and broadest sense, lends it, it is safe to follow. It matters not where it is, if it is down into the very depths of hell, a hell more terrible than any Orcus has ever known, it is safe to go there, if you go in obedience to the call of freedom. The soul is by its God naturally free. Whoever seeks to enslave it, works against God. Sooner or later, this great Power of Freedom will gain ascendancy on earth, and oppression will be in the minority.

Q.—By P. Martin: If disembodied spirits can, through the proper mediums, produce table tipping, rappings, play upon musical instruments, ring bells, &c., why can they not, through proper mediums, have power to move the earthly bodies of those who have vacated them for good, and cause them to rise, walk, speak, before they are consigned to Mother Earth?

A.—It is by no means an impossibility, for the same rule that is good in the moving of tables is also good in the moving of dead bodies, so-called, or bodies that have been permanently vacated by spirit.

Q.—By the same: Does the secret order of Free Masonry have a tendency to the improvement of the domestic society of mankind?

A.—When it tends to shield traitors, it is of no benefit to humanity; but when it uses its power to bring traitors to that justice that is both human and divine, then indeed it is of great benefit to humanity. It becomes an angel in the domestic circle, becomes an angel everywhere it goes. But like all things, it has a dual nature, and those who deal with it should understand its dual nature, and should make use of all its glorious parts, and put under their feet all that are unworthy.

Q.—If all its members lived up to the instructions given, would Masonry countenance traitors?

A.—By no means. But there is not more than one out of every hundred of its members who understand either its foundation or its dome. They know nothing about it. They only know that it is a something that will shelter them. Ignorance is that under-current of society that produces all these terrible disturbances.

Q.—By the same: Will the controlling spirit, please give his opinion about an intermediate state? I mean the state of man after death before he is received into his proper sphere?

A.—Every state of which you can by any possibility conceive, is an intermediate state, because there is something beyond it. I do not believe that you ever will reach that condition of perfection, in the absolute, that many souls are so earnestly seeking for. There will always be a haven of rest in the future, a something better than that you have reached; therefore you will always be in an intermediate state.

Q.—By the same: How do spirits receive an education in the spirit-world? Do they have lectures, or do they pursue a regular course of studies, as we do at college on earth?

A.—It is by a great variety of means by which souls are educated in the spirit-land. One way is by the soul back to earth, and by placing it in rapport or in contact with some earthly medium, they gain what they would have learned legitimately through their own earthly bodies. Another way is to receive instruction from everything that the soul perceives; in other words, from everything that the soul takes cognizance of. The flower in the spirit-land becomes a teacher. The sunbeam becomes a teacher. Little children are teachers to old age, and vice versa. This is a system of promiscuous education. All souls are climbing the ladder in their own way to obtain knowledge. Every grade in the spirit-land is free to follow the bent of its own inclination. There is no restriction there. You are not obliged to pay for an education in spirit-life. There you are not obliged to drag weary chains after you in your search after wisdom. The spirit-land offers ample means for education. Every rock, every tree, every flower, every drop of water, all things that are, become teachers to the soul. The soul makes use of them, and the soul strings them like so many pearls, to be worn around its neck, as it journeys upward.

SPIRIT.—It may not be amiss for me to add something further, by way of explaining the last question that was propounded. In our beautiful spirit-land, so-called, there dwells a little Indian spirit, who for want of a better name I have called my Prairie Flower. When she became fully awake to the realities of the spirit-world, and learned by contact with media that there was something to be learned in channels of earthly education, learned that her people were degraded because of their ignorance, were hunted down like wild beasts, then it was that her little soul became fired with a desire to possess herself of the knowledge that the white child was possessed of. In her childish ignorance, she believed that the Great Spirit had favored the white man in this respect more than he had the red man; that he had designed that the red man should be ignorant, and the white man should have wisdom. But when she learned this was all wrong, a libel upon that Great Eternal Father, she became impressed with a desire to obtain knowledge, in order to improve her people. She came in rapport with the subject matter now contained in this address by the aid of the subject, and the aid of others in earth-life who are disposed to be kind, to be just to her, she is rapidly advancing up the ladder of earthly knowledge, gaining not only the knowledge that pertains to earth, but of all that pertains to the spirit-world. Indeed, there seems to be a deep well-spring of power within her little being, for she is rising with great rapidity toward the Temple of Wisdom; but she rises per virtue of the ways and means that have been instituted by mortality. She goes to your books; she gains a knowledge of them. She pursues all the branches of your modern means of education, and she gains by this course not only the internal, the lasting, the immortal part of your earthly means of education, but she gains the external, the natural, and the things that she proposes by means, that they may rise to a better standard. The way of our Father toward the Temple of Wisdom is mysterious and leads through many avenues. And yet those desires to walk therein can do so. June 20.

Daniel B. Frost.

Being an old subscriber, I take the liberty to call you friend, to address you as an old acquaintance, although we never met before.

I have been, I believe, almost a constant reader of your dear old BANNER ever since it was born; and the change through which I was called to pass a few months ago has not prevented me from reading it still. For I assure you, I have found ways in plenty by which to carry on my investigations since the change you call death; which change came to me the first week in last February.

The last thing I remember of reading—yes, it was the last—in fact, the last that was read to me was the BANNER of the 20th of May. I was the Message Department of the BANNER. Dear Mr. Editor, I have been the means of cheering my spirit onward, as it went through the valley of the shadow of death. Why, I seemed acquainted with those returning spirits. I used to talk with them as I would talk with old friends here. I used to say, "I want you to meet me on the other side. I shall be very weak, and I want

you to assist me when I get to the spirit-world. You're my friends—I know you are; I love you all." And I died—did I say died?—yes—blessing the Message Department of the BANNER. And I told my folks to take the BANNER just so long as it was published; never fail to have it as a member of the household.

Why, I could sometimes feel the very atmosphere of the spirit-land around me before I passed away; and when I came to step across the tide, it was only one step, and I was there, in the presence of all those dear friends who had preceded me. Oh it was glorious! Many a time in the beautiful spirit-land I have felt to thank God for the Message Department of the old BANNER OF LIGHT, for it is the ladder, I believe, such as Jacob saw between heaven and earth. Now, you see, if it were not, I should not be made as happy as I expect to be in the future. You may say it was a Tower of Babel, guiding it to its holy destiny. I feel this is so.

Now my name when here was Daniel B. Frost, of Almond, Wisconsin; that is to say, you know, the name my body bore. I went hence the first week in last February. That was the time I met with the change. Now I thank God it has come.

Now tell my folks I shall want them to continue taking the BANNER, for it is the link in the chain that binds me to them. It is a channel through which I can talk to them.

I bring to-day my little daughter with me, from whom I hoped to hear through the BANNER before I passed away from earth, for she is a little girl, since I've met her, that she tried many times to come, but never succeeded. Now I can understand it. A diffident spirit, unless it meets with assistance, finds it hard to return. But she's here with me to-day, and joins me in sending love to all the loved ones here.

(To the Chairman.) God bless you, and your dear old BANNER. Don't forget your BANNER will go to my household, so you need not send it. God bless you! Good-day. I'll meet you when you come to the spirit-world. And if you're faithful over what God has placed in your hands, oh what a reward will be yours! I wish it were mine. Good-day to you. June 20.

Abby Green.

I am so forcibly carried back to the last scenes of my earthly life, that I am almost entirely unsettled. I was told that I should live that scene over again when I came here, but I never thought it would come so vivid.

I suppose you've heard of the burning of the steamer "Golden Gate." Well, I was a passenger on board that steamer, and was lost, with many others. We were, our captain said, between five and six hundred miles from San Francisco.

I was a Spiritualist. I believed, yes, more, I think I knew that our friends from the other side could return, and under favorable conditions could come back and manifest to friends. And I told my friends if anything happened to me on the voyage, I should certainly come back. And I have been back, many, many times since then; but I have never been able to manifest as I do here to-day.

I want all the dear friends I've left, to rest assured that the belief I entertained in spiritual things is not a delusion. It is absolutely true. It is just as true that I come back here to-day, as it was true that I was lost from that burning steamer, and such a fearful rush of confused conditions, pertaining to the mortal and immortal world. There were curses, there were prayers, mingled almost in the same breath. Ah, it was a wild scene; but I felt—I want my friends to know that I felt, even in the midst of all the terrible confusion, that my guardian spirits were with me. They folded me in their arms, and carried me and my little ones away out of the smoke, out of the flames, to that beautiful spirit-land. Oh, my faith sustained me, though it was such a terrible way to go.

And I would advise every one who has not possessed themselves of that glorious, ever glorious lifeboat of spiritual reality, to possess themselves of it at once.

To the dear friends I have in Williamsburg, New York, I would say, sit down and ask for me in the quiet of your own homes, and I shall be able to manifest to you, if you persevere. I love you still, and shall do all I can to bring you into a knowledge of this beautiful belief of Spiritualism.

(To the Chairman.) My name, sir, Abby Green. Good-day, sir, good-day. June 20.

Silas M. Proctor.

This crowding so many scenes of one's earthly life into the small compass of a few moments, is rather mysterious to me. I tell you, I have lived over again within the few seconds almost that I have been in rapport here, the whole thirteen weeks I passed at Andersonville, just before I came in commission in a higher and better army than I served in here.

My name is Proctor. I am from the 2d Indiana Cavalry. I was taken prisoner, and "toted," as the "rebs" would say, to Andersonville, and quartered there; and I have tried in various ways to find out how I died, and something about the circumstances attending my death. Nobody seems to know anything about it, only that it was reported that I died. Then I suppose I know as well about it as anybody. He wonders why I did not get an exchange, as there was one, two, while I was there. Well, the first time I was said they overlooked me, and the second time I was too sick, too far on the other side, to think of an exchange. I think if I had been weighed, I might possibly have weighed—well, perhaps sixty pounds. I doubt it, though; and my usual weight was one hundred and sixty-four. Quite a reduction, you see, stranger. I don't know, of course, how much I would have weighed when I died, but judge from the falling off, not much; and a fellow in that condition would not be very likely to think of an exchange. Oh, I prayed God for an exchange by death. That's the most thought of, for I had no hope of anything else. At last it came, and I assure you it was the most welcome guest I ever entertained in all my life. But it's over, and I'm glad of it. I shall remember it, of course, but feel it no more.

All my folks have a sort of a righteous indignation against the Government, for the way they've managed with Jeff. Davis. I've nothing to say about it. I rather think I should not display any revenge if I were on the earth, so I'm sick that on now. I want you, stranger, but I'll assure them of the bit of good news that is, that he's just as sure to get his just deserts as he's sure to live after death. He cannot

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 MRS. A. B. SEVER, 202 would, respectfully announce to the public that those who wish to know what they are in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition, and receive in return, a full and true delineation of their physical, mental, and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental condition of those intending marriage; and hints to the infamously married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faults and weaknesses are to be avoided, and in what manner to overcome them. Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. For full particulars, send two stamps. Everything of a private character kept strictly as such. For Written Delineation of Character, \$1.00 and red stamp. For all other letters will be promptly attended to by either one of the writers.
 Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. July 6-15w.
DR. J. R. NEWTON
CURES IN MOST CASES INSTANTANEOUSLY!
 20 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.
 Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, UNTIL THURSDAY, August 8th, at 3 P. M. in Newport on August 8th to 20th. In MONTREAL on and after Monday, August 20th. July 27.
DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE.
 Office, 70 Tremont street, nearly opposite Tremont House, BOSTON, MASS.
 OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 12 A. M. 2 to 5 P. M. All other hours devoted to outside patients.
 No. 15. All prescriptions carefully prepared and put up by himself.
 From an experience of ten years, Dr. P. is convinced of the efficacy of Electricity, and is now, in the most successful manner, availing himself of these occult forces in the treatment of his patients. July 27.
DR. J. WHIPPLE,
 WHO HAS BEEN exercising his remarkable powers for healing the sick in Worcester, Springfield and other places, with a success equal to if not greater than that of any healer in the country, has taken rooms in PROVIDENCE, R. I., No. 250 Broad street, (Next door above the round-topped church.) Terms reasonable, always favoring the poor. Will be in Hartford, Conn., Sept. 9th. Aug. 17.
MRS. C. T. LEWIS, Medium for answering sealed letters, and for healing the sick. Has been successful in curing many cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Colic, Pains of all kinds, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Paralysis, Dysentery, Nausea and Vomiting, Biliary Colic, Indigestion, Flatulence, Worms, Suppressed Menstruation, Painful Discharge, Falling of the Womb, all Female Weaknesses, and all other diseases of the Female System. Locks, St. Vitus' Dance, Intermittent Fever, Influenza, Fever, Typhoid, Cholera, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, all Inflammations, acute or chronic, such as Inflammation of the Lungs, Kidneys, Womb, Bladder, Stomach, Throat, and all other parts of the body. Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.
THE NEGATIVE POWERS CURE PARALYSIS, or Palsy. As a result of the influence from paralysis of the nerves of the eye and of the ear, or of their nervous centres: Double Vision, Cataplexy, all Low Fevers, such as occur in a family of adults and children. In most cases, the Powers, if given in time, will cure all ordinary attacks of disease before a physician can reach the patient. In these rare cases, and in others, the Positive and Negative Powers are needed. For the cure of Chills and Fever, and for the prevention and cure of cholera, both the Positive and Negative Powers are needed.
 The Positive and Negative Powers do no violence to the system; they cause no purging, no nausea, no vomiting, no nervousness, no loss of sleep, no loss of strength, no loss of appetite, no loss of the language, no loss of the will, no loss of the memory, no loss of the power of reasoning, no loss of the power of feeling, no loss of the power of love, no loss of the power of hope, no loss of the power of faith, no loss of the power of charity, no loss of the power of wisdom, no loss of the power of knowledge, no loss of the power of truth, no loss of the power of justice, no loss of the power of mercy, no loss of the power of peace, no loss of the power of love, no loss of the power of hope, no loss of the power of faith, no loss of the power of charity, no loss of the power of wisdom, no loss of the power of knowledge, no loss of the power of truth, no loss of the power of justice, no loss of the power of mercy, no loss of the power of peace, no loss of the power of love, no loss of 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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. FEEBLES, Editor.

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

Dependence and Independence.

There is a vice of defect, and a vice of excess. Each is a moral peril and pollution. Rightly balanced, dependence and independence are both virtues; but when extreme, both are evils, both are to Nature's beautiful orders.

The infant exhibits self-reliance proportionate to the degree of its intellectuality. It has its demands and powers of resistance, its rights to cry and kick, to cleanly garments, pure air and water, orderly sleep and playful sunny hours. Is not its independence equal to its dependence? Are not its cooling affections language enough for one of so small responsibilities? Its aches, and pains, and fevers, are the natural resistance of independence. Indeed, the miniature man or woman has all in embryo mind or heart which the giant shows in after years.

Is there any disproportion when the child, weaned from its mother, unfolds to the youth? Must he not have care and watchfulness, home protection, food and raiment, rest and culture? Dependent then, and yet independent, for is there not the balance of race and laugh, of romp and swing, of smile and pout, of school competition, of battles with a b c and exultant conquest?

The acorn, so easily felled in its green burr, grows so large the feller's break, and off it drops an independent thing to develop an oak. The bird bursts its shell, and after weeks of fostering by its faithful mother, puts out feathers and wings. Then what? The sweet song waxes forth on a grand venture, and away it flies, no longer tied to shell or nest—Independent. Passing the dangerous period of puberty, the young man and maiden feel the energies of worldly ambition. There is an attraction abroad. The mind is restless; it pants for freedom. Nature throws off from the parental home to pair again, to assume the usual responsibilities of life, each in turn to suffer, grow old and depart. Nothing is forgotten. The cradle, the lullaby song, the garden, the brook, the maple tree, the birds that sung in it, the old armed chair, the mother's anxious prayer, the father's pride at his child's manly or womanly strength of purpose, the school-house and church, the playtimes with the boys and girls long ago, the joys and sorrows, conquests and disappointments, all are remembered, all attach themselves as life-threads to the heart pulsing with love of other days, drawing us with a pen-sive, dreamy power, gliding all past shadows with hallowed light, loosening just enough to permit free, independent action, inviting new experiences all intertwined, that when the "silver cord is loosed" at death, life may be a whole full scene of reality upon which we can gaze with angel eyes and see all things transforming into gladden memories, whose reviews shall likewise enchant the future with ever varying vicissitudes.

So we are not absolutely independent, even in manhood's prime. What we were, is the prophecy of what we shall be. We find no way, no wish to dissolve from the past. Memory holds us in willing captivity. We lean backward to find support. We feel always a sense of dependence upon the mother who nurtured, upon the father who stirred ambition, upon all sources of use within and without the cot of our nativity. Thus our dependence feeds a sublime independence. Growing old! here a stray gray hair; here a wrinkle. Growing old! It takes many a frost, many a storm, many a trial, to blanch the locks to a beautiful white. There is a duller, more trembling action of the pulse. The step totters. There is a waste of body—a caving in—a smothering. Growing old! Ambition draws in its forces. The fireless has peculiar attractions. There is meditation, serious thought. The stories of old of other things brighten the hopes, as alternating lights and shadows flitting over the landscape; and then all vanish, all is wrapt in silence, as a decaying mansion darkly ensconced in a valley. A child again—growing old!

Is it all dependence? Nay; but glorious independence. Does not the spirit feel immortal yearnings? Is there not unconquerable faith? The inner man wastes fast its casement. It hath an energy of religion which no fireside, no children's fidelity, can foster. Upward it springs, onward it presses, eternal in love. Independent in the dependence, the old father or mother passes on, and if religion rainbows the fading day, the agitated step is but the tremble of hope. As the flower cup unfolds to die, as the sunset cloud pales to darkness, as the tired traveler lies down to pleasant dreams under the watching stars, so the good old folks depart full of rest, with glories lingering on their wrinkled faces, with a blessed good-by so sweetly said, so deeply felt, that the gates of heaven open ere they have stepped across the river.

Where? At home! And are they now independent? There is giant thought, the freest love, the individuality of angelhood, the godlike ability to instruct and minister unto earth's children, the lordship over the elements on this sea of life, the liberty of exploration after truth, the ascension into higher beatitude, the shout of "victory" at every step in infinite progression. What independence! And yet it has a dependence even closer, tenderer than when a child just born. The mighty angel ever says, "I am God's!" What trusting prayer! What folding of the soul in the bosom of Divine Benevolence! What gratitude! What confidence! What a glory of independence! What an inward peace of dependence!

Theological Bloodhounds.

The Universalist papers are strenuous in enforcing doctrinal tests upon the denominational ministry. They are generally agreed that heretics ought to be and are properly branded. It is a sure sign of a dilapidated fence, when the farmer sends his dogs after the young colts which are eating the best clover in a forbidden Eden. We are in the secret of the Underground Railroad, and know of scores more ready for emancipation! That's your business, ye popes; hunting the fugitives! Let the bloodhounds loose; the sooner they are all out of their kennels the sooner is the reactionary battle and the dawn of universal liberty.

Sunday Sulk.

The church folks go to meeting in morose decency. As you seek the good Orthodox, dressed in an ecclesiastic, with what a cold formality do they greet you; with what a sanctified air is a "good morning" wormed out of their smothered souls—smothered under a world of fashion! On a secular day, they are themselves—quite social—showing a better nature than their creeds. But Sunday must not be profaned with common courtesy! Doubtless the cause of this Sunday stiffness is the consciousness of a theological sordid. Dry chips never feed the soul. If men would have Sunday religion as beautiful as a Monday or Wednesday religion, then get out of slavery, be free, be natural, be conscious of meeting in an assembly of angels, wear a simple reform dress, cultivate a loving deportment toward everybody, have "a little heaven to go to heaven in."

Orthodox Funerals.

Reader, did you ever attend a genuine Orthodox funeral? If there is any hell in all the universe, that is one. Not one feature of it is attractive or comforting. The dismal tone of the minister's voice, the dismal praying, the dismal sermon—oh horrors! A cold chill runs over us as we review the scene. No wonder the bereft weep, and exhibit a grief dark as the "mourning fashion." And then the grave! What groans! What sighs! What wringing of the bleeding hearts over the horrible prospect of a resurrection sometime of the body and a judgment day! But these walls of damnation will linger in our otherwise happy world as long as people repel the truth-bearing spirits from the morning shore and foster the deadness of a traditional religion. When bereavement comes to such, they have no real hope; nothing but blackness and ashes fall upon them. Verily, they have their reward for being deaf to "what the spirit saith unto the churches."

What a blessed gospel is ours, that makes the grave the portal of immortality, that brings the departed back with golden intelligence of a beautiful hereafter, that lights up the bereft home with the fire-voices of ministering spirits!

Picnic at Albion, Mich.

It over pleases us to meet the Spiritualists of Albion, and especially upon picnic occasions. The sunny faces, cordial clasping of hands, and general gush of good feelings, with the excitement incidental to such gatherings, all tend to renew our hold on life. Insects and pattering rain-drops constituted the music. Bro. A. B. Whiting gave us a very able and eloquent address upon perpetual inspiration and the rapid progress of Spiritualism. It is ever a feast of reason to listen to this mellotonic teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy. His guides exhibit profound scholarship and vast historic research. Our remarks were brief and scattering. The tables were richly laden, and the crowd seemed running over with glee and good nature. Pleasant and profitable are these social picnic gatherings. Continue them every-where.

Moses Hull in Battle Creek, Mich.

In this city Mr. Hull resided several years. Here he renounced Second Adventism and commenced the proclamation of that more excellent gospel, Spiritualism. He is a sound, earnest speaker, and posted in facts, thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and naturally argumentative; he is consequently an able theological disputant. He never shrinks from a debate.

During the past month he has spoken in Battle Creek to crowded audiences. He procured several subscribers for the Lyceum Banner and the BANNER OF LIGHT, and in many ways performed the work of an evangelist. He has just left for Ohio to hold a discussion.

Mrs. S. Helen Matthews.

In the growing fraternity of Spiritualists is the above named worker, lately from the East, but more recently lecturing with excellent success in Disco, Farmington, Pontiac and other localities in Michigan. Her sances for psycho-metrical readings are unusually attractive, and generally accompanied by more or less tests equally satisfactory.

The first three Sundays of the present month she speaks in Detroit. May the choicest blessings of Heaven attend the faithful of our spiritual Israel.

Missionary Fund.

EDITOR WESTERN DEPT. BANNER OF LIGHT: I wrote you a few weeks since proposing the raising of a missionary fund, and the employment of at least two speakers in the State, and suggested this as one of the important subjects to be brought before our next State Convention. I proposed to be one of twenty, or of ten, to raise two thousand dollars for this purpose. That letter was not intended for publication, but since you have made mention of it in the BANNER, I have received numerous applications, rather expressions of willingness to enter the field of labor. I have as yet, however, seen no responses from those who are able, and ought to be willing, to raise the funds necessary to support these speakers. I hope, however, many have the subject under consideration, and will come up nobly at our annual convention, and that a plan or system of missionary work may be agreed upon. I have thought, however, of making still another proposition. I think we shall have a larger Convention than last year, yet there are hundreds and thousands of Spiritualists in our State who, from various causes, will be detained at home. My suggestion is this: To every brother and sister who can do so, to send to Bro. Peabody, our Secretary, or Bro. Dexter, our Treasurer, their names, and the amount they will pay quarterly during the year for this purpose. If a brother or sister cannot promise one hundred dollars, let it be fifty, twenty-five, ten, five, or even one dollar, to be expended under the direction of the officers of the Society in the employment of as many speakers as the funds will warrant. Let our State Convention delegates also bring this matter before their Societies and the community where they live, previous to time for holding the Convention, and obtain as many pledges as possible, so that at that time there may be a fund on hand, and enough pledged for the current year to enable the Convention to organize for the work.

Spiritualists of Michigan! Massachusetts has entered upon this itinerant plan of operations; they have but two speakers employed. We ought, and can if we will, have our speakers in the employ of the State Society in each Congressional District, to preach the Gospel of Spiritualism all over our beautiful peninsula State. The few suggestions I have made are earnestly and respectfully presented for consideration of all who love and desire to aid in the promulgation of our beautiful philosophy. We have through great suffering become a free nation, politically. It now requires the dissemination of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism to make us a free people, religiously—to free us from the bondage and fear of death.

Lyons, Mich.

TOMATO PUDDING.—Four boiling water on tomatoes; remove the skins. Put in the bottom of the pudding-dish some bread-crumbs, then slice the tomatoes on them, season with sugar, butter, pepper and salt, add some more bread-crumbs, then the sliced tomatoes and seasoning; and if the tomato does not wet the bread-crumbs, add a little water. Then for a small pudding beat up two eggs and pour over the top. Bake about twenty minutes.

TOOTHACHE.—If you have the toothache mix a little salt and alum, equal portions, grind fine, wet a little lock of cotton, all it with the powder and put it in your tooth. One or two applications seldom fails to cure.

Picnic Excursion.

The Spiritualists of Boston, Charlestown and Chelsea will unite in a Picnic Excursion to Walden Pond, on Wednesday, September 18th. Special trains of cars will leave the Fitchburg R. R. Depot, Boston, at 8:45 and 11 o'clock A. M., and 2:15 P. M., for the grove. Returning, leave the grove at 5 o'clock P. M. Tickets to the grove, and return, 90 cts.

All well behaved persons are invited to participate with us in this the last grand picnic for 1867. H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Manager.

Picnic to Walden Pond Grove.

A grand social picnic of the Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity will take place at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum. Music by Bond's Band. Cars will leave the Fitchburg Depot at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. Tickets, 31 for adults; children, 75 cts. If the weather is stormy, it will be postponed till further notice. Dr. C. C. YONK, Manager.

Spiritualist Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Morrill, Waldo County, Me., will hold their annual two days' meeting in the free meeting house in Morrill, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29 and 30th, 1867; commencing on Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing at the usual hours on Sunday.

As there will be a free platform, the friends of progress and reform generally are invited to attend and make other engagements to speak. Address, Morrill, Me., Aug. 27, 1867.

To the Spiritualists of New Hampshire.

REDUCED RAILROAD FARES TO CONCORD, AT THE TIME OF OUR STATE CONVENTION AT BIRCH.

The Merrimack County Agricultural Society holds its annual exhibition at Concord, September 24th, 25th and 26th, the time set for our Convention, and advises, among other things, that "passengers will be carried on the railroad at reduced rates." FRANK CHASE.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Spiritual meetings are held at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. The President, Daniel M. Ford, Vice President and Treasurer, The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian; Mrs. K. A. Horton, Secretary. Meetings on Tuesday, September 10th, and Wednesday, September 11th, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.

East Boston.—Meetings are held in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. L. P. Freeman, Conductor; Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Mrs. K. A. Horton, Secretary. Meetings on Tuesday, September 10th, and Wednesday, September 11th, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.

Charlestown.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown holds its meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Meetings on Tuesday, September 10th, and Wednesday, September 11th, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.

Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday in Macmillan's Hall, corner of City square and Chelsea street, Charlestown. Lectures at 3 and 7 P. M. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Meetings on Tuesday, September 10th, and Wednesday, September 11th, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.

Chelsea.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings at Fremont Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 3 and 7 P. M. Admission—Ladies, 50 cts; gentlemen, 75 cts. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. S. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Cambridge.—The Spiritualists of Cambridge hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Lowell.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. E. B. Carter, Conductor; J. H. Wright, Guardian; J. S. Whitcomb, Corresponding Secretary.

Plymouth.—(Meetings discontinued for the present.) Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock in the Lyceum.

Worcester.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. every Sunday. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Meetings on Tuesday, September 10th, and Wednesday, September 11th, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.

Fitchburg.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Belding & Dickinson's Hall, Fitchburg. Meetings at 7:30 and 9 o'clock P. M. Progress Lyceum meets at 10 A. M.

Lynn.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, at Cadet Hall.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 74 Boston street, Sunday, afternoon and evening, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Hartford, Conn.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Portland, Me.—Meetings are held every Sunday in Temperance Hall, at 10 and 3 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Boston.—Meetings are held every Sunday in Temperance Hall, at 10 and 3 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Cumberland street Lecture Room, near DeKalb avenue, every Sunday, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Williamsburg, N. Y.—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Wednesday evening at Continental Hall, Fourth street, New York. Meetings at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meetings are held in Lyceum Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Rochester, N. Y.—Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet in Bell's Hall Sunday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Morrisania, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists meet in the corner Washington avenue and Fifth street, every Sunday at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Jersey City, N. J.—Spiritual meetings are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Lecture in the morning at 10 A. M., upon Natural Science and Philosophy as related to Spiritualism. Lecture in the evening at 7:30 and 9 o'clock. Lyceum session at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Newark, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in Music Hall, 4 Bank street, at 7:30 and 9 P. M. The afternoon is devoted wholly to the Children's Progressive Lyceum. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Cleveland, O.—Spiritualists meet in Temperance Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Springfield, Ill.—Regular Spiritualists' meetings every Sunday in the hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor. Meetings on Tuesday, September 10th, and Wednesday, September 11th, at 7:30 and 9 o'clock.

Chicago, Ill.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

Richmond, Ind.—The Friends of Progress hold regular meetings every Sunday morning in Henry Hall, at 10 A. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 o'clock P. M.

St. Louis, Mo.—The First Society of Spiritualists of St. Louis hold their meetings in the (new) Polytechnic Institute, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets. Lectures at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. J. H. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. H. Dodge, Guardian. All letters addressed to J. H. Dodge, Chelsea, will be forwarded to the Lyceum.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been compiled and published to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

J. MADISON ALLEN, Cliftondale, Mass., will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Sept. 15; in East Boston, Sept. 20; in Salem during October. Address, 101 West 12th st., New York.

J. G. ALLEN will lecture in Lamartine Hall, New York, Sept. 15. Address, Cliftondale, Mass.

Mrs. M. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., P. O. box 43.

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Dr. J. C. MILLER is permanently located in Chicago, Ill., and will answer calls at 101 West 12th st., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. ANNA M. MINDENBROOK, box 712, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS will speak in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 16.

Dr. J. C. MILLER, Washington, D. C., P. O. box 607.

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