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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light. SUMMER BEAUTY.

BY R. T. H.

There's beauty in the dawning day,
From hill-top seen afar.
There's beauty in the western sky,
Where shines the evening star.

There's beauty in the summer-cloud
The sunset tints with gold.
There's beauty in the solemn noon
Our August days unfold.

And beauty springs from hill and dale,
O'er-arched by day or night.
Each form of life inspires the thought—
The bird with plumage bright.

The flower that flings its glory forth
From garden and from lea,
The crested wave, which laves the foot
Of beauty by the sea.

Thus, Nature's Gospel—everywhere;
May we the lesson scan,
Until the loveliest sight on earth
Shall be the life of man!

New York.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MIZPAH.

BY MINNIE MINTON,

Author of "Sunny Italy," "The Old Love and the New," etc.

PART II.—CONCLUDED.

July 5th, 1850.—Back at my dear Heathdell after nearly a year's absence. I have been on a Continental tour, with the Countess of L—, her youngest sister, and the Earl as an escort, of course. The Earl's penchant for me having settled down into a quiet, friendly regard since his marriage, his presence caused me no embarrassment. His wife, the young Countess, is a kind, amiable woman, with no particular brilliancy in any way, but far better adapted to making the Earl happy than I would be under any circumstances. I officiated as one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, and so it was that I was drawn into accompanying them abroad. We passed the autumn last year in Paris, the winter in Italy and this spring just past in lovely Switzerland—my ideal of all that is grandest and most beautiful in nature. With her rocky heights and lovely little nestling lakes, her picturesque landscapes and gorgeous, glistening icy mountains, Switzerland is a land for poets and painters. It seems to me any true artist, whether of brush or pen, must color or write more vividly and touchingly from having visited charming Switzerland.

In Rome I met many Americans, with some who were acquainted with Mrs. Minton and "the Honorable Robert H—." I received warm invitations to visit the United States, and perhaps some day may do so. Once I thought to go to America as to a home, for truly

"Home is where there's one to love us,
Home is where there's one to love."

But it was not to be.

In Florence I met a good Catholic priest, father Anselmo, who interested me much with sundry traditions of the Church. Why! very many of the "miracles" of which he told me, were exactly the same as those I read of these "mediums" performing in America. These wonderful things seem to have occurred in all ages, only when they were in the Church the performers were canonized and called saints; when they were out of the Church, they were "the works of the devil." Now it seems to me that good is good, wherever we find it, and cannot come from the Father of all evil. Does not Christ tell us to "try the spirits and see if they be of God?" Now these spirits (if spirits they are) seem to be doing good, not harm—healing the sick, comforting the bereft with the blessed assurance of the continued presence of their loved ones, and even educating the lowly. There is a young man named Davis in America, who is a social point of view was no one, a child of a poor mechanic, utterly uneducated; and he is writing works that would do credit to a collegian. Another young man, named, I think, Howe, is doing wonders in the way of seeing and conversing with spirits, producing music without visible agency, prescribing for disease in a clairvoyant state, writing to people who are entire strangers communications from friends of theirs unheard of by him; in short, I am hearing and reading constantly of things that make me think the age of miracles is by no means past, as Mr. Graeme maintains. These phenomena were much discussed in Rome by the Americans. The poets and artists with idealism largely developed were far more favorably inclined to the belief of spirits still hovering over earth, and being able to manifest their presence, than the matter-of-fact business class, or the strict church conformists. The great opposition to the latter feel, is a surprise to me. Why! it appears to me that this (if true) is the very surest way of convincing skeptics and infidels of the immortality of the soul. And it would be such an inestimable comfort, to have some certain knowledge of the road we are all to travel; to have all fear of death taken away, and to be able to think of it as but a journey from one land to another. I think that most touching of all American poets, Longfellow, must have felt this happy certainty of the future when he wrote many of his poems, for instance:

"There is no death: what seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath;
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

Many of his lines, which seemed to me but flowery idealities years ago, when first I learned to know his poems through Mr. H—, now seem

real truths, and touch my heart as facts of the life eternal. Must he not have felt, as I have so often thought I have felt, the presence of dear guardian angels, when he wrote:

"Then the Angel of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more!"

Could any thought be more beautiful, more comforting? To think what joy it would be to every mother's heart when death takes her into "the silent land" if she could surely know she could return, watch over, comfort, guide and aid her loved ones still. How can people oppose such a beautiful faith, if it can be proven correct?

October 7th.—Calling in at Jean McLean's cottage to-day, to leave some medicine for one of the children who was ill. I heard that old Elsie, who startled me so much with her prediction last year, has taken her departure to that "bourne whence no traveler ever returns." Jean says that her sister was with her aunt Elsie, and speaks of her death-bed as the most touching but beautiful scene she had ever beheld. "She knelt where she was to go, me liddle, for weeks afore. She had her grave-clothes made, and a' things put in order, and when a' was to her mind she lay down, saying, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' She gied us a' some good words o' advice, and telled us she kened the road o' whar she was to go, for she had seen it wi' her ain een mony a time; that bright and guile people stood there waitin' to gie her welcome; and as she talked, me liddle, she raised right up on the bed, stretched her hand up as if she was takin' hand o' anither, and her eyes grew bright wi' joy and her face shone as if the light o' heaven was on it, and she cried, 'I'm comin'! I'm comin'!' and just sank back on her pillow and closed her eyes like a bairn gaein' to sleep wi' that same beautiful look o' joy on her face."

Who can tell? Perhaps she did see bright angels hovering o'er her, waiting to welcome her to her new home. Oh, for a certain knowledge of the hereafter!

May 4th, 1851.—How rapidly the years pass. It seems but a few weeks since I revelled in the beauties of the Swiss mountains and lakes, yet it is a year to-day since I stood on the brink of the lovely Lucerne. Had no duties here among my own people, I think I should be tempted to pass every summer in that pretty little Swiss cottage, where for a month we rusticated in all the charms of peasant habits, and even in just adopted their costume, which, when we found the conveniences of its use in clambering over crags and cliffs, we maintained as long as we were free from contact with those who glory in

"Fashion, modes and forms,
And flatterer speech of fellow worms."

as poor Robbie Burns has it.

This spring, instead of roaming at will over hill and dale, I have been in London "doing up society." I shall return to Heathdell next month, however. I cannot miss my rose-season. I met the other evening, for the first time socially, (he had been before introduced,) our great novelist, Sir E. B. L—. I had just been reading that weird, mysterious Z— of his, and I could not forbear asking him under what circumstances he wrote it—if it was all fancy, or if he had any faith in immortals manifesting themselves to us here on earth? He replied cautiously, but when he found how much I knew or had heard and read of these "spiritual manifestations," he acknowledged he had always a strong desire to penetrate the mysteries of the great unknown hereafter; to pass "The Dweller on the Threshold," he so vividly personifies in his great novel; to see and know for himself something of the future world, and not be confined to the imperfect conceptions he had been able to form from the indistinct and symbolical descriptions in the Scriptures. He said no effort of his would be wanting, if he were ever placed in a position to investigate these phenomena, to elucidate the mystery; to expose the humbug, if it is deception, or to prove the truth, if it is reality. If he could become convinced that the soul's existence hereafter was but a step in advance of this; that the next world was really so near that we could commune with its inhabitants, he would write another book, proving the truth of what is but apprehended in his book Z—.

Sept. 21st, 1853.—In America! I can scarcely believe it, even when I look out on the streets here in the greatest city of the New World, and behold the contrast to our own time-honored London. Everything seems new here. The houses, the furniture, the dress of the ladies, even I look in vain for any signs of antiquity. Each one seems "the carver of his own fortune," and so to have nothing venerable, nothing to betoken his having had any ancestors. Of course there are exceptions. The family whom I am visiting, and whom I accompanied from Liverpool, count their Knickerbocker forefathers some centuries back; but I speak of the majority of these New Yorkers. Some of the "first men"—as they call them here—began life as news-venders, or errand-boys. One of the greatest, I am told, used to peddle vegetables around the streets, where now he owns millions of property. Another, a Mr. R—, who counts his gold by the millions, too, boasts he never spent his pence in riding in an omnibus—always for seventy years has walked from his house to his business. With us, even our city men (whom we do not consider "in society") have their carriages and footmen. It makes a singular melody, this Democratic government! I almost expect to hear Alice say when she comes to dress me, "This is a free country; I'm as good as you. Dress your own hair."

Of course, one of my first visits after my arrival was out to the establishment of Madame B—, to see my dear little Minnie. No longer little, however—she is a beautiful womanly girl, nearly fifteen; and if Madame's encomiums are to be relied on, is a perfect prodigy of learning and accomplishments. I promised to spend the autumn

vacation with her at "Seaview," the Judge having sent me a courteous invitation to do so. Minnie informs me, with much sadness, that her father is to be married the coming winter, and to a person the family consider to possess little to recommend her, but a pretty, doll-like face. I feel "Birdie's" grief at seeing her loved mother's place filled is very natural, but perhaps this—as so many events which seem dark at first—may prove a blessing in the end. I can see that Madame Leroy's influence is giving Minnie's pride of birth and position an impetus, that if unrestrained may cause her suffering, as my willfulness has me. Should her father have other children, and Minnie learn to rely more on true womanhood for appreciation, and less on her heiress-ship and pride of birth, it may be better for her! My friends, the W—s, whom I became so intimate with in Rome, come to-day, I expect, to take me to their house in Fifteenth street, for a week. Being connections of Sir James Lely, my former guardian, they seem to feel they have a claim on me. They are educated people, of refinement and wealth. Emma, the second daughter, is a charming woman, beautiful in mind as face. Last evening, Mrs. Livingston, knowing my desire to meet Judge E—, the most noted Spiritualist in America, invited him to dine. He has the reputation of being one of the ablest, clearest-headed men in his profession. He said laughingly last night, "Will you vote me insane, Miss Glyndon, too, if I tell you one-half of what I have seen and known to be true on this subject of Spiritualism? My friend Judge L— says E— is as sound as a rock on everything but Spiritualism; put him on that track, and no matter how intricate a case we have been discussing a moment before, he flies off into a rhapsody incomprehensible in one who is so clear-headed on all other subjects." I assured him I was much interested in fathoming the phenomena of which I had read, was very desirous of seeing for myself, and would be glad to listen to any of his experience verbally, which has seemed very wonderful, even in reading what he has published. His face lit up with a new beauty, his easy tones took a new eloquence full of power, and as I listened, I could have exclaimed, like Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadest me"; but I had determined I would not take second-hand testimony on this subject, and was listening with vivacity interest to his graphic pictures of his investigations, his visions, his trances, his even watching, as he sat by the death-bed of a friend, the departure of the spirit from the body, and its assuming its new form—after for hours giving me descriptions of scenes after scene through which he had passed—"whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth!"—I felt that so far from "much learning having made him mad," as they have said of him, like St. Paul, it was an earnest faith, a perfect belief, which, speaking but of that which it hath known and seen, careth not for cavillers, deriders, scoffers; for it stands strong, firm in the might of truth! So when, on pausing from his rapid flow of words—as the hour reminded him how the evening was waning—he proposed bringing the next evening a test medium, to show me some of the external phases of Spiritualism, I gladly assented. When he found I was to be with the W—s, he laughed, and shook his head. "It will never do, Miss Glyndon. They are 'Pharisees of the strictest sect'; communicants of our great Dr. T—'s church! I will call for you, if you please, with my daughter, and take you to G—'s rooms on Thursday, previously making an appointment with him, that you may be subject to no annoyance." So to-morrow I look forward to seeing with my own eyes "the wonder of the nineteenth century!"

Sept. 12th.—Yesterday at the appointed hour Judge E—'s carriage arrived, containing himself and Miss Laura, herself a medium. The Judge informed me that we were most fortunate, for Mr. Gordon—to whom he was taking me—had his friend Home with him on a visit, and with two test mediums we might expect wonders. And whatever my fancy pictured was certainly outdone by reality. Scarcely had I seated myself at the table where these two young men (scarcely more than boys), were placed, than Mr. G— exclaimed, "This is a medium as good as myself! Why does she seek tests? Has she not heard spirit-voices whispering words of cheer and comfort many a time in her hours of sadness, when separation from what was dearer than life made all else that the world had to offer but as dust and ashes to her? Has she not, like Daniel, dreamed dreams and seen visions? Has she not from lips of age (now passed on where new youth blooms upon them), listened to prophecies soon, very soon to be fulfilled? I see standing by her side a lady, tall, dark, but very beautiful, with graceful but proud mien, as if she had felt herself high among the nobles of the land. In her hand she holds a crown of palm; on it is written in letters of glowing light: 'For one who overcometh.' I ask, 'Overcometh what?' and I see only the words: 'She knoweth!'"

As he ceased speaking I saw Mr. Home take an accordion lying on the table, and holding it with one hand, the other resting on the table in full view, there came the sweetest sounds of melody I ever listened to. First the strains were low and sad, then they suddenly changed to merry tones of youth and gaiety; then came a crash; a long wail of unutterable despair and mournful success, and that was followed by a closing strain of triumphant joy and gladness that no one could mistake.

"Typical of thy life, lady," said Mr. Home's low, soft voice.

After this I asked many questions, and received sometimes written, sometimes verbal answers, but always those which convinced me that only those more intimately acquainted with my life than any one on earth was—far less these strangers—could have given. More and more did I feel, each moment, that there was no deception, no trying for effect here. Neither of the mediums had

been informed by Judge E— who was the lady he intended bringing, not even if she was American or not. But repeatedly references were made to scenes of my childhood, experiences of my youth, and contrasts drawn between that country, where the past reigned, and this, where the future predominated.

After the tests ceased I had quite a talk with Mr. Gordon. Mr. Home was more reticent, or diffident. Mr. Gordon said he was but a little boy of fourteen when first these experiences came to him. He used to examine diseases clairvoyantly with the greatest accuracy; but he wears very much on his physical system; that he will be obliged to relinquish it entirely and confine himself to giving test-sittings. He is a pleasant, gentlemanly young man, fair and delicate as a woman, hair so light it is almost flaxen, blue eyes, and face soft and pearly as a young girl's.

Sept. 14th.—Will wonders never cease? I have to-day discovered that my friends here, the W—s, "those Pharisees of the strictest sect," as Judge E— called them, have for two years had continual manifestations of the physical order—rappings, knockings, etc. I went down in the parlor (as they call their drawing-rooms here), early this morning, hearing the piano and feeling in a musical mood. To my surprise, I saw Emma, instead of her sister, the musical genius of the family.

"Why, Emma!" I exclaimed, "you have frequently told me you did not play!"

"Nor do I," said she, blushing and confused; "I do not know one note from another by name, nor can I read a piece of music. I was only drumming, as I like to do sometimes when alone."

"If that is your idea of drumming," I said gaily, "I cannot imagine what would be your conception of music itself. My dear, I have heard both Thalberg and Gottschalk, and I give you my word—and I know something of music—that I never heard the first give more force to a piece than you did to that symphony you played first, or the latter execute more brilliantly than you accomplished that sonata as I entered. I fairly held my breath for fear the slightest sound should prevent you from finishing that last exquisite trill!"

"I am glad," said Emma, simply, "if I do play. I wish sometimes so much that I had had a talent, like Mary, for music; but when I tried to take lessons I could not learn a note, and the teacher said I had no ear."

My astonishment increased. "How then do you play?"

"I do not know. My hands move without my volition. I did not know I did really play."

I began to think of the movements without one's own will, of which I had read, and cried, without stopping to think: "You must be a medium, Emma!"

She looked still more confused, and I persisted: "Have you not heard of the Rochester Knockings and the further development of spirit-communications?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, "but you know no one believes in spirits."

"Thank you, Miss Emma," I laughed, "am I no one? I believe in them. Have you ever seen or heard any of these manifestations?"

I finally drew from her reluctant lips that for two years their house had been visited by the most singular knockings. "When first we heard them they were no louder than a carpet-hammer would make, and we thought there were upholsterers at our neighbors; but it seemed so singular they should work only in the night! Finally we found that nothing was being done in the houses on either side of us, and the raps kept getting louder and louder, and annoyed us so much! We were so afraid it would be discovered! One night papa became so vexed he sprang up, seized the poker, and said he would see if he could not make as much noise as they could; but, as he raised it to strike—Miss Glyndon, would you believe it?—there came a blow or sound of such force we all shrieked, thinking the wall must have fallen, and papa dropped the poker in despair."

"Why do you not ask some questions, or have some medium here?"

"Ah, it would never do! You know no one is received in society who has anything to do with Spiritualism. Judge E—'s family are tabooed. Dr. N—'s daughters are so constantly 'cut,' when they go out, that they are going to leave town altogether and live in their country-house. His son, a real fine fellow, told me, the other night, he should go abroad again; he could not endure the slights they were subject to since his father's avowal of his belief in Spiritualism. And what our clergyman, the Rev. Dr. T—, would say, I cannot imagine, if he suspected we had anything to do with the subject!"

I sighed sadly. I could not so much blame Emma. She is young, life is before her yet. And it is, it must be very difficult to give up all one's most cares for, and subject one's self to the contempt of those whose good opinion they most desire. I stand alone! I can afford to be independent. Oh the bitterness of feeling, as one grows old, that there is none to care; that whatever one does, there is none to question. God and dear friends who are near me invisible, comfort and help me; give me patience, still patience.

"The time is weary; my heart grows old;
The lamp of life burns close to the mould;
The grave is dark, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the City of Gold,
For me and you, for me and you,
For me, dear love, and you."

Oct. 20th.—I have been at "Seaview," Judge Minton's place, for a fortnight. It is very charming here—lying on the banks of the Long Island Sound, the grounds sloping down from the eminence on which the house stands to the bright, sparkling blue waters—the bluest I have ever seen! The place has been in this family ever since the island was first settled, two centuries ago, and the title-deeds from the Indians downward the Judge showed me with a pardonable pride. He evidently regrets much the prospect of its belonging to another name after his death. This may influence him in marrying again. Next

week Minnie's vacation terminates, and I go back to New York, out to the world-renowned Niagara for a time, and with Mrs. Livingston to Washington for the winter, or a portion of it.

October 21st.—Can I, dare I believe it? I almost fear I am dreaming, and shall wake to disappointment, as alas, how many, many times I have done! But a glance at Minnie's radiant face reassures me. Yes, it is true he is coming—he is coming! Once more, after all these years of struggle, of longing, of hopes, fears and prayers, once more shall we meet. I tremble at the very thought.

"My heart would hear him, and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly breast!"

Oh, if he should have ceased to care for me! If he should find the mature woman so changed from the bright girl he loved, that his heart owneth her not! If he should—but no, I will not torture myself with doubts. By the great underlying love in my own heart, I know his is still unswerving. "None have ever loved in vain, but those who know not how to love." Oh, I believe it, I feel it! My soul could not fail to draw him to me, in this world or the next. Thank God, thank God, it promises to be in this!

We were seated on the piazza—Minnie and I—when her father came up the steps, and with unusual warmth in his cold, reserved manner, said: "Good news for you, Minnie. Here among the arrivals on the 'Arabia' is Mr. H—'s name."

"Uncle Robert! dear Uncle Robert back after all these years!" cried Minnie, in glee. "Oh, auntie, it seems too good to be true, does it not?"

Dear child, she little dreamed how, beneath the calm smile with which I answered, my heart was leaping with joy, and hopes bright as a girl's love-dreams filling the mind of her "auntie."

Oct. 23rd.—Father in heaven, I thank thee! On my knees I say it; from a soul overflowing with gratitude for undeserved mercy, I write it. I thank thee, oh merciful Father!

He came last night—my darling, my love! Came, not fancying the visit to his little Minnie was to bring him more joy than that of seeing the child of his loved adopted sister. He did not, of course, know I was here, or in America—or, for that matter, if I was in this world at all. As a carriage stopped at the door, Minnie rushed out, crying, "Dear, darling, good Uncle Robert, is it you?—is it really you?" and was clasped in the arms of one I scarcely recognized; one whose face was bronzed with the sun of many lands, whose hair was silvered with many a thread of white in the wavy locks; whose form, once so slender and graceful, was rounded and developed into the fullness of middle-age. But as he raised his head from Minnie's loving embrace, I saw the same dark eyes, now so soft and gentle that one would not fancy they could be stern or wrathful, which had so often rested on my face with a gaze even more tender and loving than he now bent upon Minnie, but which, when last I saw them, were filled with anguish so keen, that my heart failed me in the memory, and I should have run off to my room, with Minnie already drawn him to the door, with, "And I have such a surprise for you, too, Uncle Robert! Here is that beautiful Miss Glyndon you used to admire so much, my dear 'auntie,' you know; and ran off to find her father and apprise him of the arrival. For one moment Robert stood motionless, his eyes having a startled look as if he saw a ghost, or fancied he did. Then as he became convinced of my identity, every vestige of color left his face and lips, but his coolness returned, and bowing courteously, he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Glyndon, my abrupt entrance. It was involuntary, as you perhaps saw. My niece is so impulsive."

As I listened, my hands seemed grasping my heart. A great fear overcame me—I had lost his love forever! Was this my punishment? I thought I had suffered enough in the separation. Was this to be added to my burden? Had I not atoned? Then faith came in a flood, and swept away my doubts. I remembered it was my own words had sent him from me, and he did not know how I had repented ere they were cold on my lips. I did not believe he had ceased to love me; but I, how could I, a woman, show him that I had never ceased to love him? Then I seemed to hear, "Has not your false pride made you suffer enough? Is there shame in a pure affection?" "But," groaned pride, "if he should reject me!" More distinctly I heard, "Try! try!" and pausing not for further thought I drew from my neck the chain on which was the "Mizpah" ring, and held it toward him, my eyes telling the truth my lips refused to utter. One second, and I was clasped to that true heart, from which not even death can part me again, and my hungry soul was fed with the loving words it had so long been famished for; and when, the first tumult of joy passed, he replaced upon my finger that talisman of faith, we both whispered:

"The Lord hath indeed watched between thee and me when we were absent from each other."

STATE STATISTICS.—The Secretary of State has recently published the "Abstract of the Census of 1850," which contains a vast amount of valuable statistical information relating to the State of Massachusetts. As regards population per square mile, it is now and has always been first among the States of the Union; the number per square mile in 1850 being 157.83 inhabitants. The population of the State at present is 1,291,700; in 1850 it was 1,267,631; males 622,010; females 669,621, showing an excess of 63,600 females over the number of males. Of the total population, 828,150 were natives of the State. The foreign element is relatively most numerous in Suffolk county, where 33.12 per cent. of the whole population are foreign born. The number of dwellings was returned as 208,698. Of the 10,167 colored persons in Massachusetts, 2,348 are found in Boston, and in 1857 in New Bedford, and in 58 towns there is no colored person. The largest numbers in the table of occupations of females are domestic 27,393, operatives 20,182, and teachers 6,800. The volume, which has been published under the direction of Dr. Edward Strong, contains a vast amount of information of great value to the community.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
Addressed to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 20,
Stratton, 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."
(Lionel Hunt.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. XV.—CONCLUSION.

Nela sat in her elegant room one day during her recovery. The sunlight came in warm and pleasant, melting the snow on the roof, which made the falling drops gleam like gems. Nela watched them till her thoughts were borne away to the home of her grandmother, and the tears fell faster from her eyes than the drops from the snowy roof. Her grandmother came in quietly and sat beside her. Her face was pale but as full of light as the room, and a serenity and peace rested there, that made one think of the white winged doves that sun themselves in restful places.

"I was just wishing for you," said Nela. "I want to go back to the old home. I feel so tired it seems as if I could rest there, and I want you to coax papa to let me go with you the first warm days."

"Ah, my little one," said Aunt Prue, "I have been thinking the same thing."

"But, grandma, I want to live there forever. I have tried all this life, and I know it brings me nothing for all I give, and perhaps—yes, perhaps if I get strong again I shall fall into it and think it has riches and beauty. You know we don't quite understand ourselves. We do great many things that we think we never will do."

"But you are not sorry you tried this life?" said Aunt Prue.

"No, I feel very glad sometimes. But, grandma, I don't want to try it any more."

"Then you have forgotten all those poor, weary suffering ones that you told me of. If you go away from all this life you forsake them."

"Oh, if you knew how much I thought about them, and how much I wished to do something to help the poor souls out of their misery! Why, I have dreamed about little Lucy night after night. I saw her little pale face through half my dreams."

"Now you see," said Aunt Prue, "that I have done a deal of thinking since I sat beside your bed, watching you in your sleep. It always seems to me as if a great deal of light came into the rooms of sickness. It is as if the veil between us and the higher life became softened to a mere mist, that any little thing could part and reveal the beauty that lies just beyond. So I sat one of those days, watching the regular sound of your breathing, when all at once the mist parted, some one put aside the veil, and I saw a vision of light."

"Oh do tell me of it," said Nela.

"Since it concerns us both, I will," said Aunt Prue. "You know when our Lucy died, we all felt as if heaven was near to earth, or as if the door was left ajar, through which would ever come some of the soft, pure air of heaven. Well, it seemed to me as if her hand drew aside the veil that separates our life from the life just beyond us, and in the light that shone through, I saw what the Apostle John called a vision."

Like him, I saw an innumerable company. I looked until my eyes were weary at the great numbers. At last I discovered that they were all going in one direction, and also all were going up a hill. It was no common ascent, but reached beyond my sight one long stretch of hills. I could not see the far-off height—it seemed miles away—and so I began to note the travelers who were journeying up it.

Some seemed to pass on easily enough. They wound about in green places, and kept among the flowers and soft moss. But these walked much by themselves. They were in no crowd or bustle. I seemed to see myself walking in such a path. There was no very weary, rough traveling, and the sun shone about my way, and it was all quite delightful—or at least so I seemed to think. But my eye went into the crowd that seemed to be pressing in a mass over stones and boulders, and rough pebbles that cut their feet. How my heart ached to see dear little children in this crowd with no one to help them forward. No hand lifted them over the stony places; none led them into smoother ways.

I felt indignant with myself that I did not go among them, and bear up these little ones tenderly. I also longed to help many a poor tired woman, who did not know which way to turn, and seemed unable even to look up at the stars by night, and on whose way even the sun seemed to refuse to shine. What a selfish mortal I seemed to myself, to walk in my easy path. To be sure, I could sometimes help forward some that seemed not to have so much knowledge of the best path as I; but still I had so few opportunities to what I might have.

It was then that I saw you, and at first you seemed to be journeying on without much care for anybody about you. You were in the crowd, but yet unmoved by it. After a little while I saw you pick up a little frail creature and lift it over a stone, and then there came over your path a new light.

I began to call you from your way, saying, 'See, darling, how much easier it is to walk by me. Here is quiet and rest, and oh such light and fragrance. Come out of the wearisome crowd.' But my selfishness appeared so great that I was ashamed to look at myself. And the whole scene before me changed. I was again in our quiet country home, and you were here, and strong and well. Then I knew what all the vision meant. It was to show me how much nobler and truer may be the life of those who live among the many weary, tired, suffering ones, who are tolling through life in the busy cities and bustling towns, than those that be who in retirement and comfort do only the little that comes to them to be done.

So, Nela darling, I shall not say to you, come and live up among the restful hills, and leave all this wearisome life; but I shall say, grow good and strong enough, and then let your heart take you into the crowd of these poor, aching, waiting, weary ones, to do for them what your heart tells you should be done."

Nela sat, thoughtful and sad. At last she said, "It would be so much easier to live up there, and not know anything about all these troubles."

"So it would; and you shall go and try it, and get rested, and then, if you will, you can try to forget the thousands of hungry mouths and cold, aching feet. But I will never say again in my prayers, lead my Nela in the green pastures. I would rather she would be helping the little ones over the rough stones."

When the spring opened, Nela was again occupying her own little room, and finding new life and strength in the sunshine of the hills. She was like a glad child, and grew strong, and more beautiful than ever. She was the pride and pet

of the whole country, who welcomed her back at first with a little coldness and distrust, but when they found her to be the same in her heart as when she left them, they bestowed more love than ever on her.

She took up her life just as she left it, going over to wash Mrs. Jones's dishes, running down to the brook for violets, visiting Mrs. Graves, and having long walks with Rosa and Tony. And thus the summer passed, until she was strong again, and full of her own cheerfulness.

It was almost Christmas before she grew restless, or talked of any change. Then she said she must go, for the little shadow of Lucy in the city fell across her path and she could not rest, and so she went back again to the city. She was so full of glad, healthy life, that her father and mother were more proud of her than ever, and began at once their old method of shutting her up in a close room, and sending her out in a carriage with attendants. But she laughingly insisted on having her own way, and in less than a week she went off on her long walks, being often gone all day.

What could she be about, her mother wondered for awhile, and then left her to her own ways. All her father knew was that she held out her hand every morning for the roll of bank bills.

At last it appeared that she was finding homes for the poor children that she hunted out in the humblest streets of the city. She traveled miles about the city, seeking for comfortable places where she could place the little ones, and know that they were cared for. She found, at last, that other earnest women and men were at work in the same way that she was, with more knowledge and judgment, and she joined herself to them with a heartiness that seemed quite astonishing to them.

When it was known in her fashionable home what she was about, there was a great excitement for a time. Her mother declared it a disgrace, and her father talked about being ruined. But Nela counted up the cost of her last winter's outfit and expenditures, and asked for only as much, and her mother looked into her face, and seeing its brightness and beauty, said: "Well, I am told it is quite distinguished to have a philanthropist in the family, so let her have her way, if she don't bring the dirty brats here to reform."

Nela wrote thus to her grandmother: "You will wonder what I have been so busy about, and I can hardly tell you. In the first place, I hunted up little Lucy, and now I want you to get Tony to find a good home for her up among the farmers' wives. And then I got a situation for her mother in a little school, for she is an educated woman, and then I found a dozen more Lucys, or little ones like her, with frail bodies, and such tender, tired eyes, and I joined my work to the work of others, and oh, I am so happy. And if you wonder how I manage so many things alone, I will tell you: it seems as if the dear Lucy up in heaven just led me where I ought to go, and it all seems easy. I don't get tired, because I please papa and mamma by going to a party once in a while, and looking just as pretty as I can, and by entertaining their friends when they wish. Don't forget to ask Tony to find Lucy a home, and think every hour of your happy Nela."

Ten years have passed away, and Nela is a woman in every sense. She and Tony concluded one spring morning that life would be much more beautiful, if they could live it together, and they were married in Aunt Prue's sunny parlor, amid the shining of flowers and the blossoming of flowers. Aunt Prue was so feeble she could hardly sit in her easy chair, and that night she fell asleep to open her eyes only in the spirit-world. She left her house as a bequest to the poor children who might need a home, and through its pleasant rooms there soon echoed voices that had new tones of gladness as they entered into the rich and peaceful life found there, and little feet pattered over the floor, that seemed to gain strength from the very life that resided in the smooth boards, for Aunt Prue seemed in no sense to have gone from her home. Every one felt the sweet peace of her life in the place she had inhabited, and the great reward for good conduct granted to a child was to go into Aunt Prue's own room and look over her work-basket and see the little treasures left in her drawers.

Rosa was the head of this home, and the experiences of her early life just fitted her to be the kind protector of children. She was the happiest woman in all Adams, she used to say, because she had such a large and loving family of children. Tony and Nela had their own home in a genteel but not showy house in the city, but it was known in every humble street, for from it went out such daily and hourly supplies for the body, and such courage and hope for the spirit, that it seemed like a centre of light in a darkened place. And yet their life was in no way set apart from the world about them. They entered into the social life of their friends with a hearty good will, but it was always noticed that they gave no expensive parties and that Nela's dresses were always simple and plain.

Old Mr. Graves came to live with them, and on stormy evenings, when visitors were not likely to interrupt him, he used to tell a story or two. The last one he told was this, and he began it as if he had told several chapters before:

"And the two children came to the gate, and they wondered why it did not open. And one said, 'This is the gate called Beautiful; no one can enter it that bears not his hands full of flowers.' So they went to search for flowers, but they found none. 'Did you not know,' said the boy, 'that the flowers only grew when you planted a golden seed?' Then they looked for the golden seed and found none. 'I see,' said the girl; 'the seeds are in the hands of those children there; how shall we get them?' 'They will never be ours,' said the boy, 'unless we can serve them; let us speak kind words and do kind deeds.'"

Then they began their work of love, and the golden seeds fell into their hands, and they planted them, and there sprang up flowers of wondrous beauty. They gathered them in their freshness and appeared again at the gate called Beautiful, and it stood open."

The old man's head dropped; his eye became fixed, and he never spoke again. They said he had an attack of paralysis, for he lived several days; but Nela said, "He has gone into the gate called Beautiful, but he sends back a little light that we may look upon the flowers he has gathered; then he will walk further into the Garden of Beauty, and we shall see him only as he comes with his garments of light about him."

He left a little scrap of paper on which was written: "Lay my body beside Lucy's, and plant over it roses and violets, and let no one praise me who cannot count as many of my good deeds as he knew days of my life."

As the springs and summers brought out the blossoms over the graves of these three, the blossoms of their lives were perpetually springing up to beautify the world, for Tony and Nela and Rosa were living out their example and their instruction, and outworking in the world the power of their spiritual life.

BORDER-LAND.

FROM PHOEBE CARTER'S NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

I know you are always by my side,
And I know you love me, Winifred dear,
For I never called on you since you died,
But you answered, tenderly, I am here!

So come from the misty shadows, where
You came last night, and the night before,
Put back the veil of your golden hair,
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah! it is you; with that brow of truth,
Ever too pure for the least disguise;
With the same dear smile on the loving mouth,
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,
So do not vanish or turn aside,
Wait till my eyes have had their fill—
Wait till my heart is pacified!

You have left the light of your higher place,
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good,
You come with your old familiar face,
And not with the look of your angel-hood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,
And your voice is gentle, and kind, and low,
And the very roses you wear to-night,
You wore in the summers long ago.

Oh world, you may tell me I dream or rave,
So long as my darling comes to prove
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,
And the loving live, and the living love!

LET US ADVANCE ONE STEP.

BY J. D. FIERSON.

The broad and beautiful pathway that leads directly to a more exalted condition for humanity, is widely open and illuminated by tens of thousands of celestial lamps, trimmed and burning with an effulgence far surpassing all former experience in the history of man. Nowhere on the face of the globe has there ever been seen or known such full, clear and powerful manifestations of spirit intercourse, as we witness in the United States at the present time. There is scarce a nook or corner to be found, that does not send forth some intelligence, some development of spirit power, more or less tinted, perhaps, with exaggeration, but sufficiently plain to commend itself as a child of the great family, whose members are rapidly spreading themselves over the whole surface of the broad earth, to bless and sanctify it with a holier baptism than the world has yet known.

Judaism, Christianity and Mahometanism, all unquestionably useful in their places, have culminated and cast their fruits upon the ground, preparing it for the production of a higher type of teachings touching the destiny of man than either of all of them combined could ever present to the human mind. Although all nations and peoples, from the earliest recorded history of the race, have been to a greater or less extent imbued with a knowledge of spirit communion, yet the light of that knowledge burned but dimly and fitfully, adding no lustre to life, no growth to manhood. For centuries and tens of centuries Fetichism has prevailed in Africa, connected with a shadowy form of Spiritualism, vague and uncertain in its characteristics, yet felt and practiced by all classes of that unlettered race, without seemingly having raised them in the social scale toward civilization, to any perceptible degree. And yet the universal law of progression cannot fail of embracing them equally with other races of men, but may act far less rapidly in their case than with the higher types. In fact, this must be so, if any reliance is to be placed upon the history of the Caucasian race, whose condition scarce further back than the days of Charlemagne was but a slight improvement upon that of the dark-skinned children of the wilds of interior Africa at the present time; and yet Africa has been peopled for thousands of years, perhaps as long, or nearly so, as India or China.

But to my text. This implies the means of growth, a desire to progress, an effort or endeavor to ascend in the scale of being to a more exalted elevation of selfhood, where the moral, the intellectual and the spiritual faculties may be quickened and strengthened, preparatory to another step in advance. For unless we are earnestly engaged in searching out means whereby we may be enabled to practice substantially the lofty teachings of our illustrious faith in every-day affairs, we must inevitably cease to grow heavenward, and the divine nature corrodes and sinks back to the greater love for material things and worldly thoughts. Now I believe there is a sure and indubitable test, by which every man and woman may measure their own status mentally, and their condition spiritually; in other words, may take an account of stock, and ascertain very accurately where they are and how much they are worth, physically, morally and spiritually. This test lies wholly within the realms of our own personal existence, and may be exercised with all the freedom of thinking or speaking. As rational beings, endowed with varied capacities and powers, we claim the possession of one motive force or power, which seems to predominate generally in nearly all our actions, of whatever kind or character, good or bad.

This agent is known as will power; the proper use and control of which would greatly tend to our rapid advancement, accompanied by the most kindly genial influences upon every faculty of our nature. Now suppose this ever active force is made to operate directly in and upon our every act, for the sole benefit of selfhood, what a surprising change would take place in us at once. The entire worldly aspect would be suddenly transformed into beauty and loveliness, simply by reason of the alteration of a feature or characteristic of our own being. We should be in a condition to enforce upon ourselves with ease and alacrity the honest convictions of our own minds, thereby insuring stability and harmony under all circumstances, because of the added strength now brought to bear upon our life work. How many of us Spiritualists are strong enough to enforce the honest convictions of our own minds upon ourselves, in the every-day transactions of life? And when we have attained to this condition, and feel and know that we are "masters of the situation," do we not behold in it a sure test of advancement in the right direction? For we not safely measure our status by similar rules, and ascertain how much of growth belongs to us, and what we are worth? Whole-souled, honest-hearted Spiritualists stand in the relation of teachers to the moral world, holding up a sublime faith and a purified doctrine, transcendently superior in tendency and ultimate to all teachings that have preceded since the advent of man upon the earth. Let us, therefore, advance one step.

SPIRITUALISM ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

I have made it a personal matter to inquire as to the condition of Spiritualism at the present time on the Pacific coast, and am highly gratified to be able to state that at no former period has there been so much desire on the part of the peo-

ple generally to become acquainted with the theory and the phenomena as at present. Mrs. Cuddy has traveled considerably and lectured in various parts of California and Nevada, and always to large and appreciative audiences. She has recently lectured in Sacramento, but at the present moment she is somewhat ill, in this city. Mrs. Stow has lectured throughout California, Nevada, and Oregon, and is now in the latter State, lecturing to full houses acceptably. Benjamin Todd has been through the three States named, lecturing everywhere to crowded audiences, and sometimes giving eight and nine lectures in a week. He is expected here in a few days, when, as I am told, he will immediately take steamer for the southern portion of California, bordering on Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Foyle have quite recently returned from a four months' tour through the three above named States, giving séances, and everywhere received with demonstrations of enthusiasm. Often their stay in places has been prolonged days beyond their announcement to meet engagements at other towns and cities in their route. Wherever these parties have been, the utmost curiosity was excited to see and hear all that took place at every lecture and séance, and always with much deference and attention to the parties furnishing the entertainment.

In this city, the nearest approach to public spiritual lectures is to be found in Sunday evening discourses given by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, at the Metropolitan Theatre. Mr. Stebbins is of the liberal type of Unitarians, occupying the pulpit constructed for the late lamented Thomas Starr King. The audiences at the theatre are for the most part Spiritualists, so far as I am able to judge—at least two-thirds are such. The building is a large one, and crowded with people a full half hour before the services commence. This is the case each and every time he has spoken, some twelve or fourteen in number. Mr. Stebbins told his hearers last Sunday evening (which was wet and stormy) that there were more people gathered there than could be found in any five churches in the city.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, with her husband, will be here soon, as they had reached Virginia City, in the State of Nevada, some days ago. The bad condition of the roads has caused them much delay.

Among others who are actively engaged in doing angelic work for the benefit of mortals, is Dr. J. M. Grant, who is practicing the healing art by the "laying on of hands" to good purpose, as I know of my own knowledge. Dr. Grant has effected some wonderful cures in cases of long standing. He has a list of thirty or forty persons who willingly give him their names to use as he sees fit, for no other reason than because of their gratitude for services rendered when they were sorely afflicted. The doctor makes but little parade, though his business is increasing day by day. He desires no more patients than he can deal justly by, giving himself time for some study and recreation.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 4th, 1867.

FIRST CONVENTION
OF THE

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS,
Held at Clyde, Ohio, November 8th, 9th and
10th, 1867.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Ohio State Association of Spiritualists met at Clyde, Ohio, pursuant to published call, Wm. Rose, M. D., of Springfield, in the Chair, assisted by Mrs. Sarah Thompson, of Cleveland, Vice President, and Hudson Tuttle, Recording Secretary.

The minutes of the Cleveland Preliminary Meeting were read and approved. The Constitution there adopted was then read, and after a discursive debate the following committees were nominated and elected in open Convention:

On Credentials and Nominations.—A. A. Wheeler, C. B. Sells, A. B. French, Mrs. C. H. Ammons, Mrs. Wm. Rose.

Business.—Mrs. Sue Norris, E. D. Howe, William Wadsworth, E. Whipple, D. U. Pratt.

Finance.—S. S. Clark, Charles Thompson, Emma Tuttle, Mrs. L. M. Thomas, Mrs. I. Vandercook.

Resolutions.—Hudson Tuttle, E. S. Wheeler, Mrs. A. B. French, O. F. Kellogg, Mrs. E. Whipple.

The Committee on Credentials reported the following list of names of delegates:

Cleveland.—Mrs. S. F. Norris, Mrs. C. H. Ammons, Mrs. L. M. Thomas, Mrs. George Rose, Charles Thompson, E. S. Wheeler, G. Newcomer, Mrs. Charles Thompson.

Clyde.—R. E. Betts, Thomas Davis, Mrs. S. Vandercook, Mrs. E. Whipple.

Toledo.—A. A. Wheeler, Mrs. H. E. Crooker, Mrs. C. B. Sells, Mrs. A. A. Wheeler, Miss Emma Knight, Substitutes—Dr. J. K. Bailey, Cephas B. Lynn.

Oberlin.—Mrs. F. A. Logan, James Hall, N. E. Marcey.

Geneva.—W. H. Saxton, Lowell Cram, Henry J. Durgin.

Painesville.—Eben D. Howe, Wm. Wadsworth, O. L. Stulliff.

Cardington.—L. F. Hagar, M. Smith.

Springfield.—William Rose, M. D., Mrs. Maria Rose.

Easton.—O. L. Stulliff.

West Richfield.—Chessman Miller, S. S. Clark, Mrs. Julia Miller.

Rollersville.—D. P. Hurlbut.

Milan.—D. J. Starratt, Samuel Fish.

Cincinnati.—B. R. Pratt, Mary A. Amphlete, Kelley's Island.—Addison Kelley, O. D. Worden.

Berlin Heights.—A. F. Page.

Perrysburg.—J. V. Verenburgh, Mrs. Verenburgh.

Akron.—T. E. Kilbourne, Dr. A. Underhill.

Hudson.—Sidney J. Stone.

East Norwalk.—B. P. Barnum.

Norwalk.—Wm. Joslin.

Townsend.—Orlin Selvey.

At large.—J. P. Cowles, M. D., Mrs. F. M. Cowles, Mr. Barnes, B. M. Lawrence, Mrs. P. R. Lawrence.

The Report being adopted, the following was also adopted:

Resolved, That all persons attending this Convention, either from this or other States, who are in hearty sympathy with the great spiritual movement, are hereby cordially invited to participate in the proceedings of this Convention, by enrolling their names with the list of delegates, and conforming to the rules and regulations adopted by the Convention.

The Business Committee reported the Programme for the afternoon and evening, and the Convention adjourned.

The afternoon session was of a very interesting character.

O. L. Stulliff opened the Conference. He said he was a graduate of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was glad he lived at the present time. He now had something to live for. He had the consolation of a faith that cheered and supported him. Life was worth something.

D. R. Pratt said he was brought up a Methodist, but baptized a Baptist, but he thought it enable him to see in muddy water, as it did not. His wife entered the spirit-world twenty years ago. He had held daily communion with her ever since. He would not part with his belief in Spiritualism for all the wealth of the world. He now knows that we still live after death.

Mr. Durgin introduced the interesting subject of spirit-telegraphy, for which he stated he was a medium, and gave some striking illustrations.

Dr. Bailey, of Akron, said we had met for investigation. He had found that the communications always partake more or less of the character of the medium. We must not forget the duties of this life. We can set in motion a car which shall override all opposition. Above all things, he wished to see a grand movement set on foot to make us better, wiser men and women, bound together by fraternal ties in a glor-

ous organization, that we may all better labor for the common good.

D. B. Herdman said he was not a member of the Convention; he lived in Egypt; but he wanted to cast in his mite. He could not be Orthodox. He had been for twelve years, but was now out of it. He believed in spirit-telegraphy. He was as sure of it as of the sun rising tomorrow. He had something against Spiritualism. He severely criticized the star lecturers who rush by the dark places for the great cities, where they are better paid. He beautifully exemplified on the idea that he could command fear and hate, but not love. He could be loved only by making himself lovely.

Mr. Lawrence.—Not Christianity, but its want, destroys the world. By commanding the forces of the spirit-world we shall become a great power. If thought our Conventions no more beligerent than similar church meetings, but they keep out reporters, and the world hears only what they desire to publish, but we do everything open and above-board. We do not exercise policy.

E. S. Wheeler said he had been as far as any one. He lived in the body and out of it. He gave a remarkable personal instance of spirit-telegraphy. That was not religion which was not science. We must be order. We have stood up alone long enough. We are repelled from each other. He was not afraid of creeds. He was like the boy whose father said he was not in the least afraid of work. "He could lie down by the side of the hardest job, and sleep all day." So he could lie down by a creed. "A true creed was what is known. We are to place ourselves on the rock of fact, not that of Christ Jesus. What is the rock of a creed? The rock of fact is in somebody. The great Republican party is destroying itself by forcing an issue on the people before they are ready for it. It is not lawful to give the children's meat to dogs. Each class must have food suitable for itself. Starting with unity of belief, comes unity of action, order, organization, association. We must have system, in order to propagate our beliefs. The power to do, imposes the obligation. We have the Gospel of the ages; our duty is its propagation.

Cephas B. Lynn, of Massachusetts, was then announced. He said: You have gathered together as representatives of a great idea. Through the unfolding of your thoughts the spirit-world is brought in contact with you. You have come to recognize the benefit of systematic effort. The world needs a demonstration of immortality. As advocates of this sublime philosophy, you come to the calm consideration of your duties. There is one duty you should stand firmly by: let it go forth to the world that you base your belief on the so-called no one, even if from beyond the grave. You plant yourselves not on the basis of a star-gazing philosophy, but on its facts and phenomena. You are all conversant with the growth of Spiritualism. Let it lead you to perfect an organization. You have sympathy with the world's students in the great school; followers in the great, eternal path of philosophy. Those among you who have tasted its waters feel the necessity of propagating your belief. We need a thorough education. Religion is not simply signing the platform of a church. They have just caught the echo of the great voice thundered from your platform. You have come to a just recognition of the individual. The power of the angels is not come to you, to the young and the old, touching the brow of the sire and adding intensity to the vigor of youth. You should grasp the grand, primary idea of spirit-communion, and make it the great centre of your actions. It is this that has brought you here to deliberate. The spirit-world overlooks us. Who would do wrong when an angel weeps over their wrong deeds, seeing and feeling their every thought and action? This is something divine. This belief is the realization of Christianity. We should live as though an angel bent above us. Our hearts go forth to those who stand upon the altitudes. Let us all give our experiences and compare them together. Then we shall be charitable and not speak against any one, in whatever sphere of action they may move.

Mrs. L. M. Thomas sang a beautiful song, greatly applauded, entitled, "Evening Hymn to the Virgin."

Mrs. E. C. Clark.—Victor Hugo says: "I tore the cloth from the altar, but I tore it to staunch the wounds of my country." Let us not necessarily lacerate the memory of the Church. The Church does not so widely differ from us in belief. The Church believes in a community of saints, we in a community of spirits—in ancient but in all time. I would have the world stand on the stand. We have become like the Methodists—the worse grammar the more grace; the more ignorant the better medium. What do we labor for? Is it not to become ennobled, and to live true and beautiful lives? The personal test is a great thing when applied to communion with the world of spirits, but far greater when it enables you to bear with your neighbors who jostle you at every turn. It is far easier to praise the dead than the living with whom we come in direct antagonism. This religion is vital. Of children, be patient with them, and with the older children of larger growth, and do not offer sweets to those who are surfeited. Our religion is judged more by our lives than by our professions. We are learning the deeper and riper beauties of organization. We cannot subsist on the idea of individualization. We cannot stand on individuality. There is such thing as individual grandeur. Your brain would not work without the influence of the masses. The ideas of class and caste are necessary to keep man from going down into the gutter; but it will not take any one to the super-natural light of God's truth.

Mrs. Amphlete would bear testimony to what the sister said on charity. We want the most unbounded charity. If we are asked to have so much charity for those who are in the world, we should have more for those who are controlled in the lowest form of mediumship. They cannot measure their control. No one can say how any medium should act, or be controlled. She regretted to see slurs published in the spiritual papers against phases of mediumship. Let us have charity for those in the household of faith, and then extend it to those outside of us.

Mr. Wheeler.—To what paper does the speaker refer?

Mrs. Amphlete.—To the Banner of Light.

Mr. Wheeler said he thought it the last paper to so accuse. It was noted for the kind manner in which it uniformly treated mediums. It had always been so conducted. Bunches of papers and letters exposing or slandering mediums and speakers were allowed to rot in the pigeon-holes of its office. He regretted that it should be so accused, or that its spirit of unbounded charity should be so misinterpreted.

Adjourned until half-past six in the evening.
(To be continued.)

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer in Baltimore.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I have no intention to write a eulogy, for language cannot express my appreciation of the extraordinary powers of this gifted lady; but for the gratification of her numerous friends I wish to give publicity to an incident which occurred a few evenings since, showing the strong hold she has upon the respect and affections of our people.

I received an urgent appeal from the President of a Spiritualist Association in one of our largest cities to spare Mrs. Hyzer to them, if only for one or two months. He offered liberal compensation, and seemed to regard her services among his people as of so much importance, that I was induced to call a meeting of our organization, "The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore," and lay this appeal before them. The unanimous response was, "We cannot spare Mrs. Hyzer from our roster even for a single month."

This is the fourth year of her engagement in Baltimore, and although speaking twice every Sunday, there are no repetitions, no wearisome platitudes; her inspirations are ever fresh and sparkling with the sublime idealities of the celestial sphere. On Christmas eve, her friends presented her with a substantial token of their regard.

Yours truly,
WASH. A. DANSHIN.

Baltimore, December 31, 1867.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Greenfield, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—Within a few months, from various circumstances, an interest in the subject termed "Spiritualism" has sprung up in the minds of a few of the citizens of Greenfield, Mass. These persons, each of whom have enjoyed good educational advantages, mutually agreed to meet together regularly for the purpose of critically examining the curious phenomena which each had either witnessed or heard of from sources calculated to arrest their attention. These persons were all acquainted with each other, and were of irreproachable standing in society, and were all satisfied of the entire integrity of the intentions of each in the interesting investigation upon which they thus entered. In forming this circle of inquiry, each and all were resolved to lay aside, as far as possible, all those prejudices with which education and popular opinion have power to trammeled thought—to investigate purely with the honest purpose to determine whether there was any valuable truth to be brought to light, and to determine the nature and purpose of that truth.

During the first few sittings the phenomena of table movements and tipplings occurred. Most of the circle had seen this kind of demonstration before, under circumstances which satisfied them that it was not the conscious act of any person present. Questions were asked and answers were given in the usual manner, by the calling of the alphabet on the part of the questioner, and the tipping of the table at the right letters. Nothing very satisfactory resulted from this, and soon after this form of manifestation disappeared, and was succeeded by peculiar demonstrations through one of the members of the circle.

One of the most marked of these demonstrations, was the long-continued, steady and forceful blows of the hand upon the table—blows which must ordinarily have caused severe pain, bruises and swellings, but which were neither accompanied or followed by any of these results. This vigorous oscillation of the hand from the shoulder to the table, was sometimes prolonged for hours.

After this, the hand was moved upon the table as if in the act of writing. Pencil and paper being produced, some totally illegible scrawling, performed automatically and spasmodically, was the first result, soon followed by legible words, and finally sentences. "Have patience," was written frequently. Music was called for by pantomime, and seemed to facilitate the writing. Up to this period of the developments, the medium thus influenced had never been unconscious, but had been a witness with us of his own involuntary manifestations; nor did he ever experience pain or fatigue, unless he resisted the efforts he was so strangely forced to make. But whenever he resisted, as he sometimes did by way of experiment, he was so thoroughly and violently shaken, as to satisfy himself and all present that the manifestation was in no sense his own act, or guided by his own will.

Soon after this mechanical writing became legible, the entrancement of the medium took place. While in this state, his eyes were closed, as is usual in trances, and the whole face was changed, as far as total change of expression and character could effect a transformation. The predominant expression was that of hearty merriment and drollery. By signs, a desire for music was indicated, and the music was accompanied on the part of the medium by dancing; sometimes very energetic, sometimes remarkably graceful and deft. Some personations were also given, particularly one of a dying soldier.

After dancing, the medium would sit down and write. The general drift of the writing was to urge us to watch, wait and keep up good courage, for as soon and as fast as it became possible, we should have varied information and absolutely convincing tests in proof of the actual return and communication of spirits. We were informed that a circle of spirit friends were engaged in the full development of our medium, for the purpose of bringing to us this proof and these tests. We were bidden to remember, in the midst of our impatience, wonderment and conjecture, that there were laws and conditions with them in spirit-life, as well as with us in earth-life; that there were imperative conditions to be observed in their coming to us, and that we frequently impeded their success by changing and marring these conditions through ignorance of them.

After a time the development of our medium became characterized by the regular appearance of three successive influences in the course of a sitting—the manifestation of each influence being distinct from the others, so much so as to be perfectly recognized by the circle—and these influences always appearing in the same order. First the merry character, already described, who nearly always danced, and who sometimes talked. The second influence was made apparent by a most marked change on the medium's face, from the droll and gay to a grave, earnest and elevated expression. Under this influence the medium talked to the circle, sometimes delivering a well arranged discourse, sometimes inviting us to discussion.

These addresses and discussions have been intensely interesting, evidencing on the part of the controlling intelligence matured mental abilities, fine culture and elevation of thought. A pure, lofty and very real religious principle pervades and vitalizes his utterances. Simple and beautiful prayers are offered by this intelligence, whose departure is followed by the third influence, who appears as an Indian of really majestic mien. The room is searched by this intelligence for something in the shape of a blanket, which when found is wrapped around the medium's form in the old Indian fashion. Music is asked for by signs, an Indian song is sometimes given, and an Indian dance is sometimes performed. Every act and motion under this influence has a natural grace, of a grave, dignified character. Seating the medium upon the floor, Indian fashion, this influence departs, and the medium gradually returns to his normal state. It is a fact worthy of note, that the medium's health has materially and visibly improved since this investigation was begun. These three influences appear at our sittings regularly and distinctly, and the statements made through the medium by these intelligences never conflict or contradict one another, and there is in every respect a perfect and admirable consistency maintained.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that these intelligences claim to be actual spirits, once residents in bodies like ours. The first, or merry spirit, professes to come and prepare the second, who, in turn, professes to be our teacher and guide in this matter, and to be the superintendent of our medium's development. The third, or Indian influence, professes to come for the purpose of reestablishing our medium in his normal condition. By the second and superior intelligence—our teacher—we are told that all which is now so mysterious and little understood in this matter shall be plainly unfolded to us, and that our

own immediate friends, who have passed from earth to spirit-life, shall ultimately be permitted to come to us and identify themselves to us to our perfect satisfaction. We are also promised by this intelligence that we shall soon have the "conditions"—which now seem to us so inexplicable—fully explained, so that we may understand the science of spirit approach and communion, and why one thing can be done and not another, &c. And this very article is written in compliance with the request of this "teacher," who desired that it might find a place in your columns, as an encouragement to thousands of Spiritualists who would be cheered by knowing of yet another instance in which spirits were working for and with them; also that it might be an inducement to other thoughtful, earnest souls who had never looked into this matter, to organize circles among themselves, and thus open the door for spirit visitants, who were everywhere watching for such opportunities of approach, that they might bring the happy truths of modern Spiritualism to their friends on earth.

ONE OF THE CIRCLE.

Spiritualism in the West.

With your permission I will give the readers of the Banner of Light a short account of what we are doing here in the West, and the general prosperity of our cause.

I left Cedar Falls, Iowa, the third day of October, 1866, to fill an engagement of four Sundays with the friends at Burns, Wis. During the month I lectured at Sparta, Salem, Leon and La Crosse, at the end of which time they engaged me for three months more, and they have renewed the engagement quarterly up to the first of January, 1868. The 12th of November, 1866, we organized a Society at La Crosse, and resolved to unite our efforts in building up the cause. The Society now numbers over thirty members, and they have a fine hall of their own, erected since last June, twenty-eight by forty-two feet, which is all completed but the seats, and pictures to adorn its walls. The Society is a little over one hundred dollars in debt thus far. The members of the Society are doing all they are able to, and are anxious to have a house they can call their own, and mean to have such a place, if labor and perseverance will procure it. The seats of the house will cost some two hundred dollars, and I am requested to ask, in behalf of said Society, aid from such as are able and willing to give of their means to clear the house of debt, or pictures to decorate its walls. All such donations will be thankfully received and duly recognized by E. A. Wilson, of said Society, or your humble servant.

The friends at Leon have not completed an organization as yet, but are agitating the question, and the indications are strong that they will soon complete such an organization. My labors are confined to these places at present. Each and every one put their shoulders to the wheel, and with strength and means urge the work along.

What we need here in the West, is more test mediums. There is plenty of work for all, and anxious souls are waiting to receive the messages of love that fall from their inspired lips, and I desire to see more concert of action among mediums in the future, than has characterized our efforts in the past.

I have just returned from a flying visit through a portion of Iowa, my former field of labor. Found the Spiritualists in some places actively working in and for the cause, and in others they had joined themselves to the idle of liberal Christianity, so called, and were doing nothing for the cause, that, above all others, stands first and foremost in the path of reform. Let me here say that any person who urges Spiritualists to unite with Universalists to carry on their meetings is not a friend to our cause.

While at Cedar Falls, where I labored for a year and a half, previous to my coming to this State, the Universalists' liberality was severely tested. A Mr. Hamilton is preaching for the Universalist Society. During the last year he has been trying to unite the two Societies, by representing to the Spiritualists that he was a Spiritualist, and with all that he was very liberal. With guile in his mouth, and sermons that had no point to them but their end, he succeeded in drawing in some two or three of the Spiritualists to his support. While I was there, he gave out that the next Sabbath evening he would speak upon the following subject, "The Hurling and Healing Shadows." Mr. D. Overman, E. F. Gregg, and others wished to hear that subject treated from a different standpoint than the one he occupied, so they asked if I would consent to be controlled and speak upon the same subject at the same place the Sabbath evening following Mr. Hamilton. Consent being given, Mr. Overman—at the time paying Mr. Hamilton for preaching—presented the matter to the trustees, asking them to lay the subject before Mr. Hamilton, and return his answer upon a certain day. He refused to give the sermon himself, and refused the use of the house for me to give that or any other lecture in, and that, too, after he had said to Spiritualists that he was one himself. The feelings of the Spiritualists at that place have materially changed toward "liberal Christians" since the above occurrence. I might cite the littleness of a Kimball, a Bulkeley, a Livermore, but one suffices to convince any one that they are no friends to us; "and if," said the lawyer, "it is your bull that has gored my ox, that alters the case," such is true to-day: if you are satisfied with Universalism, we are your friends; but if not, you must be quiet. My advice to all Spiritualists is this: paddle your own canoe, and let the Universalists do the same, at least until they learn how to extend common civilities to others, though they may differ with them in belief.

At West Union, Iowa, I gave two lectures, the 19th and 20th of September; the 22d had a grove meeting and basket picnic, and organized a Society under the laws of the State, with twenty-three members; the 23d I commenced a course of four lectures at Fayette. This is the stronghold of Methodism. They have a large college there, and turn out Methodist ministers all warped and twisted as their creed directs.

The lectures completed, I went to Waverly and attended a two days' meeting; had a good time; met Mrs. Walsbrook and Mrs. Warren; both are doing pioneer work in the State. I returned to Fayette and commenced a course of seven lectures, Nov. 4th, which the Methodists tried to break up. They began by circulating their pious lies, and sent their "big guns" into the meeting to question the influences and propound subjects for discourses, all of which failed to produce the desired effect, as you will see by the following note from the editor of the North Iowa Observer, W. B. Larkin, published under the supervision of said college:

"We heard Mr. Potter deliver a portion of an address—whether he was in the body or out of the body, we know not—but he certainly delivered that which would have been 'unutterable' to the majority of persons under a like peculiar condition. The peculiarity of the case consisted in his delivering the speech in a very fluent and forcible manner upon a subject that was selected for him by a gentleman in the audience, after the meeting came together. We think that nearly every candid person who was there will agree

with us that the address, considered simply in the sense of an intellectual effort—offhand and impromptu—even for a person who had deliberated much upon it before, must be considered a very creditable affair. He spoke right along in a very spirited and entertaining manner."

When the seven lectures were completed, the members had increased from twenty-three to forty-four.

I returned to West Union, and gave two more lectures, and then came to my present field of labor. H. Angis is the Corresponding Secretary of the Fayette Society, and wishes me to say to mediums and lecturers that they would like to see them at Fayette. His address is Fayette, Iowa. They are reached by stage, from Postville, on the McGregor railroad, or Independence on the Dubuque and Sioux City Road, some thirty miles by stage.

At West Union they can address H. Wonnemberg; at Waverly, E. B. Mack; at Shellrock, William W. Mullen; at Iowa Falls, E. B. Collins; at Cedar Falls, E. H. Gregg.

I hope speakers and mediums will visit these States more than they have, for there is a great work to do here in the West. Orthodoxy is doing all it can to crush out free thought, so let us work together in order that their influence may be counteracted and each and every one feel free to act as their highest convictions of duty may dictate.

Yours respectfully, J. L. POTTER.
La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 30, 1867.

Progress of Spiritualism in Oregon.

I have been thinking, as the Banner of Light is a great chronicler of events, that its editors might like to hear something from this "land of the setting sun," and something also from this "city of peace" called Salem.

Oregon, for many years, has been developing mediums and reading the literature of the true religion. I estimate the number of Spiritualists at about thirty-five hundred, or one-fifth of the population that can vote. There are two Societies in the State doing well. But our greatest progress is in private circles. I venture to state it as a fact that nearly every one known as a free-thinker and all who do not belong to some Orthodox Church, are now confirmed Spiritualists or earnest investigators.

Said a distinguished free-thinker to me the other day, "Your religion is the only one on earth that can give any proof of itself, and it is harder, so far, to my mind, to get around the evidence than to admit it." This class of persons attend lectures and contribute liberally to their support. I think if this State had a corps of lecturers, such as your Eastern States have, to go to every city, town, hamlet and school-house, it would not take long to redeem the whole mass of the people. There is more individuality of purpose and character here than in other settled places. Every one thinks for himself.

Crossing the wide plains seems to have widened the vision. God is no longer seen so small as he looked from the family pew in the old church corner at home, in the old States. The Orthodox ministers in this State, in general, have but little influence or ability to stem a tidal wave of the new faith. They rely upon scaring their flocks by the cry, "It is all of the devil!" (for but few dispute the facts of spiritual manifestation). But men and women who have escaped the savages or braved the perils of a voyage across the plains or over the great seas can no longer be scared by the diabolical howlings of owls, however dark and benighted the woods from whence the cry issues. But few of these people actually believe in any hell or any devil, and less in the minister that alks of them. This vineyard is ripe for the new and the greater truths, and all it wants is a grand army of such laborers as Todd, Foye, Stowe, and others like them, to capture the whole concern.

In this city of Salem (which, by-the-by, is a fast growing one), a Society called the "Friends of Progress" was organized last summer, with about eighty names as members. It holds meetings every Sunday evening at the Court House. Lecturers are selected from amongst the members, or others, by the meetings a week ahead, and so far, we have had some splendid lectures right from amongst us, and found talent unsuspected before.

We need a depot of spiritualistic and liberal literature here just now, and there are several of them needed in the State. Portland, Salem, Albany, Corvallis, Eugene, Roseburg and Jacksonville all need them. A. J. Davis's works, in order to give the people the Harmonical Philosophy or grand theory of Spiritualism, are most needed perhaps, and there ought to be at least three thousand numbers of the Banner of Light circulated weekly in this State; and there would be if those depots could be established where you could have efficient agencies.

We have some good healing mediums in process of development, and by next summer will have several doctors curing "the ill that flesh is heir to" by the apostolic mode, the "laying on of hands." This State or California would be a good field for the Zouave Jacob. This people would not suppress him; they would be more apt to exhaust him and pump him dry of all his virtues. If they won't let him work in France, the Spiritualists ought to bring him to America. His kind of work strikes a heavy blow at the religious man-worship bestowed upon Jesus, the healer among the Jews. But I must close for this time, remaining truly yours, &c., G. W. LAWSON, Atty.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

When the Spiritual Republic ceased to be, I promised the angels that I would, upon certain conditions, again enter the publishing field. The conditions have been met. The angels have more than filled their contract, now I will more than fill mine. On the first of March, I will issue the first number of a magazine of thirty-six pages, bearing the above title. My determination is to make it eminently a spiritual publication, one worthy of the cause I love. I would be glad of the support and cooperation of lovers of our beautiful belief.

MOSES HULL.

Hobart, Lake County, Indiana.

Tests through Mansfield.

Dr. E. Beckwith, South Pass, Ill., writes: A few weeks since I journeyed eastward as far as Boston, taking in my way the city of New York. Among the objects of more than ordinary interest to me, was the late Fair of the American Institute, but more especially the phenomena of Spiritualism, which I witnessed on three occasions through Mrs. Conant of your city, at rooms in the Banner office, also those through Mr. J. V. Mansfield, at his rooms 102 West 15th street, New York, near the site of the late Fair.

It is with reference to this last named medium of spirit intercourse, that I desire to direct the attention of Spiritualists who would hear more fully from their loved ones in spirit-life, and more especially would I invite all honest skeptics who would have their unbelief or doubts removed by the most indubitable proofs from friends in spirit-life, of the realities of their surroundings, their pursuits and pleasures, to avail themselves of his instrumentality as a writing medium.

If in secular life a man is estimated by the fair

proportions of his physical, intellectual, moral and social character, is it not rational that like high qualifications ought to characterize the media through whom we seek the higher phases of truth and their demonstration?

I have felt it my duty to say this much in reference to a stranger whom I never saw except for one brief hour, but through whose organism there came to me from a father, mother and uncle long since departed this life, the most unequivocal demonstrations of their presence and agency, in reply simply to their names written and closely folded by myself.

Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, writes as follows:

Circumstances having called me to New York, a few weeks since, I called on J. V. Mansfield, 102 West 15th street, so widely known as the medium for answering sealed letters; and had I no other evidence that an unseen intelligence can communicate, that visit was sufficient.

You write privately your question, with the name of the spirit addressed, on the end of a long slip of paper, fold it five or six times, and lay it before the medium. Instantly the pencil begins to move, giving a full and perfect reply. Thus fifteen were received, and no hesitancy or doubt connected with either. They were all of a personal character, not interesting to the general reader, but very precious to me.

Correspondence in Brief.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, WORCESTER, MASS.—Spiritualism still lives in this city. The Progressive Lyceum flourishes. Truth will triumph! "Peace on earth and good will to man" lie in every germ of reform, and will come, though like the flowers of spring, they lie under the snow and ice of selfishness and ignorance.

J. P. COWLES, M. D., writes from Hillsdale, Mich., under date of Dec. 30th, 1867: My observations teach me that our glorious philosophy—the only real, tangible religion—is at present making more rapid strides in the right direction than ever before, and I attribute this, in part at least, to the efforts now being made to organize Societies all over our country. In union there is strength. I have been sending several weeks in this village, and although there is no Society formed here yet, still there are a few earnest, faithful, silent workers for the truth, and I think you will soon receive some new subscribers for the Banner from Hillsdale. I leave for the far West in a few days, passing through Northern Indiana, Illinois, to Iowa, and then perhaps into the Southern States.

Dr. E. POTTER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Miss Elvira Wheelock has lectured for us twice each Sunday during the present season. Her lectures are of the highest tone. Never have we listened to anything better, or more calculated to elevate the mind—the life. And in order that she may have the largest field of usefulness, we recommend her to all—East or West—who love the true, the beautiful and the good. As an evidence of the estimation of her lectures in this city, I will mention that a correspondence recently took place between her and some of the most prominent citizens of this place, inviting her to give a public address in the Representatives' Hall, Dec. 21st, with the remark that four of the gentlemen whose names are appended to the correspondence are State officers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LYCEUM.—J. B. LeGro, Conductor of the Great Falls (N. H.) Children's Lyceum, sends us the following explanation: Seeing in your issue of Dec. 28th a notice of the organization of a Children's Progressive Lyceum at Concord, N. H., and that it was christened the "First No. Children's Progressive Lyceum," we thought it only justice to ourselves to correct the mistake therein recorded. We started a Lyceum in this place the 16th of April last, with only ten members, aside from the officers, but now we number over forty, which, for a small place, we think is doing pretty well. We gave an exhibition Christmas evening, likewise the succeeding evening, which were pronounced by those not interested second to no Sabbath school exhibition we have had in town.

W. L. VESCELIUS, EMIE, PA.—I expect to take a trip through the interior of Pennsylvania and Ohio, for the purpose of healing the sick and developing mediums. I have visited several towns and cities in New York, and have found Spiritualists everywhere. In the majority they are ever willing to show a friendly feeling, and frequently willing to place themselves under treatment, and urge others to receive the "blessings of healing." It comes from our kind friends on the other side. Then again, I find warm, earnest advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy who claim that spirits have nothing to do with "healing by the laying on of hands." They claim that any one can heal if he or she has a strong will power. I think arguments of that kind have a tendency to injure healers and Spiritualism, as I am convinced by experience that no one can perform cures by the laying on of hands, unless he is controlled by spirits out of the form. Then again, I think arguments of that kind have a tendency to bring persons in the field who have no sympathy with our beautiful religion, and have no idea of harmony, purity, justice or truth, and are merely stumbling-blocks in the way of all progress. I think Spiritualists should stand by all mediums who seem to be working for the good and the highest good of all; and that the highest good is to throw power upon us for the benefit of mankind, we should be honest, and give them credit.

DAVID COON, M. D., MITCHELL, P. O., FRUIT CO., PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.—As an educated physician and an honest skeptic, I have looked on those who profess to heal the sick by the laying on of hands as arrant impostors. One of these healers—Dr. J. H. Rattley—arrived in the town of Mitchell a few days ago, from Philadelphia, Pa. I at once determined to put his marvellous powers to the test. The first chance that offered I did not long to wait, before I saw a lady who had lost her voice for fifteen years, being only able to speak in a low whisper. I induced the lady to sit in my office while I went for (as I thought) the arch impostor, thinking I would have a fine chance to expose him and his vaunted powers publicly.

The Doctor arrived, asked the lady to lay off her bonnet, and then he passed over her neck. I and the lady—Mrs. John Curtis, of Hebert—sat and counted one, two, three, and to my utter amazement she could then count and talk as well as any lady in the county. I am a graduate of three medical systems, and must confess I do not know of any such quick and pleasant remedies. The Doctor has made other cures in this town fully as marvellous, and has held several circles. I have seen him give some very fine tests. One of our prominent Methodists says the Doctor described his father, mother and brother, who were dead, very correctly. This is calculated to work a revolution in physics and metaphysics.

ALMEDIA B. FOWLER, NEVADA, STONY CO., IOWA.—I have a long time delayed writing to you, indulging the vain hope that some good appreciative brother or sister would speak a good word for me through the Banner of Light, and by so doing, make it easier for me to communicate to you. But I find, as I trust others do for me what I am able to do for myself, that the work remains undone. My guardian says, "Tell the people you will answer calls to lecture in the State of Iowa during the months of January and February; that you are an impressionable and inspirational medium; that you believe in God and in man, and that you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest of all mediators, or mediums." Furthermore, says my guardian, "tell them that you are not disposed to disbelieve anything or yield one single established truth to please any one, or enter into controversy for their sake to satisfy curiosity, or to show to people what you are capable of. If I do, I will defend Spiritualism, and say nothing against mediums, simply because it is not consistent with Spiritualism to refuse to defend the truth, or talk against spirit mediums." All I have to say is this: that the above is all true, and in perfect harmony with my own soul. I have given up all for the one great object which I wished to attain, and that is true spiritual excellence. And now the question arises, how can

I obtain this excellence but by using the light that is given me, and make it shine elsewhere, wherever I may be called? I hope the Spiritualists in Iowa and elsewhere will not let me grow lukewarm by their lack of interest; and I appeal to them to give way and let the light show itself, and by so doing prove that they are in earnest in their requests for spiritual mediums and speakers to come amongst them.

Organization in Michigan.

I am in receipt of many letters propounding questions in relation to the efforts being made to bring the Spiritualists of this State into systematic cooperation.

As this subject is now prominently before the Spiritualists of the whole country, persons outside of the Peninsular State, as well as here, may be interested in these questions, and the answers epitomized.

"You recommend forming Societies in each Circle, (county), and the several Societies into an Association, with President and other officers. Do you prescribe articles of faith or belief?"

Ans.—No! most emphatically. We recommend "Articles of Association," merely prescribing manner of electing officers, their duties, time of meeting, raising funds for support of lecturers, &c. We advise against the prescribing of any belief as a test of mediumship.

"What permanent fees or dues are required to be paid to County and State Circles?"

A.—Not a cent; each Society is subordinate in no respect, but perfectly independent in financial and all other matters.

"What is the object of these Circles? In a word, I want to see my way clear, and that there is to be a benefit to flow from the Organization, before I am ready to go into it?"

A.—The objects of these local County and State Circles are to bring the Spiritualists into more intimate acquaintance and associative effort for mutual benefit, and the more general promulgation of our philosophy.

Such questions as above are legitimate, and I am glad that the subject of Organization is to be carefully examined, and any plan proposed closely criticized before final adoption.

Spiritualism in its tendency, not unlike other new religious movements, was necessarily for several years disintegrating in its character; but the time must come, in the divine order of all things, when reformation becomes necessary. In the opinion of most of the early pioneers in this work, that time has fully come.

It is not my object to discuss that question now; in fact, it seems superfluous, for the evidences we have before us in the general awakened interest in all the Northern and Western States, and the efforts made in that direction, plainly indicate to us the vox populi on this subject.

The officers of the "Michigan State Spiritual Association," in the plan they have suggested for your consideration, express their idea by saying: "We unanimously concur in presenting the following *incipient* (commencement, beginning—) plan, designed to inaugurate an efficient system, to be improved upon hereafter, as you may from time to time demand change." They felt the necessity of beginning a work apparently too long delayed. Thousands of Spiritualists are remaining in the Church, merely because they require association; other thousands, tired of standing alone, or, like the fabled "Noah's dove," finding no place of rest, are going into the more liberal Church organizations, merely because we have failed to provide for their social demands.

We absolutely need some system of cooperation in the employment of speakers. Too often they have to travel hundreds of miles at great expense, increased labor and loss of time, without an intervening appointment, whereas we should have them so connected as to benefit both speaker and people, by a saving of time to the former, and expense to the latter.

Again, the plan we have proposed to you brings the societies of each county together, four times a year and in the State twice, thus giving opportunity for acquaintance, social intercourse, and learning the wants of all parts of the State.

The laws of the State provide that any number of persons not less than three, may associate themselves together, elect officers, record their proceedings, and thus become a "religious body" with certain privileges. It is desired therefore that all local organizations may be made to conform to the statute, for reasons that space will not allow us to refer to in this communication. The above are a few of the benefits to be derived from organization and associative effort.

Believe a large majority of Spiritualists are now convinced of the absolute necessity of organizations of some kind. It should be our aim to organize so as to obtain all the advantages of cooperation and yet retain the perfect freedom of the individual, conceding no authority as to freedom of thought or expression to any person, local Society or State Convention.

Our missionary plan promises to be a grand success. Go to Jackson and attend our semi-annual meeting, January 24th, 25th and 26th, and hear the report of Rev. J. O. Barrett, our missionary, and I believe you will hear of good results already from our associative effort. At that meeting, your Executive Board will present forms of Articles of Association, election of officers and certificates for record. Come up from all parts of the State and let us counsel together for the good of each and all. Spiritualists have something to do besides being carried to a beautiful "summer-land" on "flowery beds of ease." You who have allowed yourselves to fall into this error, had better read the admirable lecture by Dr. Hallock, published in Banner of Light, Dec. 21st, from which we may all profit.

DORUS M. FOX.

Michigan State Spiritual Association.

The semi-annual meeting of the above Association will be held in the city of Jackson, commencing Friday evening, January 24, and continuing over Saturday and Sunday. It is expected that Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Davis, Selden J. Finney, and other prominent speakers will be present.

We most earnestly invite every Society and community of Spiritualists in the State to be represented. We anticipate a very large Convention, and the discussion of questions of great interest. Our missionary, Rev. J. O. Barrett, will be present. The Spiritualists of Jackson have arranged with the hotels for reduced prices, for all they cannot themselves guarantee.

DORUS M. FOX, President.

L. B. BROWN, Secretary.

Lyons, Mich., Dec. 6, 1867.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Association will be held at Marshfield, on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1st and 2d, 1868. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Leo Miller and other speakers are engaged. All are invited.

M. A. TAYLOR, Secretary of Association.

Married.

In Plum-street Hall, Vincennes, N. J., Dec. 29th, 1867, by Dr. L. K. Conroy, assisted by other friends of progress, Jacob D. Ash and Helen W. Goodell.

Obituaries.

Left the mortal form, December 29th, 1867, in Nashua, N. H., the spirit of H. B. Richardson, formerly of Rutland, N. Y., aged 83 years and 6 months.

He was a pioneer in the ranks of Spiritualism; happy in the many proofs of immortality received from angel friends, and exhibiting always an earnest and unflinching faith in the great work being accomplished for humanity and the world through the progressive religion and rational philosophy of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Ruth Tollman passed recently from her home in Danby, Ill., to her home in the Morning Land. Her age was 81 years. Mrs. Tollman was one of the brave and beautiful spirits that remind us that angels walk our earth, doing faithfully and lovingly the work of angels. She was a Spiritualist. Her faith in the ministry of spirits induced the belief that the world still remain the companion and guardian angel of him who loved so well in earth-life.

Passed to the Summer-Land, from Roxbury, Dec. 29th, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Joseph Chandler, aged 81 years; formerly of Campton, N. H.

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4w-Jan. 11

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