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Literary Department.

CHARITY.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of
Light, by Lois Walsbrook.

CHAPTER IV.

Further Developments of Charity.

Mrs. Reid had been trying to induce Helen and her mother to go to church with her, and at length succeeded in obtaining a promise that they would go on the Wednesday evening following the Sunday that she had spent at their house. Elsie was so much better than usual that for the first time she was permitted to go out at night, and together they entered the well filled church and listened to a fine discourse from the Rev. Mr. Schoolcraft, given especially to the young, and more particularly to the young converts who had recently been gathered into the fold.

He painted in glowing colors the snares that beset the feet of the young, and especially the young men of our large cities. "Daughters," said he, "are more particularly under the eye of the mother, but our young men go forth to breast the storms of life, and the seductions of vice meet them on every side—bright eyes and sparkling wine, and all the allurements that appeal to the senses; and while all need the grace of God, surely our young men need it in an especial manner, if they would keep their feet from falling and their souls from sin."

William Holden's mother and sister were there, but they brushed by our little company in laudatory silence; and Mrs. Reid noticed that whenever the minister spoke of the temptations that beset young men, scores of eyes were directed toward where they sat.

"I never realized," said she, to Mr. Whitney, the next day, "what it was to be under the ban before. It made me sick and faint. I do not wonder that the outcast is seldom, if ever, reclaimed; the manner in which society meets them, is enough to sink them to the lowest hell of degradation. Why, I would not go through another such ordeal as that of last night for anything; that is, nothing but a sense of duty, or the hope of doing good could induce me, therefore, it is worse than working for the slave."

"You believe them innocent, do you not?" he asked.

"I do."

"And you yourself was acting under a sense of duty, or rather a desire to do good?"

"Most certainly I was."

"Then you have not half estimated the difficulties under which the outcast lies; for instead of conscious innocence and a noble purpose to sustain them, they have the added load of guilt to bear."

"Yes; and God help them, for man will not."

"Rather say, woman will not; for if ever so innocent, and they get the reputation of being otherwise, the more a man tries to do for them, the more it injures them."

"But woman does not pull them down; she only puts her foot on them after they are down, or are supposed to be," replied Mrs. Reid, with some spirit.

"Woman is sometimes man's most efficient aid in dragging woman down, Mrs. Reid," answered Mr. Whitney.

"Not till she has herself been first degraded by him. I know that woman is cowardly, and sometimes cruel to her own sex, but her reputation is her all, and she knows it. Were she treated as leniently as man is, even by your sex, it would be different; but with the man is power; he controls the whole machinery of society; can do about as he pleases, consequently can afford to be generous. When your sex pleads superiority over us in that respect, it makes me think of the generosity of the southern chivalry, compared to that of the northern laborer. One is called whole-souled and generous, because another earns his money for him, and he hardly knows how he gets it; the other close and small in his dealings, because having every dollar to earn by the sweat of his own brow, he knows just how it comes. Reputation, virtue, as the world styles virtue, is cheap to you, but to us it is not. The old adage expresses it correctly; I remember reading it in the old fashioned spelling book, so long ago as when I first learned to read: 'May tarnishes his character and brightens it again, but if woman chance to swerve from the strictest rules of virtue, ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame, One false step forever blots her fame; In vain the loss she may deplore, In vain look back to what she was before, She sets like stars that fall to rise no more.'

With this state of things to contend with, I think it hardly fair for man to boast of his lenity, when compared with that of woman. Why, the highest men in the nation, many of them, are guilty of that which had a woman been guilty of the same, she would have been sent to Five Points instead of Congress."

"Hold, hold, Mrs. Reid, and I will give up beat!" said Mr. Whitney, laughing. "Your arguments are just, and I only wish there were thousands like you, to advocate the cause of your sex."

When Mrs. Reid returned home at night, she found the minister's mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, waiting for her; and after the usual salutations were over, the lady began:

"I called," Mrs. Reid, "to see what your idea was in coming to church last night with those women?"

"What my idea was? Why, I supposed you held your meetings on purpose for people to attend; and I think it the duty of a Christian woman to ask her neighbors to go with her to the house of God."

"And so it is our duty to encourage the humble penitent, wherever found; but there is a limit to all things. There comes a time, the Bible says, when even the Spirit, God's Holy Spirit, ceases to strive with the rebellious."

"Have we a right, Mrs. Schoolcraft, even if this be true, to decide when it has taken place?"

"Perhaps not; still we have our reason, and must judge something from appearances; and these women seem perfectly hardened; their conduct is shameful, and it is a disgrace for any decent woman to be seen in their company."

"Had you seen them weep, as I have, you would hardly call them hardened; and what have they done, Mrs. Schoolcraft, to merit the appellation of shameless?"

"What have they done? Why, isn't it well-known that Stanford, one of the worst libertines in the city, kept them for awhile, and then becoming offended with him, or he with them, I don't know which, they took up with Ben Wilson, a man of the same stamp, only he has no family to be disgraced thereby! They stole away from the cottage that Stanford provided for them, the very next day after Ben first visited them, and have kept themselves so shy that he never knew where they were till yesterday."

"How did you learn that?"

"Mrs. Holden told me last evening. Stanford told her husband so yesterday."

"And how did he happen to learn where they were at last?"

"Why, you see, Holden's folks have a son, who is perfectly infatuated with this girl; she has made him believe that she is purely itself; she evidently designed to entrap him into marriage. They sent him to Mrs. Holden's brother's in New York city, in order to break up their acquaintance; and now it is ascertained that they are corresponding."

"How did they learn this?"

"Well, you see, sister Crowell and myself were out distributing tracts last week, and we saw a lady just ahead of us drop a letter; we called to her, to let her know of her loss; picking up the letter at the same moment, we found that it was addressed to William Holden, and as the person turned to take it, we saw that it was this very Helen Merrill. It seemed providential, for now Holden's people will be on their guard."

"And so you told Holden's people?"

"Certainly; I thought it my duty."

"Would it not have been more providential had you kept the letter and given it to them? They would then have known just what the girl was writing."

"I should have done so had I thought quick enough; but as it was, I could only inform them what I had discovered."

"And where they lived," continued Mrs. Reid, with an imperturbable coolness that somewhat disconcerted her visitor, in spite of herself.

"Yes, I told them where I saw Helen go in soon after."

"And was that the way that Stanford found out?"

"Through the Holdens? Yes, Holden himself is a rough, good-natured sort of man, and meeting Stanford yesterday—he says he loves to tease the old scamp—well, meeting him yesterday, he says to him, 'Hello, Stan, have you found your women yet?' 'What women do you mean?' he replied. Now this is what Holden told his wife, and she told me last night. She would not have thought of it, probably, had she not seen them at church. 'What women do I mean? Now only hear the man,' said Holden; 'he has so many he don't know who I mean. Why, the pretty widow, with her still prettier daughter, who slipped away so quietly.' 'What! the one your William was after? Hal! it was a rich joke to hear the boy rave about her innocence. No, I have not found them, neither do I care to; I have had all of their company I want.' 'What, both mother and daughter?' said Holden. 'Yes, both,' replied Stanford; 'I don't want anything more of them; but where has Ben stowed them away? I understand he has them now.' There, Mrs. Reid, what do you think of that? Isn't it horrible to have such characters around?"

"If you mean such men as Stanford, I say yes. I think it horrible that such men should be allowed to run at large, and more especially that a Christian woman should take delight in such a wretch can say as evidence against any one."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Reid? Do you intend that as a reflection on me?"

"I mean just what I say. I am astonished at hearing a Christian woman repeat the stories of so vile a wretch in evidence against one of her own sex, and as for Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, I believe them pure, so far as what they are accused of is concerned, notwithstanding all that has been said against them."

"Why, Mrs. Reid?"

"I do, Mrs. Schoolcraft, and am prepared to give my reasons; but first let me give you a little of my own experience, as to the maliciousness of unprincipled men. You know that I am rather independent in my nature, advocate what I think is right, whether others think so or not."

"I know that you have suffered and sacrificed much in the cause of the poor slave, and I honor you for it. Would to heaven that all our women were as earnest in this matter; the curse of slavery would soon be swept from our land."

"That is true, Mrs. Schoolcraft; were all the women in our land to unite in any one cause, they could make their influence so felt as to accomplish the desired object. But there are other slaves than that of the black man. Woman is herself a slave, and if she dare to go contrary to the established usages of society, no matter how innocent and praiseworthy her object may be, she is soon made to feel her chains. Soon after Mr. Reid's death, I accepted an agency that required me to travel. I was poor. He had devoted his life to the cause of the oppressed, and we were left without means. Woman's employments are anything but remunerative, and I felt

it my duty and privilege, if I could, to do something by means of which I could earn enough to support and educate my remaining child comfortably, so I took a step somewhat, or I might say entirely out of the ordinary track in which woman is accustomed to travel. I said I accepted an agency; I should have said solicited, and with difficulty obtained the position. Stopping to canvass a little village, in the central part of the State, I boarded a room at the public-house, and one night at the table the anti-slavery question was introduced, I, of course, defending the abolitionist. The landlord also kept a store in a small way, and it so happened that the man whose business it was to furnish the country merchants with ready-made men's wear, from a wholesale clothing establishment in the city, was there that night. He was very warm in his opposition to me, and became somewhat excited when some of his arguments were too readily answered to suit him. Some three months afterward he chanced to come to another village where I was stopping, and learning that I was there he took occasion to have his petty revenge. 'Mrs. Reid?' said he, with a contemptuous sneer, 'I know all about that Mrs. Reid that I wish to.' The conclusion of those who heard him was that I was a vile woman, and the report went through the village like wildfire; and had I kept a proud silence, as Mrs. Taylor has done, I have no doubt that I should have been driven from the place; but a little prompt action, and the forcing of the gentleman to an explanation of what he meant, by the means of the strong arm of the law, soon put a different aspect to affairs."

"And were you really strong enough to face such an accusation and defend yourself?" asked the minister's mother, in astonishment.

"To be sure I was. Why should I not defend myself as well as another? I should stand by another to the last, if I thought them wronged, and for my child's sake, if not for my own, it was my duty to do myself justice. Besides, it taught that man and that community a lesson, and should another woman go there, intent upon her own honest business, they will be a little more careful how they listen to or circulate reports against her. So you see that I not only defended myself, but left my footprints there—"

"Footprints, that, perhaps another, Sailing over life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked steed, Seeking shall take her path again."

"I know all about that Mrs. Reid's wish to. These were the words the man used, and the community pays him just the compliment he wishes them to, to wit: that he is a sensual man, and therefore the only interpretation that can be put upon such an expression is that the person alluded to is vile. I have no doubt that many a vile man can say of a virtuous woman that he knows all about her he wishes to, simply because of her being virtuous, and consequently of no use to him."

"Mrs. Reid, you ought to have been a preacher."

"Perhaps so; and yet it would be contrary to Paul's instructions."

"Well, a lawyer then."

"I think the day will come when women will preach and plead law too; but let me give you a little more of my experience. I went to one place where people seemed quite shy of me at first, but after a while I gained their confidence, and things worked so pleasantly that I stayed several weeks. One day my landlady said to me, 'Mrs. Reid, were you acquainted with a family of Johnsons when you came here?' 'In this place, do you mean?' 'Yes,' 'No, ma'am; I knew no one here but Mr. Peirce. I met him at his brother's in Marktown, and it was through his influence that I came here; but I have met a Johnson somewhere since I came here, and I cannot think where. Oh! I know now; it was at Mr. Warner's the other evening.' 'That is not the one I mean,' she replied; 'he is Mrs. Warner's brother, and a very fine man; but there is a family of Johnsons living opposite to where the old tavern was kept. They are very low people, the woman especially; and when you first came here it was reported that you met him on the corner near Burke's store, and talked with him half an hour, and the conclusion was that you were old acquaintances; but as I have seen nothing to find fault with in you, I concluded it must be a mistake.' And now, Mrs. Schoolcraft, what do you suppose that story was started from?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. Some of your eccentricities, I suppose; something like your going with those women to church last night."

"Well, all I could ever find it started from was this: The first day I went into the place, after getting a little warm I went to the post-office for my letters, as I had ordered some directed there. The directions were given me where to go, but I got a little confused, turned the wrong corner, and stopped at the place the lady named, that is, by Burke's store, and inquired the way of some one who stood there. He stopped just around the corner and pointed out the place I sought. I did not then know and perhaps never should have known who he was, had not the landlady's question, and the story she told me in reference to it, led me to make some inquiries, and I learned that that man was the Johnson referred to. I might tell you several more incidents, Mrs. Schoolcraft, to illustrate the point in question, to wit: the unreliability of these flying reports, but these will be sufficient, and such experiences have taught me a valuable lesson; consequently I never judge till I have heard both sides of the story—particularly where a woman's reputation is concerned. What would you think, madam, of a judge who should listen to the evidence against a prisoner, and then remand him for punishment without hearing the defence?"

"I should call him a very unjust judge, Mrs. Reid; but I see what you are aiming at, and I think it hardly fair for you to make me condemn myself. You think I have judged Mrs. Taylor and her daughter without hearing the other side of the question?"

"Well, have you not?"

"Perhaps I have; but I have not intended to be unjust, and where was I to go for evidence? A woman as vile as circumstances compel me to believe that she is, would hardly stop at a falsehood when necessary."

"Suppose we dissect some of those circumstances, and then see if you will feel compelled to believe as you have done. In the first place, you found her with a sick child, in a poorly furnished room, and you concluded from that circumstance that she was very destitute."

"Who told you this?"

"She told me herself."

"How did she learn what my inferences were?"

"From a letter that William Holden wrote Helen."

"Did you read the letter?"

"I did; and he accuses you of being the first one to make trouble between his family and them."

"Me!"

"Yes; he says that you and Mrs. Crowell came and poisoned the minds of his parents and sister by the inferences that you drew from circumstances, and he feels very bitter toward you for it."

"Better feel bitter toward me than to be drawn into a snare—to take a step that he would always regret."

"Well, as I was saying, you inferred from what you saw that she was poor, and she tells me that she sold her house in Rochester for fifteen hundred dollars, besides some money that she got for extra furniture, such as she did not wish to bring with her. She started to go to Cincinnati, but the sickness of Elsie prevented her going on with her friends, but as she hoped to proceed in a few days she did not wish to bring all of her things from the warehouse. It became too cold for her to travel ere the child became better; she then rented a house and decided to stay till spring, and then she, of course, had her furniture brought up and put into it. The fact of her leasing a house of a bad man was simply her misfortune, not her fault."

"And do you believe the story she tells?"

"Why not?"

"It may be true, Mrs. Reid—I hope it is. I am sorry to believe evil of any one, but people think that she has told this to cover her conduct."

"I know it to be true, so far as the furniture is concerned, for I have been to the warehouse, examined the books, and find names and dates just as she told me; and that she did leave her things there for a time, and that she took them away just when she told me she did."

"Well, you are a wonderful woman, I must say. Who but you would have thought of taking such a course?"

"I am sure any one ought, before taking upon herself that which, if true, destroys the reputation of a fellow creature; and true or false, the effects are the same, so long as believed to be true."

"But why did she not tell us this when we called? We would have been glad to assist her, but she repelled us."

"Mrs. Taylor is a proud woman, naturally reserved, and does not give her confidence readily; and the very fact of your believing her destitute made your offers of assistance offensive, in that your manner touched her pride."

"Yes, pride is pretty sure to bring trouble. I consider it one of the deadly sins."

"And yet, Mrs. Schoolcraft, we are none of us free from it."

"I know we are all miserable sinners before God, and so much the more need that we should be humble; for my part, I can't see why our offers of assistance should offend the woman."

"It ought not to have done so, but it did; some people are very sensitive on this point, and nothing touches them quicker than being considered objects of charity. I presume we all have our weak points. Besides, her child was very sick, and her anxiety—a mother's anxiety, might well be pardoned for forgetting to be as social as at another time."

"Yes, the child was very sick, poor lamb! I feared she would never be any better, but God has willed it otherwise; but when I attempted to talk to her of Jesus and heaven, the mother peremptorily forbade it, and how could I believe her other than a wicked woman?"

"She did this because she feared that if the child was excited it would make her worse; and besides, she has been brought up a Universalist, and does not see these things as you do. She had no fears for the child's future, and did not wish her disturbed."

"Yes, and that is enough to condemn her; a person who believes in no future punishment, thinks that the sinner goes to heaven as well as the saint—how can we expect such to be good? For my part, I think those who teach such doctrines should be indicted as destroyers of the public morals, and kept in confinement."

"And doubtless they would, were all of your opinion; but we live in a country of religious freedom, and such things are not allowed."

"Why, you do not believe such teachings right, Mrs. Reid?"

"I do not believe the sinner goes unpunished; but I have had some acquaintance with the Universalists, and I do not find them so much worse than other people. My grandfather, on my mother's side, was a Universalist, and an excellent man."

"Well, it may be so; but for my part, I can't see how any one can believe such a doctrine and be good. I can't believe, after all you have said, that these women are good; we cannot all have been so mistaken."

"They must have grown bad very suddenly then; they were considered good people when they left Rochester."

"How do you know that?"

"I have written and ascertained. I received two letters from there this morning, and they cor-

roborate what Mrs. Taylor and Helen have told me at different times, and speak of the family in terms of the highest respect."

Mrs. Schoolcraft was confounded. She looked at Mrs. Reid as if she had no power to utter another word. She managed at length, however, to ask:

"Does Mrs. Taylor know of this?"

"She does not; neither does she know that I went to the warehouse and ascertained the facts in reference to that; but I intend next Sabbath to have these letters read in church, as an especial piece of good news, and I have no doubt that you will all hasten to undo the wrong that has been unwittingly done to this family."

"Why, Mrs. Reid, you will not do that?"

"Why not? The wrong has been a public one, and why not make restitution publicly?"

"Perhaps you are right; but I must go home, it is getting late. Good-night, Mrs. Reid," and the lady left, evidently more chagrined at being found mistaken, than rejoiced at learning that a sister woman was innocent of the great crimes imputed to her.

CHAPTER V.

The Finale.

Eloise had never seemed better since they left Rochester. Mrs. Taylor and Helen were joyful in their anticipation of soon leaving the place that had been to them the scene of such bitter experiences. The month was up the following Monday, and then they would start for the city of their original destination.

"Was thus they talked and planned on that very evening in which the conversation above related had occurred at the house of Mrs. Reid. 'Twas thus they talked and planned, but they saw not the storm that was approaching. They had lived so quietly, minded their own business so thoroughly, that their immediate neighbors scarcely knew of their existence. Good Mr. Whitney had accidentally learned their place of abode, after leaving Stanford's cottage, but had said nothing further than what we have already related of his conversation with Mrs. Reid, and had it not been for those women with their tracts, they could have left the city in peace."

These charitable souls, however, were so filled with righteous indignation that they could not restrain their tongues from utterance, and so they horrified the good people of the place with information that they had a vile woman, or rather two of them, in their midst."

The story of young Holden was repeated with variations, till every mother looked upon her son as devoted to certain ruin if these creatures remained in the place.

Husbands and sons laughed at their fears, but this only exasperated them the more. Groups were seen conversing here and there, anxiously asking what should be done. They supposed there were such women down in the heart of the city, but that they should come into the suburbs and settle down among decent people was altogether too much to be borne.

Stanford, who had planned for revenge ever since he was so summarily dismissed from their presence, sent one of his female friends up into the neighborhood, in order to spy out and report. On returning to him with an account of the excitement people were in, he hired her to go back and represent herself as a great sufferer on account of Mrs. Taylor and her daughter; they having deceived both her husband and son by their snares. And this woman, once virtuous and good, but who had fallen a victim to Stanford's too well-laid plans, and, losing all self-respect, had since become the agent of his will, actually performed the part assigned her so well, that a company of quiet, well-to-do wives and mothers were raised to that pitch of excitement that they went to Mrs. Taylor's house and pelted it with stones and rotten eggs.

And while the inmates were trembling with fear, Eloise having fainted from terror, the police descended upon them and took the whole family to the station house, to answer to the charge of disturbing the peace. It was too late that night to investigate the matter, consequently they must remain in custody till morning.

"This is the work of those Christian women, who have followed us with their persecutions ever since we came to the city; and may God reward them accordingly," said Mrs. Taylor, in the bitterness of her spirit. Helen was silent, and the wretched mother continued, "Yes, may God reward them accordingly; they are murderers; they have killed my child. Eloise will never recover from this."

"Oh mother, don't say that," fairly shrieked Helen, while sobs shook her entire frame.

"I don't cry, sister," murmured Eloise, faintly, "I shall not be better."

Every sign of emotion was suppressed almost instantly. They could do anything for her dear sake. They had believed her unconscious, and finding that she was not, they grew calm in a moment, while Helen, stooping and kissing her, replied with a smile, "Yes, darling, you will soon be better."

"Thank you, sister; now do not cry any more; God and the angels will make it all right. Kiss me, mother; I am tired, and want to sleep; and with her head pillowed upon her mother's breast she sank away into a condition of unconsciousness, that seemed more like death than sleep. Little Mary lay in one corner of the room on a temporary bed that had been prepared for her. She had cried bitterly at first because she could not have her own bed; but childhood soon forgets, and now she was sleeping soundly."

But there was no sleep for Helen or her mother. All night long they watched over the pale sufferer, and when morning dawned the mother knew that it would soon be over. The mother knew this, but Helen could not, would not admit the terrible truth; she could not give up her darling sister."

When the hour arrived for the keepers of the peace to look into the cause of the previous night's

disturbance, not an accuser was there; but Stanford was on hand, and with a hypocritical smile, stepped forward and offered to go security for the ladies, and pay all costs if they could be set at liberty.

"I have no doubt," said he, with an insulting look toward them, "that they have their friends, but I have never found them inclined to make trouble, and I think the excitement of last night was wholly uncalculated for."

"Hold, wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, with flashing eyes, "wretch! hypocrite! You have caused this, and you know it, and you think by this means to accomplish what you have failed to do otherwise. I will not accept your offer. I would rather rot in prison than to fall into your power."

"Come, come, now," he replied, with the same smooth smile, "it is not worth while to hold anger; perhaps I have neglected you, but I am willing to make all right, and I can't bear to see you here."

"Great heaven!" murmured the wretched woman, "will no one protect me from these insults?"

"Here comes one who will protect you, no doubt," said Stanford with a sneer, as Ben Wilson appeared on the scene.

"Yes, I will protect them with my life, if necessary," he replied. "Sir," said he, turning to the officer in charge, "I demand the instant release of this family. I will become responsible for them to any amount. There are not two pure, better ladies in the whole city."

"Very devoted lover!" sneered Stanford.

"Silence, or I will wring your worthless neck for you," thundered Wilson. Then turning to the justice he continued: "Ben Wilson is bad enough, heaven knows, but he was never guilty of circulating false reports of a woman out of revenge because she resisted him, as that miserable puppy has done in this case."

"You must be careful how you conduct yourself, Mr. Wilson," said the justice, "or we shall have to arraign you for contempt of court."

"Will you permit me to be sworn?" was that gentleman's reply.

"Certainly."

The oath was taken.

"Now, sir, I shall recollect that I am under oath, and must tell nothing but the truth."

"Nothing but the truth," replied the justice.

"Well, then, gentlemen, some four months ago I became acquainted with these ladies. Through the insinuations thrown out by Stanford there, and from remarks that were made by a couple of goodly women whose business it was to go through the city and find out what they could of other people's business—pardon me, sir, I did not intend to say that—whose business it was to go through the city and find out the religious condition thereof, and to distribute tracts to both saint and sinner; through these two sources I had inferred these ladies to be of a very different character from what I found them to be. I made an excuse to call on them; motives none of the best, it is true; but, your Honor, I found such an atmosphere of purity there that I could as soon have approached an angel right out of heaven with anything like disrespectful familiarity. They never encouraged my visits, still I have called occasionally, for I felt a better man in their presence; and especially I was attracted to that sweet child who lies there so still and pale; so much like an angel is she that one forgets even the thoughts of sin in her presence."

The sound of his voice had aroused Eloise. She was listening, and when he said this she fixed her eye upon him, and with a bright smile, said, "I shall soon be with the angels."

Tears rushed to the strong man's eyes, as he uttered these words, and, bowing hastily, he said, "I am done, sir," and left the stand.

Two new actors now appeared upon the scene, in the persons of Mrs. Reid and Mr. Whitney.

After pressing the hand of Helen and her mother, and kissing the lips of Eloise and little Mary, Mrs. Reid requested permission to say a few words.

She then gave a short history of her acquaintance with the family, and of the circumstances that had prejudiced people against them; stated what she had done to clear up these suspicions, and the result. When she spoke of going to the warehouse books to ascertain the truth of that part of Mrs. Taylor's story, the story look of despair that had settled in the face of the poor woman began to give way, and when Mrs. Reid referred to the letters she had received from Rochester, at the same time producing them, both mother and daughter wept such tears as are a relief to the heart.

Wilson listened with a countenance expressive of so much joy that one expected momentarily to hear him burst out with "Hail Columbia!" or "Hallelujah!" but Stanford slunk away like a whipped cur.

A carriage was soon provided, and the wronged family were taken back to their homes; but it was evident that its most beloved member would soon be beyond the reach of earthly troubles. Indeed, she seemed beyond them now, so calm and happy was her frame of mind. Her perfect trust in the infinite was beautiful to behold.

"God and the angels will make it all right," was her only reply to what had occurred. "They were with me last night, mother, the beautiful angels, and they made the prison a palace."

Toward evening she asked to see the minister. He quickly responded to the call, and his mother came with him. Mrs. Schoolcraft had thought much since her conversation with Mrs. Reid the previous evening. As much as she desired to justify herself in the part she had taken toward Mrs. Taylor, when she compared her own course with that of Mrs. Reid's, she could not fail to see the difference; but what she felt most keenly was that she was the minister's mother, and, as such, ought to have set the example of defending the innocent, instead of being found among the maligners; and what would the people say when the facts of the case came to be known? She found herself in an awkward position, and was glad to seize hold of anything that would help her out of it, so when her son was sent for by Eloise she offered to go with him.

When Mrs. Taylor saw her coming a spasm of agony passed over her face. "Oh, I can't have that woman here," she groaned.

"Yes, mother, let her come," said Eloise.

The child did not ask who; she seemed to know instinctively. Mrs. Taylor had not intended the words for her ear, but it was impossible to keep anything from her; her quickened senses took in everything.

"Yes, mother, let her come; I want that she should." And so the mother schooled herself to bear for the sake of the child.

Eloise extended a hand to both, greeting them with a smile. "I am most home," said she to the minister; and to his mother: "I wanted to see you before I went, and I am glad you have come. Mother and sister tried to keep everything from me that they thought would make me unhappy, but I have known more of things than they thought. It would have troubled me to have my good mother and sister misunderstood so cruelly, but something kept saying to me, 'God and the angels will make it all right.'"

"Taught of God," murmured the minister reverently, while Eloise continued:

"You have wronged my mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, and my sister, too; but you were always kind to me. I feel that you did not intend to wrong them, so I am sure they will forgive you."

The proud woman was completely broken down, and, as the tears streamed from her eyes, she extended her hand to the stricken mother. Mrs. Taylor shrank from taking it, but the eyes of her child were upon her and she could not refuse.

A satisfied smile played over the features of the dying. The whole company were in tears.

"Oh, Miss Eloise," sobbed Wilson, "when you get to heaven tell my sister Mary that her brother Ben will try to meet her in peace."

Eloise cast her blue orbs, radiant with the light of that heaven he was speaking of, full upon him.

"Oh, yes, you must come; we could not do without you." Then, turning to her minister, she said: "I wanted to thank you for all the beautiful things you have taught me, but the angels are coming and I must go. Mother, sisters, friends, they have come for me. I shall wait for you all. Good-by." And without a struggle the beautiful eyes were closed forever.

The funeral was held the following Sunday in church. Mrs. Taylor at first objected, but Mr. Schoolcraft said: "We ask it, madam, as a favor. You have been cruelly wronged, and do not deny us the privilege of making all the amends in our power, by testifying our respect for you and yours." And so she consented that it should be as they desired.

The tide that had so long set against this unfortunate family, when it turned, rose as rapidly in the opposite direction. The church was filled to overflowing, and again the minister spoke from the words: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these three is charity." And this time his words fell not among briars and thorns, for the sorrow ground was completely broken up. There was not a dry eye in the house. And Mr. Schoolcraft, at parting with the family on the following morning, said:

"Madam, what you have suffered here—the wrongs that you have been called upon to bear, have made a greater impression upon the minds of this people, and will be productive of more lasting results than all of my preaching for a year past."

The body of Eloise was not laid in the Cleveland cemetery, but in an air-tight coffin, packed in ice; and on the following morning, instead of starting for Cincinnati, as she had intended, the bereaved mother went with her remaining loved ones and the beloved dead, on board a steamer, on her way back to Rochester, to deposit the dear remains beside the loved ones lying there. And so we bid them farewell.

Concluding Remarks.

Those who read the above may deem it all fiction; but I visited the lady who figures therein as Mrs. Reid, at her Western home, five years ago in May. She gave me the facts from which I have woven this story, she taking the same part therein as she is represented to take. Of course I have changed names, places and circumstances somewhat, but I feel that I have been true to the spirit that was manifested in the case, as related by her.

"And now, Lois," said she, when she had finished, "you can write a story out of that, and a good one, if you try." "I will try," said I. And I have tried; how well I have succeeded is for the reader to judge. But if I am able through its influence to quicken one soul in the possession of that clarity that suffereth long and is kind, that thinketh no evil, I shall not have labored in vain.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RURAL LIFE.

BY D. ANDREWS DAVIS.

We're out in the country just now on a visit,

And oh! how delightful to breathe the fresh air,

To hear all the songs of the birds in the forest,

And list to the husbandman's heaven-heard prayer!

Oh it is better than heaping up treasure

By strife and contention in city and town,

For here Mother Nature gives heaping full measure,

With smiles in addition, and never a frown.

Then oh! how resplendent the picture before us,

Where blessings unnumbered spontaneously flow;

Oh, surely there's a beauty at every footstep

Out in the country wherever we go!

The squirrels are sporting around the old fences—

The lambs on the hillside are briskly at play—

The workmen are busy in every department,

And charmingly fragrant the new-mown hay.

The clear crystal brook that meanders the meadow;

Where the violets and clover so charmingly bloom,

Is chanting its chorus forever and ever,

And always invites us so kindly to come;

And then how refreshing the green, fragrant cornfield,

Beside the old orchard that covers the knoll!

Ah, yes, it is good to be out in the country—

Good for the body, and good for the soul!

The swallows are flitting around the rude shelters—

The robin sits chirping upon the beech tree—

And Nature seems vocal with melody charming,

From summit of mountain to shore of the sea;

Bright eyes about us, undimmed by pollution,

Salute us with glances most cheerful and bland,

And precious indeed are the sweet consolations—

That stand forth to greet us on every hand.

We here, being students in Nature's great college,

Are taught by the bees, and the blossoming flowers,

And the eloquent breath of the sweet gentle zephyr,

That whispers unto us in twilight hours;

Tutors have we, as if God and his angels

Took note of our needs and had answered our call,

For surely it seems as if heaven's evangelists

Were waiting about us and watching us all.

Here we can live to be true to each other—

True to ourselves and true to the world—

True to that star-spangled banner above us,

That glorious banner that never is furled;

Here we can worship in Nature's cathedral,

Where the sweet anthem unceasingly rolls.

Oh it is good to be natural Christians,

Good for our bodies, and good for our souls!

Often a man drives a pair of grays, while he

himself is driven by duns.

Good newspapers are the only paper currency

that is worth more than gold or silver.

What ship has two mates and no captain?

Courtesy

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,

Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NUMBER TWELVE.

"Why need you go and leave us?" said Susan,

as she put her hand affectionately in Uncle Oliver's.

"Nobody loves you better than we, and we all need you. You said the other day we ought to wish to stay where we could do the most good."

"Well, little one," said Uncle Oliver, "you have touched my heart by your question, and yet I cannot answer it. I must go away from you for a while, and yet why I must I can hardly tell."

"Is it because you are afraid we will tell?" said Reuben, with an air of offended pride.

"Not in the least; I trust you all. Yet I say I cannot tell you, simply because I don't really know myself."

There was a look of surprise on the faces of all the children, who did not suppose that Uncle Oliver so careful in all he said and did, could be in earnest in saying he was about to do that which he had no good reason for doing.

"Do not think, my children, that I have not the very best of reasons for going away from you all; and yet I have had no letter telling me friends need me, neither has a messenger been sent to me with any summons, and yet I know I ought to go. If I were to tell you that a voice seemed to speak to my spirit urging me to go, you would not understand me, so I shall be forced to tell you a little story to illustrate what I mean. Perhaps it will be the last I shall tell you for some time, but I am sure of picking up again whatever threads of my yarn may be broken. Yes, yes, I shall tell you more stories when I am a little older, and I hope a little wiser, so do not look so sorry, my little bright eyes. There is a power that keeps us, wiser and better than we. It directs our steps and guides our ways. It will never let one of us go into wrong paths, if we trust it and listen to its whisperings in our souls."

"But please, Uncle Oliver," said Susan, "I believe I shall cry if you don't begin the story. I feel just as if I could not keep it in."

A smile passed over Uncle Oliver's face, and he began:

"Stories are better than sermons, if they mean anything. They are like the reflection of flowers on the clear water of a lake, but remember, the flowers are the reality, just as our lives must be the reality, and all stories only an image more or less perfect of what we live."

When I was a young man I wondered what I could do in the world. I wanted to do almost everything. I wanted to be very rich, and very good and very wise, but I did not exactly know how to accomplish any object that I proposed, and I became quite unhappy because of the uncertainty I felt as to what I would be or do in the world.

I sat myself down one summer's afternoon under a birch tree, whose leaves trembled at every breath, and while listening to the sweet, soothing music, and watching the flickering shadows on the grass, I fell to dreaming, or, as the wise men of old would have said, I had a vision.

"Come, my sons," said a father to his boys, "do not be lounging about here any longer. Start off on your journeys; nothing is accomplished that is never begun;" and he forced them away from their home of indolent inaction. He gave them not a word of advice, neither did he tell them why they were to go, but he placed in the hands of each a crystal. They soon found that on turning this to the sun it would change its light, sometimes glowing with a radiance like that of the sun itself, and sometimes looking shadowy and dim. They also learned that according to the brightness of the crystal was the pleasantness of the path that they were to tread, for it ever shone as they went toward the mountains, and in the paths where the atmosphere was clear and bracing, and free from poisonous vapors.

I followed in my vision the paths of two of these brothers. Clement was resolute and earnest, Vivian was timid and doubting. The paths that they trod were such as any of us might find if we attempted to go across the country to any given point, avoiding the highways. Sometimes the way was pleasant and smooth, sometimes rocky and full of dangerous places.

"Now, brother," said Clement, "I have found that our crystal never tells us false. Let us consult it at every turn, then we shall escape dangers and reach the pleasant places we long for."

"Oh, sir!" said Vivian. "Our father is a whimsical old fellow, and I have no intention of worrying myself with his suggestions, or troubling myself with his gifts. I go in for a good time, and I shall hurry on to find it."

"Then we must go different paths," said Clement; "for I have learned that pleasure comes not by any hurried seeking."

So Clement took his crystal in his hand and went forth. He thought it had never shone so brightly for him, as when he started alone on his path. He paused by a little brook, where clear waters run over a stony bottom. And as he looked down, he saw in the depths minerals that glowed like gold and silver. He gathered some, and went on. At the next stopping place, he found a skilled lapidary, who gave him silver and gold for the stones he had brought from the brook.

A little further on, where his crystal glowed with a light like that of the sun, he found some lovely flowers, which he gathered in abundance. For these, a celebrated doctor whom he met paid him generously. He went up a barren mountain and saw only moss and boulders; but the beauty of the moss pleased him, and he gathered it, and it proved to be a valuable cure for a dangerous disease; and the bundle he gathered was eagerly bought.

He went into a thicket, and then his crystal caught the light of the heavens, and reflected to his eye beautiful colors. Here he found fragrant barks and resinous gums, that healed wounds, and gave strength to the enfeebled; and for all that he received he gained some valuable treasure.

His journey was long and fatiguing, but at last he returned to his father with more treasures than he could well carry. His crystal was undimmed. It seemed even to shine with greater brightness, and to reflect beauty more clearly. His father received him with joyous welcome.

"Well done my child; now you shall enter my home, to rest and strengthen your weary spirit, and then you begin a more beautiful journey, where you will find less perils and greater rewards."

Vivian pursued his journey in a heedless, thoughtless way, taking no note of his crystal or its rays of light. He gained no treasures, and won nothing but fatigue and sadness of spirit. He returned to his father with his crystal dimmed, for he had never consulted it, and with nothing to show as the result of all his wanderings.

"My son, you bring back nothing but disappointment and loss," said his father. "You must begin again your journeyings, with little better hope than when you last started forth. The way will never be beautiful, until you seek to gain the best and truest from everything you see."

Now when I awoke I was as much puzzled as if I had seen nothing, but a little reflection led me to interpret my vision. We have given to us an inner, spiritual power, that some call conscience, but which I like to call the Light. It has within itself a power of light, and also a power of reflection. Through it shine the rays of the glorious light we call God. If we are in any trouble, this inner light must guide us; if we turn it toward the great Father of Light, it will glow with the returned light, when we go in the path of right. Something within us and above us will tell us when we are in the right.

The journey of life is given to us that we may gain the treasures that we need from experience. We need affection, we need faith, hope, charity, patience. These virtues all meet us when we are in the path of right. For all the treasures of love that we gain, we keep an everlasting reward.

This I found to be a very good lesson to myself. I learned to trust this inner light and to seek the light of God, and I have never been led astray. I have always found some rich treasure of experience waiting for me.

Now let me tell you that as I sat thinking dreamily a few days ago, this same inner light bade me go out once more to teach the poor, the ignorant, the suffering. I had thought I was too old, and that I needed rest, and that I would stay here and die; but since I resolved to go, I feel new strength within me.

See how the sunlight falls through the new green leaves of the old elm until the grass is all aglow with spots of radiance. Just so the light of divine love seems to shine upon my heart until I feel young again, and fully able to toil awhile longer in giving out such treasures as I have to them who need."

"What shall we do?" said Reuben.

"Whatever we have to gain in the world, we must gain by steady, constant effort. If we wish to gain goodness or love, we cannot get it in an hour, and we must mostly work for ourselves."

You all have commenced the journey of life, and have traveled a little way quite prosperously and well. But I cannot hold the crystal for you; neither can any one; you must carry it yourselves. Here is my little Sue has a heart so tender and loving that without much trouble she can always tell what she ought to do. And here is Reuben, with his strong will, must go through some stubble fields and rough places, but he has a clear bright light within him when he will not dim it by selfish calculation.

Ah, little children, when a man gets to be old he knows he is but a child, and that he is coming every day nearer to his Father's arms, and he longs more and more for rest; but no one must pause on his journey before it is finished, so let us all go on with good courage. You will be finding treasures to enrich me while I am away, and I shall be able to bring some to you, I trust.

There is a beautiful legend that has been put most happily into verse by one of the good men of our times. I would like to have you all commit it to memory. I have copied it for you, and will read it. We will all remember that on this great and wonderful journey that we are making, the sad and wearisome things will all pass away, leaving us always the rich treasure of experience, and also that the good and beautiful pass away, leaving also their rich treasures, and these treasures can never be taken away.

THE KING'S RING.

Once in Persia reigned a king,

Who upon his signet-ring

Graved a maxim true and wise,

Which, if held before his eyes,

Gave him counsel at a glance,

Fit for every change or chance;

Solemn words, and these are they:

"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand

Brought him gems from Samarcand;

Fleets of galleys through the seas

Brought him pearls to rival these.

But he counted little gain

Treasures of the mine or main.

"What is wealth?" the king would say,

"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,

At the zenith of his sport,

When the palms of all his guests

Burned with clapping at his jests,

He, amid his fogs and wine,

Cried, "Oh, friends of mine,

Pleasure comes, but not to stay;

Even this shall pass away."

Lady fairest ever seen

Was the bride he crowned his queen.

Pillowed on the marriage bed,

Whispering to his soul, he said,

"Though a bridegroom never pressed

Dearer bosom to his breast,

Mortal flesh must come to clay;

Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,

Once a javelin pierced his shield.

Soldiers, with a loud lament,

Bore him, bleeding, to his tent.

Groaning from his tortured side,

"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,

"But with patience day by day,

Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,

Mrs. FANNIE T. YOUNG, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.

MEDIUMSHIP AND MEDIUMS.

NUMBER TWO.

BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.

In our former article we made the assertion that mediumship is a general gift to humanity, and not a special favor bestowed upon a few. To mediate is to serve between two points. Applied to substances, it is that which lies between two objects. The air is a medium that lies between all objects separated. The light is a medium; it mediates between the eye and every object. Spiritually and mentally, thought is a medium, by means of which the brain connects the reflection of different objects or ideas received from the senses. Feeling, or sentiment, is the medium to connect that which impresses with that which can be impressed. Mind is the medium between mind; spirit between spirit.

Thus the whole living, material world and the whole acting spiritual and mental world is mediatorial. There is nothing in the mental, spiritual or material universe that does not fill this office of mediation, or serving between. Hence in our physical, our mental, and our spiritual constitutions, we are all of us mediums, and can by no possibility escape our office. It is inherent in our very nature, given by life itself.

Physically, we stand as mediums between nature and spirit. We are constantly converting crude matter into spiritual life. The air we breathe is continually becoming worked into the nerve forces of the body, and becoming brain. The food we eat is continually being wrought up into life, and thus evolving thought.

Mentally, we serve as mediums or conductors of thought. Our minds are continually conducting through their own powers one degree of mental life into another; that is, we are constantly receiving from the mental and spiritual forces about us, and giving them forth through our own channels of thought and will, they flow forth unto others.

Spiritually, we are mediums between all thought, all mental life, and the higher life of divine existence.

Thus we have all of us a threefold office of mediation, or mediumship: the physical, the mental and the spiritual. Physically we may be true or untrue to our office by living inharmonious physical lives; sickness, ill-health, discordant physical forces—all these are proofs of inability to serve perfectly as physical mediums. Mentally, ignorance, vice, thought of discord, plottings of evil—all these prove our inability to serve perfectly as mental mediums.

Spiritual inharmonious, a lack of true spirituality, the untuned chords of the affections, prove us unworthy to be called the highest spiritual mediators.

Yet however false we may be to our powers and capacities, we are notwithstanding responsible for the offices bestowed upon us by our nature; and however unwilling men may be to admit the fact, it is none the less true that each one inherits the position and office of mediator, or medium—the terms are synonymous. We all have the elements of life—physical, mental and spiritual; hence we all include in ourselves the powers that proceed naturally from that life.

I am aware that the title medium is thought to belong only to those persons who, by a peculiar physical, or mental, or spiritual constitution, exhibit the outward signs of mediumship. And yet the only difference between these latter and others, lies in the expression of that which is within. The same forces exist in all men.

A physical medium is one who has an electric and magnetic fountain within himself which pours forth a tide of electric and magnetic life, which combined constitute what has been termed the odic power. It is a physical power, and may exhibit itself in the grossest individuals—those lowest in the scale of being, both mentally and morally; or in the cultured and refined. It signifies only the power of taking magnetic life from the atmosphere, from all the sources of life, and giving it forth in combination after it has been worked through the human brain. Passing through the body and brain, it undergoes a change similar to that which converts electricity into magnetism by its passage through various forms of life. Hence physical mediumship exhibits no very wonderful or greatly-to-be-coveted gift, except that the sign of life becomes sometimes valuable in proving the reality of its existence. All men at all times are receiving of this electric and magnetic life and giving it out in odic; but it is only the brain that harmonizes the two in just proportions, and permits them to flow forth with wonderful rapidity, that can be called a physical medium.

Apart from its mental and spiritual connections, physical mediumship is no proof of attainment. It is exactly what the magnetic telegraph is in the natural world. When employed wisely it is an instrument of incalculable power and use. Perverted or ignobly employed, it becomes an equally powerful instrument of evil. Left without a governing mind, it is the mere sign of a force in Nature, nothing more—as is the case with far too much of the physical mediumship of the day. When a vigorous mind sends its message over the magnetized wires, the lightning speed bears a power within it that almost equals human thought in wonder; but leave the wires to the play of Nature, and the lightnings of heaven, the fury of the storm will be written, but no mental wisdom. It is only when a lower power ministers to a higher that it performs its true office. It is only when mind converts the physical powers into a force or medium for itself that those powers can be called mediators of good.

Physical mediumship is good in its place. It is the ladder by which to ascend; it is the foundation of the temple of spiritual knowledge. But of what use are the foundation-stones if no structure be raised thereupon? Many have laid the foundation and there rested from their labors. Alas for man, when he is content to dwell in the subcellar of this glorious edifice without ever ascending, building as he goes.

—those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky."

I am sadly constrained, with all due reflection, to make the assertion that thousands of Spiritualists are groping blindly along, their feet stumbling forever among the stepping-stones of tests and phenomena, while the low, sweet tones of the spirit, constantly wooing them to come up higher, are unheard or unheeded.

Passing a step higher, we come to Mental Mediumship, a power of far greater beauty and use. Thought is the expression of this power. Every man who thinks, sends forth the influence, the mediatorial power that makes the atmosphere of mind. Thought is the grand sign of mental mediumship. Thought is the mediatorial power of the universe of mind. Every thought evolved in the brain flows forth like light from the sun. Everywhere through the universe flows this life of the brain. The term, mental medium, belongs to one who, in the region of mind, receives and gives forth in outward signs this thought-life.

There are those who are able to detect the in-

flowing thought from the spirit-life and form it into words or expressions. All men are continually receiving this thought-life and working it into their own brain-force; but comparatively few can arrange it into ideas. So calmly and smoothly do all the forces of Nature work that few even detect their workings. To become a truly great mental medium, a man must have pure thoughts and an illuminated mind; then he will become a power of unlimited enlightenment in the world.

The next and highest form of mediatorial power we term Spiritual Mediumship. It results from the interior life of men. The natural expression of this life flows through the affections. It was truly said, "God is love." God, as the highest term to express the highest life, dwells in man as love. It flows through the universe as love. It is the divine life. It is mental life carried through the affections. Just as electricity carried through the brain becomes odic force, so mental life carried through the affections becomes spiritual life.

And in this possession, too, all men are brethren. All are mediums of some quality of spiritual life. Those who can take this spiritual life in its highest and purest degree, and give it forth in signs, are the greatest mediators the world can know. The spiritual life of the universe flows all around and within the other forces, and man inherits it even as he inherits life. But it is only he who, by pure affections, can impart a true and holy love to his fellow men, who can be a mediator of beauty and truth unto others.

Having thus briefly analyzed the various forms of mediumship, we shall in our next article consider the question, *How can we make ourselves more worthy expressors of these powers?*

Boston Lyceum No. 2—Return of Thanks.

It was only in the last issue of the *Banner of Light* that we had a word to say about aiding the new Lyceum recently organized at the South End. We now wish to record the gratifying fact that, before those few words had met the public eye, the partial needs of this new candidate for pecuniary favor were anticipated by a very considerable and generous contribution from the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Charlestown.

The following note tells its own story:

CHARLESTOWN, June 9, 1868.
MR. A. J. CHASE, *Conductor of Boston Lyceum No. 2:*
DEAR SIR—Feeling as we do the benefits to be derived from the Lyceum plan of education, and knowing that you are struggling in your efforts to establish this system in your vicinity, therefore Lyceum No. 1 of Charlestown donates from its treasury the sum of twenty-five dollars, to aid you in this noble work. We trust that by the aid of the angel-world you will be able to secure all the success necessary to this glorious undertaking. DR. A. H. RICHMOND, *Conductor.*

Verily such a gift, unexpectedly coming in such an hour of need, accompanied by such a fraternal and kindly spirit as is breathed in the above lines, is an evidence of heart and good will that makes it above all price. Such encouragement not only promises but anticipates success.

Delegated by the new organization to make a public acknowledgment of this token of friendly sympathy, the writer can but record the unanimous and heartfelt thanks of the recipients for this expression of pecuniary assistance, as well as of moral support. Gratefully appreciated in every particular, it stimulates them to renewed exertions in their labor of love—to be of service to those who, though now of tender years, are yet soon to bear the mighty responsibilities which the future will surely bring.

Let other Lyceums as favorably circumstanced, remembering perchance their own earlier struggles, imitate this worthy example, and "do likewise." To render mutual assistance in a cause like this, by those of kindred faith, is but a natural exhibition of the fundamental principle underlying the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

The establishment of Lyceums throughout our land is one of the clearest and surest evidences of the spread of this latest, most beautiful and rational system of education—blending as it does the physical with the mental and the spiritual. Perhaps in no other way can such a practical work be so readily accomplished as by these moral gymnasia for the young. Let those, then, who are interested in the promulgation of those truths which so directly concern the welfare of mankind, assist in multiplying the number of these progressive schools, which are so sure to tell most effectually for good in the opening future.

Boston is large enough and fully competent to sustain a dozen of these youthful seminaries. Let its generous citizens nourish the spirit which seeks to organize one in every district. The seed which is thus sown broadcast to-day will take root and produce an hundredfold of happiness and blessing here and hereafter.

GEORGE A. BACON.

Cambridgeport.

The Cambridgeport people are coming up nobly to the work of sustaining the spiritual meetings and Lyceum in this place. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith has been lecturing for us the last two Sundays, with good success. Her appeal to the young was highly appreciated. Owing to the ill health of our President, Mr. Hall, he has felt it his duty to resign. We regret to lose his services, for he is an active and efficient worker, and to him and his wife we owe thanks for inaugurating our Children's Lyceum—which has proved a success. We are greatly in need of a larger hall, as our Lyceum is very much crowded; we are looking earnestly for the building of a new and spacious one that we can have decorated and call our own. At a business meeting of the Society last evening, Mr. John Close was elected to fill the vacant office of President. Mr. Close, who is a generous-hearted, whole-souled brother, earnest in all reforms, addressed the audience with words of hope and encouragement. Our meetings are now free, being supported by subscription, and we have large audiences.

June 15. LIZZIE G. DOLBEARE, *Cor. Sec.*

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Rev. James Francis, lecturer, has taken up his abode at Ogdensburg, N. Y. His services are needed there just at this particular time, when some of the narrow-minded citizens of the place are endeavoring to prevent mediums for physical manifestations from holding séances there.

Cephas B. Lynn proposes to make another lecturing tour through the West. He will answer calls in that direction. His address is 154 Tyler street, Boston. He is one of the most promising young men now in the lecturing field.

Charles Holt lectures in Fitchburg, Mass., June 25th.

Mrs. Lois Walsbrook will remain in St. Louis, Mo., till August.

Some of the earnest literary and art and reform women of this city and vicinity have formed a New England women's club. Mrs. Severance, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Howe and Miss Julia Peabody, are among its leaders, and it is intended to be open to all sympathizing sisters in New England.

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

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All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

The Case of Lyon vs. Home.

On the 22d of May, in the celebrated case of Lyon vs. Home, Vice Chancellor Giffard rendered judgment, as might have been expected, adversely to the defendant. The facts of the case are familiar to most of our readers; but we will recapitulate them briefly. In October, 1866, Mrs. Lyon, an elderly woman, upwards of seventy years of age, and an entire stranger to Mr. Home, called on him, and informed him that having read his autobiography under the title of "Incidents in My Life," she had become very much interested in him. At her request he called on her at her lodgings; and after an acquaintance of a week, during which there had been no spiritual manifestations whatever through Mr. Home, she informed him that she was wealthy, that she had no relatives, and that she proposed to adopt him as her son.

What seemed to dazzle her most in Mr. Home's case was not his powers as a medium, but the fact that he was received in the best society, and that he was the possessor of valuable presents which he had received from eminent persons, including the Emperors of France and Russia. In the course of a few weeks, and after deliberate consultation with other parties, she formally made over to him £30,000 in stocks and securities, and soon afterwards the reversion of £30,000 more, payable on her death, and Mr. Home took the name of Lyon, and was publicly announced as her adopted son.

With regard to the good taste of the act of Mr. Home in accepting these large sums from an old woman, on whom he had no claim of relationship, we have nothing to say. It may be some palliation of his course to remark that Mrs. Lyon does not appear to have done injustice to any other parties in selecting him as the object of her bounty. There is no proof whatever that he exerted his powers as a medium to influence her choice. She herself charges this upon him, but as the Vice Chancellor himself admitted, she showed herself on the trial as utterly unworthy of credit, having perjured herself repeatedly; whereas no evidence of perjury on the part of Mr. Home came up. Probably there are not many men who, situated as Mr. Home was, and tempted and influenced as he was, acting also under the advice of legal counselors with whom he communicated, would have regarded it as "fraudulent" to accept the gift of a fortune from an old woman, situated as Mrs. Lyon was, and who was in want of an heir to her wealth. Of the hundreds of boobies and blackguards who followed Mr. Home from the court-room, and hooted at him and his lawyers, probably there was not one who would not have jumped eagerly at the chance which he seems to have embraced so readily and cautiously, and after consultation with Mr. S. C. Hall, and other legal friends, who were qualified by age and experience to advise him.

Capricious, inconstant, and impulsive, and wholly unprincipled and mendacious, Mrs. Lyon speedily repented of her munificent gifts. For some cause or other she was disappointed in her adopted son. Mr. Home declares that she expected that this relation would lead to a tenderer one, either secret or avowed; and, notwithstanding Vice Chancellor Giffard's cheap indignation at this allegation, we accept it as part of the solution of the old woman's fakeness. She had looked for a different sort of man in Mr. Home. She found him a serious invalid, with a consumptive tendency, subject to severe hemorrhages at the lungs, and wholly indisposed to be the slave of her passionate caprices. As one of her female friends told her, "She had tied herself to a dying man," and Mrs. Lyon appears to have keenly felt the taunt. It is plain that she wanted an adopted son who would have been as unscrupulous and reckless as she herself, and one with a stomach not too sensitive or nice. On the contrary, she found in Mr. Home an exceedingly delicate, almost childlike organization; a man in a state of health that seemed to give him a claim to a purely maternal tenderness; affectionate, confiding, and almost feminine in his demands for sympathy, but at the same time the reverse of sensual.

As sudden in hate, as in love, Mrs. Lyon, for no ostensible reason, broke with Mr. Home, and prepared for a chancery suit against him to get back her money. All offers of compromise were rejected, and a rich harvest for the plaintiff's lawyers might be seen waving in the distance and luring them forward. When the trial came on, public opinion at first ran so high against Mr. Home that he was in danger of personal injury from the mob who crowded the court-room. But as the developments proceeded, and Mrs. Lyon displayed the mingled mendacity and recklessness of her nature, a change seems to have come over the feelings of the audience. They soon saw that she was not a woman to be influenced by spirits either in the flesh or out of the flesh when her own violent will stood in the way. The spirits' advice was palatable only when it accorded with her own foregone and imperious wishes. For the judge to suppose that such a woman, so headstrong, willful, and coarse, was influenced by any imaginary communication from her departed husband is palpable folly. We give below the material portion of Vice Chancellor Giffard's decision:

"I have already said that in my opinion the onus of supporting the gifts and deeds rests entirely on the defendant. To this I now add for the reasons I have given, and having regard to the facts and evidence, have gone through, that in my judgment he has not made or proved such a case as is requisite for their support. There must, therefore, be a declaration in the usual form, that the gifts and deeds are fraudulent and void. There must be the necessary transfers and assignments to the plaintiff, and an account against the defendant. There remain the costs to be disposed of. The plaintiff and her counsel agreed that they had no case against Mr. Wilkinson, and that his costs must be paid by her. This of course must be done. Under any but exceptional circumstances, these costs would be recovered over against the defendant, and he would pay all the other costs of the suit. The expenses, however, have been very seriously increased—first by the unwarrantable attack in the plaintiff's

affidavits on Mr. Wilkinson; and, secondly, by her innumerable misstatements in many important particulars—misstatements on oath to perjury to a great degree, and quite discredited the plaintiff's testimony. The plaintiff, therefore, must pay Mr. Wilkinson's costs and her own. The defendant will escape these costs."

For the Vice Chancellor to apply to Mr. Home's acceptance of this old woman's inconsiderate but not irrational bounty the epithet "fraudulent," is an abuse of language which would have been disgraceful even to a choleric pettifogger. As well might he pronounce any influence, used to induce the rich to give to the needy, a fraudulent influence.

What if Mr. Home, instead of claiming to be a medium, had been a clergyman of the Established Church, and had excited Mrs. Lyon's alarm for the safety of her soul; and what if Mrs. Lyon, in order to enjoy the clergyman's society, and have the benefit of his prayers, had adopted him as her son, and made over £60,000 to him; would the old lady have stood any chance to get it back, think you, in a Chancellor's Court?

Oh, no! To brandish the terrors of the Orthodox bell over her head would have been perfectly legitimate; but for any one to claim to see spirits was, in the language of the Vice Chancellor, "mischievous nonsense." We offer this merely as an illustration; not because we believe that any improper influence was exercised by Mr. Home, but because that is the interpretation which the Vice Chancellor chooses to put upon the transaction. He is of opinion that Mrs. Lyon's gift to Home must have proceeded from one of two causes; namely, either from hallucination on her part or from fraud on his. The intimate knowledge of human nature indicated in this safe decision must strike the reader with admiration.

A vulgar and ignorant old woman, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, ambitious to receive people of distinction at her house, and at the same time wishing to find some suitable person on whom to bestow a third portion of her large estate, selects a young man who, by his peculiar powers, as well as by his social accomplishments, can make her house the rendezvous of such celebrities as she has been all her life desirous of seeing. This is one solution of her conduct. Then there is the solution offered by Mr. Home himself; and which much of the testimony goes to confirm. There are many other conceivable motives. And yet the Vice Chancellor would limit all the explanations to two; namely, hallucination or fraud.

What if Mr. Home, instead of writing "Incidents in My Life," had simply written a work of the imagination, and had been wholly unconnected with Spiritualism; and what if Mrs. Lyon, finding something attractive in the book, had sought out the author, and had thrust upon him a gift of sixty thousand pounds on condition that he would be her adopted son, and assume her name? Should we have heard anything of fraud or hallucination in a case like this? Would the Vice Chancellor have ordered the recipient to disgorge the money and pay his own costs?

Not at all! It was to punish Mr. Home for being a Spiritualist—it was to show contempt for what Vice Chancellor Giffard, in his precipitate ignorance, stigmatizes as "mischievous nonsense"—that the decision was rendered. We have no fear that it will work to the prejudice of Spiritualism in the long run. On the contrary, it has brought this great subject to the attention of thousands to whom it was previously unknown. Mr. Home, as we learn from the *London Spiritual Magazine*, will at once appeal to a higher tribunal; so that still further circulation will be given to facts which only need to be known to rouse the inquiry of all intelligent minds not prejudiced by bigotry, or disaffected by fear.

The Ellis Girl Medium.

This excellent physical medium is exciting great interest in the State of New York, and stirring up the ire of the illiberal opponents of the Spiritual Philosophy. She has visited Utica and other cities on that route of travel, and everywhere given great satisfaction to candid investigators, and astonished skeptics. While holding a séance in Ogdensburg, Mr. Ellis, who accompanies his daughter, as agent, was arrested for giving an exhibition without a juggler's license, although he had a Government license, but that did not satisfy the bigots who adopted this course of persecution. Such malicious treatment of strangers had a tendency to raise the indignation of all liberal-minded people. It will be the means of inducing hundreds to investigate the spiritual phenomena who otherwise might not have had their attention called to it. The law of compensation works slow but sure. Good will result from the mean act of a few ill-disposed persons.

Mr. Ellis and his daughter will continue to hold séances in New York and perhaps other Western States. We advise all who can to attend. They will be benefited by so doing. We have tested Miss Ellis's medium powers thoroughly, and know her to be a good and truthful medium for physical manifestations.

Changed Worlds.

Mr. Asaph Parmelee of this city passed from this to the realities of spirit-life, June 12, at the age of sixty-four. Mr. Parmelee was noted for his enterprise and strict integrity. Among his efforts for the public benefit will be remembered Parmelee & Forristall's line of omnibuses, running from Dock Square to the South End. Few people leave a better record on closing up their earthly career. For many years Mr. P. has been a firm believer in Spiritualism. He was the husband of Mrs. Parmelee, the celebrated clairvoyant physician. His spirit friends assured him some months ago that he would come to them when the spring flowers were in full bloom. His communion with the spirits was a rich boon and great comfort to him.

A New Discovery.

Prof. Howe commenced his course of lectures on "Grammar as a Science" at Hall 33, Evans Building, No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, June 17th. The Professor's system is exceedingly simple, teaching how any word in the English language may be recognized, and its grammatical relations instantly perceived. Those who have, as well as those who have not made grammar a study, would do well to attend this course. Prof. Howe is confident that in five hours his system can be fully understood and his pupils fitted as grammarians for the counting room, the platform or the pulpit. He will continue his lectures on the evenings of Thursday 18th, and Wednesday 24th of June.

Louisiana.

The Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana have called a meeting for the purpose of electing delegates to the next National Convention of Spiritualists. The Association intends to apply at once for a charter under the laws of the State, which will give it a standing and character equal to that of any religious body in the State. The heaven is working well in the South, it seems.

Who Own the Sabbath?

To show what views are held by the churches respecting their exclusive property in the Sabbath, we give the substance of certain resolutions passed by the assembled "Pastors of the Evangelical churches of Newark and Vicinity." They met and drew up a protest, because a number of German Roman Catholic Societies, belonging to the Central Union, had marched through the streets on Sunday, the 31st of May, with music and banners, "drawing after them crowds of people, to the annoyance of that large and respectable portion of the community who observe the day for sacred uses." And they call on the public authorities to take suitable steps to put an immediate stop to such "violations of the time-honored customs of the country," to such an "infraction of the rights and privileges guarded and guaranteed by our civil law," and to such an "outrage upon the well-known feelings and sentiments of a great majority of the community." They declare against all such demonstrations even when made on behalf of religion. They are opposed to such desecration of the Sabbath Day. And they want the several "religious communities" protected against such scenes in the future—that is, all religious communities that profess to train under their flag and motto. These "pastors" are no doubt the very men who would be glad to see all other forms of religious faith than their own cleared out of the popular sight. They would hire up all the public halls if they could, and lock them against the Sunday speakers on Spiritualism. This Sunday question is one that has got to be thoroughly and openly discussed yet.

Obituary.

Passed to the higher life, from Milford, N. H., on the 12th inst., Mr. Bradford Williams, aged fifty-seven years. Mr. W. was one of the most liberal-minded men of the present age. Possessed of more than common intelligence, his voice was always raised in behalf of the masses against oppression from any quarter, whether theological or political. Mrs. Williams passed on just one week previous to her husband's decease, at the age of fifty. We knew her well for many years, as one of the most intelligent, liberal-minded, affable women within the circuit of our acquaintance. After one week's separation, while passing through the gateway of the tomb to the life-immortal, they have again joined companionship in the Summer-land. They were both believers in Spiritualism, and a few days previous to the death of Mr. W., he promised to hereafter communicate with us were it possible for him to do so. He told Dr. Jencks, of Boston, who visited him, that he was only going a short journey—that he should return soon, etc. The following very appropriate remarks, which we find in the *Investigator*, we fully and cordially endorse:

"Mr. Williams was one of the few untrifled [independent] minds, who expressed his convictions on all subjects with unqualified freedom, and whose freedom never learned to trample upon humanity, however vast the difference between minds. Kind in heart, and of generous impulses, he has, like his estimable partner, left a wide circle of sorrowing friends, and fewer enemies than half a century usually allots to men in the turmoil of a chequered business life. To his bereaved family and relatives, our words of sympathy must be weak to assuage the anguish of their loss; but as of her who preceded him, we say of him, may our memory remain as green among friends as his who has thus gone before us to the final resting-place for all."

Spiritualism at Marlboro', Mass.

The Spiritualists of this flourishing town, which, by the way, is one of the most pleasantly situated in Massachusetts, have just formed a Society, of which James Giles, Esq., is President, and Mrs. Harriet N. Taylor Secretary. With an energetic and determined membership, this Society will undoubtedly offer, by public lectures, an opportunity for any of the members of the five religious denominations, and the larger company of independents outside any church, to become acquainted with the teachings of Spiritualism.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of this city, opened the series of meetings last Sunday, with two lectures upon "The Relations of Spiritualism to Religion," and "The Persistence and Development of Human Love in the Spirit-world." The audiences were large, deeply interested and beautifully harmonized in sympathy with the cheering and ennobling principles presented.

"Spiritual Tracts."

With the above title Mrs. Lois Walsbrook has issued a series of tracts on the following subjects: "What is Spiritualism?" "God's Image," "The True Second Birth," "The Law of Inspiration," "The Manifestations Undignified," "Don't Want to Know." Mrs. Walsbrook is an able writer, and she has treated these subjects in a creditable, comprehensive and terse manner. Such documents spread broadcast over the land will do their work silently but surely. When once people begin to think upon these important subjects they will not stop till they have satisfied their thirst for more knowledge of Spiritualism. She will be prepared in a few days to supply any demand for these tracts. Already she has a call for twenty thousand. She will remain in St. Louis, Mo., until August.

Massachusetts Tachygraphic Society.

This society, for the general diffusion of the new system of short-hand writing, invented by Prof. D. P. Lindley, held its quarterly meeting in Boston, June 17th. The occasion was one to be remembered with pleasure by all who participated in it. Prof. Lindley, President of the American Tachygraphic Association, (of which the Massachusetts Society is a branch,) was present, and made an address on the subject of phonetics. We learn, by-the-way, that this gentleman, having closed his labors in Boston for the present, is about to remove to Mendon, Mass., where he may be addressed on all subjects pertaining to alphabetic reform. We wish him the fullest success in his new location.

"Western Lyceum Conference."

Among the notices on our seventh page will be seen one from "The Executive Board of the Children's Progressive Lyceum" of Chicago, inviting representatives from the various Lyceums in the West to meet in Convention in Chicago on the 26th of the present month for a three days' session. The movement no doubt will result beneficially to the Lyceum interest. A free exchange of opinions and experiences will help remedy all defects which may exist, and tend to bring this important system of education to perfection.

Great Barrington.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is creating a lively interest in Great Barrington, Mass., by her lectures on Spiritualism. The credulity opposition is running high, but the thinking portion of the community are determined to examine the philosophy and truths of Spiritualism themselves, and not longer be content with only hearing the falsehoods which our opponents are setting afloat in regard to them.

California State Convention.

The Spiritualists of California held a State Convention at San Francisco, May 1st, which continued in session two days. Delegates were present from nearly every county in the State. J. J. Owen, Esq., editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, was chosen President of the Convention; W. H. Manning, of the *Banner of Progress*, and G. W. G. Morgan, Secretaries. From the account published in the *Banner of Progress*, we conclude that the sessions were very interesting, and the effect will be good. In the crowded state of our columns we are unable to print the full report, as we would like to do, but cannot refrain from giving the following excellent resolutions, which were discussed and adopted by the Convention:

Resolved, That Spiritualism, in its broad interpretation, is the one thing needful for the present, as well as the glorious and soul-animating hope of the future.

Resolved, That while Spiritualism is at present with a mission alone to destroy, but, on the contrary, to rear a significant superstructure of beauty and use, that shall not only adorn the present, but form the basis of future progressive action.

Resolved, That Spiritualism, in its great work of reconstructing the social, religious and moral condition of the human race, knows no sect, creed, color or race, but gladly welcomes the aid and assistance of all in its philosophic efforts.

Resolved, That while we assert our inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we accord to mankind, irrespective of creed or color, and that the oppression of the dominant classes over the red men of the Plains, the black men of Africa, and others of the down-trodden races of mankind, is a disgrace to our boasted civilization, and a standing rebuke to the inefficiency of the dominant theologies of the past ages, calling aloud for a reformation.

Resolved, That so large a proportion of our most popular mediums and lecturers being women, demonstrates to mankind that Spiritualism leads the van among the religions of the age in its liberality of principle, and recognizes that our mothers, sisters, wives and daughters have equal rights with ourselves in determining what laws shall be enacted, and who shall enact them, and if the exercise of such rights the world would be better governed than it now is.

Resolved, That Andrew Jackson Davis met the wants of the rising generation when he conceived and developed that plan of educating the young known by the name of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and we hereby pledge our hearty support of the institution as one of the most efficient handmaids of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That woman's sphere rightfully comprises every act and duty, in both social and political life, of which she finds herself capable; and that an enlargement of her present sphere of action, in order to a full enjoyment of rights as a human being, is imperative and immediately necessary.

Planchettes can be purchased at Bela Marsh's bookstore. This instrument is an old affair; was manufactured in France some twelve years ago. Dr. Gardner, while in Paris, at least ten years since, wrote us in regard to it. We republish the extract from his letter below. It is said a patent has been "applied for" in this country. It seems strange to us that a patent was never applied for before this late date! The Doctor says:

"In Paris I witnessed a method of communication of which I had not heard in America. The instrument used by them they call a *Planchette*. It requires two mediums to use it, and the method of communication is by writing. In order to give you some idea of the interest taken in the investigation of the subject in Paris, it will be only necessary to state that I called upon the manufacturer of the above-mentioned instrument, to purchase one to take home with me, and he informed Mr. Owen, who was with me, that he had made and sold several hundred in Paris alone. Not being able to speak the French language, I could not enjoy the society of the household of faith as I could have done under more favorable circumstances, yet, on visiting in a family where the *Planchette* was used, the invisible intelligences found no difficulty in writing in my own native tongue, bringing forcibly to my mind the recorded doings on the day of Pentecost. In England I have met with several mediums in private families, and find that the unseen ones who have gone before have opened many channels of communication, through which they can come to the loved ones of earth, bearing messages of love and good will, and the assurance of a more glorious hereafter."

Children's Lyceum Picnic.

Next Wednesday, June 24th, is the day assigned by the Children's Lyceum of this city for a grand picnic, and favorable weather will bring out a large party. Walden Pond Grove is one of the most romantic places in these parts. It is fitted up finely for the accommodation of such parties. After arriving at the grove the children will go through their Manual Exercises, consisting of Lyceum movements, singing, and a grand march, headed by a full band. During the day dancing will be conducted, with light pieces of music. At 2 o'clock Mr. services will be conducted at the stand. Miss Lizzie Doten, C. Fannie Allyn, Dr. H. B. Storer, O. W. Manuel, and others, are engaged, and a rich intellectual treat may be expected. The speaking will be interspersed with singing and declamation by the children. The cars will leave the Fitchburg Depot at 8:45 A. M. The Lyceum will march in a body from Mercantile Hall, precisely at 8 o'clock. Tickets for adults, \$1.00; for children, 70 cents; which can be procured of Thomas Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, *Banner of Light* office, D. N. Ford, or at the Lyceum. Our friends will readily perceive that a pleasant and profitable time may be expected.

"Love One Another."

In this era of the world's history, when the Old is giving place to the New—when envy and hate and selfishness and licentiousness are the salient points by which the enemy reaches poor, weak humanity—we commend just such paragraphs as the following, clipped from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, to the attention of our readers:

"We would that we all might live in harmony with ourselves, and thereby be enabled to manifest kindness and love toward one another, and feel that by so doing we are living in accordance with the highest form of truth to ourselves, and praising God, not by vocal utterance, but by the action of our every day's life and experience."

Maysville, Mo.

Henry Strong writes that there is "so much grasping and avariciousness here that the truth makes slow headway. Yet we are progressing. Please say to the friends who have sent books and reading matter to the 'First Society of Spiritualists' of Maysville, Mo., that the thanks of the Society are due them. The books received are being read and doing much good."

Vermont.

The Spiritualists of Rockingham will dedicate their new hall at Bartonville, Vt., on Sunday, July 5. Good speakers are expected. A general invitation is extended to all.

Bro. Peabody is now luxuriating among the strawberry-beds down in Hammon, N. J. We last week received from him, by express, a large cargo of the delectable fruit, which came to hand in excellent order. The young 'uns, and the old ones too, connected with the *Banner of Light*, will have reason to bless our worthy brother for his thoughtfulness and generosity—until next year when they hope he will repeat the deed!

We learn by the daily papers that the Spiritualist Association of Michigan have issued the first number of their paper. Not having seen it, this is all we can say at present.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The questions and answers on our sixth page are nearly all upon important subjects, and uncommonly interesting.

We call attention to Prof. S. B. Brittan's card in another column. Dr. B.'s talents as a medical practitioner are too well known to need praise from us.

The Massachusetts Senate, only, voted in favor of retaining the barbarous system of whipping in the public schools. The House opposed the practice by a large and decisive vote. Public sentiment will change the Senate in another year, and a wholesome law will regulate the existing abuse.

William Lloyd Garrison writes that the first man to advocate the cause of anti-slavery was the Rev. George Bourne.—*Exchange*.

Before either of these men came into existence, a celebrated author made the declaration to the world, that "Man has no property in man." It was probably the first anti-slavery sentiment ever uttered, and the credit of it belongs to that great but much abused patriot, Thomas Paine.

Prince Charles, of Moldavia, has taken the wise course of ascertaining for himself the state of the facts as to the Jews. Both his ministers and the Chamber denied them; but he has since executed the orders of the home minister, and the atrocities of others have come to light. The National Guard, which connived at them, has been dissolved; and, in fine, the intervention of Austria has proved decisive.

He who is right and is doing right, need not stop to inquire who or what stands with him.

Many a man in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made—a golden calf.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson has been nominated by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, as Adams, resigned. Mr. Johnson is a man of unquestionable ability, and of very long and intimate acquaintance with public affairs, as well as a lawyer of eminence. He is a native of Annapolis, Md., and was born in 1796. He is a member of the U. S. Senate.

Edwin Booth's earnings are estimated at ninety thousand dollars a year.

Whatever may be the end of man, there can be no doubt, when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and streets that graceful woman is—"dust."

Mrs. Dr. Cutler, of Chelsea, is having good success in her treatment of patients mesmerically and clairvoyantly. We have seen certificates of her power to relieve the suffering. See her card in another column.

Somebody says, "A wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed."

Lower California is 750 miles long, and from 30 to 120 miles wide. Has a population of less than 20,000.

The Duke of Buckingham has issued a dispatch to the Governor of Natal giving instructions that any official taking part or aiding in the consecration of a bishop in opposition to Dr. Colenso shall be immediately suspended.

"Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves." Pa walked away.

The reigning favorite—The umbrella.

The Queen of Spain has sold her necklace to Madame Minsard for \$24,000. The ex-Queen of Naples followed her example, and has sold a pearl and diamond necklace to a courtesan for \$15,000. This necklace is described as consisting of a series of medallions set with pearls of immense size, each medallion being connected by chains of diamonds.

The street-sweepers of Paris number five thousand, and not one of them is French. They are Germans, from Hesse Darmstadt. The pay is so small that only the most economical can make a living; but these Hessians do it, and some large families save enough to go home after a few years and buy an acre or two of land. Many a young couple, whose poverty is a bar to their marriage, according to the local laws, go to Paris, are married by the German pastor, and begin life by sweeping the streets. They inhabit a barren, rocky hill in the northern extremity of Paris, where they have a neat Lutheran church.

"Three and sixpence per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the price current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the glass are valued at three and sixpence?"

The Legislature was prorogued June 13th, after a session of one hundred and sixty-four days.

Advice to young ladies: If you have taper fingers, mind you don't burn them.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, has given his assent to the measures passed by the Reichsrath in favor of public schools and civil marriages. Such action shows that the House of Austria is cutting itself loose from Romish influences which were once a law to it.

Two ladies, twin sisters, both married and living apart, recently died on the same day in France, at the age of one hundred years.

A turquoise mine of great value is reported to have been discovered in Nevada.

Nowadays black is so much worn that it is not considered out of place at any time; with a pretty bonnet and shawl or mantle it is full dress enough for any occasion, and in black a lady cannot be overdressed.

The *Newark Daily Journal*, edited by Ed. N. Fuller, Esq., copies Mr. Home's answer to Prof. Tyndall, in which he offers that gentleman an opportunity to investigate the spiritual phenomena, and says that the offer is "entirely fair and above board, and if accepted by Prof. Tyndall will be one of the severest tests of modern Spiritualism, the high standing and character of that gentleman giving an unusual importance to the matter."

A little boy returning home from Sabbath-school, said to his mother, "Aint there a kiddy-chism for little boys? This cat-a-chism is too hard."

The receipts of the Boston Music Hall during the past year were \$30,814, and the net profits \$7824.

An old lady of Chelsea, Mrs. Rhoda Berg, recently died from the effects of a scratch made upon her hand by a tame rabbit. Her arm swelled till the skin burst, and death ensued.

Emily Chester spoke the truth when she told Dr. Hastings that it were not so hard to live or die for one's friends, but one had little conception of the vast amount of love it requires to live with them.

New York Department.

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Four books by Warren Chase—*Life Line*; *Fugitive Wife*; *American Crisis*, and *Quest of Spiritualism*. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

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We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, *Human Nature*, edited by J. D. Reymond, Esq. Each volume 20 cents. "Ideal Attainment" is being republished in this magazine as a story, but is not concluded yet. *Human Nature* is a radical and well written work, devoted to scientific and other sciences as well as spiritualism.

Send us five dollars, and we will send by mail *Arabula*, *Science*, *Memorabilia*, and the large and elegant illustrated *Science of the Author*. A. J. Davis, of which we have a few left. To secure this liberal discount you must send soon. Young England is sold out here and everywhere. A few more copies of *Science*, *Memorabilia*, and *Arabula* are left. *Science* is a most valuable work, showing every position of the human body in two thousand figures (only one copy, \$1.00). Teachers of gymnastics, if not in possession of a copy of this book, would find it of great value; but as a library book it is not valuable for reading, as its 161 large pages are mostly taken up with the engravings.

Tobacco.

Few persons are aware of the deep rooted and wide-spread evil effects of this poisoning weed upon society, and especially upon children. Many of the prevalent diseases of which so many children die, would not lodge in the system at all were it not fitted in its earliest existence and before birth by the virus of this poison herb in the system of one or both the parents.

If mothers knew how many children are made cross by tobacco, how many made nervous, feeble, pale, sickly or permanently and fatally diseased, they would be much more particular in bringing into outer life these sickly germs of immortal growth. Men should be required to abstain from the use of tobacco as a preparatory condition for marriage, or at least for paternity. Females, we are glad to say, in the most enlightened part of our country seldom use it, and need no advice except to bring their influence to bear to reform the men.

In the great cities the evil is far more extensive and injurious than in rural districts. Boys from ten to twenty years of age congregate, teach and encourage each other, and urge on this and other destructive vices, until the health of thousands is annually destroyed, and the moral health of a still larger number so permanently impaired that no church can save them, even by their system of regeneration, which is not unfrequently carried on with the same poisoning influence of tobacco, which they are not required to abandon in the exchange of heart and baptism which fits them for the kingdom of heaven on earth. But we do not believe any tobacco-chewer will get into the real heaven if he no drunkard does, and we shall be greatly disappointed if they are allowed to stand on the platform and smoke, or enter the mansion with a pipe or cigar in use.

But many of our good friends, whom we esteem, expect to be freed from the habit and desire by death; but we can assure these friends that death will not separate the desires for the good and pure, and preserve them, and destroy all others, but will either leave us with or without them both. If it kills the love of tobacco which my friend has cultivated, it will kill the love of flowers which we have cultivated, as the sweeping frost destroys the tobacco plant and tomato and melon at the same time. We must go over as we have made ourselves, or losing our passions lose in forgetfulness our past life.

We do not believe they raise tobacco in our Summer-Land, and if it was not raised in ours it would leave us with one the less giant evils to contend with, and the eaters and smokers of the abated nuisance would soon be cured, and they, with thousands of suffering but innocent children, would thereby be greatly blessed. Let us join hands with every effort to remove the evil, but never forsake a mistaken or suffering brother that uses it, for he is the one that needs our help as the sick do of a physician.

"Straws Show which Way the Wind Blows."

The following item from the *Daily Globe* needs at this time no comment, but it shows that Hon. B. F. Butler is crying into Spiritualism, as he does into about every subject, from nothing up to impeachment and from impeachment up to heaven. He will find us all ready when his committee sends for us—no Wooleys and no dodging—we have no "whiskey rings," and shall not disturb Vinnie Ream, but some of us would be glad to be heard before a committee of Congress on behalf of the most important discovery of the age, and one that needs no "letters patent" and no juggler's license.

In the U. S. House of Representatives, June 10th, 1888. *Debate in Committee of the Whole on the Internal Tax Bill.*

The next paragraph was read, as follows: Jugglers shall each pay twenty-five dollars. Every person who, for pay, gives exhibitions of tricks by sleight of hand, or who as an astrologer or fortune-teller, pretends to foretell future events, or who, for any purpose, juggles, or who goes about to place his exhibitions, or performs as such, shall be required to produce the receipt for his social tax, on demand of the proper officers, or a justice of the peace, and shall be liable to the same penalties for any violation of the law as are provided against proprietors of circuses or menageries in like cases.

Mr. BUTLER.—I move to amend this paragraph by inserting at the end of the words "or whoever for pay claims to act as a spiritual medium, or gives readings or exhibitions in conjunction therewith." There is a very large number of persons who are undoubtedly honest believers in spiritual communications. There is another large class of persons who do not honestly so believe, but who claim to do so, and give exhibitions, and pretend to give information derived from the spirits. They now constitute substantially the only class of fortune-tellers or jugglers we have. I propose that they be included in the class of jugglers, and be taxed. I do not suppose that the amendment will meet with any opposition.

Mr. MULLINS, Republican, Tennessee.—I suppose the gentleman does not intend to embrace in this class those who are spiritually commissioned from above and specially enlightened to preach the gospel as ministers?

Mr. BUTLER.—Oh, no.

The question was then taken upon the amendment of Mr. Butler, and there were—ayes 30, nays 23; no quorum voting.

Mr. SCHENCK, Chairman of Committee on Ways and Means.—I have no objection to have this amendment regarded as adopted in order to have a vote taken upon it in the House.

Mr. SPALDING, Rep'n, Ohio.—I object to the amendment being adopted here.

Mr. HARDING, Rep'n, Ill.—I hope it will be rejected.

Tellers were ordered; and Mr. Butler and Mr. Bannan were appointed.

The committee divided; and the tellers reported that there were—ayes 45, nays 31.

So the amendment was not agreed to.

Ole Bull.

Those who have not seen and heard this great violinist of the age, can never, from any words of ours, form a correct estimate of the man or of his music. We with very large audiences shared the pleasure of listening to him in his last two concerts in Steinway Hall, and heartily joined our testimony with the crowd of intelligent listeners to the exquisite tones of the music and entire satisfaction of the audiences. After these treats, our esteemed friend, Prof. J. Jay Watson, adding another to the many kindnesses we had received from him, invited us to join the select party on Friday evening, June 8th, at the reunion of his pupils at the Central Park Normal Conservatory, on which occasion they, through Prof. Watson, presented Ole Bull with a splendid gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed, and valued at nearly five hundred dollars. This made the heart of Ole Bull overflow in speech and expressions, which forcibly reminded us of Kosuth and his visit to our country, with his pathetic speeches in the gentle tones of broken English. Prof. Watson and wife also gave him a rich present in a splendid copy of Moore's Encyclopedia of Music, and Miss Anna Watson a richly wrought watch-case, all of which tokens were duly received, and with renewed expressions of gratitude.

Ole Bull has invited Prof. Watson to his home in Norway, to which place he is soon to accompany him, and has also presented him with a violin made by the elder Amati, of Cremona, in the seventeenth century, and valued at a great price. Such visits, unions and meetings, are rare in this life, but we trust will be more frequent in the next. We also met there an old and most intimate Norwegian friend of Ole Bull and ourself, in J. D. Reymond, Esq., of this city, with whom we served a term in the State House of Wisconsin.

We have also enjoyed a visit from Ole Bull at our office, with the promise of more on his return from Europe in September, to complete, as we understand, arrangements for bringing out a new musical instrument of his own invention.

London Spiritual Magazine for June is on our counter, with lengthy extracts from the report of the Home-Lyon lawsuit. Those who wish to know more about the subject between them, that has created so much gossip and garbage for the press, will do well to send us 30 cents and get a copy of this number, or send \$1 and get the four last numbers; as we have just received a few back numbers from London of this excellent contemporary and able advocate of new truths.

A man with a crowbar was seen prying into the ruins of the burnt Museum the other day. It was the first live thing seen on the premises since the dead carcasses of the animals stopped smoking, although the elegant sign is still open at the doorway proclaiming, Barnum-lik, "Open at all hours, admission 30 cents." We understand the real estate has been sold, including the dead carcasses of the "happy family."

Lyceum Picnic.

The annual picnic of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and Spiritualists of New York and vicinity will be held on Tuesday, June 30th, at Elm Park, entrance on 92d street, near 8th avenue. The exclusive use of the extensive grounds, dancing floor, &c., has been secured for the day, and a band of music engaged. The Lyceum will assemble at the Everett Rooms at 9 o'clock A. M., and proceed in a body to the corner of 34th street and 8th avenue, where special cars will be in attendance to convey all who wish to join the party at that point to 92d street, free of charge. A wagon will also be in readiness to receive picnic baskets and convey them to the grounds. Tickets of admission to the park, 50 cents; children's tickets, 25 cents; to be had at the Everett Rooms on Sunday, and at the gate of the park on the day of the picnic. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Titus Merritt, Treasurer. Committee of Arrangements: P. E. Farnsworth, Titus Merritt, Erwin Stewart, Edward Pierce, Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Mrs. A. E. Merritt, Mrs. Stewart.

N. B.—Should Tuesday prove stormy, the picnic will be postponed to Friday, July 3d.

New Publications.

A TREATISE ON THE CAUSE OF EXHAUSTED VITALITY; OR, ABUSES OF THE SEXUAL FUNCTION. By E. P. Miller, M. D. Boston: G. P. Woodard & Co.

This little treatise, which is a plain and thorough exposition of the topic it aims to discuss, is the product of the idea that people are actually suffering from the want of the knowledge it is designed to give. Abuse of the sexual function is the cause of a vast deal of the wretchedness and misery of the race. The natural desires are never trained and instructed as they ought to be, but left to be misused and corrupted by influences which are sure to lead to destruction. This little book cannot but be of great service to the cause of individual purity and health, and should be read and seriously pondered by every man, and especially every young man, in the land.

ROSE MATHER. A Tale of the War. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, 2 vols. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a tale of the war, of a sensational interest, and after the best manner of the popular author. The characters are many and diversified, and the scenes depicted are such only as a struggle like our late civil war could give birth to. The numerous episodes that occur by the way of the story are in Mrs. Holmes's happiest vein, who has put forth a marked manifestation of talent in the production of the entire fiction. We should suppose it would meet with a very wide sale.

THE GALAXY for July is prompt even to earliness, and shows the energy with which its new publishers—Sheldon & Co.—have taken hold of their enterprise. Its striking feature this month is its illustrations. Its list of contents is well filled out, and with noticeable papers. One by Commander D. D. Porter, of the U. S. Navy, on "The National Prospects and Resources," is well worth perusal. There is a variety of tales, a good supply of verse, while the editorial miscellany is as attractive as any of our magazines published in the country. The *Galaxy* is printed and published in the style, and is growing steadily in popularity.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for July begins the fifty-fourth volume, or its twenty-seventh year. The steel engraving for frontispiece is entitled "Ere the Knight," then follows a magnificent steel fashion-plate, then wood cuts of new bonnets, capes, bodies, etc.; and after that patterns, in colors and plain, almost without number. The list of writers continues at the old standard, which is all the encomium that need be passed upon the letterpress. The present is a brilliant number of this popular magazine.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July has come to hand, filled to repletion with the very best matter that could be gathered from the world of mind. Buy it, by all means. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

Peterson's cheap edition of "REDACTANT," by Scott, and "Tom Tiddler's Ground," by Dickens, are for sale by Lee & Shepard.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

E. L., South Woodstock, Vt.—\$4.00 received.

Business Matters.

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Many will soon or later find
This world's not all a bed of flowers;
That something rankling in the mind
Will cause them anxious, restless hours.
Those who their time and money spend
In dens of idleness and vice,
May find, some time, they need a friend,
And wish they'd taken kind advice.
The Boys will find, who need new "CLOTHES,"
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GOOD NEWS!

DISE

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Meetings are held in Turn Verein Hall on K street, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. L. Cuppy, regular speaker. E. F. Woodward, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M.; J. H. Le Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.