





them all swear on oath to conduct her safely, defending her life and honor with their own until they brought her to the king, come out with her and set her in the saddle, rallying her meanwhile—rallying himself, perhaps—that she had made him half believe in her, begging to know whether, martial as she looked now, she ever meant to come back, in peace, and marry like other maidens.

"Yes," replied Jeanne gaily. "When I have done and accomplished all that God, by revelation, commands me to do, then I shall have three sons, of whom the first will be pope, the second emperor, and the third king."

"I wish one of them might be mine," said the governor with a soldier's plainness. "If they are to be personages of such high rank, it might be to my advantage in the future."

"Nay, bonny Robert, nay; it is not time. The Holy Spirit will provide," retorted Jeanne with subtlety.

The escort had now fallen into marching order, and looking round at the familiar faces from Domrémy which she had known since she was a child, and at the newer friends of Vaucouleurs who had so generously taken up her cause, Jeanne said, "Adieu! I am going into France."

"Go," answered Robert de Baudricourt, "and let what will come of it come."

And so she rode away, the maid from the marches of Lorraine, who was to be the savior and deliverer of France—the knight on her one hand, the esquire on the other—her eyes resting on a golden ring, the gift of her father and mother, which was engraved with three crosses, and the words, *JHESUS MARIA*.

With this full sketch of her early preparation for her great mission, we refer our readers to Miss Parr's exceedingly interesting work, if they would follow the story of her journey, her reception at court, her victories, the careless king's ingratitude and neglect, her capture by the English and her shameful condemnation and fiery martyrdom by the churchmen. We cannot, however, omit the serious, sacred lesson of the following paragraphs:

"At the beginning of her mission, Jeanne d'Arc, in speaking of the voices, which had become the literal law of her life, called them her counsel. In all the lulling, sweet sounds of nature she still heard them as articulate tones. In the ripple of the fountain at Domrémy, in the village bells which she had many a time bribed the careless little ringer to ring steadily, in the whispering glades of the forest, in the breathing of every wind, words of encouragement, direction, and comfort—the inspiration of the echo of her own mind, out-reaching genius—had been brought to her bodily ears like real speech; and the varied intonations she still ascribed in implicit confidence to the archangels and the saints in the glory that had passed before her bodily eyes; and this confidence was never shaken. During that brief, awful trial of her faith, which intervened between the moment when death was announced to her and her carrying forth to her martyrdom, she replied to the urgent entreaties of the priests—baiting her for some admission of imposture—that her visions and voices were, indeed, true. The monk who received her last confession, who followed her to the stake, and stood by her to the end, bore witness afterward that to the death she believed her vocation to have been from God; that to the death she maintained she had done well in acting by the command of her counsel; and though obedience had brought her to that bitter pass, she did not think her counsel had betrayed her. Her conscience of having wrought a who fulfills Himself in many ways, had not forsaken her—carried her through, and no victory she ever won over her adversaries was more triumphant than her martyr's death."

Of Jeanne's good faith the severest criticism has ceased to raise a doubt. Her vocation was not the hollow fantastic dream of a sickly visionary, but an impulse to act—a possession which burdened her until she was free to act. Her frame was the very expression of youthful vigor, her spirit of robust energy. Her physical sensibilities, her moral sensibilities, were of the highest, finest order. Her perceptions of the feelings and thoughts of certain persons, her presence of certain events concerning them and herself, reached the utmost limits of the faculty of intuition. She always denied in express terms any foresight beyond her mission, and in everything nearly or remotely connected with that, she declared herself subject to the guidance of her divine voices, and avowed that she had no power, or will, or knowledge in it, apart from what they taught her.

It was a sublime task she had undertaken—noting less than the reunion of a great nation split in two, with a vast gulf of wrongs and enmities growing between, and a powerful foreign foe interested to keep it open. That it would be accomplished was her full assurance; her voices had promised it, and her voices were the pledge of God. In her darkest days, she saw France one again, her king restored, her people at peace, the English vanished out of the land. That it was a good work she had never a doubt, or that it was God's work—all the kingdoms of the world His, to give to whomsoever He would!

Her thoughts, her hopes stretched out sometimes to the end of it, going before her voices, and she dreamed there would be no ebb in the tide of success heaven would send her. In proclaiming herself its envoy, she made an immense demand on the faith of both Charles VII. and the people, and gave her adversaries the opportunity of preparing for her a fearful fall. It is only the single-minded who can achieve high objects. Jeanne was all magnanimity, all pure, unselfish devotion to God, to king and country, and her mind was perplexed with no fears, embarrassed with no distrusts of those she came to serve. Her philosophy did not discern with what sluggish drags, what cunning hindrances, what crafty points, what subtle treacheries bad men might traverse her great counsels to serve their own mean purposes. She knew nothing yet of the fickle favor that shouts to-day *Hosanna!* and to-morrow *crucify!* that kisses the feet of good luck, and sees the curse of hell in misfortune. She could not conceive of the base ingratitude which would abandon her; of the brutal, blind wickedness which would deny her as God-forsaken or devil-inspired when the ill-will of her enemies had brought her to a check.

And it was good that she should have no revelation of such certain tides beforehand; another seer might have prophesied to her the fate she tempted in standing forth as the savior and deliverer on the sea of troubles that roared over France. But God mercifully gave her only one vista through the storm—restoration for her country, and salvation for her own soul closing it all the way thither full of the spray of tears, of shadows, which were to clear and drift step by step before her, until suddenly they rushed all away, and showed her the fire of martyrdom, and beyond it the blessed rest of heaven.

Jeanne assumed her position as a chief of the war with the same ease as she had assumed her martial equipments. Holding her commission

from God, who was greater, higher, stronger than she? With His counsel to guide her, what fear of stumbling or straying in her steps? Without one doubt of Him as her inspirer—without one doubt of herself as His minister, full of vivid confidence, hardy resolution, unselfish singleness of purpose, she took up her commanding tone and perilous post of leader; and by the pure lightning of her enthusiasm, kindled a flame in France which flashed and rose victoriously, and fell and destroyed herself; then moldered on for a score of years, a slow, dead fire, but never died out until the work she began was done;—until the withes of foreign tyranny were broken asunder and burnt, and the deliverance she prophesied to the king and the people was fully accomplished."

Passing by the base ingratitude and desertion of the king, and the atrocious cruelty and cowardice of the Bishop of Beauvais, who accomplished her martyrdom through his "beautiful trial," as he loved to style it, we commence a careful consideration and general commiseration of the closing scene.

"The soldiers bade the executioner do his duty, and immediately she was raised and bound to the stake, a mark for ten thousand eyes. High uplifted there, Jeanne beheld the multitudes at gaze, and the beautiful towers of the city, and, conscious of her innocence, she cried: 'Oh, Rouen! Rouen! I fear thou wilt have to suffer for my death!'"

The executioner set fire to the pile below. The bishop confronted the victim. She possessed her soul in peace, though her body trembled at the coming agony, and she shined not with her lips. Twice she had warned him to take heed how he judged her, and now she warned him to repent that he had judged amiss. Passing by the cruel instruments, she condemned the murderous band that used them—the wicked head and heart that had plotted her death, and accomplished it in the name of the divine mercy. Speaking sadly, but distinctly, so that all around heard her, she repeated what she had said to him in the prison:—

"Bishop, I die by you. If you had put me into the hands of the church, I had never come here!" The two brethren, kneeling, weeping, praying by her, did not perceive the fire creeping up. But she did, and bade them go down "and hold high the crucifix before me, and speak loud enough for me to hear you until I die," and so she was left, looking up to heaven, calling Christ and His saints. When the fire touched her she shuddered and cried:

"Water, holy water!" then "Jesus! Jesus!" For a little while all the earth, from earth to heaven, throbbed with the prayer of her anguish: "Jesus! Jesus!" The eyes of the people were dazzled and dim. Some saw the name of the Redeemer written in the eddying furnace-blaze; others saw a white dove hovering in the wake of her sacrifice.

Brother Martin, standing almost in the draft of the flames, heard her sob with a last sublime effort of faith, bearing her witness to God whom she trusted: "My voices have not deceived me;" and then came death, and with great victory delivered her. "Jesus!" with a very loud voice she cried again, and her spirit passed.

For a moment there was silence; then "Draw back the fire and show her, dead, to the people, that none may ever say she has escaped." The soldiers stared aghast; hoarse mutterings of indignation rolled through the crowd. "She was unjustly condemned—unjustly condemned."

"Her soul is in the hands of God!" When all was over, the Cardinal of England came. The executioner finished his work, and then sought the two good monks to confess himself—to hear if in heaven there could be pardon for him who had put his hand to the destruction of a creature so holy.

"Her heart would not burn," said he, marveling as at a manifest miracle. The English soldier who had hated her so marvelously had carried a brand to throw on the pile, but as he cast it into the fire, Jeanne's last great cry rang over the crowd, and, smitten with a terrible repentance, he fell to the earth insensible. Come to himself again, his heart was changed, and he declared that she whom he had persecuted was a creature of God. Also, one of the royal secretaries, who had been very violent against her—who had gone, exulting, to see her die, came away saying: "We are all lost men, for we have destroyed a saint!"

When the Bishop of Beauvais retired from the Old Market, after the martyrdom of the maid, his "beautiful trial" must have looked like a broken and battered mask, with the devil's face grinning at him through its gaps. Jeanne had publicly charged him as her betrayer.

The populace of Rouen expressed their abhorrence of her judges, and many there were, both there and elsewhere, who said she was a martyr for God. The news was disseminated throughout France. Charles was much grieved, but could not remedy it.

When it came to Domrémy, it broke the heart of Jeanne's father, and he died. Her oldest brother soon followed her; but Pierre and Jean lived on and fought through the disgrace; and her poor mother, pensioned by the city of Orleans, survived to see her name restored to honor, and a cross erected to her perpetual memory on the spot where she died.

Jeanne suffered on the 30th of May, 1431, and on the 11th of November, 1448, Charles entered Rouen, the city of her martyrdom. A new trial was ordered. Age had improved the king's character. "He and all France could now look back without prejudice, and see how opportunely Jeanne d'Arc had succored the monarchy; how she had, indeed, saved it from a fall which had been judged inevitable. The beauty of her character and the disinterestedness of her brief career could be viewed at last without jealousy and without distrust. Charles believed in her now. Those who had done her faithful service he promoted to honor. Death had reaped long since her worst enemies, and he sought no revenges, remembering, perhaps, that Jeanne was one to whom revenges had never been sweet. But his conscience, tardily awakened, let him rest no more until he had done all in the power of a king to repair former ingratitude, and to restore her good fame."

"In 1455 a formal revision of the trial was granted by the Pope."

A full reversal of her condemnation was finally obtained and promulgated, under most imposing ceremonies, at Rouen and Orleans.

"When these services of expiation were performed, Jeanne's hopes of her country were fulfilled. The English had lost everything but their old conquest of Calais, and the war of a hundred years was at an end. In January, 1563, Calais was wrested from them, and they were then all thrust out of France except those who died there," as her voices had always bade her prophesy.

"It is sufficient," observes De Quincey, in his Essay on Joan of Arc, "to say that she fulfilled, to the height of her promises, the restoration of the prostrate throne. France had become a Province of England; and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion caused the English energy to droop

and that critical opening, La Pucelle, (the maid) used with a corresponding felicity of audacity and suddenness (that were in themselves portentous), for introducing the wedge of native French resources, for rekindling the national pride, and for planting the Dauphin once more upon his feet. When Joanna appeared, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the South of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill then unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset on the 28th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8th, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June, she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July she took Troyes by coup de main from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 18th of that month she carried the Dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday, the 17th, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. What remained was—to suffer."

All this forward movement was her own. Excepting one man, the whole council were against her. Her enemies were all that drew favor from earth. Her supporters were her own strong enthusiasm, and the leading contagion by which she carried this sublime frenzy into the hearts of women, of soldiers, and of all who lived by labor."

Such was Joan of Arc, as we are accustomed to style her. Said we not justly she was the great Spiritualist of her early day? Who would not rejoice to hear, to see, to act with the spirit as she did? In her disinterested devotion to her beloved native land, was she not the Washington, the Saviour, of France? C. F. B.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think nothing we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls said ours to meet in happy air."  
—LUCAS HOWE.

### MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR AUNTIE—Have I told you about the street singers? Oh, there are so many little fellows with such old faces, as if they had lived fifty years. They are almost all boys, and a great many of them carry violins tucked under their arms, and when they play, they put the instrument straight down before them, and not under the chin, as Mr. Stums, the leader of your choir does. And then they sing the same songs over and over. There is one little boy that comes here every little while, and he never sings but one tune, and I played him ever so much, and I thought I'd say something kind to him, but I'm afraid he's only a rough little fellow, for he said some rough words to me.

I thought I should like to know more about him, for I wondered who taught him to sing, and if he loved it all. So Mr. Ames said, if I dared I might go with him some morning, for he was going to find out the way the little fellows live.

I said, of course I wasn't afraid, for I didn't see anything to be afraid of. Well, we went through the most dismal places you can imagine. There is nothing in the country to make you think how dreadful it was. At last we came to a place little better than a cellar. It had not one bright thing about it, and the air was so dreadful that I thought I should faint, only I thought what if I had to live in it all the time, and that made me forget myself in pity for those we saw there. There were forty miserable creatures huddled together. Some on little patches of straw, some just sitting on the floor, though I did not go down to see; I waited on the steps with a policeman, but I could look in a little, and Mr. Ames described it to me.

In that miserable place they sleep and live, when they don't lie out of doors. Oh, you can't think how glad I felt, that God had made his great broad sky free to all, and that no one could prevent their going out to breathe, and to see the sunshine. But why do n't some one build a great building for them, and let them have teachers in music, and a comfortable home when they have got through their singing. Poor little things, some of them have cruel masters who send them out, and take all their money when they return, and drive them out all the weather.

Only think, auntie, when they come in rainy days, all wet, they have no dry clothes, but lie down in those they have on. No wonder they don't look like children, but like little old men. It made me homesick going down there, and I wished that I was in your dear home, and had never known any of these troubles. If I was only rich, I would n't mind, for then I'd build a house, and take care of ever so many poor children.

But, Mr. Ames says that rich people have more than they can do to take care of their riches without taking care of poor children, and then he told me a true story. He says it is every word true. If it is, I do n't see why people that have n't money do n't begin some great institutions of benevolence.

There was a poor minister that lived near Halle, in Germany. He had but little money, but had a very kind heart. There was a custom in that city for all the good people to set apart one day in the week for distributing gifts to the poor. What a pleasant custom! how good it would be to see all the people about here carrying what they did not need of the week's food and clothing to some place where the poor could get it. Why, if you'll believe me, I saw a great basket of bread brought away yesterday from Mrs. Van Nyke's kitchen. She says it is too much trouble to run after her servants all the time to make them careful.

Well, the poor minister used to go every Thursday, to distribute food to the poor. It made his heart sorrowful to see their sufferings, and he saw that they needed something besides bread—they wanted a home where they could have love and kindness. Especially did he look on the little children who pitied eyes, and he wished he could take them all into his arms and bless them. Then he thought about their dear Father in heaven, and how it was that he loved them all.

His name was August Francke. Does n't that sound like a golden name, just as if the man had a summer in his heart? I wonder if there is anything in a name. I wish I had been called June.

Well, when he was thinking about God, and I guess wondering too, as I do, why he does not take care of everybody that is in trouble, he opened his Bible and read what was said to the Christians a great while ago, that God was able to give sufficient to him, so that they could do all good works. He was so good himself that he believed this was true.

The other day the minister preached about our praying for what we wanted, and he said we had the promise that whatever we asked we should receive. Now, auntie, I was not good enough to believe that it was true, but you see Francke was, so he kept thinking of the promise, and kept praying, and kept helping the poor all he could. Then he thought he'd put a box up in his room, and perhaps some one would put something into it but they did n't, and he kept praying and doing. It was three months before he found anything in his box, and then it was only three dollars and a half. Why, auntie, I have more than that in my little tin savings bank, that I had so long ago. He did not wait for another dollar, but bought some books and opened a school for poor children in a room next to his study.

The moment he begun his work then more money came. He got it always just as he needed it; perhaps if he had got it before he would have wanted to have kept it. Mr. Ames says that if you keep looking at gold and holding it, and put it in your pocket, then just as likely as not you will think that you can't get along without it, and you will remember a great many things you need it for.

There was no danger of Francke doing that, for he only got the money just as he needed it to pay for some expense that he had been at. But he found that the little children did not grow good as fast as he wished, with only two hours in a school and all the rest of the time in idleness and mischief, so he determined to take just one, and take care of it. And he prayed that God would make his promise good and give him sufficient to keep it. Instead of one, four were presented to him, and he received them all.

What a good man he must have been to have taken so much care on himself; but the best of all was he always had just enough money, and he never begged any; he only prayed that God would send it. In a few weeks he had sixteen poor orphans to care for, and he never wanted anything that was really necessary.

But it was now necessary to have a house on purpose for the children, and soon he is able to purchase one, for one after another becomes interested in the good work that he is doing, and gives to him what is necessary. At length he determines to build a much larger house, and one better suited to the wants of his increasing family. He had no money laid by to carry on his work, but week by week it came to him. One man would send him materials for building, another money. The King of Bavaria hearing of his enterprise, sent him brick and tiles, and a fine building was all finished.

But was n't it strange, auntie, that all he did when he was in greatest need was to pray. One day he was told that there was no meat or food or clothing left. He did not go out to beg for it, but just asked the Father in Heaven to send it, and, sure enough, it came; for just as he was at dinner an old friend appeared and gave him over thirty dollars, and soon others came with gifts, so that he had all he asked for.

At another time his master mason came and asked if he had the money ready to pay off the workmen. He said, "I have nothing but faith in God." The whole day passed and still he had nothing, but at night a man came and offered him a purse with a hundred and fifty dollars in it.

He finished his house for poor orphans and then he built one for poor widows, and afterwards for straggling beggars, until there was a whole square surrounded with homes for those that were without, and with a library and other man who had faith in God, it all built by a poor

I did not quite believe it at first, because I could not see how it could be; and I told Mr. Ames that if it was true of course everybody could pray, and somebody would be thinking of doing it all the time, and everybody would be cared for. But instead of that, there were ever and ever so many that needed to be helped.

Then he told me how it was. He says we almost all of us pray very selfish prayers. In the first place, Francke wanted more than anything else to do good. He did not pray for anything that was to give him ease or comfort. In the next place he believed that God was a kind, loving father, and desired everybody to be happy and good. He said there were a great many angels who wished to be employed in blessing the world, and that they were drawn near to Francke by his own love and kindness and wish to do good, and that it was those angels or spirits that put it in the hearts of men to go and offer Francke the money. If he had been a bit selfish they would not have done it, because they would have feared that he would take the money to please himself in some way; but as they could trust him, they worked for him.

When he prayed he sent his wishes out like little threads of light, and when the good angels knew what he was praying for, they attended to his wishes because they knew they were true and good. They went and whispered into the hearts of good men and women, and they began to wish to help Francke, and went directly and gave him just what he needed.

Oh, I think it is beautiful, auntie, to know how God takes care of us all. You see he wants us to do the good, so that we may become loving and thoughtful of others. He wants us to be earth-angels.

I was so glad when Mr. Ames told me all this, that I went right to my room and thought I could pray for the poor street-singers, and perhaps some angel would hear me; and then I began to think if I was willing to take the trouble on myself of taking care of even one. I could n't see that it would do a bit of good to pray unless I meant to do something. There was no need of asking for money, for I had ten dollars that I was calculating to buy a dress with. Mrs. Van says my brown one is n't fit to wear anywhere, though you and I thought it quite pretty.

I don't know what I should have made up my mind to do, but just then Mrs. Van knocked on the door and said: "The carriage is at the door; come, we will go to Stewart's; he's opened a new lot of goods, latest styles." I hurried on my things and went, and when I was there I could think of nothing but the elegant goods that I saw. I was not long in choosing the material that I wanted. It is just the softest, prettiest color you can think—a real London brown; and I am to have a brown hat to match, if you think you can send me money enough, for it took nine for the dress, and Mrs. Van is going to get the trimmings for it herself; she says she had rather, and then she shall be suited.

I had forgotten all about the angels and their work until I was coming out of Stewart's, when just on the corner there stood a little singer with his violin under his arm. I felt as if he had come there on purpose to make me unhappy and ashamed of myself. I gave him a quarter to ease my mind, but I see now just why it is that the good Father does n't take care of all his poor and suffering; he can't find people to do it for him. I wonder if I shall grow less selfish as I grow older.

How I wish you were here, auntie, to tell me what I ought to do, for you see now I have so nice a dress I must have a new hat and new boots and

gloves, and gloves are two dollars a pair, and then a ribbon for my hair, and a new net and a streamer of velvet ribbon.

What Mr. Ames says is true: Our wants are like crows; you let one in your field, and you have a flock in a little while. I feel ashamed to ask him what I shall do. Perhaps he will tell me without asking. But really, auntie, I thought I was only a little bit selfish. You used to call me your generous little girl, but I have concluded that pretty much all we do is for ourselves in some way.

I hope you won't read about the dress to old Mr. Prussy. I can see just how he would turn round and laugh; but he'll like to hear about Francke ever so much. Tell him it is every word true.

Evening.—I had not finished my letter when yours came, enclosing the money. I was so glad it came without my asking for it, and more than I needed. I almost thought that some angel must have put it in your mind to send it to me. I felt so glad about it that I ventured to tell Mr. Ames about the dress, and what he said did me a great deal of good. He said that as opportunities come to us we ought always to improve them. That I was now having an excellent opportunity to see a little of the world, and I was right in improving it, and I could not without conforming (that's the word he used,) to the ways of the world. He said that I should have a plenty of opportunities given to me to try my faith and my real desire to bless others.

I never thought before about opportunities being given to us, and it made me very thankful. I think I shall learn more now. But you may be sure, auntie, I shall never forget those poor street singers; at least I can give them a kind look and a few pennies, and I hope some man will be good enough and unselfish enough to make a home for them. I am sure that all his prayers would be answered by some loving spirit if he would begin the work. This is from your own MINNIE.

## (Original.) NAMING THE BABY.

BY JULIA A. FIELD.

An old man sat at twilight,  
A babe upon his knee,  
A one-year-old grand-daughter, [1]  
While he was eighty-three.  
He rocked the tiny treasure  
Upon his aged breast,  
As gently as the breeze  
The wood-bird in its nest.

The present had departed,  
The summoned past had come;  
And memory's magic fingers  
Re-learned his fallen home.  
He heard his children's laughter,  
Their shouts beside the door;  
The patter of their footsteps  
Upon the painted floor.

And she, his own, his cherished,  
Sat by him on the hearth,  
The fairest of the matrons,  
The peer of all the earth.  
But ah, his idols vanished,  
As sunset clouds depart;  
In solitude and silence  
Night closed upon his heart.

He longed to meet his Rachel,  
His bride of long ago,  
His three-score years companion,  
His life's encircling bow.  
None heard his invocation  
But angels true and free,  
For the filling of her mantle,

The latch was softly lifted,  
The smiling mother came  
To claim her little nursing,  
The child without a name;  
While knelt a merry maiden  
In laughter by her side,  
To heap upon the sleeper  
Appellatives of pride.

The sweetest names of fairies  
Fell singly from her tongue,  
And fame's high sounding title,  
Till the mourner's heart was wrung  
He raised his eyes grief-brimming,  
With sad, reproachful look,  
"My darling's name is Rachel!"  
Go, write it in The Book.

More close his arms were folded  
Around the "lamb" that slept;  
The pent up waters yielded,  
He bent his head and wept.  
The twain with grief were stricken,  
And trembling held their breath,  
To see the love that triumphed  
O'er time, and change, and death.

At once a softened splendor  
Illumed the shadowy room,  
Bright rays fell on the aged  
With tints like Eden bloom;  
And sweet aerial music  
Infilled the glowing air;  
Oh, answer, doubting skeptics,  
Was not his Rachel there!

\*The Hebrew name Rachel, signifies "Lamb."

## The Lily Wreath.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—It has just been my pleasure to read a little work published at your office, called "Lily Wreath of Spiritual Communications, received chiefly through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams," of which I would say a few words: Although not a believer in Spiritualism—having never seen anything to convince me that departed spirits return and communicate with mortals—yet I am highly pleased with the above work, and heartily wish that the principles of love and charity taught in it, could be indelibly impressed upon every human heart in our land. I would be glad if this little work could be extensively circulated, as I am sure that all who read it, will rise from its perusal with softer hearts, and with greater desires to live for the good of humanity, and the glory of God. It breathes forth the teachings of Christ, and is written in a beautiful, poetic style. How beautiful is the following short extract:

"Nearer to thee, my God, let us live, ever swelling and bursting with thy boundless love.

Echo him, ye softened breezes,  
Whisper all his praises forth;  
Tell of him, ye tiny dewdrops,  
Ye may speak his glorious worth.  
Sing of him, ye gushing waters,  
Chant to him, thou little brook;  
All the earth, and all earth's creatures,  
Read him in the eternal book.

Speak of him, ye little leaflets,  
Smile on him, bright beautiful flowers,  
Preen in tiny grains that sparkle,  
See their God, thy God, and ours.

Echo him, fond hearts of duty,  
To his praise, sing loud and clear;  
For thy soul could every beauty,  
Then shall heaven and God be near."

Truly yours, ALEXANDER KING.  
America, Ga., July 30th, 1868.

Wendell Phillips says many hard things of politicians.



## Original Essays.

## THE PROBLEM OF AGES.

## The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. II.

BY DYER D. LUM.

## I. The Philosophical Argument.

1. It is an established fact in physiology that every particle of our bodies is undergoing a gradual change; that particles are being constantly emitted and continually added, and that while our bodies remain to all appearances the same, they are, nevertheless, completely changed, even to the osseous structure, once in a given term of years. So that the natural body that you possess to-day does not contain one single atom of what it possessed seven or ten years ago. Prof. Draper, in his "Human Physiology," (pp. 10-12), says:—

"An organism, no matter of what grade it may be, is only a temporary form, which myriads of particles, passing through a determinate career, give rise to. It is like the flame of a lamp, which presents for a long time the same aspect, being ceaselessly fed as it ceaselessly wastes away. . . . The appearance of corporeal identity he presents year after year is only an illusion. He begins to die the moment he begins to breathe. One particle after another is removed away, interstitial death occurring even in the inmost recesses of the body."

It is sometimes objected that scars or India-ink prickings on the surface are direct evidences to the contrary. All such are foreign substances introduced, and not natural to the body. My finger nails present the same appearance to-day that they did ten years ago, yet many times their length has been pared off. A wound leaves a perpetual scar because the channels of circulation are partially obstructed and never as perfect as before. Yet our individuality remains intact and perfect during all this material change. If our individuality was of the body alone, it could not survive this constant mutation. A man may have had a number of bodies, yet every line of his individuality remains unbroken and his memory spans the whole, undimmed. Only by assuming that man is a spiritual being, can we satisfactorily account for this. If his real existence, his personality, that which gives him his form and expression, is entirely unaffected by the gradual change of his whole physical body, why not survive a more immediate change? Bishop Butler has stated this argument in the following forcible manner:

"We have already, several times over, lost a great part, or perhaps the whole of our body, according to certain common established laws of Nature; yet we remain the same living agents. When we shall lose as great a part, or the whole, by another common established law of Nature, death, why may we not also remain the same? That the alienation has been gradual in one case, and in another will be more at once, does not prove anything to the contrary. We have passed undestroyed through those many and great revolutions of matter, so peculiarly appropriate to ourselves; why should we imagine death to be so fatal to us?"

2. The human body! What is its true position in the natural scale of being? Man does not stand alone physically removed or entirely distinct from other forms of Nature's handiwork, but is clearly related to other forms. In the words of Dr. Draper, "There has never been created such a thing as an isolated living being." In man we find the perfection of organs that exist in a rudimentary or partially developed state in inferior groups. Man is the climax of organic effort. Agassiz says that no higher creature than man is to be expected on earth, because the capacities of the earthly plan of organic creation are completed and exhausted with him. We can conceive of no form higher or more perfect than the human. The brain, no one denies, is the organ of mind. The bulk of the brain is composed of two large masses of nervous matter known as the cerebral hemispheres, and another large nervous mass called the cerebellum. The cerebellum is the organ of intelligence, and the cerebellum is connected with the muscular motion. In fishes and reptiles, the cerebral hemispheres bear the smallest relation to the other parts, and intelligence, consequently, is hardly distinguishable. In birds we find a considerable advance in the development of the cerebrum and in intelligence. In mammals we trace the same development, till in man the climax is reached, for here the cerebrum crowns the cerebellum. In the words of A. J. Davis, "It has mounted the pinnacle, unrolled the banner of reason, and invites the universe to dinner." Here, the materialist assumes, the law of progress ends; Nature has attained to her ultimate. But we have no data for thus limiting the power of Nature. By the very nature of the case, organic effort culminating in physical man, the next progressive step, if such exists, must be of another nature, and must proceed from man. Progress must then be from within outward. There are other forces than the physical ones in Nature's hands.

3. We have shown, first, that physical death is no evidence of destruction of personality, and, "Up man! for what if thou with dust hast part, Since in the body framed of bones thou art? Yet know thyself upon the other side Higher than angels, and to God allied."

second, that the human form being the *chef d'œuvre* of Nature, the highest form in the organic scale, all forces are centered in his mind. Man being at the "end" of the organic chain, a higher mode of existence—to meet the requirements of the law of progress—must be spiritual, instead of material.

We will now direct our attention to the perfection of the human body as evidence that the body of man alone is adapted to the occupancy and demands of an intelligent spirit. The animal organization is adapted to the function of animal life, as the element of life effecting the organization and building up of the living plant, is adapted to vegetable life. No transfer can be made; for the elements that built up the plant could not support animal life. Man, though the highest of all forms, the climax of organic effort, possesses not mere animal superiority. Deprive him of those higher endowments, a thinking and reasoning spirit, and he would not be able to cope with the beasts of the field. He alone possesses those attributes and qualities necessary to the spirit in its earthly existence. Is it objected that we cannot conceive how a living spirit can inhabit a human body? When the skeptic has inquired us how animal life can exist in and control the human body in its reflex movements, we will enter into the subject of the correlation of physical and spiritual existence. Why this perfection of organism if in a few score years the animating principle becomes dissipated with its component parts?

"Why should this gross integument endure If its undying quest be lost forever?"

Looking from the material plane, men demand that spirit should manifest itself under purely material conditions, and when it is replied, that from its very nature, it is impossible, refuse to look at other than material objects, or consider

ought that does not act upon their physical senses. Like Thomas, unless they can put their finger into the print of the nails and thrust their hand into his side, they will not believe. They have looked at the glories of the infinite fields of space through the telescope, they have studied the myriad forms of life revealed by the microscope, they have seen the dissecting knife lay bare the wonders of organic structures and peered into the chemist's crucible, yet never have their material eyes beheld spirit! In the eloquent words of Rev. Dr. Alger:

"It is absurd to confound things so distinct. Mind is mind, and matter is matter; and though we are now consciously acquainted with them only in their correlation, yet there is as much reason for supposing that the former survives the close of that correlation, as for supposing that the latter does. True, we perceive the material remaining and do not perceive the spirit. Yes; but the differentiation of the two is exactly this, that one is appreciable by the senses, while the other transcends and baffles them. It is absolutely inconceivable in imagination, wholly incredible to reason, intrinsically nonsensical every way, that a shifting concourse of atoms, a plastic arrangement of particles, a regular succession of galvanic shocks, a continuous series of nervous currents, or anything of the sort, should constitute the reality of the human soul, the process of a human life, the accumulated treasures of a human experience, all preserved at command and traversed by the moral lines of personal identity. The things lie in different spheres and are full of incommunicable contrasts. However numerous and intimately correlated the physical and psychical constituents of man are, yet, so far as we can know anything about them, they are steeply opposed to each other, both in essence and function. Otherwise consciousness is mendacious and language is unmeaning."

## California Matters.

## Thoughts From Across the Continent.

Behold me dear Banner in the little mining town of Mokelumne Hill, in Calaveras County, whither I have come to lecture three week evenings.

It is somewhat sad to the miner who came here in 1849 to perceive the dull, deserted condition of these once busy "mining camps," and to contrast the present apathy with the stir and bustle of the "flush times" of 1852-3; but as the reflective mind looks abroad upon this grand country and takes note of the daily increasing interest in agriculture, observing the large vineyards dotting the landscape, the rich fields of grain and the abundant vegetable growth, meeting the eye on all sides, we discover that California is still rich, not alone in, as yet, undiscovered mines and bubbling oil wells, but in its vast and hitherto overlooked agricultural possibilities. And that the foundation of her future greatness is as well assured and securely established as the base of her grand and "sacred mountains," towering heavenward in sublime and lofty prophecy on every side. The mind must be dull and prosaic indeed that cannot recognize the great possibilities awaiting a generation nurtured amid such scenes—born to an inheritance so unique.

You will readily imagine that pioneering in California must have many strange and diverting aspects, and never are you so entirely convinced of the originality of the people as when on a tour of this description. A reputation is worth something East, and we have known some brilliant lights who could afford to be inauspiciously stupid in the country towns upon the strength of said "reputation" earned in Boston or New York. We would advise such individuals to visit California. They would be effectually cured in a single trip. Here, fame—any amount of distinction achieved in the East or in San Francisco—do not help you a particle. "At home"—we love to call it—or "in the States" the question is, "What has he done?" In this country it is invariably, "What can he do now?" And an audience in the smallest hamlet sits back upon its dignity, and with characteristic independence and imperturbable calmness says in effect, "We do not care what you have done elsewhere, let us see what you can do here?" If you please them, why, then with utter disregard for the opinion of any other place or person, they endorse you cordially. It is quite impossible to help loving such a people at once, so original and so just; rugged as the aspect of their country, free as the air they breathe, and as straightforward and direct as their march onward to the foremost place in the recognition of the world amid the advance guard of the army of Progress.

Last week I lectured in Placerville, Eldorado County, some fifty miles north of Sacramento. I went there at the solicitation of a Mr. Howard, and was accompanied thither by Squire Johnson, of Clarksville, and his good wife; the former is an old Spiritualist, a subscriber to the *Banner of Light*, and the father of a brave son who fell in defence of his country during the late war, and who communicated through your pages, and the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, not long since. Squire Johnson entertained Mr. Peebles when he was in California, and his name and memory is cherished by the family with respect and affection.

In Placerville great prejudice existed against Spiritualism, and they were evidently prepared for everything and anything absurd from the lips of its advocate, but they yielded me respectful attention and justice, and I think I left them quite modified, as far as their opinion of the Philosophy is concerned; but pioneering will be uphill work, as a matter of compensation, for a long time. We stopped at the Cary House, and here permit me, for the benefit of future travelers, to register my unqualified approbation of this hotel in the mountains; its accommodations, its cleanliness, its obliging landlord, and last, but not least, its attentive and respectful waiters.

The press here as elsewhere gave me a cordial notice, and when it is remembered that the *brains* used in newspaperdom do not pertain to the proprietors and publishers, but are subject to those "powers that be," and dare not endorse, save in measured terms, ideas not labelled Orthodox, I have every reason to be grateful to the San Francisco and Interior press for liberal and kindly notices, with the exception of Sacramento, where "The Record" was the only paper that had the independence to say a good word for a faith whose ministrations were the most largely attended in the city. The papers in San Francisco and elsewhere that noticed my lectures were not confined to one party.

Of the success of the Sacramento Lyceums and the public meetings during the winter you have already heard; suffice it to say that when two hundred and seventeen children, exclusive of teachers, marched to the music of a full band through the streets of Sacramento, on their late plonic excursion, "outsiders" began to realize that the "Progressive Lyceum" was a *live institution*, and that Spiritualism meant something more than visionary speculations concerning a future state. By general consent, lyceums and

lectures are adjourned during the heated term, to be resumed with renewed vigor and recuperated energy in the autumn. As I could not well afford, for many considerations, to rest through the summer, though perhaps the rest was needed somewhat, I announced a series of Sunday evening lectures at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, where I now reside. Simultaneously with this announcement, Miss Eliza Howe Fuller arrived from the East, and was engaged by the recently organized "Association of Spiritualists," as their regular speaker. The utmost good feeling however seems to prevail, and *assuredly exists* between Miss Fuller and myself. Both meetings are well attended and it is universally conceded that one establishment does not interfere with the success or usefulness of the other.

As for the workers now on this coast all are busy. All according to their several and diverse gifts, are doing God's work. Mrs. Gordon having by her logical and argumentative powers, reached some of the best minds in San Francisco, writes from Ophir, Nevada, that she is pioneering through the most rugged portions of that land of "silver and sage brush." She is a brave noble woman, and an earnest and able worker. She has created a wide-spread interest in Virginia City, where she at present resides, and where her husband is now practicing his profession. She lectures upon themes embracing human interests in all their phases realizing that as our philosophy recognizes all reformatory action as of vital interest to the race, we are always speaking on *Spiritualism* when we utter sentiments that respond to human needs, intellectual, spiritual, or physical. Mrs. Stowe has just returned from an overland journey to Oregon, driven back to the shelter of her pleasant and hospitable home in San José, and to the ministrations of her husband and daughters by severe indisposition. Mrs. Stowe has lectured for so many years, she can afford to rest, without suffering the accusation of being a slothful servant. She has a gentle daughter, who promises to achieve with her pen much for the world.

Mr. Todd has been lecturing in the southern portion of the State until over-taxed and overborne, he too, succumbed to illness. I heard, however, that he was better, and that his fair lady made her debut as a lecturer before an audience in Petaluma, last Sunday. So, as man and wife are one, he too, may afford to rest.

San Francisco hails Mr. Foster's advent with delight; he is at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and of him you will surely hear a good report. Mrs. Foye has given more even than her wonted satisfaction during the last season, and recently wrote answers to a series of questions in the Prussian language, the answers being written in the same language.

My duty to my children, to whom I am father, mother, provider and protector, precludes the possibility of my being absent from home for any length of time, but nevertheless, the report of your late correspondent that I was confined to San Francisco and Sacramento, is incorrect. I have lectured during my stay here, of less than three years, in Watsonville, San José, Santa Cruz, Petaluma, Alvarado, Benicia, Haywood, Woodland, Stockton, Mokelumne Hill and Placerville. Have been the first speaker on Spiritualism in three of the above-mentioned places, and have spoken several times in some of them.

So much for the work and the workers on the coast. For all who have the good of the cause at heart, and do not regard compensation as the first object, it is a great field, but no one need expect to do more than make "both ends meet," in a financial point of view, and if they do that they may be thankful. This is a word of absolute fact, to those who may cherish utopian views regarding the country. And now permit me to send greetings through your genial pages to my co-workers and many friends "over the sea." Though my life is crowded full of work, though in public and private, I scarcely comprehend, in any practical sense, the significance of the word rest, I am well, and happier than for many years—happy in the love of my children, the recognition of my public labors, and in the fullness of life born of a busy heart and active brain. But let those who love me East and West, and cherish the memory of the wanderer, who oft times claimed a place by their firesides, remember me as one who realizes that there never is, or can be, separation between souls that love and recognize each other; and that my heart and spirit leap across the sea with an intense and loving greeting that takes no cognizance of time or space, and finds no room in all this busy world for the cold word *forgetfulness*. With hope in the present, a joyful certainty of the future, and a blissful knowledge of immortality, I remain, dear Banner, yours, and the willing servant of humanity, LAURA CUPPY.

Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras Co., July 8, 1868.  
Home, July 24th.—Since writing the above, I find that Mr. Todd has delivered two Sunday lectures in Sacramento, and has recovered his health.

## San Francisco Correspondence.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Believing that a letter from here would interest some of your thousands of readers, I concluded I would devote an hour to the work, that they might be informed how we were progressing.

It is no less surprising than gratifying to us old pioneers in the better way leading from earth to the supernal spheres, which has been opened up from this point within the past few years—to note the growth and spread of our glorious gospel among the starving souls of San Francisco, throughout the State, and all over this great coast. Hardly a decade of years since, very few outside the little Spartan band of brave spirits who had espoused and boldly proclaimed the grand truths of spirit-intercourse and control in this place, could be found in the length and breadth of our land. Now, thanks be to the outpouring of the spirit in these modern pentecostal times, we count our adherents by tens of thousands, and no longer is the number circumscribed, as of olden times, to the poor and lowly, the humble and unlettered, but our ranks are being filled by the rich, the educated and refined of both sexes. The work is indeed marvelous to our eyes, and a glance into the future of even another ten years, in the light of the past and present, will hardly leave room to doubt that any, within the sphere of reason and common sense, will be found outside the pale of our great universal church, where this "heaven-lighted lamp in man" is the pillar of fire by night and cloud by day.

The work of regeneration and emancipation from creeds and dogmas of fast-dying Old Theology, under the ministrations of the angels, through the scores of public mediums and hundreds of private ones in this city alone, is gigantic. Among our most efficient workers in the lecturing field I will name Mr. Todd, now speaking at Sacramento, Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, and Mrs. Laura Cuppy. The last two are lecturing here to crowded houses every Sunday. Miss Fuller meets a most cordial welcome from the friends. She is a noble young soul, brimming over with love and charity for all of God's crea-

tures. She is to be ordained by appropriate forms, next Sabbath, to the work to which the angel world seems to have called her. It is felt here that her advent is the harbinger of lasting good to all Spiritualists, and through them to all others. She scatters goodness, truth and mercy wherever she goes, and they cannot but be contagious. Mr. C. H. Foster, Mrs. Foye, Mrs. Ditterly, Mrs. Dunham and Mrs. Upham, for tests of spirit presence, are breaking up the fall ground like a thousand plowmen, preparing it for the seed of truth that is to grow and bear fruit a hundred fold in our land as elsewhere. Among our hearers by the laying on of hands I will name Dr. James Edwards, the Hutchinsons, and J. M. Grant. The last named is performing some most remarkable cures of lameness, casting out (devils), etc., etc. The *Times* of this city gave a very fair report of a case of this sort that occurred the other day. A gentleman from the Interior, en route for the East, and stopping at one of the hotels, became suddenly hallucinated with fears of some diabolical attempt upon his life, rushed into the streets crying murder vociferously, was taken in charge by the police, and the united strength of several was required to subdue and manage him. The doctor happened to cross their path to the "lock-up," followed, and when inside begged the privilege of manipulating him, which was granted, his irons removed, and in a shorter time than it takes me to write it he became quiet as a lamb; reason resumed its throne, and he was good as new. The following morning the man was brought before a board of medical examiners, and after a long and severe inquest he was discharged from custody and went on his way rejoicing—purchased his steamer ticket, went aboard the ship that day and sailed for the States. But for the opportune intervention of our good doctor, who doubts that the man would be to-day the inmate of the Lunatic Asylum, raving in a straight jacket? Great is our God and the angels are his prophets. L. W. RANSOM.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
ONWARD—UPWARD.

BY BELL FLOWER.

Onward, onward, pressing onward,  
Toward the end yet unattained,  
And with earnest soul drinking  
All the good that can be gained;  
Pause not, rest not in life's battle,  
Till the victor's crown is earned,  
Till from every daily conflict  
Life's great lessons have been learned.  
Upward, upward, reaching upward,  
Toward the heavenly home above,  
Where the loved and lost in earth-life,  
Dwell in purity and love,  
Rest not, weary soul, oh! rest not,  
Till, upon that better shore,  
You have gained the crown immortal  
That is yours forevermore.

## New.

A charming little story-book for children, entitled, "The Little Angel," has just been written and published by Mrs. Harriet N. Greene. It contains a good moral, and cannot fail to leave the best impressions upon the mind of the child that gives it a perusal. Both this, and "Little Harry's Wish," another book Mrs. Greene has recently brought out, should be in the libraries of all the young folks; and the *Progressive Lyceums* throughout the country cannot do better than add a number of these to their collections of books, and especially at the exceedingly low rate of fifteen cents per number, for which the *Banner of Light* Bookstores, I am informed, are ready to furnish them. L. S. RICHARDS.

67 Purchase street, Boston.

LIST OF LECTUREES.  
PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should any name appear in this list of a party who has withdrawn from the cause, we desire to be so informed, as this column is devoted exclusively to Lecturers.]

C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Putnam, Conn., during August, in Salem, Mass., during September; in New York during October; in Cambridgeport, Mass., during November; in Portland, Me., during December; in Boston, N. Y., during January; in Rochester, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y., during July; in New York, N. Y., during August; in New York, N. Y., during September; in New York, N. Y., during October; in New York, N. Y., during November; in New York, N. Y., during December; in New York, N. Y., during January; in New York, N. Y., during February; in New York, N. Y., during March; in New York, N. Y., during April; in New York, N. Y., during May; in New York, N. Y., during June; in New York, N. Y



J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGLAND.  
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1888.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ROOM NO. 3, 5th FLOOR.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.  
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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.

### Inviting Murders.

"Senator Martin H. Howe, of Wisconsin, intends next to enter upon an anti-hanging campaign in New York and New Jersey. We trust he will find many and powerful helpers."—*Banner of Light*, June 29, 1885.

Will the *Banner of Light* please admit a word on the above? It has long been the custom with all nations to hang or in some way to pay men for high crimes, as will more fully appear from the laws of past ages. The intent of those right laws was to bring the offender to justice and, at the same time, to deter others from the perpetration of crime. Those laws were sanctioned by the wisest and best of men. Men of modern times have made broadroads on those old laws, stripping them of their ancient strength. Has America ever been injured by having hung a guilty man? The answer is no. But has she not been injured by not having hung the guilty? The answer is yes.

Why should we, in this age of crime, long to abolish the execution of the guilty? Why strive to save the life of the cut-throat? The fact is this: let the guilty be hung without benefit of the clergy, and let his body be excluded from interment in all public graveyards, and his confession excluded from publication. By restoring the old laws we shall soon have order, and that gang of thieves and murderers now in the land will soon be out of the way of honest people. Leniency for a cut-throat should be discarded by all men for the good of mankind. When we had the old law men paid their just debts, editors received pay for their papers and merchants pay for their goods. And so in all other matters. Oh, send us back to the laws of olden times, inasmuch as our modification of the old laws have filled the land with desperadoes, causing men and women to live in dread day and night. I, for one, have no sympathy for such vile wretches; nor have I any scruples about hanging them. Oh, give them hang without lenity! Shun them as you would a snake!

### REMARKS.

We give place to the above letter from an esteemed correspondent and subscriber, not so much to defend or explain the paragraph in the *Banner of Light* to which he alludes, and which he in fact assails, as to present a view of the whole matter not usually taken by any but those who comprehend and appreciate the spiritual laws which govern transmutation of influences.

The two parties to this general discussion—hanging and anti-hanging—must keep up their debates till the day of doom, if there is such a day, and still no end would be gained, no point really made, and no difference settled. It is all a wrangle to no purpose, because it is about views rather than facts. What it chiefly concerns all sides to understand is, that one opinion is worth just as much as another opinion, and no more, until actual rock-bottom is touched in the shape of facts; and we find no fact until we come to the great law which governs, shapes and directs all facts.

Were the disputants as earnest in trying to find out what underlies the case as they are in trying to establish their opinions, all this obscenity would soon be cleared away. The old Mosaic code is superseded by Spiritualism. "An eye for an eye" is forced to give way to the doctrine of forgiveness. Hate is to be superseded by love. If not, then what becomes of our boasted progress? No liberal minded person would wish the present gallowas statutes to be perpetual. But how are they to be set aside, if not by a directly opposite set of rules, those founded in the Christian doctrine of love and forgiveness?

"Ah, but"—say some persons—"what nonsense to talk about forgiveness, and love, and charity, in the face of a brutal murder!" They insist that society shall first of all "protect itself." Perhaps it does, at close view, look like taking measures to protect itself, when it kills a murderer outright, and thus puts him permanently out of the way; but, in reality, does society suffer any less by the means in the long run? Are any fewer of its members murdered? Does it actually save life by hanging up those who kill until they are dead? Simple statistics will answer these questions; and if they answer them unfavorably, nothing more is to be said by those who plead for the rope as a social protection.

They know what we all know—Spiritualists and Moses men—that the crime of murder is not a whit the less frequent because of the existing means taken ostensibly to prevent it. And there the argument for hanging properly ends.

Then comes up the other theory—that perpetual imprisonment should supplant the gallowas as a punishment. That is the theory to which we hold ourselves; but for reasons that go further backward and forward, and reach down deeper, than any known to those who commonly receive this humane doctrine of punishment. Not that we think crime, or wrong of any sort, can logically go unpunished. As well may we suppose that a seed of a certain kind would not bear flower and fruit of the same kind. But our theory rests directly on the belief that the penalty must follow the sin. And no penalty is a real penalty that is not suffered by the soul of man. The mere infliction of punishment on his body does not touch that tender spot in his nature where the spring of sorrow is hidden; and until that is touched, all punishment is a vain thing.

We therefore advocate the anti-hanging view because we know, of a certainty, that the law of God in this matter is wholly with us. Let us explain as briefly as possible. When a murderer is hanged for his crime, sent into the spirit-world before natural law takes him out of the body, he manifestly goes there in full magnetic strength and vigor; of course with hatred intensified many times toward those who have thus committed a murder which is different from his only by its having been pronounced legal. He is sent into spirit-life prematurely. What is the consequence? With the full strength of his magnetism about him still, with his worst passions as much stirred toward those who murdered him as toward the one whom he murdered, and with the necessity of working off the force of this magnetism and this concentrated hatred still, he becomes active to the utmost of his ability to psychologize certain human physical organizations, whose prenatal tendencies are destructive, and to induce or drive them to commit other murders for his gratification. It cannot be reasonably denied that

such a method is pursued by these still unhappy and revengeful spirits, and thus are murders multiplied. In truth, spirits that return inform us that such is the case.

Now if, in obedience to pre-natal tendencies, certain men are guilty of heinous crimes against society, of which homicide is the worst, by securing them forthwith in confinement, and keeping them there during their natural lives, their rude and wild magnetic forces are gradually worn down and worn out before they abandon their bodies, and that ferocity which they inherited from their parents becomes spent. They are at that time wholly changed persons. If they are to die now, they pass to the spirit-world humbled and softened, and consequently harmless; without even a disposition to injure mortals. And this is the whole secret and mystery of the matter. The law is wrapped up in this simple illustration.

And when the law shall be more fully and generally understood by mortals, every description of crime will diminish in frequency, and upon a better state of feeling will be gradually built up the universal brotherhood. And if we will but be governed by our higher wisdom, we shall take the first step in obedience by moving for the abolishment of capital punishment, and substituting for it imprisonment for life, without any recourse to the pardoning power in all cases of proven murder in the first degree.

### The Late L. Judd Pardee.

The change of spheres made by this gifted and truly inspired lecturer on Spiritualism, was an event which we duly noticed at the time of its occurrence. His long-falling health had prepared our minds, and those of his friends generally, for what finally happened. We have a letter of his now before us, dated February 20th, 1887, in which, after alluding to a notice in the *Banner of Light* of that week, respecting his health, he says that he wishes what is said of his "cough and general indisposition" were all. He remarks that his then condition was foretold to him more than two years before. But for himself he had small expectations. "We may be used up," he says, "but the cause itself is onward forever, for it is the opening of the providential Third Era."

We have received the particulars, by private hand, of the scene at the crossing of the river by our dear departed friend, from which we know the readers of the *Banner of Light* will thank us for making quotations. The letter was written by one of those who attended at his bedside to the last. It says thus:

"It was our privilege to attend the weary sufferer during the last days of his life, and to watch by his bed of pain until the freed spirit took its flight to a brighter, fairer home. . . . I used to call quite often, and when he became so weak and tired that he could not listen to the communications in the circle, his hearing being much affected, I would remember as well as I could and repeat them to him. These messages seemed part of his life so eagerly did he long for them. Tuesday, July 7, was the last time he was able to sit up; he was so anxious to keep about and not to be a trouble, he dreaded being confined to his bed; but on Wednesday he found he was too weak, and was obliged to keep quiet. I sat with him for a long while that morning, but I did not think he was so soon to go. The next day, finding Mrs. Sharps quite sick and unable to give him the care he needed, I offered to stay and do all in my power for the poor invalid. When I asked him if I should remain he burst into tears and said that it would be too much trouble. I assured him I was accustomed to nursing and would not consider it a trouble; he then seemed satisfied, and I promised not to leave him if it were possible for me to remain.

Toward evening he grew worse and had several slight spasms. They sent for a physician, but when he came he would not see him; he was too nervous to be worried, so we did not urge it. The doctor called a day or two afterwards (as a friend); he seemed pleased and conversed with him a short time. We never urged him to take anything he did not wish; we knew all human aid was powerless to restore, and we would not trouble him with useless remedies. They sent for Mrs. R. on Thursday afternoon; she came at once and shared with me the care. Other friends kindly offered their services, but, in his weak condition, he could not bear many around him, and as our ministrations seemed to be pleasant to him we remained until all was over. And we feel it was good for us to have been there. . . .

The weather was intensely hot; we who were well and strong felt its oppressiveness; how much more the poor sufferer. He was as tenderly cared for as if he had been Mrs. Sharps's own child; every want provided for—not made to feel a burden but a brother much beloved. His gratitude was unbounded; for each one who ministered to him a bright smile, whispered words of thanks or gently patting our heads were some of the many ways in which he testified his appreciation of our care. He would frequently call us his dear sisters. We felt most painfully how little we could do to alleviate his sufferings, though most gladly did we try to soothe him. I never saw such patience; the racking cough, the burning fever, constant pain in the chest, together with the nervous weakness incident to the disease, and the exhaustion from the intense heat—all were borne with unexampled fortitude. He often asked if I thought him very impatient, considering how he suffered. I assured him he was bearing all most patiently. I never saw such gentleness in a man—just like a little child, yet calm and courageous in the prospect of death. His faith in the beautiful truths of Spiritualism was firm to the last; he never lost his trust in God, and ever prayed most earnestly that he would support him and sustain those who were ministering to him. He felt that Jesus, whom he loved, was ever near. Upon one occasion Mrs. R. saw a beautiful vision of Jesus, John the beloved, and one other tall, dark-complexioned spirit whom Mr. P. said was Mahomet; they came to him and comfort him until he should cross the beautiful river, and then gently bear him away from earth and its trials. . . .

Thursday evening he appeared to be in great agony, and raised his hand in prayer, which he offered most fervently, that God would grant him patience to endure what was laid upon him. "Oh, Lord, be merciful to me!" "Jesus, my Saviour, come and take me!" "Lord, save me from choking to death!" Then a beautiful prayer for Mr. Sharps and each member of his family, not forgetting the servants, that they might be rewarded for their goodness and tender care of him. After this, Mrs. R. was entranced and gave a message of love from the spirit-band who ever hovered near—his fond mother and gentle Mary who were watching and waiting to welcome him when his earthly pilgrimage was ended. This seemed to soothe and quiet him, and the night was not as fearful as we had expected. Mrs. R. felt the room to be filled with spirits, not only then but during the whole time of his sickness. The night before his death, Monday July 16, Mrs. R. was watching beside him, my father and myself resting in the adjoining rooms within call.

He thought his last hour had come. She wanted to call us, but he preferred she should hold his hands; said she alone could prevent the cord from snapping which bound him to earth. At 11 P. M., on the morning of the 14th, when he seemed to revive, she went down stairs to get him some coffee, leaving him alone; my father says he was asleep in a chair in the next room, when he was suddenly awakened and impressed to go to Mr. P.'s room. As he reached the door, he heard his earnest whisper, "Come here—come quick!" Just at that moment Mrs. R. came running from the kitchen; he grasped both their hands, begged them not to leave him—to save him. He was much excited, and thought he was dying. While in the kitchen, Mrs. R. heard a loud sound like the trampling of horses, first in the outer kitchen, then all around her; being much alarmed she ran up stairs as fast as possible. She thinks the noise was occasioned by the spirits to send her to Mr. P.'s relief, and the same cause awakened my father; and if they had delayed a moment, he would have died alone, which he so much dreaded. After a time he seemed better. As the day dawned, I saw he grew weaker. I have had much experience in sickness, and too well I knew the final hour was approaching, and all effort to save him was vain. Though the heat was so intense and his whole body dripping with perspiration, yet he complained of being cold, and begged us to put down the windows. I tried to rub a little warmth into his poor cold feet, but could not; too surely was the angel of death doing his work. All we could do was to wipe the death damps from his brow, and cool his fevered lips with ice. At 10 o'clock he asked to see what the spirits said about him. He dreaded the final struggle, and prayed that he might go easily, which prayer was granted, for he sank to sleep as gently as a child.

As nearly as I remember, the communication was to this effect:

The spirit band was around him, and would gently take him away. The process of severing body from soul, was a beautiful one; the suffering was necessary to purify the spirit from all that was earthly. "Fear not; be strong and full of courage; show how a Spiritualist can die." "Thy mother and Mary are seated upon the deck of the little boat which is to bear thee to the other shore; it is wreathed with ivy leaves, and all things are prepared for thy reception; a little longer thou must be patient, and then thou shalt be free."

I repeated it to him as he was not able to hear it. The last two lines I whispered just half an hour before his departure. He looked up and smiling brightly, said "Oh yes, I know." That was the last message his gentle spirit received ere it took its flight, to enjoy a closer communion with the loved ones who had gone before him.

A short time before that he took my hand and said, "I am happy; now leave me; I will die alone." I felt surprised and grieved to go, for I had promised to stay by him till the last; but he wished it, I did so, though reluctantly, taking a seat in the next room. In a little while he called me to come, and, grasping my hand, said very earnestly, "You will not forsake me?" I promised I would not, and from that moment did not leave him till he breathed his last. About 1 P. M., he asked if Mr. S. would raise him up. As soon as we arranged his pillows there was a change; he turned his head feebly on one side. K. and I knelt by the bed, his hand between ours, while his bright blue eyes rested lovingly upon our faces, earnestly gazing as though bidding us a long farewell before they closed forever. While we watched he raised his eyes, and a heavenly smile illumined his countenance—a look of joy unspeakable, as though every longing was satisfied; and then one struggle, of which he was (I think) unconscious, and the tired, worn spirit was borne away by the angel watchers who had tarried so long in that quiet room. Though our hearts were filled with sadness, could we mourn that his earnest prayer was heard at last?

He was buried on the afternoon of the 16th, about sunset. Mr. S. had everything as beautifully arranged as though he had been one of his own family. Loving hands strewed flowers upon his form, as a last tribute of affection ere it was hidden from our sight. Mr. Rehn, the President of the Spiritual Society here, made some appropriate remarks at the house, followed by Mr. Joslin who had formerly known him, who gave an excellent inspirational address. There was not a large concourse of people to follow his remains to their last resting place, but a few friends who really cared for him. He is buried at the same cemetery where many of my loved ones rest, and I shall consider it my privilege to have a care over his grave.

### The Fifth National Convention.

We fully endorse the accompanying suggestions, made by a correspondent in the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, on the subject of the next National Convention at Cleveland. There is much sound sense in the same, which will bear to be pondered in the mind. If we are all alive to the advancement of the cause, we shall certainly find that it prospers beyond our most sanguine expectations. But we must work with all our souls. Says the correspondent alluded to:

"And here let me say most urgently to you make it a business meeting, have no long essays, lectures, experiences, or accounts of remarkable tests; the few days the Convention will be in session, will scarce suffice for the legitimate business that will, or ought to come before it; select your committees from men of known business talents: it is high time that our Conventions should accomplish something practical for the cause; we need a society similar in its operations to the American Tract and Foreign Missionary Societies. vast fields of labor, South and West call for laborers, mediums, lecturers, tracts, newspapers, and the various spiritual publications of the day. These should be sent to every place not able to supply itself. Let the Convention create such an organization, and place at the head of it, for officers good respectable men and women, of active business habits; let them be empowered to collect, hold and disburse all moneys that may be given, or subscribed for such purposes; start with a hundred thousand dollars—do you think that amount large? Look at the vast sums that the so-called Orthodox societies contribute every year to support their churches and to circulate their publications! Shall we who have received so much give so little? Is this then to be the effect of our philosophy, to make us selfish? If so, we need a small hell, with which to threaten our members, should they be generous. But I do not believe that we are as a people more penurious than others. It all arises from a want of proper organization, of practical men at the head of it, that shall inspire confidence in our strength and determination of purpose."

### Gone Back on Themselves.

We cannot but congratulate Mr. Rowland Connor on the release of those of his followers who found it impossible to breathe the waves of free thought and inquiry with him, and therefore went back to the church of Dr. Miner, or some similar establishment. Mr. Connor can no longer be mistaken as to his friends, now that the wheat has been so thoroughly winnowed from the chaff, and we extend them all a hearty greeting. There is nothing to hinder their progress *ad infinitum*.

### The Spiritual Harp.

The growing interests of Spiritualism demanded an original singing book. Everywhere the call was loud and earnest. The authors have endeavored to meet this demand in the beautiful gift of the *SPIRITUAL HARP*.

Culled from a wide field of literature with the most critical care, free from all theological taint, throbbing with the soul of inspiration, embodying the principles and virtues of the Spiritual Philosophy, set to the most cheerful and popular music, it is doubtless the most attractive work of the kind ever published.

The Harp contains music for all occasions, particularly for the social relations of life, both religious and domestic. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ or melodeon accompaniment, if purchased in sheet form, would cost many times the price of the book. These are very choice, sweet and inspiring. Among them may be mentioned "Sparkling Waters," "Dreaming To-night," "Nothing but Water to Drink," "Heart Song," "The Heart and the Hearth," "Make Home Pleasant," "Sail On," "Angel Watcher's Serenade," "The Song that I love," "Maternity," "Translation," "Build Him a Monument," "Where the Roses ne'er shall With," "Gentle Spirit," "I stand on Memory's Golden Shore," &c. The Harp, therefore, will be sought by every family of liberal thought, irrespective of religious association, as a choice compilation of original and eclectic songs for the social circle.

Although not specially prepared for the Lyceum, yet its musical claims have been heartily supplied with a rich variety of music appropriate for children. Let its heavenly harmonies be sung in all our Lyceums throughout the country.

The authors have also arranged an ALL-SINGING SYSTEM for the congregation. Hence, every spiritual family, every speaker, medium and friend of Spiritualism, should have the Harp, not only for the home circle, but for public meetings, that all may partake together of the feast of soul. It becomes the more needful because of the "Silver Chain Recitation" introduced in an improved form, under the title of "Spirit Echoes," containing statements of principles uttered by the wise and good of different ages, arranged in classified order, with choruses and chants interspersed, thus blending music with reading in most inspiring effect upon speaker and congregation.

Over one third of its poetry and three quarters of its music are original. Some of America's most gifted and popular musicians have written expressly for it.

It contains three hundred large pages, printed in clear type, substantially and neatly bound, and is offered at the lowest terms commensurate with the great cost of its publication.

For price, see advertisement in another column of this paper.

### The Lunatic Asylums.

Every week brings some new developments in connection with the iniquitous business of the private and public lunatic asylums that are prisons for human bodies and souls in all parts of the land. Besides the case we instanced last week, of Mrs. Merritt, in New Jersey, there is another very flagrant case, of Mr. J. L. Mansfield, which we find an account of in the *Canastota Herald*, N. Y., of August 6th. The editor of the *Herald* says he transacted business with Mr. M. a few days before he was carried off to the asylum, and he could not have been more surprised at the tidings than if he had been told "the impudent thief had built a castle on the top of the north pole," and he had business, lasting for three hours and a half, on the day of his release and return home. Private letters written by Mr. Mansfield are given to show that he is insane; and one man testified that he sold him a broadcloth coat for ten dollars less than he gave for it, to prove the same charge! This brutal, tyrannical business will not be stopped until such practices are as followed and ventilated sufficiently to rouse up a healthy public opinion on the subject of insane asylums, to be speedily organized in the form of law.

### Mr. Shepard, the Musical Medium.

Mr. Jesse B. H. Shepard, of St. Louis, arrived in this city last week. He is a young man of not more than twenty years of age, without a musical education, yet executes some of the most difficult music. His voice is a soprano of great compass, and reaches to high D flat, so the critics in the Western papers say. We heard him sing Thursday evening, at Mr. Hall's, 13 Franklin square, and do not hesitate to pronounce him an extraordinary musical genius. His voice is clear and full, and it seems impossible to distinguish it from a female soprano. Critics are unanimous in pronouncing him the "greatest male soprano living." He appears to be an entirely unconscious trance medium; and assures us that while singing he does not hear his own voice, but can see any one in the room even if they approach him behind his back.

He intends to give a series of concerts before he leaves, which will afford our citizens an opportunity of hearing him. He gave a concert Tuesday evening in the parlors of the St. James, which delighted as well as astonished the auditors.

### The Walden Pond Picnic.

Another of those highly agreeable social gatherings, for which the Spiritualists of this vicinity are so worthily famous, took place in accordance with the published programme, at the above named popular resort, last Wednesday, Aug. 19th. It was a day in all respects to be remembered with pleasure. A large and happy party; the day inviting by its genial warmth yet with a fresh south-westerly breeze; plenty of well known speakers—seemingly the largest number of mediums ever present—who found an abundance of friends delighted to witness the exercises of their gifts, all proved in their several ways to make the occasion an enjoyable one.

The services at the stand were conducted by Dr. Young, as Chairman, who respectively introduced Messrs. I. P. Greenleaf, M. V. Lincoln, Mrs. Agnes M. Davis, A. E. Giles, J. H. Currier and Mrs. Sturtevant in the forenoon; and Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, A. E. Carpenter, Mrs. N. J. Willis, J. H. Powell, J. C. Clure, John Wetherbee, Mrs. Adams, of Fitchburg, and Judge Ladd, of Cambridge, in the afternoon.

### Delegates to the Convention.

The Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs held a meeting on the 19th, and appointed A. J. King and Mrs. M. M. King, as delegates to represent them at the next National Convention.

Mrs. M. M. King is the authoress of a book, entitled, "Principles of Nature." Vol. 1 was published over a year ago; vols. 2 and 3 are ready for publication.

The Chicago (Ill.) Children's Lyceum, sends as delegates to the National Convention, Mrs. Lou. H. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Miss E. B. Tallmadge, Mrs. O. A. A. Dye and Mr. F. L. Wadsworth.

The Newburyport (Mass.) Association of Spiritualists have chosen the following delegates: Henry O. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mr. J. H. Powell, the able expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy, is at present speaking in Mercantile Hall, in this city. His lectures are of a highly interesting character, full of fact, and pleasing, withal. They are occasionally interspersed with poetic effusions, purely inspirational. He, however, indulges in no improvisations. It is his desire to settle in Boston, to lecture here and in the vicinity for a term of months. He will speak in the above hall a few Sundays longer, but the length of his stay with us, depends upon the encouragement he receives from his spiritual friends in Boston. The subject of the succeeding lecture is announced each Sunday evening.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook says: "I wish to give notice that, owing to a misunderstanding, I am disengaged through the entire month of September, and will answer calls to lecture for that month, if applications are made immediately. I am to speak in Washington, D. C., every Sunday in October, and would like to remain South and West during the two following months. All applications from Societies in those parts of the country will receive prompt attention. Address, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn."

Mrs. Fannie T. Young is lecturing in New Hampshire. She intends to return West the first of October. She would like to lecture on the route of the Vermont Central and Ogdensburg railroad. She can be addressed care of this office.

J. Madison Allen, having returned to the lecture field, is at liberty to make engagements for any section East or West. Address at East Bridgewater, Mass.

Leo Miller purposes spending the coming fall and winter in the East, and will respond to invitations to speak in New England and New York State. Address, Mount Morris, N. Y.

Mrs. N. A. Adams, inspirational speaker, is now ready to answer calls to lecture. Her address is Fitchburg, Mass. She is said to be a good speaker.

J. G. Fish is not going West next winter as intended. He will probably labor in Connecticut as State Missionary.

Mrs. Nellie L. Bronson, says the Cleveland *Spiritualist*, is filling a two months' engagement in that city, and "drawing crowded houses."

Ed. S. Wheeler was in town last week on a brief visit. He goes to the National Convention, and then back to Ohio.

Seldon J. Finney arrived safely at the Isthmus en route for California, whither he goes to recuperate his health.

A. A. Wheelock resumes his missionary work in Ohio the first of September.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon is lecturing in the State of Nevada.

Mrs. M. J. Upham, a leading medium, is holding free public sances in San Francisco, Cal.

Laura V. Ellis is going to Maine. See advertisement.

### Challenge for a Discussion.

The St. Louis correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*, under date of August 8th, says: "J. S. Loveland, a prominent Spiritualist and a popular expounder of Spiritual Philosophy, publishes a challenge to-day to the clergy of St. Louis and elsewhere to publicly discuss the following questions with him: 1st, That the systems of religion taught by the Catholic and Protestant churches are false in theory and opposed to the advancement of civilization and the general well being of the community. 2d, That modern Spiritualism embodies a system of the highest religious truth that has yet come into the world, and that it is susceptible of proof." We really hope that some clergyman of ability will feel it his duty to meet Mr. Loveland in a public discussion. If any one should venture to do so, we can assure him that he need have no uneasiness lest his opponent should prove insufficient to meet and dispose of his strongest arguments, and in a fair and candid manner.

### Frightened at Progressive Tendencies.

Queen Victoria is scolded by the *London Church Times* for sending a congratulatory telegram to the King of Prussia on the occasion of his unveiling the monument to Luther at Worms. The high ritualistic organ declares that in doing so "she attempted to pledge the nation over which she rules to sympathy with the apostate and profligate, albeit able and courageous, Augustinian. In doing so, she needlessly insulted all her loyal Anglican subjects, who are pledged to resist Lutheranism to the uttermost, all her Roman Catholic subjects, and finally, all her Scottish Calvinist lieges, the maintainers of a creed which Luther stoutly anathematized."

### Dr. Newton Going to Bangor.

We learn that Dr. J. R. Newton, the renowned healer, who has cured many a suffering mortal at his Institute in Newport, R. I., and also at Providence, during the past year, intends to open an office in Bangor, Me., September 16th. He will close his office in Newport, for the present, on the 10th of September. The afflicted in Eastern Maine should endeavor to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the Doctor at Bangor during his sojourn there.

### Ashaway (R. I.) Free Association.

We recommend the attention of spiritual speakers to this association, as its platform is free to the discussion of all questions and topics that interest mankind, and another excellent opportunity is offered to plant the seeds of Spiritualism in the right quarter. Lecturers who have a day to spare in traveling from Boston to New York might correspond to advantage with E. G. Candall, Esq., Secretary of the Association.

### New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued a new song and chorus entitled "Dora," words and music by E. A. Veazie, Jr.; "Gaily goes each fleeting hour," written by Kate Rano; "Father whose blessing we entreat," a contralto song from the Legend of St. Cecilia, by Jules Benedict; "La Symphonie," by Oscar Comettant; "Enchanted Hours Mazurka," by Jennie Moss Holmes; "Gymnastic March," by K. V. Barnekov.

### Books at the Convention.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter will have all the late published Spiritualist books for sale at the National Convention in Rochester. The "Spiritual Harp," Denton's new work on Geology, "Three Voices," &c. He will also receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*. Purchase all his books, friends, and give him a long list of new subscribers.

### Two Illinois State Missionaries.

The Missionary Bureau of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, has just appointed W. F. Jamieson and Dr. E. C. Dunn, State Missionaries. Dr. Dunn will enter upon his duties soon, Mr. Jamieson immediately.

The profits of the late Paris Exposition sum up six hundred thousand dollars.







said Prof. Hare, and others whom I might mention. I want to know something about the spirit-world. It will not do to say we have proved that man is immortal and that that is sufficient.







