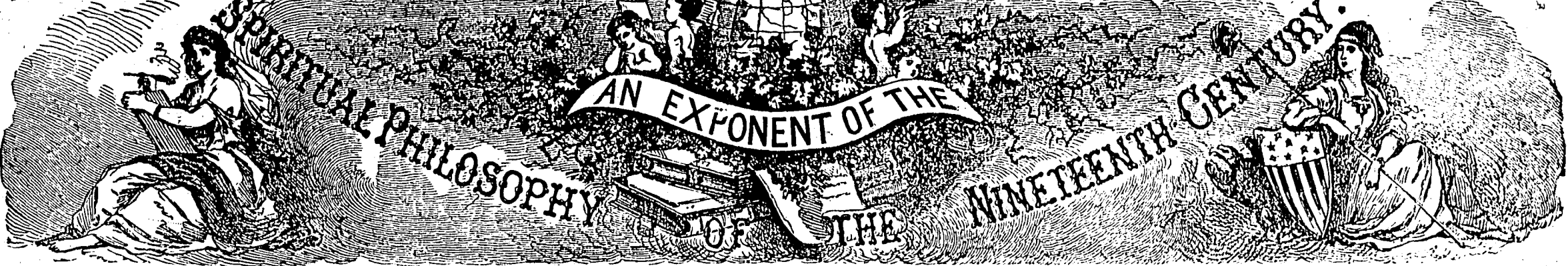


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXI.

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NO. 15.

For the Banner of Light.  
THE REVIVALIST.  
BY R. H. PLACE.

[From a manuscript poem, "The Gospel of Nature,"]

Come, view with me a picture of the day,  
Where God, in person, meets with those that pray;  
From his "white throne" steps promptly down at call,

Runs here or there, obedient as a thrall;  
Sends dire disaster on our foes, but when?  
We suffer—'tis "mysterious Providence" then!  
Neglects he now the faithful preacher's toll,  
Who long hath wrought upon a nigard soil,  
Bids Satan's horde be carried all the town;  
Alas, no help; no signal of relief  
Proclaims advancing succor from the chief;  
Alone he's doomed the tide of "sin" to stay,  
Yet wonders daily God should keep away.

At length there bursts upon the drowsy fold  
A hot revivalist, glib-tongued and bold.  
Now deacons yawn; class-leaders stretch and shake,

As if aroused an early train to take.  
Had come the news, that, in a neighboring town,  
This new Elijah brought rare blessings down;  
How skeptics knelt, and infidels were felled,  
As brethren prayed or Boanerges roared;  
How smitten souls around the altar pressed,  
And hell, impending, melted every breast.  
Now start the brethren, shouting as they run:  
"The elder's come! God's will now be done,  
Who always visits where his servant stays.  
Our brother carries only three short days;  
With our strong help he's sure 't will do. To-night  
He'll reconsecrate for to-morrow's fight.  
God will arrive on time—at least he should,  
For skies and roads are passing fair and good.  
He's apt, we know, to be somewhat behind;  
Sometimes, indeed, doth fall the town to find.  
We'll guide him hither with stentorian tones,  
And haste his footsteps with our sighs and groans.  
"Oh, God," they cried, "come down in mighty power;

Oh, do, Lord, come, though but for half an hour!"

Thus spoke their tongues, or felt their honest hearts;

I but translate, without the glazier's arts.  
The elder opens; cool at first and clear,  
Some common things in simple phrase appear;  
Yes, soon, as if displeased with common sense,  
He springs to horse, and leaps o'er reason's fence.  
A shower of metaphoric arrows came  
Headforemost, or head after, all the same;  
And wraps and figures thickly flew and fell,  
Yet what was meant was more than you could tell.  
He'd clinch a thesis with his foot, and snash  
Your argument to flinters, with a crash.  
All truths he finds, and finds them where he will;  
Proves each assertion by assertion still.  
Or, feels he on 'nous trembling of his ground?  
He louder roars, and glares in triumph round.  
Kindly he tells you who'll be saved, and how,  
Quite sure your only chance is here and now;  
So well knows he whose name for heaven is booked,

He, doubtless, o'er the official list has looked.  
His word to take, by bold beseeching prayer,  
God had been coaxed his secrets to declare;  
While common folks, to gain celestial news,  
To him must listen humbly in their pews;  
Open your heart to catch some random good,  
He'll hold you bound to swallow all as food.  
Some merit grant him, and the virtue found,  
Proves how complete within doth "grace" abound.  
While sinners' virtues sinners' hearts do harden,  
The sign of saints a gracious God will pardon;  
Yet, mal-adroit, to steal a last support,  
Sponsors the witness he'd impeached in-court:  
Appeals to reason, (up to reason's line),  
And smiles on virtue, (but not yours, nor mine).  
Right well knows he what secret cord to pull;  
The man of sense what thought, what quirk the fool

Requires, that all his artful plans may stand  
As God's own work, too much for human hand.  
His deep humility to prove, he plays  
His guilty self for monstrous erring ways,  
Till honest minds, unused to pious arts,  
Suspect, reluctant, his a knave of hearts;  
But soon his candor, if not sainthood, doubt,  
As they observe no theft nor murder out;  
Yet all alarms that fluttered in the breast  
Of simple souls, are timely laid at rest;  
This boasts they hear: "The vilest wretch on earth,  
Atoning blood transformed to Christly worth."  
Whoever else is saved or lost below,  
That he's God's child, an orphan world shall know.

From bonds of error, cells of doubt or grief,  
Great Nature's Gospel brings a glad relief.  
The weary hearts, unmoved from galling creed,  
Here find a joy full-measured to their need.  
How rich with peace her truthful tidings are—  
The break no chasm, and the shock no jar!

Deem'st thou my method too severely plain?  
I would not cause one needless throb of pain.  
When stubborn Error rules no more the day,  
And calm-eyed Science hears a welcome sway;  
When from the wrangle called "The State" shall rise

A social order, borrowed from the skies;  
Enclosed below, the rapture of all ears  
What sages heard—the Anthem of the Spheres—  
Harmonious blending in the vast accord,  
Will Worship's choir in Nature sing its Lord.  
Till that fair morn bath broke millennial day,  
Error and Truth must clash in many a fray.  
These bold, rough times do rudely well attest  
A rough-cast vigor in the human breast,  
Which ripen days with thoughtful joy will see  
Wrought into lives of finer harmony;  
As on thy farm, where rankest grow the weeds,  
Through tillage wise a wholesome crop proceeds.

\* A literal quotation from an actual prayer.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### EMMA LINDEN: OR, THE MOTHER'S TRUST.

BY MRS. H. GREENE BUTTS,  
Author of "Vine Cottage Stories."

#### CHAPTER I.

"Good evening, Emma; I'm so glad to see you,  
for I have something important to relate."

"Have you, indeed?" said Emma. "Well, what is it?"

"You know, Emma, that our minister has been absent some time; he returned home last night. Now, I hope, we shall have preaching again."

"Preaching, Lucy! why, I thought the desk had been supplied during his absence."

"Nobody but Mr. A., replied Lucy, half contemptuously. 'I do not like his preaching; he is too mystical to suit me. I want a speaker to explain things, and simplify a little more. It's too much like work to go to church, and be obliged to give your undivided attention to the preacher, or lose the whole thread of his discourse.'"

"Well, Lucy, I must disagree with you. I think Mr. A. is an interesting speaker. There is originality in his discourses, power of thought, imagery, and deep spirituality. Many of them touch upon scientific and progressive subjects, which, to me, are very important and instructive. Besides, he is called one of the most exemplary of men."

"I know," said Lucy, "that he is called a good man; but then he is not considered sound in the faith; and Deacon R. says he is all the more dangerous because of his goodness."

"Not sound in the faith! what do you mean, Lucy?"

"Why, Mr. A. does not believe in the Trinity. He does not think Sunday any more holy than other days, for he is in favor of opening the public library to all the people on that day. He is not quite certain but that the marriage tint is ordained of God rather than of God. He does not believe in 'disfellowshipping sinners,' but calls it Phariseism; and, worst of all, he is a confirmed Spiritualist, and believes that God has inspired prophets in all ages of the world."

"Indeed! those are rather serious charges—tried by Deacon R.'s standard; but I am not sound in the faith, Lucy. I agree with Mr. A. on all the points you have mentioned. Had you not better go back eighteen hundred years, and criticize some of the sayings of Jesus? I believe he fellowshipped 'sinners,' even went so far as to eat with them, which was very unlawful among the Jews. So I can defend Mr. A.'s position; his character needs no defence. He is not only a fine scholar, but a practical philanthropist, sympathizing with the poor and unfortunate, and not afraid to stoop down and lift up his fallen brother. I know he is not a favorite among creed-makers and law-makers, but he acknowledges the 'higher law,' and his voice will be heard though every church door may be closed against him. You cannot shut the mouths of God's prophets. In the hearts of the people they build their sanctuaries, and invest their capital in banks that never fail."

"Really, Emma, I had no idea of calling you out in this manner. You are eloquent in your eulogy of Mr. A. He would be flattered, no doubt, did he know that he had such a champion."

"Mr. A. is not easily flattered, Lucy. He seems to walk with dignity among his fellow-men, never deigning the lowliest and most depraved, or fawning to the highest."

"Well, you must acknowledge that Mr. A. is very eccentric; and I have heard some say that they considered him a little insane."

"Goodness as well as genius is quite apt to be called eccentric," said Emma. "It is a rare thing to see either of them personified. Even the 'Sermon on the Mount' was thought, by the Jews, to be the language of an eccentric impostor. I doubt not if the author of that sermon lived in these times, he would still be considered an impostor, and a little insane. He would find the doors of our popular religious sanctuaries closed against him. Let me say, then, that when you know more of Mr. A.'s personal history you will respect his many noble traits of character and honor him for his devotion to humanity."

"Well, Emma, I must say I am becoming quite interested in your friend. Who knows but I may one day become one of his converts? Then I could advocate the cause of temperance, woman's rights, and I do not know what else. Would not it be grand?"

"It might not be safe," replied Emma, "as Mr. A. is an unmarried man."

"Not safe for you, Emma. Ah! I begin to perceive the secret spring of your admiration for the noble Mr. A."

Emma smiled, and here the friends parted. She sat long after the departure of Lucy, communing with her own heart. "Perhaps I have been too earnest," she said, "in defending the position of Mr. A., or Lunell Allston, as we shall hereafter call him. Emma was not aware, until his reputation was assailed, how high the comparative stranger stood in her own esteem. She had often met him in society; he was always genial and polite to her, but appeared thoughtful and reserved. She had heard him spoken of by her acquaintances as cold, stoical or intellectual, but deficient in sentiment and feeling."

But when a few weeks later she was conversing with him upon the new spiritual gospel, the magnificent eyes of her friend were fixed upon her. As she met their luminous radiance, and gazed into their dreamy depths, she felt constrained to say to herself: "Here is a world of

unwritten poetry, here are deep wells of sentiment, rivers of impassioned song wandering in the depths of their hallowed solitudes, yet unprofaned by the tread of irreverent feet; breezes of inspirational love lighting round the base of mountains on whose invisible summits only the angels may freely congregate." She was fast losing herself in these thoughts as she crossed her mind; her heart began to beat wildly. What was Lunell Allston about to say to her? He surely could have no personal interest in her. Was he but trying to read her for his own amusement? "I will break the mystic spell," she exclaimed, mentally, and then said aloud:

"Mr. Allston, I once looked into the dark and dreary eyes of a friend, while my own seemed to grow dimmer and more doubtful as I gazed into their midnight. But recollecting myself, I said, 'I will break the spell!' Now it is broken, may I not place your name on my list of friends?"

Lunell, who now perceived that Emma was really addressing himself in a third person, arose, and, with a smile radiating his features, approached the chair where she was sitting. Taking her hand, he said:

"Miss Linden, I dare not claim to be your friend, there is so much meaning in that word. You know that when a thoughtful Frenchman introduces his life companion, he sometimes says, as the highest and holiest compliment he can give: 'This is my friend.'"

Emma was disconcerted, and almost overwhelmed in view of her timidity, and the response it brought forth. But commanding herself she said:

"But the personage to whom I referred is not a Frenchman!"

"Then he must have been alone in the world—most gloriously alone," said Lunell.

"Alone, Mr. Allston! He had talents which the proudest might envy. He could command friends at his will, and yet he seemed to overlook Miss N. and many other misses, who, I am sure, would each have gladly become the ministering angel of his solitude."

"Yes, Emma; but these young women may have sought to flatter your friend, or may have admired him for his talents or reputation merely, or because he was a professor, or public speaker. A friend of yours would doubtless seek a higher companionship—a truer sympathy—some congenial, free spirit, who could interpret the mysteries of his being, and abide in his love in spite of his numerous faults."

"But Mr. Allston," exclaimed Emma, almost forgetting that she was talking in the third person singular, "Paula? Why, many deemed you—him—faultless; or if not quite faultless, yet superior to thousands who think themselves the 'elect of God.'"

"And this mistaken idea may have been very painful to him. I am sure I have been so to me. Indeed it is so. I know the weak side of human nature, and hence I crave a soul companionship—the higher counterpart of myself."

"Higher, Lunell?—and she clasped his hands in both palms of her own—'higher? you do not speak in irony in the presence of those who look up to you! There is Miss R., the organist; I know you would not despise her sincere and devoted friendship."

"I speak soberly, Miss Emma. I see no human being below me, and none, therefore, of whom I can speak in irony. I believe in the oneness—in the solidarity—in the divinity of the human race. Let irony, therefore, be exchanged for reverence, so that I can address you worthily—not, perhaps, as above me, but as certainly superior, by nature, to my faults. You ask me to place your name upon my list of friends. May I answer you by asking you to place my name upon your list? I have ever considered you my friend, because you are a friend of my friends—a friend of the friendless. You speak of Miss R.; I fear she could not understand such friendship—I will not say love."

Emma knew not how to answer Lunell Allston. She felt that she was in the presence of a superior man—a man who had exalted views of woman's nature, and must know the value of true, unselfish love. She had looked upon him, as a benignant star, but never had allowed herself to suppose its peculiar brightness would ever illumine her shadowy pathway. Probably Lunell saw that Emma was somewhat disconcerted; and taking his hat he said, with a fascinating smile radiating his countenance—

"Emma, I have no desire to force a reply from you; answer me at your leisure, and with a slight inclination of his head, he left her to her own reflections."

Emma Linden meditated a long time in the dim twilight, upon the strange revelation which Lunell had made. Half entranced by his magnetism, she felt herself surrounded by noble and harmonious beings from the heavenly spheres. Sweet musical voices whispered words of approbation, and besought her to cherish the flowers of joy which were soon to be scattered at her feet.

Several weeks more had passed away when Emma and Lucy again chanced to meet at the house of a friend. During this period Lunell and Emma had mutually plighted their vows, and henceforth were to labor together in the cause of spiritual and human elevation—a cause that was dear to the hearts of both.

The occasion which brought Emma and Lucy again together, was the 'Ladies' Aid Society,' which met monthly for benevolent purposes. All will bear me witness, who have attended like gatherings, that the 'latest news' is pretty generally discussed. Emma had not been seated long before she found that Lunell Allston was the subject to be discussed on this occasion. Deeply interested in whatever related to him, she heard, with nervous anxiety, that he had lost his situation as Professor of Elocution in the Princeton Institute, a position which he had long filled with credit. It was said that the Trustees of the Institute had been informed, on good authority, that Mr. Allston was a radical reformer, and Spiritu-

alist. One of the ladies remarked that Deacon R. had said he favored the 'Free Love' theory; and considering all these grave offences, she thought he ought no longer to be tolerated, notwithstanding his talents, as a fit person to move in a respectable and virtuous community! Much more was said, by the benevolent ladies, which we will not repeat. Emma had heard enough to satisfy her that the work of persecution and intolerance had commenced. She knew that Lunell would receive no favor from her own father. He belonged to the old school of Presbyterians, and could see nothing but evil in the new Spiritual Philosophy.

From that hour Emma Linden's friends gave her no peace. They called her hallucinated, infatuated, and even hinted at insane asylums. But in spite of all such innuendoes she could not break the invisible chain which seemed to link her destiny with that of Lunell Allston. In his absence his spirit seemed to be perpetually present—a spirit of such simplicity and purity that she could not for a moment regret the singular Providence which had indissolubly united her future happiness with that of her persecuted friend. The most tolerant of her acquaintances acknowledged that Mr. Allston led a disinterested life, that his character was above suspicion; yet, marvelous to say, for that very reason he might be all the more dangerous. So they generously cautioned Emma not to confide her happiness to his keeping. After all he might be a 'wolf in sheep's clothing.'

Poor Emma Linden! Dark and stormy clouds were fast looming up in the sky of her future, and the mournful winds whispered of the coming ill.

#### CHAPTER II.

The night was dark and stormy in the month of March. Weeping clouds canopied the heavens, and not a glittering star hung out its beacon light to guide the traveler on his lonely way. On such a night Lunell had Emma's solemn good-by, and she felt that the cheerless storm was ominous of her unreal future. Her friend was more hopeful; yet he sat with folded arms and looked through mournful eyes into the pleasing face of his cherished companion, who sat by the window and seemed like one struggling with some momentous thought.

"Emma!" It was Lunell's calm, magnetic voice which spoke. "Come and take a seat beside me. I wish to talk with you."

Emma needed no second invitation, but seated herself on a low ottoman at his feet, and confidently laid her trembling hand in his. Dreamy, love-lit eyes rested affectionately upon the weeping girl.

"Do you not know, dear Emma, that our Heavenly Father will shed his glorious light upon us in the darkest hours of our separation? Surely we can trust him, and not despair, resigning ourselves heroically to unavoidable privations. We must walk in separate paths for a season; I am told; you are to remain. Nothing could have given me greater joy than to have had your society in the solitude of this great world of self-interest. But I can use no undue influence to break the tie which binds you to your childhood's home. I would not have you go with me till your father is reconciled. But we cannot conceal the fact that our love for each other is deep and reverent. We have opened the mysterious volumes of our hearts; we are irrevocably united, even while the stern hand of destiny marks out different paths for us to walk in. This separation will test the strength of our attachment. It will also try the power of that spirit of bigotry and intolerance which would drive me from the spot where I would gladly linger, or else compel me to retract principles which are dear to me."

"Lunell!" It was now Emma's voice, musical and sad, that fell upon the ear of her friend: "I would go with you wherever fate might lead, had I not made a solemn promise to my mother, on her dying bed, that I would take charge of my younger sister until she arrived at an age when she could care for herself. Our pet, Flora, is now but five years old. Oh, Lunell, I could leave my father, who has over been a stern, unrelenting parent; but I must fulfill this duty to my darling little sister. Perhaps I need this discipline. I may lead me nearer to the door of the spirit-world—so near that perchance I may hear the voice of my ascended mother as she bends her seraphic form over my sleepless pillow, and blesses me for my care of her beloved Flora. Lunell, my past life has been full of shadows. The spiritual gospel had not dawned upon me. When my mother died the earth seemed draped in deepest mourning. But when you came light dawned upon me; your soul-cheering doctrine lifted the dark pall from my burdened spirit. I soon learned to love you with all the strength of a trusting heart; I had almost said my soul worshipped you for your eloquent pleadings in behalf of the poor and unlearned for. I shall ever bless you and pray that you may be guided by wisdom angels."

Thus closed the solemn meeting of Emma Linden and Lunell Allston. There was apparently but little hope of a reunion in the mortal form. Resolute and alone, went forth the philanthropist to battle with the stern realities of life, without bitterness or repining—even blessing those who had, in their ignorance, persecuted their friend. In leaving Princeton he resolved to renounce his profession and devote his entire life to the cause of humanity. But he was little aware of the strength of his interest in Emma, until he was wholly deprived of her society. He sometimes sought to banish her from his memory; but her letters, filled with womanly love and heroic devotion, cheered many a weary hour, and dropped golden sunbeams into the welcome chambers of his lonely heart.

Two eventful years have passed away. The anti-slavery struggle, which began a mere speck of cloud in the political sky of the nation, had grown to such proportions that the entire heavens were darkened. Among the moral heroes who bore the odium of the pioneers in the struggle, and drew the lightnings of justice from the

impending cloud, was Lunell Allston. But amid these stirring events he longed at times to behold the dear face of his absent Emma once more. In one of his letters to her he says:

"I am conscious that we sometimes communicate by impressions; but the heart is human, and I long to be old you again. I want to thank you, many times, for the new world of beauty and serenity your love has opened to me. We shall some time meet again, when all will be right. I desire much that our attachment may prove superior to all obstacles; that the real attractions may transcend the temporary prejudices which must inevitably attend, for a season, the pathway of all who would live and act divinely."

Dear Emma, may this sheet communicate to you the peace which passeth understanding, and bear on its wings a message of love. With the current of my soul-life responding to them, I must close this brief communication of inadequate words.

I have thought seriously of visiting the great Prairie Land, this season, lecturing as I go upon the cause of freedom and spiritual progress. This would lengthen the distance between us. How gladly would I see you before I leave. Yet, would it be best, under all circumstances, for me to visit you? Write me soon, and inform me of your wishes."

The painful reply of Emma to the above communication determined Lunell's course Westward, and many were the subsequent weary months that passed before she again received a line from him. His fate was veiled in uncertainty. Life at Linden Mansion was growing more and more trying to the faithful guardian of little Flora. Mr. Linden was more cold and austere than formerly. The housekeeper—his maiden sister—was gloomy, bigoted and unlovable. She coincided with her brother in all his purposes, and commended him for the part he had acted toward Mr. Allston. Little Flora was the only genial friend that was left to cheer Emma in her lonely hours. Less and less frequent came letters from Lunell, until she was left almost ignorant as to his welfare. At times, his uncertain fate seemed to prostrate all her energies. She was often on the point of seeking him, regardless of consequences. But the helpless condition of Flora would intervene, and her course of action was shaken. The child was delicate and sensitive, and her sister alone understood how to unfold her powers of mind and heart. She knew that if Flora was harshly treated—if her warm, loving impulses were coldly repelled, serious consequences must inevitably ensue. Often, when the tiny arms of the child were wound lovingly around Emma's neck, and while the little head rested trustfully upon her sheltering bosom, did she artlessly exclaim:

"I do love you, sister Emma; and I will never make you cry, as papa does. I shall live with you, and be your good little girl, shall I?"

At other times she would pause suddenly and look up from the picture book she was reading, and ask when Mr. Allston was coming back. Then, in an animated voice, she would exclaim:

"Oh, sister Emma! do you remember how he used to put his hand upon my head and call me his little sis? Why don't I come back, and play and sing to us again? I thought he loved us; I liked him, didn't you, sister?"

Emma Linden was glad that there was one being to whom she could talk of her absent lover without restraint.

Several weary months had passed away, when Mr. Linden wrote Lunell Allston a letter in regard to his correspondence with Emma. He said that, he had observed that his daughter was more unhappy after receiving a message from him, and therefore he desired him to refrain from further correspondence with her. He had talked with her on the subject, she understood his wishes, and no doubt would comply with them.

It is true that Mr. Linden had forbidden Emma any longer to correspond with Lunell Allston; but that she had promised not to do so was quite another matter. His genial letters, so long as they were received, had cleared many a desponding hour, and she felt it her right, as well as her privilege, to silently commune with her revered friend. So she continued to write.

But Mr. Linden's letter affected Lunell differently. He thought that Emma must be changed, if a single word he had ever written caused her pain. So he wrote but seldom, without explaining the cause. He supposed that Emma had conceded to her father's wishes, and his proud spirit would not allow him to interfere, though love eloquently pleaded for his right to do so. It was not often that he received any tidings from her. Her letters were now intercepted, as the father doubted, from his child's appearance, whether she intended to obey him.

As Mr. Allston was passing an artist's gallery one day, while stopping in Chicago, he said to himself: "It is not possible that Emma has forgotten me. I have been requested not to write her, but I have not been forbidden to send her a shadow of myself." And he remembered that in the very last letter he received from her, she entreated him to send her his likeness. So now he improved the opportunity, and the next day the picture was on its way to Linden Mansion. Emma's joy on receiving the picture may well be imagined. No letter came with it, but the dear image of Lunell was before her. On the margin of the wrapper she found his address, and she knew there must be an unselfish cause for his long silence. In writing to him she said, concerning the picture:

"Your miniature is before me. It is, at the same time, a good likeness, and a beautiful picture! It precisely fills my ideal of what that style of face would be when truly represented. The eyes, so deep-set and earnest, have a world of poetic meaning in them. In expression they seem like those of Shelley, as I remember them in a portrait of him. As I write here alone in my chamber, at the mystic hour of midnight, and look up into the kind, soul-searching eyes of the







**"UNDERTONES."**

A SEANCE WITH DR. SLADE, BY WILLIAM DENTON.

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In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

## Banner of Light.

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L. H. GILLEY, Assistant Editor.

### Charity-Primary Organizations-The Hardest.

He who, in moments of calm exaltation—when the cares of the busy world fall away like a mantle upon the past history of our philosophy—and then follows its future promises, with prophetic eyes, may be pardoned if now and then he breaks forth into a song of anticipated triumph. And, a la Mieland, shouts, "The Lord hath completed gloriously—the horse and his rider both he thrown into the sea." But in order that our cause might advance from its infancy to the present hour, earnest cooperation between the disembodied intelligences and mortals yet clothed in flesh was necessary, and only inasmuch as the spirits found true believers, advocates and instruments among men could the movement go on.

At this day the necessity for earnest, uncompromising, selfless labor for the advancement of our philosophy on the part of mortal instruments exists in just as marked a degree as ever before, with the added responsibility of evidencing to a world gradually awakening to the importance of the matter the superiority of our faith, as displayed by pure thoughts, honest purposes and charitable dealings one toward another. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is as sharply drawn a criterion to-day as in that of the Nazarene, and, judged by its uncompromising standard, all systems, whether theological, scientific or spiritual, must show adequate cause why they demand the faith, the credence, or even the casual attention of mankind.

We commend this article with a triple heading because we consider that the two first are the great necessities in ripening this latter, and because we wish to give them universal prominence at this present hour. Without charity one toward another—without exercising a friendly toleration toward all who differ in opinion, our organizations must fail in their object, and thus new ones be necessitated. The ability to "agree to disagree" is the great desideratum toward the cultivation of which the believers in Spiritualism should bend their energies. Our cause, of necessity, has appealed to strongly individualized minds; no other religious system extant to-day can show such an array of fearless, self-poised men and women as that of Spiritualism, which makes no claim as a system. Not a recruit has joined our ranks for popularity or for improved business or social relations, for the cause yet goes abroad with no approving endorsement from the "fashionables" emblazoned upon its phylactery. Each man and woman who has embraced Spiritualism, has done so because he or she has been satisfied that it is true, and that because it is true it is worth having all things for.

But this very self-poised attitude, this habit of thinking rightly for one's self, is apt to have a reverse side. It is too apt to be the spring of impatient refusal on our part to tolerate the belief of our brother Spiritualist whose opinions may be shaded a little deeper or a little lighter than our own. Some effort is necessary to arrange all these colored blocks into the beautiful mosaic floor which the future shall see, over which the angel feet shall make music, but the work must be accomplished by individual efforts at assimilation—in this age of individual enlightenment—rather than by supinely waiting for "the advent of some great master spirit capable of holding the four winds in his palm."

In this connection, before proceeding to consider the question of organization, we desire to call attention to a matter which is at present rousing to activity much incipient (let us hope nothing more) antagonism, viz.: the position assumed by the President of the National Spiritualist Association, Mrs. Victoria O. Woodhull. The reader is referred to a speech by herself, before the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists, on the second page of the present number, for a full idea of what she purposes, and the reasons for her action in the premises. But we do intend to speak of, yes, and stoutly protest against that uncharitable spirit which seems to exist among the community, which condemns the woman while it approves the cause. How many advocates of woman suffrage are there whose principal efforts are directed to prove to the people that Mrs. Woodhull is in no way connected with them, and how many Spiritualists begin ready to follow the bounds of churchly bigotry "if the cause of this noble woman as she proceeds toward what she believes to be freedom and victory. We feel it to say to such free-thinkers: For shame! Is there in your religion no such thing as reformation? Suppose, for a moment, the things you accuse her of were indeed so—which we feel in our heart to deny, believing her to be a pure woman, possessed of blamelessness of heart, and an enthusiastic devotion to truth—is there no opportunity for her to turn her back upon a past she desires to blot out, and to bend those energies you declare so powerful in the service of ill to the advancement of an all enfranchising good? Would you deny her the privilege of coming out of the darkness into the light? To our mind, there are many fallacious circulated by a certain class in society everywhere, not only concerning Mrs. Woodhull, but bearing upon the character, aims and purposes of many of our faithful workers, which will one day recoil upon their originators, smiting them like a blow from the hammer of the Scandinavian Jove!

And now, as touching the question of primary organizations, which ever and anon is presented for the consideration of the Spiritualist public: We have published, in this paper, the platforms of several Eastern and Western primary societies—among them the Boston Spiritualists' Union and the Lake County (Ill.) Circle, which met our

approval, one as much as the other—and have expressed our hope that they would grow and multiply all over the country. We did not desire to hold up any one as a model for all geographic latitudes or mental states; each society should feel to embody its own life-principles into appropriate language fitted for its own needs; but the great fact of the necessity of such local societies, whether called "Lodges," "Circles," or by any other name, is a patent fact. We cannot, as we have often taken occasion to intimate, commence the erection of our spiritual temple above the cloud line; its turrets and battlements must rise upon material foundation-stones, and these primary organizations are the bases upon which we may safely build, first, delegate conventions, which can, by vested authority, fashion State Associations, then a national delegate convention, with like powers, which shall represent the several State Associations, and be able to fashion a National Association, which, upheld upon the broad table-land of recognized representation, shall tower aloft, an honor to the cause and a blessing to mankind.

In our issue of June 15th Dr. S. B. Brittan discusses at some length, in his "Confidential Suggestions," the needs of the cause and the duties of its believers. Among other things we find him saying:

"In the light of our philosophy we may institute a far more perfect system of Education. We may adopt such improved methods of physical training, intellectual discipline and moral development, as shall greatly diminish the number of those poor creatures who now live but to caricature human nature. We are poor interpreters of the grandest truths, if, at this late day, we are not prepared to better comprehend the powers and possibilities of the human mind than those who founded our institutions. We are grossly ignorant in the practical exposition of the noblest principles, if we are not yet ready to form a serious purpose and to perform an earnest work in this direction. We want a great Normal University for both sexes, where the more important living tongues, the whole circle of the Sciences—not omitting the Science of Life—all the elegant and useful Arts and honorable Industries, and every branch of useful knowledge, shall be taught by competent masters, and experimentally illustrated, not by the professors alone, but by the pupils."

Such a university, to our mind, would and can only be an outgrowth of the principles of primary organization now advocated. As our cause advanced, by reason of this strength accruing from united numbers, many not Spiritualists would be attracted to us, much as some Spiritualists are now drawn toward and aid peculiarly other societies, the borders of our influence would become enlarged, and the result would be a corresponding widening out of energy, till no longer the Doctor would feel called upon to say: "More money can be raised to build a single sectarian temple; to purchase a yacht for pleasure parties; or to defray the expenses of a single evening entertainment, than whole States have given to a cause that demonstrates the certainty of our immortality;" but sufficient pecuniary encouragement would be offered for the sustenance of the enterprise he commends.

Dr. Brittan continues, by speaking of the self-evident necessity of something being done to cleanse the channels of political influence, by the giving of countenance only to honest and responsible individuals. This, which can be the result only of a gradual development of public sentiment up to the desired point, we have often said was one of the legitimate results flowing from the teachings of Spiritualism, and by such development at no very distant day our Philosophy will become a power in the land. Further on the Doctor treats of the criminal law.

"We should bring the whole weight of our influence to bear on the criminal code. We know more of the intricate springs of human feeling, thought, motive and action, than those who framed the laws against crime and criminals. Men are hung every day for deeds that are the offspring of disease, often inherited, and for which they are no more responsible than others are for the infusion of syphilis poison or scrofula into their blood. Society goes on perpetrating these bloody deeds in the name of law and religion, and shall we do nothing to arrest this barbarous business?"

This we have also referred to in no measured terms in the Banner of Light. This principle of inherited tendencies has also been the ground of Mrs. Woodhull's position, upon which she has based many of her most radical utterances. And yet some of the same Spiritualists who profess to believe this principle, and who accord honor (as they should) to Dr. Brittan, for his enunciations on the subject, decry Mrs. Woodhull in even stronger terms than do those who, believing in woman suffrage, desire to rule her out of their category as an individual.

We will draw this review of the field to a close. Whatever may be the result of the present movement, as sure as right—kept in the background by the force of arbitrary power, sometimes of Church, sometimes of State, has gained the ascendancy at last and in time—as sure as the noonday follows the morning star, and spring unbinds the frozen streams—so shall our philosophy, with its concomitant reforms—we have faith to believe—advance conquering and to conquer. Though human instruments, accomplishing their work, may depart; though associations, based upon erroneous principles, and claiming the name, where the essence is wanting, may die; the interior life of our cause will still live, and find others through whom to manifest itself to each rising generation. Still, it is the duty we owe to the cause in our time, to do all we can for the perfection of the best methods for its future advance. Brother and sister Spiritualists—whether editors, speakers, mediums, or private individuals—heed the promptings of the angel-world. In the immortal words of Lincoln: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—let us strive (during our little day) to finish the work we are in!"

### Sensible to the East.

The Indians of the Northwest are not the dunces, by any means, their white brethren would have them understood to be. The delegation of chiefs, returning from their visit to Washington, stopped a brief period in New York, on which occasion Red Cloud was invited to and made a speech in Cooper Institute. He said that he wanted the Great Father at Washington to protect him in his own country, so he could build schoolhouses and bring up his children as the whites do theirs. He had come here to get encouragement to work, and would return to his own country and imitate the best qualities of the whites; and he wished the Great Father would take the military forces away and leave the Indians alone.

### Spiritualism in San Francisco.

The Spiritualists of San Francisco recently met at Charter Oak Hall and organized a society called "The San Francisco Spiritualists' Union." The following named persons were appointed officers for the ensuing year: President, Albert Kendrick; Vice President, Pauline J. Roberts; Recording Secretary, G. W. Lewis; Corresponding Secretary, Lowena Matthews; Treasurer, John Wright; Trustees, George Whitney, Judge A. M. Crane, Lena Clark.

### A Singular Case.

We received the following information directly from the lips of a United States Custom House officer, on night duty, whose post was in the immediate vicinity wherein the circumstance occurred, and who vouches for the entire reliability of the mental phenomenon displayed. As twilight was falling over Charleston recently, a special policeman discovered on his beat a man wandering about with no seeming aim, and finally was surprised by his coming up to him and saying, in effect, "I want to go home!" "Well," replied the officer, "why don't you go, then?" "I have forgotten where it is," "What is your name?" queried the officer, evidently thinking that the well-dressed stranger before him had probably been imbibing too freely at some "open bar?" "I don't know—I have forgotten," murmured the stranger. Certain, now, of his man, the officer proceeded to scrutinize him more closely, and was much surprised to discover no trace whatever of dissipation in the appearance of the unknown. His manners were gentlemanly, and he seemed entirely free from all difficulty, save that he had forgotten his name and residence. He finally managed to tell the officer that he believed his house was near a coal-yard, and that a street lamp was before the door. With no other guide, the officer—in company with the lost one—commenced searching for the home so meagerly pointed out, and was finally rewarded by the sight of a house corresponding to the description. He mounted the steps and rang the bell. A boy appeared. "Do you know this man?" demanded the policeman. "Why? That's my father," exclaimed the younger unknown. "Is that your son?" inquired the officer. "I do not know him," was the reply of the stranger. By this time a lady appeared at the door, and was profuse in her welcome of "her husband," whom she had been hoping for all day, and concerning whose safety she was exceedingly anxious. But the stranger persisted that he did not know her, and somewhat even against his will he was shown into his own home and cared tenderly for by the partner of his loss. The facts in the case were that the father had brooded over the sickness of one of his children till, under the weight of sorrowful anticipation, temporary aberration had supervened, and though apparently sound in all respects, he could not by any means recall his name or residence, and had been walking the streets in consequence ever since early morning.

And now for the lesson which the thinker may gain from this narrative, demonstrating, as it does, the exceedingly delicate workings of the mental machinery. We see the effects of anxiety upon a man in the flesh—what must be its results upon a disembodied spirit? A man, to speak after the manner of the world, dies—his bodily frame (which is but the casket of the jewel), drops off and commingles with the dust we tread. The spirit or interior essence which was the man, untouched by decay, and only ripened by age and experience, lives on and finds itself in another state of existence, surrounded by those whom a little while before it also had been in the habit of calling "dead people." It becomes aware of the fact that, under certain conditions, it can communicate with the friends left behind. Led by love, it hastens perhaps—burdened with anxiety lest it should fail to correctly identify itself—to take possession of or be clothed upon for the time being by the foreign organism of a female medium; and there, surrounded by and contending with the elemental differences which mark the habits, thoughts and life-line of a sex different from its own when on earth, it endeavors to appeal conclusively to the sneering skeptic who perhaps a few days before was its dearest friend. Can the mind of man imagine a more trying position? And when, in addition, it is remembered that many men and women find themselves unable, while in the flesh, to speak collectively before an audience, what wonder if, now and then, in our crowded free circles, some spirit, overburdened with diffidence and anxiety, should give erroneous information concerning himself, especially as to the arbitrary facts of age, name, or number of street, which many investigators demand with the rigidity and geometrical precision which would command the admiration of an Archimedes? We appeal to reason, man's only and true guiding star, for the answer.

### The Great Jubilee.

On Monday, the 17th, a day ever memorable for far different reasons in our history, was inaugurated the Grand International Musical Festival which is to commemorate the reign of peace among the nations. By the settlement of the rule of arbitration among governments, we shall arrive at once at a condition where the law of intercourse and the law of disputes will be changed; and strong hopes exist that we are bordering on that desirable stage at which the precepts of peace, which will enter upon its second week of triumph in this city on Monday, June 24th, is, in all respects, a grand demonstration. As it collects into one great congress the leading musicians, vocalists and composers of the civilized world, so does that rare assemblage itself in turn call together a vast number of people whose souls are attuned to musical influences, and inspire them with sentiments and purposes that help to advance the cause of universal harmony.

The Jubilee is to continue for three weeks, terminating with the Fourth of July. Thus it opens with one of the opening scenes of our revolutionary drama, and closes with the act of our national Declaration of Independence. No finer limits could well have been chosen to fix to its occurrence. It thus is made a part of our national commemoration time; and while it proudly celebrates the birth and early struggles of a great nation, it no less calms down all antagonisms and revivals of former disputes, and draws together in closer relationship those who were long since sundered by the blows of war. This idea of bringing different peoples together, and cementing the new friendship with the power of music, is an eminently spiritual one, which could scarcely have been wrought out to success at an earlier day, however strongly impressed it may have been upon the mind of any individual. Spiritual influences were required to prepare the way for this grand demonstration of what are but truly spiritual agencies. Therefore we witness the triumph of to-day, due not to the skill of any one man, but to the awakened sentiment of spiritual harmony and fraternization which can express itself never so successfully as by music. The Jubilee is, then, another testimonial to the emancipated power of spiritual influences, and it will work with its undying harmonies until they repeat themselves in deeds more lovely than music throughout the world.

### Biography of Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd.

Owing to an unusual press of matter upon our columns, we shall be obliged to defer till week after next the publication of the life-sketch of this well-known medium, promised for this number.

How to get along [a long] well—dig it deep.

### Spirit-Messages through Dr. Slade.

We have received from H. C. Clayton—a well known merchant of Boston—the following interesting account of a visit paid by himself and a friend to Dr. Henry Slade's rooms, for the purpose of rigid investigation and scrutiny—as far as might be—into the operation of the laws governing spirit-control and manifestation.

On the morning of Thursday, May 30th—"Decoration Day"—Mr. Clayton called on the Doctor, in company with an inquiring friend, Charles Wait, also a merchant on Canal street, New York City. At this séance the various phenomena occurring in the presence of this celebrated medium took place; spirit-hands were shown, and several of the unseen announced their names. Among the latter occurred that of "Dr. Wood." Mr. Clayton immediately requested that said spirit should move a large easy-chair, which was situated some six feet from the medium, and the desire was instantaneously complied with, it being brought quite up to the questioner; it was also—on request—carried back again to the place it before occupied. Other articles of furniture were moved and forms seen during the séance, which lasted for about half an hour. The handkerchief of Mr. Clayton was taken from his pocket, carried under the table, knotted in a most singular manner, and then thrown out upon the floor. Mr. Clayton became aware of spirit fingers endeavoring to disengage his watch, and he proceeded to hold it in his hand under the table, where he distinctly felt the touch of the spirits as they took it; he warned them not to drop it, his injunction being obeyed. When the watch was returned he felt the spirit-hand pass along under his vest, in refastening the chain, as plainly as he would have detected that of a mortal. While the séance was going on a spirit communicated the following: "We wish you to come here again at one o'clock; your brother hopes to give you the test you desire. He cannot now." During all the manifestations the hands of the medium were in plain sight of his visitors.

In the afternoon, as per understanding, Mr. Clayton visited the Doctor again, and received the message he hoped for. It was obtained by the spirit writing upon a slate, after the manner usual at Dr. Slade's séances, and which has been most minutely described by correspondents in different issues of this paper. The following were the words transcribed, which Mr. Clayton has exhibited for our perusal—the slate being one which he purchased on Broadway, just before entering the Doctor's rooms, and which he still retains in his possession as a memento of a friend and relative whom his mortal eyes beheld no more:

MY DEAR BROTHER HENRY—God bless you for coming to see and commune with me. Cousin Edmund is here; he has been anxious to tell you how he passed his time while in that prison. Oh, he suffered so much during his starvation! Now his spirit is free and happy. Remember us to all friends; tell every one to investigate this truth, and be as happy as your brother.

During the writing of this message, Mr. Clayton's hand, which confined one end of the slate under the table, became severely cramped by the energy in which he held it against the under side of the leaf, but he found time to hear simultaneous writing upon the slate belonging to Dr. Slade, which happened to have a piece of pencil under it, was lying in full sight upon the table, and distant from the hand of either person present. When the writing on both ceased, the Doctor's or being taken up was found to contain a fine message from his wife in spirit-land. The information given to Mr. Clayton by his brother concerning "Cousin Edmund" whose family are non-Spiritualists—was the first authentic account of his decease. That gentleman, who was a member of Sheridan's cavalry corps, was taken prisoner and was never heard from afterward, save by a rumor—proved correct by his returning spirit—among his comrades, that he perished in one of the Southern prisons.

Mr. Clayton, who was highly pleased by the sances and fully satisfied of the medium's honesty, informs us that the Doctor intends shortly—within two or three weeks—to visit Boston, when an opportunity will be afforded for Spiritualists and skeptics alike to test his wonderful powers.

### The Western Star.

The first number of this candidate for public favor, mention of which was made in a previous issue, has been laid upon our table. It is a monthly of eighty-seven pages, devoted to a record of the facts, philosophy, and history of the communion between spirits and mortals. Its salutary influence is a vigorous production, and commendatory throughout. The editors say: "As a most stringent charge has been laid upon the conductors of this work to avoid, to the utmost of their ability, the repulsive and unspiritual practices of indulging in acrimonious personalities, and as the aforesaid conductors are not ashamed to acknowledge that they respect the charge of those intelligences whose work this is, they sincerely hope it will not be imposed upon them—as a necessity for repelling falsehood—to answer, or even to notice, adverse criticisms." The other articles are interesting. A just compliment is paid to the spiritualistic press, for which we cordially thank the editors of the Star.

This magazine is to appear on the first of every month, commencing with July. It is published at 25 Bromfield street, Boston, by the proprietors. Price \$4.00 a year—single copies, 35 cents. For sale at the counting-room of the Banner of Light.

### The Medium Home's Second Volume.

The secular press, alluding to the new book by Mr. Home, the medium, says:

"The work of Home, the Spiritualist, announced as in the press of Holt & Williams, is the second series of 'Incidents of My Life.' It has just appeared in England, and should not be contented with the first series of the 'Incidents' published in this country some years ago. Its contents are, of course, entirely new, and embrace much matter which has attracted the sober attention of very eminent men. Whatever may be the opinion held regarding Mr. Home's claims to communication with 'spirits,' there certainly does appear strong reason for believing that his constitution, and those of some other persons are not yet correlated with the known laws of force, and which, therefore, have the highest claims to the attention of serious investigators. So far as his book tends to secure this attention, its publication will be of actual service."

### Mischief-Makers, Gossips, Etc.

The following, from the Boston Daily Herald, is a timely paragraph:

"Of all things mischief-making, gossiping, 'peeping,' 'gossiping,' anonymous letter-writing, and in other ways interfering and meddling with the affairs of others, most clearly indicate low breeding, ill manners, and want of good sense. Such transactions are always carried on by persons who are themselves no better than they ought to be; and they seem to take great pleasure in strong reasons for believing that his constitution, and those of some other persons are not yet correlated with the known laws of force, and which, therefore, have the highest claims to the attention of serious investigators. So far as his book tends to secure this attention, its publication will be of actual service."

### Massachusetts Radical Peace Convention.

This Convention, which met in Boston, at Elliot Hall, on the 30th ult., was called to order by the President, Lyander S. Richards, of Quincy, and in the absence of the Secretary, B. M. Lawrence was chosen to officiate pro tem. The President then opened the exercises with remarks referring to the marked effect of the continued agitation of the subject of peace; that the grand method so long urged by the friends of peace to settle difficulties between nations by arbitration, is now adopted by two of the most prominent countries of the globe, and the barbarous custom of war between them, we trust forever abolished. This is the dawn of civilization. Spoke of the Society opposing capital punishment, and removing this barbaric custom from our land. He also stigmatized the study of military tactics in our public schools as unworthy the age of progress, eighteen hundred years after the advent of the "Prince of Peace."

Mr. Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, read a hymn of peace composed and given to him by George Thompson. Spoke on the subject of arbitration, and deplored military teaching in our schools, and was not in favor of taking any part in the Government until the war clause is removed from the Constitution.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins made remarks favoring the peace movement.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, reviewed the question of peace in her usual interesting style, an abstract of which it is impossible to give, as every word was replete with interest; and would that every thinking man or woman could listen to this veteran reformer, or if the expression may be allowed, the Princess of Peace.

Mr. B. J. Butts, of Hopedale, spoke on the causes of war. He regarded more leisure or less hours of labor as one of the most efficient means of peace.

Mrs. Albertson gave a speech on peace and love.

The Secretary, Mr. Lawrence, read an original poem written for the occasion, which was well received.

Mr. Ira Stewart spoke of the laborer in connection with the peace movement.

Resolutions for the furtherance of peace were offered by Messrs. Butts, Love, and Richards.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Lyander S. Richards, Quincy, Mass.; Vice Presidents, Seth Hunt, Northampton; Thomas Haskell, Gloucester; E. J. Draper, Harriet N. Greene, Hopedale; Anna W. Cotton, R. H. Ober, Boston; Recording Secretary, S. Jane Hatch; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. William S. Heywood, Hudson; Treasurer, Robert F. Walcutt, Boston; Executive Committee, B. J. Butts, S. Albee, Mary Davis, George O. Hatch, Hopedale, William White, Boston.

After some remarks by Messrs. Rogers, Steele, and others, the Convention adjourned to meet again at the call of the President.

### The Strikes.

Although the street demonstration of the workmen of New York was by no means what was expected, the vital principle of the movement was not less apparent in all that was said and done. There is a national statute limiting a day's work for Government mechanics to eight hours; and there is a law of the State of New York, passed April 20th, 1870, providing for the same measure of time "as a legal day's work for all classes of mechanics, workmen and laborers, except those engaged in farm and domestic labor." Here are two strong and broad grounds for the workmen to take position on, and they have proceeded to occupy them aggressively. There has been an uprising for the eight-hour rule in New York that amounts practically to revolution. It is to be profoundly regretted that it should be attended, at any of its stages, with violence, or the outbreak of the mob spirit; or that a dictatorial temper has at times manifested itself where firm and calm measures are decidedly so much the wiser. Everything of that sort is sure to defeat itself. The claim that workmen put forth for the privilege of securing self-culture from the leisure which a shorter day's labor will bring, is much too well based to be disregarded by legislators or employers; and as soon as their purpose is accomplished, we shall confidently look to see the triumphant sons of labor make good their arguments by securing the substance of their claims.

### Spiritualist Picnic at Abington.

The many patrons of the series of Spiritualist picnics which for several years have been so successfully carried out at Island Pond Grove, under direction of Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, will be pleased to learn that he announces the first Grand Picnic of the Season, at this favorite retreat, on Friday, July 12th, the time-table of trains for the Peace Jubilee rendering it impossible for him to make arrangements with the Railroad Company for any earlier date. The Grove has been thoroughly renovated, and a fine time may be expected. Full particulars hereafter.

### The Hot Term.

Seashore and mountain travel have already begun, now that the "hot term" has really set in. Seashore hotels to the right and left of us have been put in order to receive guests, and about the Fourth of July they will be pretty well filled, as rooms have already been engaged by parties who prefer saline air to ozone. The Old Colony House—down Boston harbor—is a quiet, genial place for families, and "mine host" Sheppard is one of the most cultivated and urbane landlords we met of The Ocean House and the Boar's Head Hotel, at Hampton Beach, are also fine houses, well kept.

### A Physical Medium Coming to Boston.

By a letter from R. K. Stoddard, dated Philadelphia, June 12th, we learn that Mrs. Stoddard, with her son, Master DeWitt C. Hough, physical medium, of whom mention has been made in this paper, will be in Boston to-day (Saturday, June 15th), for the purpose of holding public sances, if a suitable hall can be obtained. Spiritualists who are interested in this particular phase of the phenomena are requested to meet Mrs. S. at this office for conference upon the subject.

### Cora L. V. Tappan Returned.

We are in receipt of a brief missive from Col. S. F. Tappan, under date of "New York City, June 10th," wherein he informs us that, after a winter spent in Florida in search of health, his estimable lady has returned North much improved. The exposures incident to a sea-voyage operated unfavorably on her homeward trip, and she has of late been suffering from a severe cold and bodily prostration, but her many friends are informed that she hopes, before long, to conquer the trouble, and come out renewed for the struggle with error.

On our first page will be found the first installment of our new story, "Emma Linden," by Mrs. H. Greene Butts.







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