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## LET THEM REST.

BY S. D. KEACH.

A singular mistake was recently made at a funeral at Dolo, France. A soldier and a young maiden both died at the hospital, and it was arranged to bury both the same day. By some means the attendant exchanged the coffins, and the maiden was followed to her grave by a company of soldiers, and buried with military ceremonies; while the soldier, in a coffin covered with a white pall and wreathed with flowers, was borne by women singing psalms.—*Foreign Paper.*

They have lain them to rest; come away, come away;  
Let the daisies spring o'er them, the summer winds play,  
The happy birds warble sweet songs that shall be  
So soothing and soft in their wild melody,  
That soldier and maiden may peacefully rest,  
For their soft bed of earth is the safest and best.  
Stay not by their graves; come away, come away;  
The angels receive them, and why should you stay?  
The soldier, forgetful of war's rude alarms,  
Is laid to his rest by soft, womanly arms;  
As after the thunder and tempest are done,  
The clouds fade away in the beams of the sun.  
Sigh not for the maid; come away, come away;  
Though strange was the pageant and martial array;  
So soldiers once guarded the gates of a tomb,  
But the bright one enfranchised stayed not in its gloom:  
While muskets salute her, and dirges are played,  
The angels of heaven had charge of the maid.  
Say quickly adieu; come away, come away,  
And leave them in Earth's soft embrace where they lay;  
The turf will be green, and the daisies thick-spread,  
Kept moist from the skies by the tears they will shed;  
Bright birds love to sing o'er the brave and the fair,  
And Nature will keep all in harmony there.

## EXPERIENCE OF FRANCES HALL IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ANNE LINCOLN.

All flowers bloom to die. So all in Nature must change; for only in death do we awake to life eternal. The soul is no longer bound by the trammels of earth, but soars in its noblest aspirations far away into its sphere of attraction, where it can never die.  
I lingered on earth, wearied with bodily pain and suffering, and I felt that death must soon liberate my spirit from its earthly form. I longed for rest, yet I dreaded death, for the ties of earth were fast bound to my spirit, and the connecting link between the spiritual and material was slow to sever. Every leaf of my existence trembled in memory as I lay upon my death-bed. All past and present was bright to my vision, but was dimly fading away, and the future, the unknown future, was my last thought, and *hope* my last breath. And while passing from the material to the spiritual condition, and sleeping seemingly unconscious, I heard the sigh of a loved one query if I *had gone*. Then reason fell, and I slept, to be borne away by ethereal messengers, and death's blissful slumber folded the life-wings of earth, and I was laid low in Mother Nature's bosom.

I awoke as from a sweet sleep to find myself reclining on a hillside, where a soft mossy carpet was tinted with flowers of every hue. These sweet blossoms were waving in the sun in glowing colors, filling the air with a beautiful aroma. Little winding paths of pebbles coursed their way in various directions. This lovely spot sloped to meet a ringing brooklet of crystal waters. The trees were waving in deep shades of beauty, with outstretched branches laden with golden fruit. I wandered about to see where I was, for the place was strange to me, and I thought, Am I dreaming? and felt that it must be so. I then tried to awake to reality. I saw a white dove flying through the air. It descended, and I flew past me. I watched the little messenger, for I felt alone, and longed for even the companionship of a dove. It entered a vine-woven arbor, where clustering blossoms and delicious grapes were woven in a lattice work of beauty. I had not observed this place until the dove attracted me there. I drew nearer. A soft breeze was playing through the leaves, and many singing birds were perched on the tender vines. I thought, Oh, where am I? Could I only see one person with whom I could speak to arouse me to my real self? I looked down upon myself. I was arrayed in heaven's bloom-robe of morning, sparkling with sunlight beams. Everything looked radiantly beautiful, and I thought, Is it a dream?

Soon I heard soft echoes, like music in the air, and was surprised by a group of people encircled in a flood of crimson-gilded clouds, and as they drew nearer I recognized familiar faces of friends who had departed earth-life long since. Consciousness returned wholly; my reason was clear; I found that it was no dream, but I realized I had changed. Then the thought flashed upon me—I *had died*. Then the last words that rang in my ears were my spirit departed, was my first thought—*Has she gone?* I gazed wildly among the group that encircled me, and found that the one dearer than all was not there. I screamed in horror, for I felt that I could never more see him. My thoughts trembled with uncertainty, for this holy spot had no charm for me without the spirit of my spirit. In sobbing grief I cried wildly, Where, oh, where was the one I loved so well? Thus the chain of sympathy and love is never severed, but grows stronger and brighter when connected with heaven.

A spirit friend approached me. With open arms she drew me closely to her, and said, "All thou dost desire, my sister spirit, we would aid thee to find. In death thou art not separated

from earthly kindred. Go back, dear one, and I will attend thee. But go to reveal thy soul in brightness. Let the golden light of thy presence be like a rainbow-ray encircling his spirit. Visit him in his peaceful slumbers, that he may feel thy loving inspiration. Then thou canst wipe away all night traces of sadness from his pale cheeks. No more solemn thoughts shall fill his soul, for thou wilt be his beacon-star, to gleam for him in his loneliness. And he will realize that thou dost still live to bless him. He will feel thy presence in his waking dreams, and know that it is no night-vision. Now we will go; not to weave cypress vines around two united spirits, but to entwine blossoms of love and purity in affection's chain, and bind soul to soul."

While she was speaking I lay weeping on her bosom; but her words comforted me, and we descended to that domestic hearth where joys and sorrows had passed, where smiles and tears had mingled, and at the sad hour of nightfall stood by one of Nature's noblest ones, struggling to be calm in his deep affliction. His grief oppressed me, and sobbing tears rained down my cheeks, as I stood in the presence of my dear companion, yet powerless to soothe the heart-broken one; and in agony I was falling to the floor, when the spirit bore me away, and soothed me by teaching me of the great duty devolving upon me. I rejoiced to know that I could return to the earth-plane, and prayed for strength to enable me to again descend, that I might try to lift the heart of the sorrowing one, and point him to our better home, where we should dwell together forevermore.

Again we drew near earth, to see a group of mourners gathered around the narrow bed of that dead form. Sadly and mournfully they lowered the coffin into the grave; and as tears fell from the mourners' eyes, angels scattered snow-white blossoms upon the coffin-lid. One silent wish of the lone one echoed in my soul—that he too might sleep in death, to meet the departed one in heaven. I was not permitted to remain here longer, for I was yet weak, and so overcome that I was powerless to fulfill my mission.

Endowed by my ethereal guides, I was then transported to that beautiful place called "Light's Celestial Home." Heaven's pure love beams were streaming down through the lovely shades of all-leaved trees, where branches arched above a mossy footpath, bordered with the glittering dewdrops of morn. Here I was greeted by many spirits, whose faces wore a genial glow of welcome, each scattering an emblem or gem from higher spheres. A lovely female came forward to meet me. Her face was radiant with heavenly light; on her fair brow was stamped deep lines of pensiveness; her glistening eyes wore a sweet expression that I can never forget; her hair hung loose in flowing waves, and a crown of flowers adorned her brow. In her hand she carried a basket, filled with beautiful buds and blossoms. She took the coronet she wore and placed it upon my head, saying, "I crown thee with holiness and love—emblems to immortalize thee forever in glory. This love-garland will soften thy grief, and soon you will instinctively feel that there is no separation between the celestial and terrestrial worlds." She placed a lily in my breast, as a sweet emblem of purity; the rose she entwined in my hair, as a token of strength and beauty, and the tiny violet she gently laid in my right hand and smilingly said, "Ever carry the innocent gem of faithfulness and modesty through life." Thus pure spirits greeted me to that bright home.

This pathway led to the interior of a bower woven with vines, and studded with star-lilies. In the centre was a harp, beset with brilliant stones. A female spirit sat leaning her head against the strings, as if listening for music. She said: "This perfect-strung harp in the bower of Love, will vibrate upon some tender chord of a sad spirit. The human heart is as perfectly strung as this, but not attuned to the harmony of heaven."

This arbor opened into Nature's garden. Here another sweet sister spirit welcomed me. As her soft blue eyes beamed so lovingly upon me, I felt that I had always known her. She said:

"Dear sister, all this existing beauty is a proof of our Father's love. From every budding blossom thou canst learn new unfoldments of truth. Every flower has its fragrance; everything in Nature has its mission. Thus refined intelligence is manifested in the most simple things created."

Here was a beautiful fountain of pure water, that flowed in various streamlets. Each silver line was a ray for some bright soul to follow. As I stood there, I could see spheres upon spheres extending into the vast infinity of space as far as my eye could reach. Beautiful landscapes of dazzling brightness were in view. I saw the world as it was; every spirit seemed soaring upward, and attached to them was a silver chain, which bound them to some earthly tie. I could see vast oceans of water blending with the blue, azure sky, so cloudless. A splendid mansion was situated here, erected in seven swells, forming a bow at the foundation; these swells in front elevated to pinnacles; the centre the highest, and so graduating to a low point on either side. On every point shone a blazing star; these rays met, forming a bow of light above more beautiful than any rainbow. The structure of the building was brilliant stones of topaz hue, glistening like diamonds in the golden sun, lending a rich hue to the sparkling edifice.

Entrance to the interior opens into a spacious hall, arched in Gothic style. The walls were inlaid with raised silver leaves; large pillars were covered with twining vines, where sweet-scented flower-bells were drooping in profusion. There were no doors, but arches formed with clustering blossoms of pearly whiteness clinging to the walls. The right opened to a beautiful room; there was a large arm-chair vacant; the back was formed in heart-shape, while the stand was a silver-strung lyre, the frame inlaid with fine beaded pearls. A white velvet cushion, rising and falling in tiny wavelets. On the arms were

perched four white-winged doves. This beautiful chair of rest was made up of Peace, Harmony and Love. The floor was carpeted with flowers, strewn by angel-hands, culled from the celestial garden. Thus angels strew our life-path with heaven's sweetest blessings, and through their inspiration we breathe the divine influx of eternal life. Opposite the entrance is a clear mirror; here I first saw myself mirrored in spirituality. It looked beautifully; a halo of light was about my head, and I thought, how could I have changed so much, and still have retained my identity.

A spirit-voice said: "Here thy spirit stands out clear before thee; elevate thyself to a pure condition, knowing that thou art thy own judge; within thyself the voice of Intuition will guide every act. Let thy spirit be enwrapped in thy work, that thy influence may be one of heaven's rare blessings. Dim not thy soul's mirror, but strive to glorify it with purity and brightness; and for all thy love-labor thou dost receive thy reward in accordance."

As I turned, I beheld a picture, painted by the hand of Nature—a representation of the life of progression. A mountain in the distance; bright day-beams were softened by the mellow light of a golden sunset, that gave a peaceful glow to the scene. Holy streams of inspiration were flowing down this blooming bank of living beauty, where multitudes of spirits were wending their way. Angels were lending their strength to the weaker ones, raising and sustaining them to make their steps of progress easy. There no uncongenial, discordant feeling is revealed, no darkness dims the light; but the grand scene moves on, governed by the principles of Nature's laws of wisdom.

Opposite of this view was a picture that surprised me, so simple to portray, yet so beautiful to me. This scene of my earth-home affected me so deeply that the tears came. What are joys unless dimmed by tears? What are pleasures without pains? What is light with no clouds to soften it? What are we unless joy and sadness are developed within us, and blended in perfect harmony? And this, my picture, created strong emotions within me to return again to that sacred spot—that sweet homestead; for love is as eternal as the Creator, for it is the highest attribute of the Divine. Passion dies with the body, yet the spirit retains the ruling element—the love of heaven—and in its purity holds its desires. This scene was in reality the dear spot I so sacredly cherished.

I entered, to find my earth-companion absorbed in writing a letter to his mother. Blinding tears coursed their way down his cheek, while a deep, broken sigh escaped his lips. Now my highest object, my most earnest desire, was to sooth the lone mourner. I bent lovingly over him, entwined my arms about his neck, as I was wont to do when sadness shaded his brow, and whispered to him in love-pleading tones, and told him I *was with him still*. His spirit caught the electric strain, and his thoughts were a response: "My angel one is with me still." I had revealed myself in spirit, and my influence had acted upon him. My voice could now cheer him, and my presence would lighten his life. (This scene was within the spirit-home—a home within a home.) Then I was happy in my new condition; and my first duty in spirit-life is to watch one whose budding mind I have tenderly cared for from boyhood; to watch one coming shadow ere it frames its sorrow; to shield the spirit, and guard it from all darkness that obscures it; to break each wavelet of sadness; to be the soul to the one I love so well; to teach him of that better home where we meet again; that we meet in the rosy morn of a glowing world, to recall the joys of a wedded life; to weave sweet memories in our autumn wreath, when affection is matured and purified through the expression of ripe years. My mission is to glid his faith, and call his aspirations higher.

There are times when every spirit feels an unknown power of attraction. The all-keen cord of sympathy draws the spirit where its influence is most needed; at the same time some earth spirit realizes that there is some unseen power near.

I experienced this strange attraction, and was drawn to visit a humble cottage, situated where I never had been in life. The place looked strange to me, yet all outward surroundings seemed inviting. The soft grass was glistening in the diamond dew of morning. The blushing rosebud was unfolding its leaves beneath the warm rays of a summer sun. All Nature was smiling in sweetness.

As I entered that lowly cot, a melancholy view met my sight. A tiny bud was dropping from its maternal stem; the tender babe was dying on its mother's breast; all the bright anticipations of a young parent were fading away, for the inner beauties of the young spirit had never been revealed, and the mother had not been taught the beautiful lesson of truth. She was unconcerned, for she felt that death was about to rob her of the new love that God had implanted there, and she clung in despair to the cold, tiny form, long after the spirit had spread its wings for flight. That grief-stricken mother called in tears for the life departed, and prayed to die.

I drew nearer, and as I spoke, her pale sad eyes were set, as if listening to hear. I said, "Let thy hopes aspire to higher spheres; open thy vision to see thy loved one borne on high; regret not that thy star in heaven has set, for as a silver light, it will guide thee homeward. Then wish to die if thou wilt, but remember that to die is to live. Give thy devotion to thy God; for he alone can sooth thee in thy grief. Oh, dock thy soul in beauty, and be prepared to go to the angel-spheres, for death only unites spirit with spirit." Thus I taught the lesson I had learned.

The sounds of sympathy fell like music on her heart-strings; she saw the light that had dawned upon her, and while the darkest cloud of sorrow spread o'er her, one bright starlet gleamed—that was the spirit of her babe. And that mother in the lowly cottage with spirits, was blessed; Life's

bright gleam illumed her soul, and she was comforted in her distress.

We bore that bud to the sphere of innocence. A chaplet woven of flowers, with a sun-lighted dome, where little mossy mound-steps, sprinkled with snow-drops and violets, led the way to the interior, where beautiful buds are wreathed in cradles, and on soft, downy pillows tiny heads are sleeping. These new-born spirits are tenderly folded beneath the love-wings of angels, and from the sight of their little eyes the mother is never lost; for spirits return these angel-cherubs to each mother's bosom so often that they do not forget. Ah! fond and loving parent, could you see the little angel-face looking up to you, and hear the soft little voice cooing for love-looks, you nevermore would shed tears of loneliness. Could you feel these tiny, velvet hands on your cheeks, you would no longer mourn your babe as lost, for instinct will teach them a mother's love; and as the little bud expands in beauty and loveliness, it will be a bright spirit to welcome you to the "Summer-Land."

We come in circles of light, to illumine the darkest planes of earth. We come to find a heart, chilled and frozen by the frosts of unkindness, a life of sorrow and woe, torn from a mother's heart to ruin—bereft of all kindred ties on earth that were near and dear—all alone. Alas, in blooming youth, fancy had woven a fate like heaven, but with rejected love, fancy had died, and she was dying, yet could not die.

Many million hearts are as lightly won, and as rudely cast away. To this unfortunate class we come, and our guidance to them is like the sun on the frozen guideway.

As a guiding star, we show our light  
In the darkest tempest of the night.

With angels' tears all past grief is washed from the tablet of memory. We bring bright visions of encouragement to these dim, sleepless eyes, and now thoughts dawn upon them, and as bright visions flash with glided hopes, all mournful shadows and haunting past fade away. In our presence a soft, soothing influence pervades, and all groves brighter. The lone heart is lifted up, and though fate obtains a rough path, opening flowers of promise are ever blooming there.

We come to a brother mortal who is weighed down with the burdens of life, who is misjudged by his fellow-men, and crowded out from a position that the world owes him. To him we would say, place not thy hopes on earthly pride; look not to thy outward surroundings for true happiness, but retire to the inner beauties of thy spiritual nature, and thy condition will place thee where light and happiness will shed a halo of contentment as pure as moonbeams upon thee. Shrink not within thyself, when mortal would scorn thee, but open thy soul in purity in the sight of God, and thy burdens will cease to weigh thee down; seek a higher position than earthly objects can give thee.

Light is the result of intelligence, and as mortal is a progressive being, they can never go backward, whatever surrounding conditions may be; but ever go onward, gleaming new truths emanating from the divine.

We come to the prisoner who lives within the bars of iron, who has bid his last farewell to all outward things, and has been torn from loved ones and left them mourning broken hearted, suffering in their innocence. Crime has shut him out from all the love of humanity; and although burning tears of repentance are flowing, and he pleads for life, that he may atone for sin, human laws deny him the life that God gave him, and forgiveness is unknown. Thus he lingers between the prison doors and the portals of the spirit-world, and God the Father alone knows the suffering of the penitent one. To him we come, and would teach him that his spirit is free, for human laws cannot bind the soul, but it will soar far above its prison and revel in the freedom of divine laws, where it can expand in repentance, for God never condemns. And oh! that mortals would beware of the great sin they inflict upon their fellow creatures when they would condemn and crush them still lower. For those who are free from error and transgression, may never condemn or judge mortals. Obey God's command. Raise the fallen, strengthen the weak, help the lowly, and dwell in one brotherhood.

It is the duty of spirits to exalt mortals to the position that the Almighty designed them to fill, and to aid in developing the human mind to its true condition, and bring various classes of humanity to one harmonious blending throughout the material world. But I will not weary you by picturing duties like these, but will paint to you some of the beauties of spirit life, some of the bright joys that we experience in returning to the material plane.

We come in delight to circles formed to hold communion with us, and we share the pleasure with you that you experienced in our visits to your circles. We are attracted to such gatherings by folds of light curtains above the circle. In every mind we see the spark of Deity; in active mediums the star shines brightest, and they are nearer to us; where the light is the brightest to us the attraction is the strongest. I see a brilliant star that attracts me to one, while a sister or brother spirit may see the brightest in another; each spirit is attracted to these in affinity with themselves, and to those whose condition is best adapted to their influence; and all persons have some interested spirit to guide them through life.

The query may arise in the minds of some, why active mediums are nearer to us? Because to be active mediums there must be a great deal of spirituality in their natures, consequently they are naturally finely organized, and we can draw nearer to their spirits, for there is less of the outer to conflict our influence, and to this class I would say, there is a great duty devolving upon you, and you owe your labors to mankind; your duty is second to ours; see that you are faithful to the bestowal of these gifts.

From every person attached to this star is a

bright electrical chain, telegraphing to higher spheres, and as thought acts upon these lines, the spirit that is desired feels the attractive power, and is drawn to the desiring mind, and above every circle we see a group descending to shed heaven's pure beams of light upon seekers after truth; and through this mediumistic channel this glorious inspiration flows.

One medium sits crowned with light enveloped in a cloud-like influence emanating from the invisible power that surrounds her; her pencil is guided, and the thoughts of the spirit are given independent of the mind of the medium, while she is in her normal condition; we consider the highest class of mediumship to be when the medium is fully controlled in her normal or natural state.

Another is shaded by a deep influence, and inspired to act, and utter thoughts that are impressed upon the mind. Another is mesmerized to a sweet sleep. All reasoning faculties are inactive, and overpowered by the presiding spirit who takes full possession of the form, and in freedom imparts wisdom and truth from a higher source. And in the meanwhile another spirit takes the spirit of the sleeper and bears it on high to explore the beauties of the ethereal plane; and there this earth-spirit revels in the glories of the other life. And mediums or clairvoyants will not find the other spheres strange to them when they pass from the material form forever; for the spirit will recognize familiar places, and lovely spots, where it has traced spiritually while an inhabitant of earth-plane. And many dreams and visions will prove to be a dawning reality, and will be but a clear sight to the quality of their existence. I need not recall all the various phases of mediumship, for you are not ignorant of the different characters of media powers.

Another beautiful scene we present you. Oh, we dearly love to return to the morning time of our life—to our maternal home. Trials of earth have rolled over the trodden footpath of the child home; and here our dear mother still lingers. The white frosts of many winters have changed her dark locks, and every line on that dear face is a history of some bitter experience. Other kindred ones are still there, and we read in their memory that we are not forgotten.

Like May, June and November, we see the buds of spring opening; we see the open flower of summer, and the closing flower of autumn there. The chilly ice of winter folds the snowy mantle about that loved form, and that dear mother spirit is borne away in a snowy cloud from earth, and laid upon a bed of lilies in the summer-land. She has scarcely closed her eyelids in death-sleep, for she realizes the dawning of the New Dispensation, and her reason is awake to the sunbeams of eternal day. She has many links that bind her to earth-life, and three silver lines are coursing upward. These three attractions draw to her side three lovely boys, who kneel beside her bed of purity. She lifts her head, raises her eyes and sweetly smiles, while pearly drops glisten 'neath her dark eyelashes. She joyously clasps them to her mother bosom, and her spirit swells in gratitude to God. She lovingly extends her hand to all who linger near, and blesses them in heartfelt tones.

The veil of mystery had long been lifted from her eyes. She had in earth-life had a clear comprehension of the future existence; she had gained on earth-plane what I was taught in spirit-spheres.

Her mind wanders back; she realizes the change, and is joyously happy in the new scenes that surround her. The sun of her life has risen; the dawn of her spiritual existence has unfolded in the freedom of heaven. In strength and loveliness she returns to earth and whispers "All is well," and pours out sweet communings to the dear ones who mourn her.

Truth is revealed through inspiration, and God's earth-children are receiving instruction direct from him through these invisible agencies. Then, mortal, seek to perfect thy organization; develop thy spiritual nature, that thou mayst wear the impress of Divinity upon the human soul.

I have glided onward through the spheres of wisdom, ever gathering new and fresh blossoms of beauty. I have watched the unfoldments of bud after bud, as it drank in the beautiful dews of truth and wisdom. And now there is no dread of separation by death, for so-called death is even sweet to one who has tasted the rich joys beyond the grave.

The glorious harmony of nature can only be manifested through this change. All that is enclosed in death is opened in the morning of life after we are refreshed from the dead sleep of unconsciousness.

The spiritual life only can impart the mysteries pertaining to heaven and earth, for the penetration of the freed spirit can fathom the deepest shadows that enshroud mortals. And according to the reasoning powers and conditions of mortals, a duty devolves upon the spirit to impart to them knowledge as they are developed to receive.

Oh, how gloriously sublime is the mission of angels—to explore the starry heavens, and learn of the sublime mysteries hidden in nature, and thus descend to earth-plane and freely impart what light they receive. The material eyes must discern through the spiritual sight, and only when freed from earthly trammels can the spirit fully discern and appreciate the glories of the future.

Now we pass from earth scenes, to give some of the duties we are called to perform in spirit-spheres. To raise the outcasts, fallen and down-trodden to a higher, nobler condition, that they may realize and appreciate the true joys and beauties of the spirit-life; for while sorrow and darkness is in our midst, our happiness is dimmed, and our life is not complete. As we visit these regions of darkness and suffering, we find hearts where the sun never shines. Death does not release the conscience from sin, for it weighs the spirit down and holds it with an iron grasp to its



low condition. This is a sad and painful state, and enough to make angels weep.

I will give my first experience in trying to raise a fallen one. I found a young girl blinded by sin; she had passed from earth-life, an outcast; she had shined against her nature, and nature's God. As I saw her, she was a wild picture of despair; her jet hair was flowing about her form like a mantle of midnight; her large, piercing black eyes dilated, and flashed like blazing stars in darkness; her lips were compressed, and revenge and hatred was written in the expression of her face. She gazed at me wildly, and placing her hand on her heart, said:

"Oh, that I had power to search for the one who won me to ruin, and cast me away to die alone! I would have him look upon the one he professed to love and adore—to see her now clothed in the black shroud of a demon. I would haunt him, and my sin and hatred should pierce his soul like a dagger plunging into the human heart. I live for revenge; I seek no heaven—hell is my sphere, and I grovel in that condition, and shall search for my seducer. Go from me! Thy spirit is made up of love, purity and innocence. Thou art not a companion for a fallen woman. Thou hast heard me, and never can the love pleadings of an angel sway the story revenge that racks my soul."

Here I found a pitiful object that I could not approach. I felt timid, and grew faint-hearted. I felt saddened and oppressed, as I looked upon this fallen one, so wretchedly miserable. I was about to speak, to implore her to banish this revengeful spirit, for it was the deepest stain of sin that clouded her existence, to forgive as she hoped to be forgiven; but ere I spoke she felt my thoughts, and a dark flash of vengeance fell on me; she waved her hand for me to depart. I was sinking from the duty before me, and was lost to my labor, when I heard the fluttering of wings, when a pure white dove descended, bearing a message to me, saying, "Take courage, faint heart; heaven will sustain thee." I drew nearer to her and wound my arms about her; I told her that I could not leave her, for it would break my heart to be unfaithful to my duty. Now, I did not shrink from the work, for my faith was strong that I could raise the fallen one, and with heaven for my staff I was strong to do God's service. As I drew her to me the expression of her face changed from hardness to sadness, and penitence tears were raining from those large, sad eyes. As she looked up into my face—she was beautiful—I parted her mossy silk hair from her fair brow and kissed her. Those compressed lips parted to give vent to the anguish that was swelling her soul. My influence fell like dewdrops on a withered flower. She was like a poor lone child, who had never known a tender, loving friend. She had been betrayed and deceived, and passed from earth-life, unloved, and an outcast.

Together we went in search of the one who had so cruelly wronged her, and left her alone in her misery to fall, and fill a broken-hearted grave. We wended our way through the dark regions of sin and selfishness, for I felt that we might raise another from the sin that crushed him to this low condition. We met him. He trembled with fright, for the sight of her was like the haunting past. He said hoarsely, "Thou art ever before me; and do you come now to taunt me in my misery? The fires of sin are a burning hell in my conscience, and I see thee ever; but not calm and peaceful as you seem now, for vengeance was staring at me, and your ghost was worse than the hell of remorse." His eyes were wild, and he was racked with suffering. I said, "Brother, we come to illumine thy soul from this dark state, and to raise the night curtain that hangs between thee and heaven. Seek forgiveness from God, and then the echoes from brighter spheres will draw thee upward." He said, "Alas! the echoes of a crime-stained soul rings through the heavens, and I am lost, lost, lost forever." (The sad sister sank before him in pity. Sympathy had softened her soul to grief.) I said to him, "In God's vast ocean of time and eternity not one is lost. Thy soulship is sure, although the sails are stained and torn. And here is a star I bring thee, that will be a compass to guide thee to the true shore of safety, and lead thee homeward." She looked up, and through flowing tears her face beamed in radiance. He raised her and sank before her. On bended knees he implored for mercy at her hands. She knelt with him, and pointed upward. A silver crescent of light shone upon them, and by angels they were blessed. I left them; but not with sorrowing hearts, for together they were offering heartfelt thanks to God. Anguish had fled, and joy was pictured on their upturned faces.

The unharmonious love of earth-plane, was transplanted to a genial clime, where the warm rays of a summer love had united two lone suffering spirits together. The love that was dimmed by the outward on earth was now living in the spiritual nature in blooming glory. A cloudless sky was their canopy, and angels strewn their bed with orange blossoms, fresh from the floral kingdom of purity. The portals of the celestial were opened, and bright spirits were beckoning them onward.

To the most unfortunate class, in our spheres, we come to the Atheist, where there lives no hope of a future existence. Man awakes from death-sleep totally blinded to his condition, or his sphere of usefulness.

We find one, restlessly stretched upon a couch, seemingly suffering, as he had on his bed of pain, ere death had released his spirit from his body. He could not comprehend the change. He wildly stared like a lone pilgrim, on a new-found shore. The future was as black as night before him; his soul was in darkness. He wondered when death would come to claim him as dust, and he would sleep forevermore.

Many are so blinded to reason and wisdom, that they remain for a long period in that state, and are unconscious of all God's existing truths of the future life. Spirits are striving to awake the reasoning powers of this unfortunate class. If mortals would give themselves up exclusively to their spiritual power, they would never be led astray by false doctrines, or by the force of wrong education. It is the effect of outer influences, and misled reason, that retrogrades the spiritual growth. And we labor diligently to help these misguided ones, as they enter the portals beyond the grave—to illumine their dark spirits, and strengthen them in their weakness. And as light and love dawn upon them, their spirits come out of the cloud of Atheism, and they stand out upon the plane God designed for them. They are no longer ignorant, but innocent and beautiful, for a glorious truth is revealed through heaven; and they comprehend their true condition, and in the light of wisdom they are glorified.

The meeting of loved ones in heaven—oh, what true pleasure, what pure joys elate the spirits as they greet their loved ones, in the dawn of heaven. Friends that are bound by the silvery link of affinity come nearer, as the spirit chain grows brighter. Every yearning soul is satisfied. The ties of earth are never forgotten, but are strengthened in higher spheres. Every spirit finds its treasure, and that spirit-gem is its central at-

traction. The loving soul overflows with kindness, and in progression they are loving still more, and bright beams of joy and contentment gild their way, and God dwells within their souls.

The true earth companion is crowned with the blessings of eternal love. The freed spirit approaches nearer its own, and like doves in the heart of a flower, soul and soul flow together.

The fond mother folds her love-wings of tenderness like a dove brooding its young; she holds her earth-born closer, and is enveloped in their existence forever.

The father, in his new aspirations, elevates his little flock, and his guidance is like a compass ever pointing the true way to life.

Sisters and brothers are blest in living over again past joys. They revel in the freedom of heaven, and are linked more closely together by the spiritual chain of love, and separation comes nevermore.

Every hopeless heart is strengthened when greeted to the spirit-land.

Those weighed down with the misfortunes of earth-life, are freed from their burdens, and their spirit wings its flight in brightness.

The criminal of earth, like a freed bird from its prison cage, revels in nature's garden and expands the soul that was cramped and fettered by outer conditions.

The outcast is no longer alone. The down-trodden and unfortunate are friendless no longer.

Every spirit encased in the blindness of ignorance, is like a hidden pearl, in its natural state, and is pure and bright when opened to the rays of wisdom, where every thought is hope, every act is love.

Oh! beloved home—angels' paradise. God in his goodness beautifies it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### QUERIES.

BY MORLEY KENWORTH.

After we're safe on the further side,  
After our bark is drawn up from the tide,  
Then, when the world cannot scold or deride,  
Then, oh! what then?

Longing for life in another sphere;  
Dreaming it, feeling it, hoping it here;  
To our sick souls will this bring it near?  
Tell us, oh! tell!

Out of the grave will the soul rise again,  
Free from all ranking, exempt from all pain?  
Then shall it be for our loss, or our gain,  
Suffering here?

If, over the river, the life-light still glows,  
Shall we not find there a joyous repose?  
Must we do penance for all our earth-woes—  
Fratilities and fears?

Back to the earth, will the spirit still yearn,  
To its sadness, and madness, and grief, to return?  
For the loved in the home-light the heart will  
Still burn?

And may it not be?

Ah! can aught answer these quests of the soul?  
Back will the mists from the future e'er roll?  
And our eyes see, not dimly, the truth on the scroll,  
Writ by God's hand?

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
Among our hearth, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—[Lionel Hunt.]

### BESSIE LEE;

OR,

#### THE TRUE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.

Darling Bessie Lee! how everybody loved her, the happiest, gayest, sweetest girl in all the town. Her soft, blue eyes had love enough in them to bless every one; her roguish, laughing mouth had fun enough expressed in it to make every one merry, so that wherever she went there was sure to be gladness and happiness. Some children think that they cannot have the best kind of fun, and yet be very gentle and loving; but Bessie could frolic and play, and yet never do a rude thing.

She lived in a pretty little cottage at the foot of a hill, close by a little stream, and a fine grove of pines. Here she made gladness and beauty spring forth everywhere, until those who entered it thought it was the sweetest place in all the town, and yet it was very humble. People thought that good Mr. Lee had once been very rich, and some said that he had an unworthy son who had spent all his money, and caused him so much trouble that he had left his former home and come to this quiet one, that he might be able to pay all his son's debts. Sure it was he had had some great sorrow, for his face looked worn and sad, except when his darling Bessie was near him, then he seemed to forget all his trouble.

When Bessie first went to school in the little brick school-house at the top of the hill, every one of the children loved her; for she was so quiet, and yet looked so happy, that it seemed as if more sunshine was coming in at the little windows than ever came in before. The scholars soon found that if she could play the merriest, yet she could study the hardest of any one; if she could hunt for berries, and climb the trees for nuts, yet she could find all the hard places on the map, and divide a fraction quicker than any boy in school; so it came that Bessie was considered the smartest scholar, and soon took her place at the head of her classes.

There was in school a girl by the name of Cynthia, who had always been considered the best scholar among the girls, until Bessie came. She was not well pleased to have another step in before her, and particularly since Bessie was younger than herself; so, after a time, she became very jealous, and tried in every possible way to injure Bessie. She complained of her to her teacher; she hid her books at recess, so that she could not find them; she made the scholars believe that her father told her all the answers to her sums.

Bessie bore all this ill-treatment quite patiently, only sometimes her blue eyes filled with tears, and her mouth lost its sweet smile; but as soon as she was out in the fresh air again, she was ready for a run and a play, and to serve Cynthia as well as all the rest, so that no one ever saw her go home with a frown, or heard a complaining word from her.

If there was one thing that Bessie excelled in more than all else, it was in writing; her copy-book was perfectly neat, and without a spot or blemish. Her father often told her that if she could write well, then when she grew up she could take care of herself by doing copying, or that she would be able to help him when he got to be too old to write. So Bessie told him that she would bring home a copy-book that

should have no ill mark on it, and then he could know how glad she should be to help him.

Cynthia knew all this, and thought to herself, perhaps she will not have so fine a copy-book as she thinks, and perhaps she will not get all the prizes; so she began to study more attentively, and she got one of the older boys to help her in her sums, and after a time she got quite ahead of Bessie.

It chanced that Bessie's father was taken quite ill about this time, so that she had no time out of school to study, but had to assist in taking care of him. Bessie lost her places in the geography class and in arithmetic, and soon she was behind in spelling. She knew very well that Cynthia had made the scholars believe that it was because her father was sick, so that he could not tell her the answers to her questions that she failed; but she thought to herself, "Never mind; by-and-by they will know that it is not true, and if Cynthia gets all the prizes father will not care, if I only carry home my copy-book all right, and show him how much I love him by trying to please him."

The end of the term had come, and it was announced that Cynthia and Bessie were equally entitled to the prize for recitations, but that as Cynthia was the oldest she was to receive it, while Bessie should receive the prize for best penmanship. This pleased Bessie very much, and she felt very glad that Cynthia was not to be disappointed, while she should be happier than for all else to take the prize for penmanship, since her father so desired that she should.

But there was still one more day of writing, and they were all seated in the school-room, each at a wooden desk, finishing the last line. Cynthia's seat was back of Bessie's, among the older scholars, and she sat very quietly watching Bessie. I need not say what evil thoughts went through her mind; she knew that many of the scholars felt that it was not right for her to have a prize at all, since Bessie deserved it just as much; and some of the boys had said to her:

"Oh, who'd care for a prize that was no more theirs than any one's else?"

But Bessie, with her glad, generous heart, was thinking:

"Now here's my last line; let me do it better than all the rest; and then what a merry time I'll have to-night, telling papa I will answer all his letters for him; but then I'll sign them Bessie Lee, instead of Simeon; and how the folks will wonder what it means. There's good uncle Ralph said I should have a gold pen the first letter I wrote to him in a round, smooth hand—now that's what my teacher says I do write; so this very night I'll write the letter, and tell him about the prize."

The last word was almost written, when something hit her elbow with a severe push, and her pen flew up over the page, at the same time her inkstand was struck from the side, and her copy-book was covered with ink. She turned quickly around, but nothing was to be seen but a line of girls attentively writing. Cynthia's face was as red as crimson, but she was bending down over her book. May Jones sat back of Bessie, and whispered to her:

"I saw Cynthia do it; she took her ruler, and when no one saw her she managed to push it against your elbow. Shall I tell of her?"

"No," said Bessie, "you need n't tell now; perhaps she will tell herself."

"Attention," said the teacher; "we will now receive the copy-books, and distribute the prizes." Tears filled Bessie's eyes; her beautiful copy-book was spoiled; her father would be so grieved, the scholars would all laugh at her. Cynthia would get both prizes, and then what fun she would make of her; but all the girls had carried up their books, and she could wait no longer. She folded hers up, and went sadly to the desk. The teacher received it, and opened it to announce to the scholars its perfect completion. When she saw its black blot, she looked up to Bessie, and said:

"The prize for best penmanship belonged this morning to Bessie Lee, but by the rules of the school she has lost it. Can you explain, Bessie, how this happened?"

"I cannot," said Bessie.

"Can any other scholar?" asked the teacher. May Jones whispered to Bessie:

"Shall I tell?"

Bessie shook her head. Every one in school was breathlessly still; but no one spoke.

"Then I shall have to bestow both prizes on Cynthia Brown. The one for best lessons is a book of poems; the one for penmanship is a portfolio."

Cynthia walked up and received both, but no scholar smiled; every one expected Cynthia to offer to give one to Bessie, who deserved both.

As soon as school was out, May said to Bessie:

"Why did you not let me tell?"

"Because," said Bessie, "if she would be mean enough not to tell, I am willing to have her have the prize to keep her from being too ashamed of herself."

"But may I not tell?" said May.

"I would rather you would not," said Bessie; "father will know I deserved it, and that is all I care for. You see if you should tell, the teacher would take away both prizes from her, and then she would be so ashamed that I should feel sorry for her all the time. And now if I do not tell, and do not get the prizes, yet I have nothing to be ashamed of, and can be just as happy as ever."

So May kept the secret, and Bessie went home with her blotted copy-book. When her father had heard her account of its being spoiled, and Bessie's triumph over selfishness, he said:

"This is the most beautiful writing I ever saw, Bessie—I mean these black blots; for I see in my daughter's willingness to be satisfied in knowing that she is right, whatever other people think. Now, Bessie, you can learn the true spirit of forgiveness; you have never had a chance to learn of that much, for every one has loved you, and been glad to make you happy."

"But, papa, I can't help thinking that Cynthia was real mean."

"But if she has not a true, noble spirit, there is more reason for your pitying her and doing her good. I have found out, Bessie, that the chance of doing right is better than all chances in the world. Now perhaps the good Providence of my Bessie's life will give her a chance to know how beautiful it is to return good for evil."

Vacation was over, and school had begun again. Bessie was in her old place, and wore her old smile of kindness and love. Cynthia was also in her seat, but she did not look glad and happy. She always suspected some one wished to harm her, or to trouble her, or to laugh at her.

One Saturday afternoon, Bessie proposed to the girls a walk into the woods, to gather evergreen to trim the school-house, and that all should take their baskets with lunch, and have a picnic supper. They all went, and had a merry time. They danced under the large oak that grew by the little stream, they ate their supper on the flat rock under the pine trees, they hunted for the creeping green to twine in garlands, and there was nothing but gayety and gladness, except with Cyn-

thia, who was so sure that some one meant to harm her, or did not like her, that she wandered off by herself.

"She's gone to have her good time alone," said one; "let her go; her best company is her own self!"

So they played on, regardless of time, until the sun was down, and the dim shadows began to creep through the woods; then they all proposed to go home. But Bessie said:

"Surely, you will not go without finding Cynthia?"

"What nonsense to look for her; she's gone across the fields the shortest way home. Let her go," said the children.

"Let us at least try to find her," said Bessie. So they all called aloud, and their echoes rang through the woods, but no answer save the echoes came; and they all insisted on going home. But something in Bessie's spirit said, "do not go; but she could not make the others stay."

"Well, then," said she, "you go out to the edge of the woods and wait for me a little while, and I will take the short path through the pine woods, and you can see me across the fields; if I wave my handkerchief you may know all is right, and I will come; if I raise my arms you come to me as quick as you can."

The secret of the girls' hurry to get home was, that in the evening they were to meet the boys in the school-house, and trim it, and then have a good play on the green by moonlight. But Bessie would listen to none of their entreaties, or think of her own pleasure—full of fun as she was—when she felt it was not right to do so; so she started off alone, to see if Cynthia had really met with any mishap. She did not forget Cynthia's unkindness to her, but remembered also what her father had said, "Perhaps the providence of my Bessie's life will give her a chance to know how beautiful it is to return good for evil."

She went quickly and bravely through the woods, calling aloud, until she came to the little brook. "Perhaps," thought she, "she has gone across here, thinking to get into the road through the swamp, but she could not; I tried myself once, and if I had not known the pathway well I should have been lost myself trying to get back."

She tripped across the stream on the stones—that at that season of the year were not covered with water—and as she was about to enter the forest on the other side, a trembling fear came over her, it looked so dark and gloomy. "But," thought she, "everything is bright where love is, father says. I will make the woods bright with my loving thoughts of Cynthia."

So she went on, looking up once in a while to see how much light there was still in the sky. She called, and called again, but no one answered her. "Perhaps I had better go back; they will not wait long for me," said her fears. But her love said, "A little longer, nothing will harm you."

She went just round the bend of the path that led through the woods, where the woodmen came in the winter to get wood, at the end of which was a high stone wall. To her call now she thought she heard a faint answer; she listened again—surely, that was a voice. She ran faster than ever till she found whence it came.

"Oh, Bessie, is that you? I thought I was dying, and that an angel was calling me, when I heard you. Oh, I am hurt so badly; my foot is under that great rock, and I fainted away—I don't know how long. I knew I was going to die, but something kept repeating, 'Bessie, Bessie, to me.'"

Bessie, during this time, had lifted the stone from her foot, though it took all her strength.

"Oh, Cynthia, I am so sorry; but I can't wait a moment now, or the girls will be gone from the edge of the woods, and then there will be no one to help you. You keep very still, and I'll soon be back; oh, I'm so glad that I would come."

Bessie ran as fast as her feet could carry her around the path that led out into the open field. When she got there she could see far across the open ground, but no girls were there. They had become tired of waiting and had gone on, thinking that perhaps Bessie, after all, would take the other course home, and go round by the road and reach the school-house as soon as they.

As soon as the boys missed Bessie, they asked the reason of her absence; and when told the history of the afternoon, they all said:

"Shame, to go and leave her; let us hurry, for perhaps she will lose her way."

Just as Bessie was about leaving her place, to run across the field for help, she heard their shouts, and she answered back. They all knew her sweet, but ringing voice, and gave cheers for her. When they reached her, they all said:

"Hurrah for Bessie! Bessie is a heroine—the bravest girl in all the town."

They helped her up carefully, and with the help of the strongest boys, she was able to hobble out of the woods, when they went for a carriage and carried her, with Bessie, to Bessie's home. Cynthia said:

"I tell you how you got hurt," said Bessie, gently.

"I tell you because I always feel as if you were so good that no one loves me where you are—and, Bessie, I was always ashamed about the prize; I'll tell you sometime all about it—so I came off here and thought to climb the high stone wall and see if I could go through the meadow home, when I caught my dress on a stone, and slipped, and the stone fell on my foot, and as soon as I moved I fainted."

"They helped her up carefully, and with the help of the strongest boys, she was able to hobble out of the woods, when they went for a carriage and carried her, with Bessie, to Bessie's home. Cynthia said:

"I tell you how you got hurt, till I get well, I'll be so glad." Then she told Bessie that the woman she lived with did not love her, and that she had no one to care for her.

When Bessie reached home and told her father the history of the day, he was so happy that he kissed her over and over again.

Bessie had a sweet reward for her love, for Cynthia, as she recovered from her injury, became so gentle and loving that every one was surprised.

"It was indeed a good providence that, as a loving angel, spoke to you Bessie," said Mr. Lee, "and made you willing to do right, and return good for evil. Cynthia has had but little love, and has grown up disagreeable and selfish; but your goodness will teach her how much more beautiful is a loving spirit than all else. I sometimes feared you would never understand what real forgiveness meant, people were so kind to you, but now I see you know all about it."

Bessie cared for Cynthia very tenderly; and the children, finding how loving Bessie showed herself, brought every day to her fresh flowers and ripe fruit, and when she was able to go out again she was welcomed heartily, and showed herself so good and gentle that every one began to love her. She insisted on giving the portfolio to Bessie and the book to Mr. Lee, saying she had never been able to look at them with pleasure.

"We will take them," said Mr. Lee, "because you wish it; and we will always think, as we see them, that love came to your heart through the power of love; there is nothing so sweet as a spirit of love; it is always forgiving, and returns good for evil."

(Original.)

### "T WILL DO TO-MORROW."

There came a little cunning bird  
To build a cunning nest,  
Quite near the low-roofed cottage home  
Of little Maggie West.

She watched her as she brought the straws  
And placed them with nice care;  
To find the very ones she wished  
She hunted everywhere.

There came a cold and driving rain  
Before her nest was done;  
Great clouds came drifting from the east  
And hid the blessed sun.

But still the little happy bird  
Kept busily at work,  
And sang its merry, glad song,  
Till daylight changed to dark.

When Maggie saw her busy wings  
Fly up and down the yard,  
Nor mind the falling of the rain,  
Nor heed the darksome cloud,

She opened wide her window, near,  
And called her soft and low:  
"Now tell me, little busy bird,  
What makes you hurry so?"

Why don't you stop your constant toil,  
This dark and cloudy day?  
I'd just leave off my tiresome work  
And take a little play."

"My little girl, I am quite glad,"  
Said birdie, singing soft,  
"To know you think of little birds;  
I've also watched you, oft."

This lesson that I've learned myself,  
I've wished to tell to you:  
'Tis always best to do to-day,  
Nor think—to-morrow 'll do."

The birdie finished up quite well  
Its work, nor stopped to play;  
And Maggie saw its nest all done  
At close of this dark day.

The next day came a fearful wind  
That filled all with alarm,  
And birdie sat upon her nest,  
All snug, and dry, and warm.

When sun shone bright and clear, once more,  
And all the air was still,  
And sweetest perfume from the flowers  
The fields and woods did fill.

Then Maggie heard the birdie sing:  
"I'm glad my nest was done;  
If I had waited for this day,  
Or for the bright, warm sun,

My nest would all have been swept off  
By fiercely driving wind;  
'Tis always best to do to-day  
The work your hand can find."

### Enigma.

BY X. E. W. X.

I am composed of 36 letters.  
My 20, 2, 14, 23 is very necessary to a room.  
My 27, 36, 5, 15, 18, 23 is a girl's name.  
My 1, 34, 12, 6, 3, 11, 13, 16 is what we all should not be.

My 32, 21, 7, 4, 25, 10, 13 is the name of a city in Missouri.

My 28, 24, 30, 19, 10 is a boy's name.

My 27, 29, 8 is a quadruped.

My 18, 26, 17, 31, 1, 25, 3, 21, 30, 9, 11 is a necessary occupation.

My 21, 33, 35 is a metal.

My whole is a brilliant achievement of this war.

### Enigma.

BY E. W. AND L. B. P.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 8, 9, 11, 20 is a girl's name.

My 12, 19, 17, 21 is an ornament.

My 15, 8, 18 is a fowl.

My 7, 19, 3, 10 is useful to man.

My 14, 16, 18, 6, 12, 13 is a group of islands.

My 7, 10, 13 is a cape on the Atlantic coast.

My 10,



THE RIPENING CORN.

How sweet to walk through the wheatlands  
brown,  
When the teeming fathoms of heaven drops down  
The waving crop, and the hurrying cars  
A sea of gold on the earth appears;  
No longer robes in a dress of green,  
With tawny faces the fields are seen;  
A night more welcome and joyous far  
Than a hundred blood-won victories are.

Beautiful custom was that of old,  
When the harvest brought, with a joy untold,  
The earliest ears of the ripening corn,  
And laid them down by the altar's horn;  
When the priesthood waved them before the Lord,  
While the Giver of harvest all hearts adored;  
What gifts more suited could man impart  
To express the flow of his grateful heart?

A crowd awaits 'neath the cottage eaves,  
To cut the corn and to bind the sheaves;  
At length is heard the expected sound—  
Put in the sickle, the corn is browned;  
And the reapers go forth with as blithe a soul  
As those who joined the Olympian goal;  
And sorrowless hearts and voices come  
To swell the shouts of the harvest home.

And there is a reaper on earth well known,  
Whose deeds are traced on the burial stone;  
He carries a sickle more deadly and keen  
Than ever on the harvest field was seen;  
He cuts down the earliest ears in spring,  
As well as the ripest that time can bring;  
The tares he gathers to flame are driven,  
The wheat is laid in the garner of heaven.

—London Farmer's Magazine.

Original Essays.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The solution here given to many vexed questions satisfies the hungerings and thirstings of at least one soul. What says "Philadelpha"? Chaos or decomposition of super-physical substance would have reigned till now, but for the establishment and uniformity of law. For the due performance of law, certain grand forces, eliminated from supreme nature, have been established, which, working in harmonious juxtaposition with the created beings of the super-physical world, manifest themselves to us visibly in the natural world by those signs which we call life. It is a well-known anatomical fact that all life takes visible origin in a single cell. The anatomist, the chemist, the biologist, behold matter in the form of a cell. It lives! Whence that life? Whence the force which is coexistent with matter whenever it is changed from place to place. All is mystery! That single cell may develop into one of the most loathsome of created things, or it may become a man. It requires the same watchful, tender care at the hand of the Creator as does the ultimate of all creations—man. The Creator's ways are marvellously grand. He is no chance god, but everything emanating from him harmonizes with the laws of nature. Each and every cell-life has its own proper sphere of development; remove it from that sphere and it—what? Dies? Is that the proper word? Can it be that annihilation takes place? Handle roughly the buds of a sensitive plant, and learn from Nature what course she pursues. But, to continue, we finish the sentence thus: And it, replete with its coexistent matter, is naturally perfected, and the next instant of life, if not, it returns to the sphere of undevelopment, there awaiting, as before, the operation of those laws which bring in rapport material and super-material things.

Nature's laws never demand instantaneous productions, but each creation, whether vast or minute, is gradually perfected by the action and re-action of its own self-forces in conjunction with the forces of the sphere in which it is located. Force, being analyzed by the mind, is directly traced to the Deity in whom dwells the ultimate antecedent of all force. Matter is traced by chemical analysis from the solids into liquids, and from liquids into gases, and we, individually, being a compound of Matter and Force, located within the domain of Matter, take up the analysis mentally where material elements fail, and from the gases we trace their antecedents into that substance which the sublime forces of astronomy compel the mind to recognize, viz: the super-material ether of space.

When a being has become fully developed, it is withdrawn from the shell or body perceptible only to the senses; thus the individualized or immortal part having made for itself a spiritual body, still lives and performs various offices, as various and as important as when viewed with materialistic eyes. The natural body, when vacated by the real, adding being, becomes food for other and still inferior beings in obedience to the uniform laws of chemistry. When handed over to Nature's chemist, a destructive havoc immediately commences in the fairest and most complex, as well as upon the simplest of her handwork. The ether of space is a compound of positive and negative ultimate atoms, and pervades infinity in quiescent state. The resolution of any portion of this compound into its antecedent state is effectuated by the Great Chemist precisely as we reduce a compound into its respective elements by magnets or by galvanism, causing, as every school-boy knows, its decomposition and reduction to gases, which in their nascent state repel each other, the positive of the constituent, the ether, and the negative of its antecedent state, electricity, and the negative going to the positive.

Supreme positive and negative forces, which are employed by the Divine Will, upon being directed or concentrated on any determined part of infinite space where a sun, a planet, a man, or a worm is to be created, causes disintegration of the ether of space, thereby setting in motion the positive and negative ultimate elements, which, owing to their peculiar qualities, repel each other, causing a vacuum, or void, into which is placed the idea from the Divine Mind which induced the action, there to be individualized, and in the vast realm of infinitude to fulfill some purpose of an All-Wise Creator.

This created being is a child or son of God by its very nature, whose eternal, inherent property is vitality, positive and negative, thus the decomposition, or the death of the antecedent super-material ether of space was the conception and is the life of the individualized being. In this state of life we cannot hope to find out God, but, thanks be to his ineffable majesty, in his wisdom, mercy and love, he has given us infallible guides, which both point and lead the way—his interposed between himself and man the great medium, that through Jesus and man may be placed in rapport with himself, our common Father.

This will do for the present.

INVESTIGATOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWO.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Since it is clearly established and fully admitted that we pass safely through the gate of death and enter upon the next life with forms and minds corresponding to the growth attained in this, whether infants or adults in body or mind, or both, there is of course a vast field opened for speculation and theories about the destiny of the soul which thus renews or begins or continues its existence at death. Thousands having gained this point, the question of the destiny of the soul, the perfect and unchangeable, and search no further, while many also jump at an equally absurd conclusion that we have thus begun a life of growth and progression in form and mind, the one filling its measure of growth in a few short years and remaining in a fixed and perfected stature forever, while the other, the mind, goes on in its growth or development in an eternal race with the forces of nature, and that God who must also run, or he (or she) will be reached and captured by this progressive race of finites, whose germs were planted and nurtured in this earthly soil. Such persons do not stop to reason, or become acquainted with the axiom that whatever has one end must have two, whether measured in time or space, and that life and progression must both submit to the rule, whether of body or mind, hence both, to be eternal, must run back in the past as far as they do forward in the future and form a perfect circle, which is the symbol of eternity, and in which we

may run a perpetual round of finite existence, never knowing a starting-point or end, and yet never reach any God, or superior being, which resolves in an orbit larger, or outside of ours, and hence progression being nothing more or less than change, partially to both body and mind.

We often hear persons say, "I have changed my mind," which simply means—in their own estimation, at least—I have made mental progress, while others, according to their relative position and development, find the change to be backward or forward, as it goes from or approaches nearer their respective positions.

I have long entertained the opinion that we live eternally, and live in circles and cycles, both collectively as a race like our planet, made up of its variety, moving in its orbit, and as individuals in our eternal round like the simple particles of the planet in constant change of combination, relation and position, yet never losing individuality or existence; but as this cannot pertain to us in form, or as organic bodies or souls, I do not see how eternal life can pertain to the body we make of earthly matter or the one we aggregate from elements by growing a soul from the child-germ to the full stature of man or woman. I have not discovered any law by which any body that grows and changes can endure eternally, and especially if it has a starting-point of time and place, and begins, as our bodies and souls are supposed to begin, in a single and simple cell, or little globe, in diameter almost infinitely below the reach of the eye, and yet in the focus of science.

We do not like to be mortals after we have been mortals, nor to be babies after we have been parents and teachers, and I do not know that we shall; but I know that Nature often gives us a second childhood here before she takes the body to pieces, and that she does not destroy one particle of the form nor send one particle of the earthly matter away from the earth while she wholly destroys and separates the organic structure. There are a vast number of timbers yet to be prepared and brought in to bridge this chasm of death and carry us round in eternal life without losing conscious identity, but I believe we shall complete it.

NATURE VERSUS DRUGS.—NO. TWO.

BY DR. A. J. HIGGINS.

That there is progression in the world can be seen in the progress of events, and in the progressive ideas regarding theology and spiritual life. Many are the Spiritualists who think they have reformed sufficient in this life, because they have come to believe in the old notions of religion and once popular dogmas. But it will be seen that it was at first necessary for their minds to become freed from sectarian creeds, which is, and has always been, a powerful auxiliary in supporting other systems and beliefs, that unchain the minds of the people.

In the South, before this war, the people were taught politics orally, and thus they were led to believe in and support the doctrines of secession. Such a custom of educating the people prevails to a great extent here at the North, where more pains is taken to educate the masses. Yet very few of them read both sides of any question, and are consequently incompetent to decide for or against the merits of any subject, unless they have been taught to exercise their reasoning faculties. And this, "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," is the first thing taught the searcher after truth; and the habit once formed of thinking for himself upon notions of religion, will soon, and is, causing the mind of the partially freed ones to think independently upon political matters. But where the most ignorance prevails, and where we find the most numerous and willing slaves to the opinions of others, is in the use of remedies to heal the sick.

Now I venture to assert that Ignorance looms up on a grander and sublimer scale in respect to the physical life of man irrespective of his spirit, or the knowledge of its existence, than upon any other system which has a tendency to enslave the mind of man. Who among all the Spiritualists and intelligent readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT is there who does not apply to a doctor for medicine to cure him when he is sick? Where in all this vast country do you find a person who, when sick, will trust to Nature's efforts to bring relief for our needs, without cramping the stomach with medicine and food, except among the believers and practitioners of the Hygienic and Electro-Magnetic and Hydric systems of medical practice? I am daily and hourly reminded of the vast ignorance that prevails among the people respecting the action of the medicinal agents to assist Nature in expelling disease from the human system; and the eulogies that are bestowed upon the Homoeopathic system over all others, or the Botanic, or Allopathic.

There are some, indeed, who are believers in Orthodoxy, who are believers and teachers in a reform system of medical practice, though rather inconsistent with their religious views. But I will not stop to consider their position, but proceed to show some of the fallacies of the medical systems that now are so popular with the medical profession, and the people generally. In a former article I stated that Nature pointed out a better way for the sick than the practice of taking drugs, or poisons of any kind. But the physicians tell us, and so do some mediums and clairvoyants, that medicines act on the system only to assist Nature, and that poisons assist Nature in expelling disease from the human system. Now briefly, the truth is, medicines do not act on the system at all, chemically or otherwise; but it is the system which acts on the medicine and expels it, using up the vitality and exhausting the strength of the patient. When a person is sick, his friends become alarmed, send for a doctor, who immediately begins feeding stimulants, and the patient's latent vitality, if he have any left, is immediately aroused to throw off the poison, and the effort weakens him all the more, though for a time his friends think him much better; but when the system is exhausted, then they say he has a relapse, and though they kept up the stimulus, he died; or, if he recover, in spite of the disease and medicine, the physician gets all the praise, and poor, tired Nature none. What is disease? I answer that disease is not some live being in the system, but a disturbance of the equilibrium of the electric or spiritual principle—an action to regulate, restore the equilibrium, or regulate the proper action, and the patient is well; and all that is needed, or indicated, of Nature to restore the diseased or disturbed equilibrium is the proper application of Nature's remedies, which consist of air, water, light, electricity, magnetism, food, dress, &c., &c. And when people are taught to use the proper uses of these remedies, drug physicians and drug stores will have very little to do; and those who are now employed in prescribing medicines will then turn their attention to something useful to mankind.

But now the physician's interest is to enshroud his little knowledge in mystery, and instead of teaching his patients how to keep well, who hegets them well—if he knows how to do the motto, "A wise head keeps a close mouth." And thus the world is kept in profound ignorance in regard to the laws of life. And it is considered by some of the would-be aristocracy, vulgar to study, or even converse upon these laws, which, though, their influence be small, help to keep some others in blissful ignorance. But the unprejudiced mind can look at truth as it is, no matter what its source. I have said that medicines do not act upon the system. It is true that the chemico-physiologists, and nearly the whole medical profession, teach that drug medicines have "special affinities" for the organs on which they are supposed to act. But nature and true science teach the contrary. Which is best authority?

Food is digested and formed into tissue; and the ashes of the tissue are expelled from the form of excrement. The food can never be produced by chemical manipulation; poisons are not usable; they cannot be transformed into blood, bone, muscle, nerve, brain, and hence cannot become a part of the body, but must be expelled. The food we eat, and water we drink, then, makes our blood. In a state of health, the blood is pure—in disease, impure. The people are taught a false doctrine of vitality. The vitality of all the organs which prevail in relation to the nature of disease—the modus operandi of medicine. Uproot this false doctrine, and plant the seeds of true science. Teach this generation the true relations of living and dead matter, and the next generation will sing the song of a new redemption. Let us teach rather than attempt to cure it by giving the causes of other diseases. Let them know that disease is war, and war is waste; and that every dose of stimulus is disease, and diminishes the inher-

ent vitality of the patient; that vitality once lost can never be regained. Teach the people that the only means of ensuring health and long life, are purity of blood, cleanliness of body, and purity of mind, and we shall teach the foundation of all reform.

Correspondence.

Letter from Maine.

Wishing to express a few thoughts, and to record a few matters through the medium of the BANNER, for the consideration of the friends of spiritual life and light, I have got my tools together for the purpose of working, for a short time, upon the writing plane. I have not been speaking as a public medium for several months past. Health and unavoidable circumstances have prevented. The same, or similar conditions, may keep me out of the field in the future. But now, if the friends of Spiritualism desire my services, at any approachable place, I will endeavor to answer their calls. I feel as though I could not much longer resist the invisible powers which are demanding of me positive action in their behalf.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is about the only public advocate of Spiritualism now active in this region. It is richly worthy and fully able, to perform its mission, nor am I in opposition much retard the good work it is doing. I love the BANNER. It comes to me sometimes so much like a dove from the opened heavens, which, it appears to me, some of its writers have had the opportunity of viewing more than myself. I do not find one who takes the BANNER speak ill of it. All are admirers of its beautiful truths. Many, I think, stand in the way of their own progress, by neglecting to enjoy its bright and glorious sunshine.

There are many Spiritualists in this place who, in the language of the immortal Webster, "Still live." As good mediums are to be found here as anywhere, no doubt, according to their plane of development. The spiritual telegraph is in working order, operators are ready for work, and are often busy at both ends of the line; but the material is so dense, that love for departed friends and the desire to investigate seems to be lost midst the whirl of conflicting elements. People do not seem to have time to either love or consider; not, I presume, that friendship is any less strong, or that a love for spiritual investigation is any the less deep-rooted in the human soul, but that all action is thought to be more necessary upon matter immediately concerning the present life. Not so with some, however. All life is considered as present; all spheres are interested; all elements are as one pertaining to results. The future of earth is not for mortal man alone; it is very trifling compared to the interests the spiritual man has in the work. Would you, reader, know why? Then investigate. Mediums, too, are much more intended for the benefit of the spirit-world, than for the material. Hence but very little regard should be had to finite opinions. Rather should each medium mind establish itself upon some high, super-material platform of virtue as a standard, around which goodness can rally to advance harmonious influences. For more assuredly do many spirits out of the form need to be approached and instructed in the direction of peace, by friendly, sympathizing mortals. This being the case, how important are the labors of mediums—that the true direction should be taken by all, knowing that for the good of others besides self, this work of nature, called by humanity mediumship, has been developed.

This place and vicinity does not lack for Spiritualists. Stars of light are everywhere twinkling in the misty midnight. Private circles are frequent; truth is finding its way into many hearts and homes the public and priesthood are not advised of.

Yours for the Light,  
Auburn, Me., 1864. GEO. A. PEIRCE.

Letter from Washington.  
It is a long while, dear BANNER, since I wrote you, but do not think from my quietness that no interest is felt in our cause; no, the interest constantly increases.

Now that Congress has adjourned, the greatest point of attraction is the hospitals, and the many who come to nurse their kindred and friends, shows that only a keen sense of duty has ever consented to the separation, for even a brief period. It is a melancholy satisfaction to be allowed to visit our friends, even in hospitals, where we can see them daily growing weaker; but there is another and more pleasant side to the picture. Many patients sigh for the sight of a remembered face; when one arrives, a perceptible change takes place, and from that hour they recover. The hospital is a great school, where men from all parts of the country learn of each other; and think not that it is simply a place to see the sick—no, the convalescents, in all stages, are here to be found, and everything that will conduce to their comfort is provided. In one hospital a full company of musical performers can be found, with a full orchestra, scenery, &c., and plays are produced worthy of any city stage. In others, full machinery for gymnastic performances will be found, and in all are musical instruments, pianos, melodeons, and wind instruments, with, of course, the ever-present violin; and the music is such as to attract many visitors. In the "Lincoln Hospital" one would almost think himself in a country village. There you will find all the modern improvements in cooking, and for labor-saving in every branch; on one side you will see the post-office, in another place the sign will tell you where you can find a Yankee photographer, in another direction the small building with a turn tells you that a chapel is there erected, and another direction exposes to your view the library, and then the printing office, larger than most country offices, provided with all that can be called for; then the apothecary store, the linen room, the sutler shop, with the neat rooms for the surgeons. The buildings are all of wood, and in a modern style of architecture. I do not know the number of buildings, but judge there are at least seventy-five. To the stranger, the magnitude of the hospitals is of the greatest wonder. Turn aside and recall to mind, if you can, the conveniences provided for the wounded in the revolutionary war. Where is the creaker who objects to every thing new, who would abolish the rail-car and substitute the stage coach, who would discard the telegraph and be satisfied with the old mail accommodations? No sooner is a patient admitted to a hospital than in case it is deemed necessary, a message is sent with the swiftness of lightning to inform his friends at home; the ever-ready, never-tired iron horse awaits at the door to carry the friend to the bedside of the patient, and by the constant care and kind nursing restore him to health. Could we consent to give up these daily necessities? Then let the short-sighted consider and reflect before he sneers at the progressions of the day, for they are all on the same road, and suffer the same abuse that the inventors of steam navigation and all other necessities of the day met.

And again, in the surgical treatment is a

marked improvement. Water and ice are universally used; water is the great panacea. Ten years ago the civilized world ridiculed the idea of water-cure; to-day it is orthodox, and receives the support of the first surgeons of the land, utterly ignoring the fact that they were once its most violent opponents. Do not such lessons teach us patience? Let our opponents rail; all history is full of arguments in our favor, and we can afford to be charitable.

But I am getting prolix, without writing upon hardly a moiety of what is in my mind. I cannot close without speaking of my experience in visiting the hospitals and conversing with men who have but an arm or a leg, and it has been my fortune to see hundreds. Without a single exception they agreed in saying that it seems as though the amputated limb was on; they feel all the old sensations, even of cold and heat, and it is not what usually is called imagination, (and may not imagination be a reality?) for unconsciously they have reached out the stump of the right arm to take what I had to give; and this has been done in repeated instances, and is but another proof of the living spirit within. The real hand and arm and leg are there. It is only one of the levers of the machine that is gone, the machine is disarranged, but the motive power is the same, and can do as much work as ever, were the machine in good order.

The universal sentiment of the soldiers in regard to Massachusetts, is that no State equals her, unless it is Michigan, in taking care of the wounded. Col. Tufts, the State Agent, is wide awake, ever on the alert, and seems to be almost ubiquitous. No Massachusetts soldier escapes his observation or that of his corps of co-laborers.

And the almost universal sentiment expressed by soldiers from other States, is, that if they could be reënlisted, it would be in a Massachusetts regiment, for Massachusetts cares for her soldiers.

What greater compliment can be bestowed upon a commonwealth than that she remembers and cares for her defenders. And let it not be supposed that it is alone of our men that she cares for, for men from every State in the Union bless the providence of Massachusetts, through the Massachusetts State Commission.

Yours for the truth,  
Washington, August 22, 1864. A. HORTON.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Remarkable Case of Spirit-Power.  
The Spiritualists of this village have held regular circles every Sunday evening for some time past. They have had for their speaker and medium a young lady whose husband is in the spirit-world. She has taught the school in this village the past winter. She is an excellent speaking, seeing and writing medium, and through her mediumship we have received very many satisfactory communications and tests from our spirit friends.

At our last circle with her, Sunday evening, February 14, the influence controlling her, after giving us a very affecting exhortation to be faithful, and strive to live in conformity to the precepts and examples of Christ and the Bible, said to us that this would be the last opportunity he would have to address us through this medium, and then passed around the circle, taking each one by the hand, bidding them farewell, and giving each words of encouragement.

After this the medium was controlled by two different spirits, who, after exhorting us as usual, informed us that this was the last time they would be able to speak to us through this medium. They each took leave of the circle in the same manner as the first, and of them told us that the medium would be sick, and would not be able to meet with us again. This information disappointed us very much, as we all expected to have one more meeting with her, as her school was to continue for nearly two weeks longer, allowing one Sunday more on which she could be with us before she left to fulfill an engagement in a distant part of the State.

On the next Thursday evening, while the medium was sitting by a table engaged in sewing, after the family had retired, she was taken possession of by a spirit purporting to be her husband, who wrote a communication to the effect that on the next Saturday evening the medium would go to a near neighbor's to practice on a piano (as had been her usual custom), and that she would leave her home at a quarter past nine o'clock, and that she would get as far as the depot, and would not be able to go any further; that she would fall insensible, unless some one was there to help her in. This communication was directed to the brother and sister where she boarded, and requested them to be ready to help her in at that time and take care of her.

Shortly after this she was in a clairvoyant state, and saw two Indians standing before her, one of whom appeared to be a bundle of herbs under his arm. She then came out of the trance state, and related what she had seen. She again went into the trance state, and was powerfully influenced by an Indian spirit, who commenced talking in broken English, saying that the medium would be taken sick as had been stated, and the spirits wanted us to do as they directed, and they would help her, and carry her safely through it. The influence then gave particular directions what to do, and said they would stay till they had effected a cure. The influence also stated that the medium would not finish her school as she intended.

The medium was entirely unconscious of all that had taken place this evening, and it was all kept secret from them; but she had been informed of what the influence said, the Sabbath evening previous about her being sick and would not be able to join in the circle the next Sabbath.

She was asked a number of times during the week if she thought she should be sick Sabbath evening, and her replies were, that she did not believe she should be sick.

Time passed without any noticeable change, until Saturday evening. She had returned from school, and her supper was usual, and at about ten minutes to eight o'clock, she remarked that she did not believe that she should be sick the next day, for she felt perfectly well then, and would go and practice music for one hour, and then come home and finish some sewing she was anxious to get done.

The hour had passed, and she had not arrived. This began to strengthen our belief in the communications given on Thursday night, and accordingly we made preparations to comply with the directions then given us. At precisely fifteen minutes past nine o'clock, she came out of the neighbor's house, where she had been practicing, and came by considerable effort to the door of her boarding place, when she opened the door and fell insensible into the hall, where she was taken by three persons and carried and laid on the bed. This was witnessed not only by the brother and sister where she boarded, but by a neighbor, purposely present, and by a brother and sister who lived on the opposite side of the street, and in plain sight of the door, and knew what had been predicted by the spirits, and who immediately went to her assistance. The directions that were given by the influences were followed. She laid on her back, with her feet at three o'clock in the morning when she came to, and vomited for nearly an hour, very severely. She then laid insensible, apparently in great distress until about six in the morning, when she revived and vomited severely. The Indian spirit then influenced her, and said he would give her some medicine. She held out her hand as if she were taking something from some one, but her hand to her mouth and swallowed. This she repeated twice, and then laid down quietly and slept until about ten, when she woke up, feeling much better. In the afternoon she was dressed and sat at the table at tea and ate some toast, feeling quite an appetite. About seven in the evening she began to feel distressed in her stomach and head. The spirit influence then came again, and said her illness was caused by what she had eaten for supper, and said she would vomit at eleven o'clock, and again at four o'clock in the morning.

We then thought we would stop all possibility of her knowing the time of night, by stopping the

clock, and putting the watch where none but spirits could see it. She was very restless until precisely eleven o'clock, when she vomited severely, and complained of her head and stomach feeling very bad. She was then influenced by a spirit, who vomited, as predicted the evening before. The spirit then controlled her again, and said to us, "Now cure her." She then held out her hand, as if taking something, and appeared to swallow; then fell into a quiet sleep.

When she awoke she was feeling much better, and next day was out on the street; but was not able to finish her school, as was predicted. She left a few days after, commencing a school she had previously engaged in, in Theford, Vt., about one hundred miles distant.

The above are the facts as they transpired, all of which can be verified.

Troy, Vt., 1864.

A. HODSDON.

LECTURES' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do so it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as printed. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Miss F. ANDERSON, 1 Tremont street, Boston, Sept. 18 and 25. Will respond for the fall. Address Boston, at the Boston Hotel.

Miss MARTHA L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Sept. 18 and 25; in Quincy, Oct. 2 and 9; in Springfield, Oct. 18 and 25; in Haverhill, Oct. 24 and 30; in Taunton during January; in Springfield during February; in Worcester during March; in Lowell during April. Address at Haverhill, care of Mrs. C. C. Bennett.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, trance speaker, will lecture in Portland, Me., Oct. 23 and 30. Will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. NORTON will speak in Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, Me., for one year, commencing the first Sabbath of March. Address, Locke's Mills, Me.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak the first Sunday of each month in Leicester, Vt., for the coming year, and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Stockton, Me., Sept. 18 and 25; in Glenburn, Oct. 2, Nov. 6, and Dec. 4; in Exeter, Oct. 19, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11; in Bucksport, Oct. 24 and 30, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, Me.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Chelsea, Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Nov. 8 and 15; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Springfield during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Miss LIZZIE DORR will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. Address, 1100 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYAN will speak in Taunton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Providence, Oct. 9 and 23; in Portland, Nov. 6 and 13; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Providence, R. I., during September; in Taunton, Oct. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Oct. 19, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11; in Bucksport, Oct. 24 and 30, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, Me.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNE will speak in Taunton, Sept. 18 and 25; in Taunton, Nov. 8 and 15; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Springfield during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

J. M. FENNEL will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month, during the coming year, and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

Miss SUAR M. JOHNSON will speak in Dover, Me., during September; in Rockland, Oct. 23 and 30; in Plymouth, Mass., Nov. 6 and 13; in Taunton, Nov. 20 and 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. B. Kinney.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 16, 23, and 30; November and December will be spent on the route to Washington, for which engagements can be made soon; will lecture in Washington, D. C., during the coming year, and will make a tour East, via Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, from which route applications can be made by those who desire to hear him. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mrs. ARTHUR A. CURRIER will speak in Randolph, Sept. 18 and 25; in Haverhill, Oct. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Oct. 19, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11; in Bucksport, Oct. 24 and 30, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, Me.

WALTER HYDE lectures every week in the "Electro-Therapeutic and Medical Institute," No. 244 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT; also attend funerals. Send orders for the published campaign of the Institute, before Union League, and other associations, by ready application, in care of H. L. Marsh, 141 Wells st., Chicago, Ill.

J. L. PORTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday for the coming year, and the second Sunday of each month in East Middlebury, Vt.

GEORGE A. LEWIS, trance medium, will speak in Central (small) Hall, Leicester, Me., Sept. 18, Oct. 16, Nov. 13, Dec. 11, Jan. 7, and Feb. 4. Address, box 51, Auburn, Me., or at home, Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, 8 North Main street, Taunton, Mass., or at home, Com. Oct. 15 and 22. Address, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. The opposite Sundays not yet engaged. Is at liberty to speak on week-day evenings, if wanted.

Mrs. C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Bucksport, Me., Sept. 18 and 25. Address, Stockton, Me.

J. G. FEN will speak in Cleveland, O., during September; in Grand Rapids, Mich., during November; in Providence, R. I., during January and March; in Worcester, Mass., during February; in Van Buren and Allegan Counties, Mich., during April, May and June. Address, Allegan Co., Mich., according to appointments above.

W. K. HARTLEY will speak in Stockton, N. Y., during September and October; in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 18 and 25; in Exeter, Me., Oct. 19, Nov. 13, and Dec. 11; in Bucksport, Oct. 24 and 30, Nov. 20 and 27, and Dec. 18 and 25. Address, Exeter, Me.

Mrs. SUSAN A. HUTCHINGS will speak in Chicopee, Sept. 18 and 25; in Eden Mass., Oct. 2 and 9; in Taunton, Nov. 8 and 15; in South Haverhill, Oct. 16; in Montpelier, Nov. 6; in Portland, Me., Nov. 20 and 27.

Mrs. EMMA HORTON will lecture in Somers, Conn., Sept. 18 and 25; in Worcester, Mass., Oct. 18 and 25; in Taunton, N. H., March 5 and 12. Address in each place, as above.

ARTHUR E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Miss LIZZIE CARLIS, Ypsilanti, Mich., will be in Brockton, Mass., Haverhill, Mass., and Lowell, Mass., during the week of September and during October, visiting other places during the week, if desired; in Cincinnati during November.

DR. and MRS.



## Correspondence in Brief.

**Mrs. S. L. Chappell in Cincinnati.**  
Mrs. S. L. Chappell is lecturing with the "Progressive Spiritualists" of Cincinnati for a short time, and for two successive Sundays has lectured with success to crowded audiences. Her subject last Sunday was Psychometry. She gave her experiences of its principles, powers and effects. The large audience paid close attention for about two hours to her animated and lucid description of this but little known science.

DAVID H. SHAFER.

## A Note from an Old Subscriber.

I would say for your encouragement, and that of the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, that I have been a subscriber and reader of the paper since No. 1, Vol. 1, and have found it to be truly what it purports to be, a Banner of Light, and cannot do without it, let the subscription price be what it may. It is, and shall be, a fixture in my house. Let subscribers to the BANNER, "Never say die," if it needs fifty cents of the last dollar they possess on earth.

## Correction.

A few weeks ago an article from my pen, entitled "The Hope of the World," appeared in the BANNER. A slight error occurred near the close—slight, and yet great enough to make nonsense of what would otherwise be somewhat sensible. The printer has it thus: "The times require co-operation. Unite your forces. Be a power increased by mission." The writer had it thus: "The times require co-operation. Unite your forces. Be a power increased by union."

## Message Tested.

Mr. Editor—I was at Mrs. Adella Short's residence recently, and was informed by her that the spirit-messengers in the BANNER of the 6th of July, was from her husband, Levi E. Short; that he promised her he would communicate to her as soon as he was able; and she says it is characteristic of him.

## A Good Advertising Medium.

Enclosed you will find five dollars on account. Tell your advertisers that I say the BANNER OF LIGHT is the best advertising medium in the United States. I know from experience, for I have tried a great many papers.

## Interesting Letter from Dr. J. R. Newton.

An account of his recent visit to England, and why he returned so soon, etc.

You may be surprised to find me back so soon. I will now give you the reasons, etc. We arrived on less than eleven days, and went direct to Birmingham. I could not get a hall to practice in, neither could I find a single Spiritualist, or any one who had ever heard of such a religious belief. I healed the sick in the street one day, where the poor go to get bread, and had many good cases. I advertised in a daily paper, as follows:

## THE GIFT OF HEALING THE SICK.

Dr. J. R. Newton has just arrived in this country, and purposes to remain in Birmingham—before going to London—a short time, to heal the sick "without money and without price." He will heal persons at a distance, by touch, or even by touch of the apparel of the sick. As this matter is purely Christian and philanthropic, for the welfare of suffering humanity, it is hoped that some Christian Society will offer their church or lecture room for the purpose to Dr. Newton, who is at the Queen's Hotel, Room No. 42.

I paid full price for the above advertisement, but receiving no attention or notice from it, we went to London, where we were introduced to the leading Spiritualists, from whom we received every possible attention and courtesy. We took ten at the house of William and Mary Howitt the first evening we arrived. They were much pleased at our coming. They are true Christian Spiritualists, and seemed much to regret that I could not arrange to practice in England.

I made every possible effort to get a hall to practice in, in London, free; to heal as many as would come, "without money and without price." They asked me a price equivalent to fifty dollars in gold, for the use of a hall three hours a day. Even then they could not let me have it for my purpose. So after trying all I could hear of, I thought to practice in some square. The first one I rode to was Gray's Inn Square. I thought this was just the place I would like. Consequently, after soliciting, first of one official, then of another, I found a priest connected with it, and requested its use from him, but to no purpose. After every possible effort, without avail, I gave it up.

Then I went to Smithfield Square. Here was another good place. On inquiry, I was advised to apply to the Chief of Police. I did so; when, instead of kindness from this official, I was interrogated with questions which, with my answers, he registered.

"What is your name?" he asked. "What have you come to this country for? Where do you board? How long have you practiced in this way?"

Such interrogatories made me rather apprehensive that I should not be well received, and I determined not to practice any length of time in England.

After two weeks' stay, healing all that came in my way, I left for home, confident that I could do more good in my native country, where I will soon decide upon a location, and again be relieving the sufferings of the afflicted.

My principal object in going to England was to establish the great philosophy and science of healing the sick by touch or will-power. Passing a healthy life-force, or principle, from a strong body to a weak one, is a science that can be taught, as well as a gift that may be imparted from one to another. Now the foundation of this power to heal the sick, is sympathy for the suffering and love to mankind. Jesus gave us that great law, "Love one another," with the promise that others should have even greater power than he himself had, by coming under the law. It is evident that the power to heal by will, or contact, was common and almost universal from the Christian Era to the fourth century, and was imparted, as we have reason to suppose, one to another.

Now as the same conditions and causes produce the same effects, it is but an acknowledgment of God's love and universal law to say that the same power exists to heal the sick at this time as at any other age. The requisite conditions only seem to have been lost. The healer should feel confidence in himself that he is an emanation from God, and that the power of God is through him to restore to health the afflicted. A strong faith and will are indispensable. Jesus says, "When ye pray, feel that ye have these things." I would say to all who desire the power of healing, live up to the highest standard of moral or Christian principles; love all mankind; sympathize with the afflicted; and, finally, let your life be in accordance with the teaching of Jesus, the great founder and medium of the principles of universal love, harmony and spiritual philosophy, and you shall heal the sick.

I believe the time is nigh at hand when this practice of healing will be universal; when nauseous drugs, which never cure any sick or diseased person, will become obsolete.

Yours very truly,

J. R. NEWTON, M. D.

New York, August 23, 1864.

## The Working Women's Relief Association.

Permit me to appeal through the columns of your paper, Mr. Editor, to all humane and sympathetic hearts among your readers, as well as to the unprejudiced reasoning of every mind.

About six months ago a movement was inaugurated in this city in behalf of working women. The originators of this movement organized themselves into a body under the cognomen of "The Working Women's Relief Association of Philadelphia." The mighty wall of suffering and of want arising from the great army of sewing women, crushed and trampled to the earth, starving and dying—first enlisted their efforts in that direction. After a series of public meetings, held in different parts of the city, to arouse women to action, to elicit from sewing women statements of their condition, to agitate the subject in the minds of men, and to enlist their sympathies and efforts in the cause, an address was formed out of the facts accumulated, and presented to the public. A petition to the Secretary of War was also framed, to which, through the earnest and persistent effort of members of the Association, over seven thousand signatures were obtained. A Committee was then appointed to visit Washington, and lay the matter before the President and Secretary of War; from both of which gentlemen it met with an earnest and sympathetic consideration and prompt action; the result of which is—so far—an advance of pay on the work and an increase of two thousand hands at the arsenal in this city.

The advance is indeed but trifling, when we take into consideration that, among her other wrongs, woman's wages, since the outbreak of the war, have been cut down thirty per cent., while the necessities of life have advanced from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. But, since the awarding of this per centage, the Association has received verbal assurance from Secretary Stanton that "it is but a stepping-stone to what he intends to do; that the matter is still under consideration, and he hopes to accomplish all that is requisite." Little as it is, however, it is sufficient to admit the wrongs under which sewing women totter. It acknowledges the necessity of increased pay, and will, we trust, yet prove the foundation stone on which shall be reared that beautiful temple of justice, so long denied to the realization of woman.

All this has not been accomplished without opposition from the "Shoddyites," whose "royal mansions" have been built upon this very site of woman's wrongs. The Association has met with sneers, cold shoulders—ah! and insults; but its determined purpose remained unshaken. The women were threatened with—"the sick"—ghastly terror to a starving slave—if they attended any of the various meetings called—therefore many of them dared not.

In pleasing contrast to this opposition, however, a number of gentlemen have lent the Association their earnest and energetic cooperation; giving freely of their funds, time and effort. To these most women ever be grateful. Around their brows—when the better days have come—will her joyous lays and happy realizations twine a coronet more brilliant far than ever won by the mightiest hero on the battlefield; a coronet, whose gems shall radiate glory throughout the endless ages of eternity.

The object of the Association is not limited to the augmentation of the price of woman's labor; for it fully realizes that while the vast army of sewers remains intact, no present increase of pay can become a permanent good. Therefore it advocates and is endeavoring to establish the employment of woman in all branches of industrial life, consistent with her physical and mental abilities.

The Association has just issued a neat little monthly paper, entitled "The Women's Journal," for the purpose of presenting the lamentable condition of sewing women to the world at large; hoping, by its circulation, to arouse other communities to action, that their sufferings may be ameliorated and their rights established.

This paper is devoted to no political party, no religious sect or ten; but in it shall be discussed all questions pertaining to the welfare of woman and the elevation of society. A portion of it is devoted to advertisements, and as a large circulation is anticipated, it would prove a good medium for business men to give publicity to their establishments.

While stimulating others to the consideration of this question, the Association hopes by the circulation of this paper to improve its own finances, that it may be enabled to extend the sphere of its own efforts. Certainly, no patriotic man can withhold his aid, when he remembers that a very great number of these suffering women are wives and mothers of our soldiers; that while their protectors are perishing their lives for their country and in behalf of the interests of rich men at home, they are wearing life out in a miserable attic, deprived of God's free air and sunshine, ever steadily plying the needle and in the truthful words of Hood,

"Stitching at once with a double thread,

A thread as well as a shroud."

This is no overdrawn picture; there are thousands such. Send for a copy of the first issue of the "Journal," and if the silent eloquence of the facts therein presented, does not move your heart to sympathy and your hands to benevolent action, we will say no more; fully persuaded that although we might clothe their narration in a more beautiful garb of words, yet we would fail to imbue it with that deep pathos, which those who are feeling the fangs of the persecutor, have imparted.

Come, all ye true-hearted, rally to the good work, and send your names as subscribers and advertisers. Terms one dollar per year in advance, single copies, ten cents. Terms of advertising stated in paper. Subscriptions sent to the undersigned or to the Rooms of the Association, No. 716 Walnut St.

ADDIE HITCHINS,  
1028 South Third Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sept. 6, 1864.

## Announcements.

George A. Peirce will speak in Bradford, Me., Sept. 25th; in Charleston, Oct. 2.

J. H. Randall will speak at Eden Mills, Vt., Sept. 18th; Stowe, Sept. 21st; Hinesburg, Sept. 25th; Leicester, Oct. 24; Middle Granville, N. Y., Oct. 9th and 16th. Address accordingly. He will visit and speak in towns on the Penobscot the coming winter.

Leo Miller will spend the fall and winter in the West, and may be addressed at Chicago, Ill.

H. P. Fairfield requests us to say to his friends at Taunton and Foxboro' that he will not be able to speak for them, as expected, on account of having received an injury by the upsetting of a stage coach. As soon as able to resume his lectures, he will notify the public.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will speak at Eden Mills, Vt., Sept. 25th.

BOSTON OUT OF THE DRAFT.—A dispatch has been received at the State House, announcing that the naval enlistments claimed by the city of Boston, amounting to 5224-23, would be allowed by the authorities at Washington. This puts the city clear of a draft, and gives it a surplus.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

## The Morning Element.

Some one, who called on Emerson at his home in Concord, remarked that the philosopher's mind was always awake and on the alert, and that he was reminded of having enjoyed himself in the presence of Morning. Where Emerson was, it was always morning. The remark is finely illustrative of what is demanded of us all. We must not think that we live most truly in our faculties when we sit down and think of the past, as we yield ourselves to the pleasantly sad contemplations which the sobered days of Autumn bring. Nor are we doing justice by ourselves when we give ourselves up entirely to thinking of the future, dwelling with enraptured imagination on its glories and delights, as if our lives lay somewhere ahead of where we are now, and we hoped at some day to reach them and enjoy them. But if we live at all, we live in what is immediate rather than in what is remote—in the Now rather than the Then—in the Present rather than the Past or the Future.

The element of Morning is the very element which enters into our thoughts, to make them fresh and buoyant. It is the element of stimulus. It keeps us newly awake to all the mysteries of creation. It revives what would otherwise be dead or inert. It clears up the fogs of doubt and incertitude, and paints the skies with brightest colors and tints. It recreates, renews, rejuvenates. No dead past hangs like a corpse over its back. No unknown future rises like a specter to enshroud it in vague shadows. It is a perfect creation in and of itself. It makes up its whole world out of what is present and at hand, and gives itself no thought about what is to come, because it has not yet come; and by thus thoroughly caring for what is near, the remote is always provided for against its arrival. Besides that, no life is wasted over the past or the future, but is given with its whole energy to the Now and the Near. And this is agreeably to the law and order of Nature.

We are all of us easily reached with this powerful, though subtle, influence. The man who brings into our presence a large measure of the morning element, soonest takes hold of our heart and sympathies. Among the colder and more chilly ones, he warms our feelings into a glow, and seems to radiate a genial heat all around him. We receive him at once into our confidence, and listen to what he has to say with interest. He seems to us to be one of the few men who move the world, by infusing vigor into everything about him, and by giving life-like expression to all persons and objects. Without such as he, there would be general social stagnation; so far as the consciousness of spiritual life is concerned, the world would betray not much more than a state of vegetation without his active and vigorous influence. And yet it is not by reason of any special demonstrativeness of a physical character, on his part, but because merely of the peculiar view which he takes of things. That view is the same which we might all of us have taken on the morning of creation; the same which we did take, and which generation after generation will not cease to take, in the days of golden youth.

This desirable element is what helps us on in life in every way. When we are entertained with new thoughts, and feel the rising influence of a power that is born of the conception of new ideas, then we are more or less inspired with this beautiful influence of the morning. It always accompanies new births, new experiences, and new views of life and its mysteries. It is the bloom and beauty of all the secret thoughts we harbor. We succeed all the better in our plans and occupations, for having made liberal room for this desirable element. We love our friends all the more, for regarding them in this bright and blessed light. We make our homes dearer to our hearts, for investing them with the morning rather than the evening colors. We are better satisfied with our worldly condition, humble and comparatively unnoticed, though it be, for resolving to dwell upon spiritual skies of so bright and new a color. In truth, were we to blot this single element out of our existence, it would be but a sorry world that we live in, and very few of us would think it was worth the trouble.

The individual is greater than the circumstance. Though fortune comes and goes, and all the goods of the world are heaped up about us and as suddenly taken away from us again, we still remain untouched and undiminished with our royal natures. It is with a man as it is with a noble tree; the tree may lavishly scatter its leaves and fruitage all around it every autumn, yet it seems to say—"the same ability to produce such wealth again resides in me still, and another year will find me with the same wealth about me again."

The true man can, and should be like this. Misfortunes are only temporary, at the best; and they are not misfortunes, either. What comes to us, comes only for our good. Nothing is lost upon us. Nothing comes by chance. There is as divine a meaning as there is a divine order in everything. All that is expected of us is, that we shall be ever on the alert to discover and appropriate it. If we go at life with the intent to live indeed, dwelling always in the bright realms of the morning, making our very sorrows and disappointments as beautiful and new in our eyes as the opposite experiences, we cannot fail to make life a complete success. We shall understand what it is given us for, and we shall use it as a divine power originally intended. The whole creation of God is bathed in the morning element. The stars that sang together are called the stars of the morning.

## An Inspirational Poem.

Besides the commencement of our New Story in the next issue of the BANNER, we shall publish a fine Original Poem, spoken inspirationally by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture in Chicago, Ill., on Sunday evening, the 7th ultimo. It is entitled "THE ORACLE."

## Free Meetings in Philadelphia.

A good move has been made in Philadelphia, in the way of a local organization, having for its object the establishment on a permanent basis of Free Public Meetings. It has been brought about by the Association which, for the past nine years, has had the charge of the lectures at the Sanson Street Hall. At the suggestion of the members of that Association, a meeting was convened and a constitution adopted, to which nearly one hundred signatures had been obtained some weeks since, and to which more have probably since been added. Notwithstanding this there is room for others, and we would respectfully urge upon the attention of the friends of truth in the Quaker city to use their efforts to increase the number of signatures to one thousand, at least. This could be easily done, and would be the means of establishing a free platform upon a sure foundation. The following gentlemen and ladies constitute the official board:

President—J. L. Peirce, M. D., 204 North Ninth street.  
Vice-Presidents—M. B. Dyott, 114 South Second street, and 244 South Third street; Peter Osborn, South East, corner 12th and Ellsworth streets.  
Secretary—James Truman, 633 North Eighth street.  
Treasurer—Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street.

Ladies—Mrs. C. P. Ricker, 703 Chestnut street; Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, 204 South Third street; Mrs. J. Wilson, 1020 Colwell street; Mrs. M. Shumway, 203 South Third street; Miss Addie Hitchins, 1028 South Third street.

Donations have been received in sums varying from two to fifty dollars. Sixteen hundred dollars is the amount required, of which six hundred have already been received. Further donations are solicited, not only from those who sign the Constitution, but from those who do not. Persons disposed to assist in the good work; by donating a sum, either small or large, can send their names to the Treasurer, or any of the members of the Board. Payments to be made quarterly, in advance, on the first days of September, December, March and June; or, if preferred by the subscribers, for the entire year in advance.

The Constitution is well suited to the purpose for which it is designed, and as it may be useful to our friends in other localities who may desire to "go and do likewise," we subjoin it.

## PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned, for the purpose of establishing Free Public Meetings where all questions pertaining to the interests of humanity may be presented, do hereby form ourselves into an Association, and adopt the following

## CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. The name of this Society shall be "THE FREE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS OF PHILADELPHIA."

ART. II. The Officers of the Association shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, who, with five ladies, shall constitute a Board of Directors.

ART. III. The officers shall perform the duties usually pertaining to their respective offices. The Treasurer shall not pay out any money without the sanction of the Board.

ART. IV. It shall be the duty of the ladies of the Board to provide homes for the speakers while they are with us, and the duty of the Board to institute social gatherings and devise means for the cultivation of fraternal feelings among the members of the Association.

ART. V. Any person may become a member of this Association by signing this Constitution, and affixing on the subscription books of the Association his or her name with such amount, if any, as they may feel able to contribute annually, payable quarterly in advance.

ART. VI. Twenty members shall constitute a quorum at any regular meeting of the Association.

ART. VII. The officers shall be chosen annually, by ballot, on the first Sunday in October.

ART. VIII. The Secretary and Treasurer shall make reports to the Association at the annual meeting, and quarterly thereafter.

ART. IX. At the annual meeting each member may designate his or her choice of six persons as lecturers, and from those receiving the highest number of votes, the Board shall, if practicable, engage the lecturers for the course commencing the succeeding season.

ART. X. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Association by a vote of a majority of the members, three months previous notice having been given.

## The Victory at Atlanta.

The objective point aimed at in the great campaign of Gen. Sherman has, after much labor and fighting, after the sacrifice of numerous precious lives and the long-tried patience of all Union-loving men in and out of the army, been finally reached. It is a cause of profound congratulation and of general joy. The President has recognized the fact in having issued a proclamation, calling on the people to unite in uttering their joy over so signal a victory. At last accounts, Sherman was in full possession of the place, and the van of his splendid army was pursuing Hood's army for a distance of thirty miles southward. In effecting his object, Sherman drew out his enemy's forces from the city in order to save his communications with the South; and once outside Atlanta, he was skillfully divided by the Union General, and defeated in parts. The rebel army, after its many and severe losses, is represented to be disorganized and demoralized, and can effect little or no more mischief. It is impossible for Hood to reinforce Lee, with Grant right across the road, and it certainly is out of the question for him to be of any assistance in the relief of Mobile. So that, if Farragut with his fleet and Granger with his army are shortly successful in their designs upon Mobile, Sherman will find a southward and a much shorter communication open for supplies, and the rebel Confederacy will again be cut in twain. We may look for brilliant results to the campaign, now in progress. It has been a long and costly one, and the country would gratefully express its joy at such a result as it has long prayed for. The fall of Atlanta is a most important step in reaching the grand result at which the Government aims. Well may the cannon belch forth their notes of gratulation.

## The Spiritual Monthly.

In answer to numerous inquiries upon the subject, we would inform our friends that we shall not publish a Monthly Spiritual Magazine at present. The time, in our opinion, has not yet arrived when a first-class work of the kind under contemplation could be adequately sustained. We cordially thank those who have signified their desire to become contributors to such a periodical, and have no doubt that in the future they will be willing to aid us by their pen, and otherwise, should we cast another bark upon the great ocean of literature.

## An Original Portrait of Swedenborg.

We notice among the pictures at Williams & Everett's, on Washington street, a portrait of Swedenborg, painted from life. Swedenborg presented this picture of himself to Count Hopkins, Chancellor of State. On the death of Hopkins, it came into possession of Count Gyllenstolpe, Lord Chamberlain, and was given by him to the gallery for celebrated Swedes. It was recently purchased at Stockholm for a gentleman of Washington, to whom, we presume, it now belongs. From the fact that it was given by Swedenborg to a friend, we judge the celebrated seer considered it a good likeness of himself.

## New Publications.

PLANTING FLOWERS. A Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

We think it would be very difficult to find a more beautifully printed volume. The paper, in the first place, is as fine as the finest; and the mechanical work is of the very best. We commend it to the attention of our more tasteful readers for this reason, to begin with. But the character of the contents will draw them to it, without any urging, or even any endorsement, of ours. The object of this beautiful book is to impart full and minute instruction in reference to the art of making exquisitely airy and graceful bouquets from the fibre-like anatomy of common leaves. The information conveyed is just what all would desire who were about to enter upon these most delicate of experiments. After a pleasing and instructive introduction, the book proceeds to furnish us with an anatomy of both green and dried leaves; directions for preparing the leaves and flowers, for bleaching the leaves and seed-vessels, for arranging the bouquets; and then it supplies an illustrated list of plants for skeletonizing; sketches of the seed-vessels; something about the wonders and uses of a leaf; and more about leaf-printing. Those whose refined tastes would lead them to the practice of so exquisite an ornamental art as this, will gratefully avail themselves of the ingenious suggestions of the author of so valuable and beautiful a volume. Tilton & Co. have done themselves great honor in the publication of this handsome book.

MAGARIA. By Augusta J. Evans. New York: John Bradburn, Publisher.

"We can only say of this novel, by the author of 'Beulah,' that it is a Southern and a secession production. The hero is a magnified embodiment of the spirit of Disunion. Brilliant and powerful as Miss Evans is conceded to be, she has been decidedly unfortunate in her choice and treatment of a subject this time, and we freely confess we should prefer to see her exercise her talent in the old field of her choice again.

BRADLEY'S DIME NOVELS. The Moose Hunter. By John Neal. For sale in Boston, by A. Williams & Co.

This is a republication of one of the distinguished author's most thrilling tales. It is of a higher stamp than the generality of these cheaply printed works of fiction, and is really worth popular reading. The name of John Neal would of itself give character to almost any literary production. Out of the seventy-two publications of "dime" books, we are free to say that not one is of more marked merit than this.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October is a superior number. We are at a loss to understand how such an interesting work can be afforded for the price. It is full of fresh thoughts, in poetry and prose, as varied as the odors of the flowers in June—and just as fragrant. Published by Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, 118 Washington street.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for July is on our table. Its contents are as varied and interesting as ever. The editor—Lisle Lester—knows how to lay excellent talent under tribute, and makes besides a capital Editor's Table. The Pacific is an honor to the Golden State.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston, have for sale The Tax Payer's Guide, which is a convenient digest, in a comprehensive form, of the Internal Revenue and Excise Laws of the United States. Everybody will want it.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Volume One of "The American Conflict," by Greeley. Time, 1870-1882. "The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sunder." "Down in Tennessee, and Back by way of Richmond," by Edmund Kirke.

## A Move in the Right Direction.

We understand that the wholesale oyster dealers of this city are having suitable apartments fitted up for the employment of poor women, instead of men, in opening oysters. Many people will doubtless wonder at this novel employment of woman, and pronounce it "shocking;" but we perceive no good reason why females are not just as capable of opening oysters as males. Women have been for a long time, and are still, employed in this business, to a considerable extent, at New Haven, and earn, many of them, from \$10 to \$15 per week, as we learn from Mr. Curtis, a dealer in this city.

There are many other branches of business—retail dry goods stores, for instance—in which woman might be profitably employed, and herself placed above want, if some of our philanthropic merchants would bestir themselves, and inaugurate a society here similar to "The Working Women's Relief Association" of Philadelphia, an account of which will be found in another column of this paper.

## Renew Your Subscription.

Now is the time to renew your subscription for the BANNER, and for new subscribers to send in their names, as our next issue commences a new volume.

As heretofore, we shall present from time to time a great variety of matter, to suit all tastes, or approximate as nearly as possible to such a result. We have the best talent in the country to aid us, and therefore feel confident that our next volume, when completed, will stand as high, if not superior, in the estimation of the public, as any which have preceded it. As this is the most critical period with us, we hope every subscriber will stand by us, and promptly renew their subscription.

## Gospel of Charity.

This society resumed its evening meetings on Thursday, the 8th inst., at the same place and under the same direction as last winter, viz: hall corner of Bromfield and Province streets. Short speeches were made by Dr. Gardner, Dr. Child, Mr. Parker, Mr. Edson, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Giles, Mr. Richardson, Mr. George, Miss Doten, Mr. Pardee, and Mr. Spooner. Scandal was the subject spoken upon.

This society will meet every Thursday evening, to which all interested are invited. The subject for the next meeting is *What is Progress?*

## The Hymns of Progress.

Our friends at the West are informed that they can be supplied with this useful book at the lowest cash price on application to Dr. L. K. Conoley. The Hymns are especially adapted to the needs of Spiritual Societies, etc. Bro. Conoley desires to state that his address is for the present St. Charles, Ill.

## Public Discussion.

Our Western friends will learn, by reference to a notice in another column, that Elder Miles Grant, (Advocate,) of Boston, and Rev. J. G. Fish, (Spiritualist,) of Michigan, are to hold a public discussion in Bryan Hall, Chicago, Ill., commencing on the 27th inst.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who spoke the name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to a great extent—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William, son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, of the Confederate Service; to his friends, Mrs. J. H. Conant, the 11th Maine Regiment, to his brother William; John C. Hollingsworth, of London, Eng., to friends in that city; Johanna Sheehan, of Boston, Mass., to her father, Mrs. J. H. Conant, of New York, to her parents and sisters.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Major Andrew Burnett, of the Confederate Service, to his father and sisters, in Wilton, La.; Joseph Smith, of the 11th Maine Regiment, to friends in that city; Marion Whitney, of Cincinnati, O., to her father, Geo. T. Whitney, mother and sister; Nathan Thompson, of Montgomery, Ala., to the friends of Mrs. Henry L. Davis, at the North.

### Invocation.

Our Father, we approach thee with thankfulness and prayer for thy great, immutable laws, for all thy power, all knowledge, all right. We acknowledge thy glory, thy beauty, as we see them mirrored in the mighty works of thy creation; We acknowledge thy love, as we see a certain sympathy and attraction running through all created things. We acknowledge thy power, as we see the rolling worlds which thou hast spoken into existence, and art controlling by thy will. Oh God, we glory in the knowledge that all things thou hast fashioned to praise thee, that all things thou hast fashioned to talk of thee, with thee. Even the modest lily of the valley, in its silent beauty, preaches eloquently of thee. The grand old ocean in the deep ages, thunders of thy presence, thy power. The towering mountains, in their sublime grandeur, preach of thee. The twinkling stars, like so many points of light, flash out thy glory, thy presence. The wild bird, in its morning lay, sings divinely of thee. And so, oh God, our souls would join the glad voice of Nature in praising thee, who hast been, and art, and ever shall be, our Father. July 14.

### Questions and Answers.

SPRINT.—A correspondent asks that we will explain the following commandment: "For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children of the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

ANS.—Our correspondent coolly informs us that he has no belief whatsoever in the spiritual theory; that he does not believe that the thoughts he has put upon paper and carefully concealed from human sight, can ever be reproduced in the way he desires. But nevertheless, despite of all his skepticism, we have been able to penetrate the folds of his paper and read his thoughts; yes, and even more so, for his thoughts are the things we written. But we are not sure that we can convince our friend that we speak the truth. However, that which is truth to us we do not expect may be such to another, for as no two minds are created alike, so no two can understand any one thing precisely alike. We agree in fundamental points, but in the little minutiae we may disagree.

"Explain the commandment," says our skeptical friend. We think if our question had thrown the light of common sense upon it, it would have explained itself. But like many others, indeed, like most any theological thinker, he has overlooked the spirit in criticizing the letter.

Spiritualism tells all its disciples to pass by the letter and deal with the spirit. The letter of the law is a dead, and has been for a long time; but spirit, that is the living, the living, and must ever continue to live. We believe that the commandment quoted means simply this: that so far as you, as an individual, are harmoniously organized—that is to say, are in the enjoyment of health, for health never dwells where there is inharmoniousness—so far as you, as an individual, are harmoniously developed, so far as you relate to that harmony of organization, just so far will you be able to transmit that harmony, that heaven, that love of the God of the Universe, to your offspring, even unto the third and fourth generation, and fifth, and perhaps sixth generation.

And again, so far as you are inharmoniously organized, therefore wanting in health, wanting in that beauty of life that makes for man a heaven, so far will you transmit that inharmoniousness to future generations.

Not alone does this law apply to the physical. It should be remembered that you are spiritual, as well as material; that you are possessed of a body altogether material; and one altogether spiritual, each giving out their own emanations of light and truth. And if the bodies are harmoniously unfolded, then a harmonious manifestation must ensue, as a natural consequence. But if you are diseased, either physically or spiritually, then the law says in stern, unmistakable language, you and yours must suffer. There is no escape, no forgiveness. You must pay the penalty, and your offspring must pay the uttermost farthing of ignorance. Believe me, the law will exempt no one, not even those who involuntarily and blindly sin. It matters not that you are ignorant; still you are held accountable for the things you do while dwelling in the flesh. This is our idea in brief of the commandment.

Q.—Some months since I asked some questions of the controlling intelligence, and from the answers given, as printed in the BANNER, I do not think that I made myself rightly understood. I meant to say, that in my labor in affording relief to the suffering, I frequently asked of the controlling spirit who they had in spirit-life; and I have then called the one that I thought could best aid them in their progress, and in all cases they have purposed to come, and when informed why they were called, have thanked me, and promised to aid their friend. This phase of spirit-life has been doubted by most of my friends—professed believers in spirit-communication—and my question is: Is it truthful, or a delusion?

ANS.—Your position is a correct one. It is quite as possible for you to call to you one spirit as it is to call another. Proper conditions alone are requisite.

Q.—I have frequently been asked, jeeringly, if there was any cure for licentiousness, and other diseases, besides the use of stimulants, and deaths by wounds received in battle? And my answer has been, that licentiousness is deemed more of a moral than a physical disease; and that, as regards the other cases, I had made no experiments. Since then I have done so, and those that were afflicted by cancers, by being poisoned, or by the use of drugs, whether taken voluntarily or medicinally applied, have represented that they were great sufferers, generally much more so than in earth-life. De Quincy, the opium-eater, purposed to say that he had suffered in earth-life more than in spirit-life, and that in spirit-life he bore a faint comparison to that in earth-life. And those who had died from wounds received in battle—they all represented that they suffered more or less—some very little, but a majority out of a hundred called, represented their sufferings as greater in spirit-life than when in the form. And in all cases, without exception, the administering of a spoonful of stimulant has purposed to have

afforded instant relief. And my question is: Is suffering and the relief truthful, or a delusion?

ANS.—With regard to the administering of stimulants, we shall say it is a delusion, in our opinion. But the internal, the soul, or spirit, is the portion that suffers. That portion of the individual, the body, is only the medium used to convey a realizing sense of the suffering to the individual.

The opium-eater finds in the spirit-land that he has dwelled, for a time, in his faculties. He has lost, for a time, the powers that were given him for use while in the form. And so it is with regard to all the misuses of life. The drunkard finds himself intellectually and morally diseased in spirit, and he has quite as much need of cure in a spirit-land as he had in a physical one when here. There may be something of truth connected with your theory, with regard to the giving of stimulants, but in our opinion there is a power emanating from the spirit in the body, that might have been used with equally as much an amount of good. Do you understand?

Q.—I understand your remarks; but De Quincy himself stated that he had no pain after receiving the stimulant administered. I have made the same experiment with two bottles, and not in a single instance have I been unsuccessful. I never have prevailed upon them to take the second spoonful. They have said, "I am cured." So it is with those who were addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors here; and I have called, in all, I suppose, upon hundreds and hundreds, and never found one upon whom I had tried the experiment, who did not declare himself free from physical suffering.

S.—You should remember that all such are laboring, themselves, under delusive ideas.

Q.—My labors have been among the most intelligent people who have passed away.

S.—All that may be, and yet when they are freed from mortality, such individuals stand forth as imperfect representatives of Deity.

Q.—These administrations of stimulants having been attended with so much success, my spirit-friends are continually urging me to persevere in my labors.

S.—Your position is, doubtless, a good one, very good; but we cannot but believe that something else might have been used with equal success. Try the experiment, and see if we are not correct in our assertions.

Q.—How can I do this?

S.—Use the divine power with which you, as an individual spirit, are endowed. Banish their weakness and give them strength. Let them feel that you can remedy their diseased natures simply by your own will-power; and believe us, it will be quite as efficacious as the power you have referred to.

Q.—I have always supposed that the answers to such letters were made by the spirit who had been present, and to have read the question, and read the mind of the person asking them; and I wish to know if those who desire communications from a spirit-friend, should call them, and read distinctly the questions they want answered, and retain the paper in their own possession, and write them through the medium asking them, to answer the questions that they had read to them, would they be as likely to receive correct answers, as if the questions were forwarded under seal to the medium?

ANS.—Sometimes it is absolutely necessary to have the embodied thoughts present with mediums; at others it is not. It should be known that the disembodied spirit never takes cognizance of the forms or characters made use of in a letter, but of the ideas it embodies. And so far as you make your client in transmitting your ideas to paper, so far can your spirit-friends better answer you. But if you are not clear in transmitting your questions to paper, you will be likely to receive imperfect and unsatisfactory answers to your letters, for you throw around your questions a darkness or mixed magnetic aura which they are at a loss to make clear.

Q.—I ask only for information; for if letters can be so answered, what is the necessity for sealing them?

ANS.—Sometimes, we say, it is absolutely necessary to have the embodied thoughts present with the medium; at other times it is not. If you have mediumistic powers, call your friends to you and ask them if they can answer your questions by your retaining your embodied thoughts as well as if they were present with the medium employed. They will tell you, no doubt, and will be truthful with you.

Q.—I have called hundreds, and spoken to them, generally when visiting mediums, and they have all acknowledged the fact, and in many cases have made the same remarks that I have spoken to you personally. That was what led me to ask whether there was any necessity for sealing letters to be answered by spirit-power. July 14.

### Richard S. Andrews.

[Bowling] I am a soldier, sir, or rather I was. [You are welcome.] I supposed I should be. I made sort of an arrangement with some friends of mine, that if I passed on first I was to come here and give some proof as would convince me of my identity in the spirit world. They were to do the same. This is the first time I have been able to come here; for although I was a medium myself, and understood the thing about as well as folks could here, yet I found on entering this new world that I had very little wisdom in it. I promised to be back here inside of twenty-four hours, and I've been little longer than that getting here. I don't know how to account for it, but I don't think I had any wisdom in it. I am no more than a child here; so I stayed in the room. But I have not been very long, at any rate, compared to those who have had a thousand years' absence.

I was killed at Antietam. I suppose you'll say that was a good while ago, for one who promised to come back to earth within twenty-four hours. Well, I've no apology to make, any further than I made me, as I was when he was sitting on one promissory, but somehow there was always a crowd before me. They were ahead of me, and I could not get ahead; but I'm here to-day, anyhow.

I'm from the Pennsylvania Reserves, sir—Union, all over; none of your half-way Union, neither; but you don't often meet with such, you know. I'm sorry to say it, if it is true, but your army is not more than half Union. And you're expecting to get good army victories from such men. Oh, God help 'em when they come on the other side, for it's a whipping even they'll get there. And then to think you've been playing a sort of a two-faced action, neither one thing nor another, and what's the worst of it, you can't play it there and keep steady over it, for everybody sees right through you. So they don't look well, and they don't feel well.

Well, I should like to open the ball, if I can, with one of my comrades, who once told me that he had no faith in Spiritualism, and that he did not know as he should believe in all the folks that he ever knew that were dead should come back. I said, "I'll go first, I'll tell you of this conversation; and if you go first you must come back and tell me of it." So now I want to tell him that he had no faith in Spiritualism, and did not know as he should believe in all the folks that he knew here who were dead should come back. Just after making that speech Jack turned to me and said, "Dick, I've got a letter to send home, and I've got my rifle to pay it through." So I furnished him with the means to do it. Now I tell him that that little circumstance that he may know that I, Richard S. Andrews, am here, just as much here as I was when he was sitting on one rock, and I on another, talking Spiritualism. Jack Porter's a pretty good sort of a fellow, if he don't see these things. You know he's not to blame for that.

Then there's Charley Allen; he's from Massachusetts; got acquainted with him in the army. He used to tell me that he and his sisters used to get spiritual communications. Now he's one of the number I promised to come back to if I died first. Another was Philander Yule. He's some relation to Senator Yule, the one who deserted into rebellion and cut up such miserable capers. Well, I believe Philander told me he was a cousin to his father; related to him some way, I won't undertake to tell exactly how. You just tell him, me, that old Yule is all around up, so light that he'll never get wound again, not in the same direction, anyhow.

I fortunately have no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, to come back to on the earth, for they're all with me. I was in my twenty-second year; had known of these things some four or five years; was a medium myself, sometimes for speaking, and pretty well for physical manifestations.

Now I want to speak of a time when four of the boys came out to me and to call up the ghost of Samuel, as they called it. I told them that I might have a chance to call up their ghosts soon. Before the next night two of 'em were on the other side. Now the other two are left, and I want to make an appeal to them in behalf of those who are on the other side. They've just as good friends on the other side as they have on your side, and they're just as anxious to speak with their friends in earth-life as they ever were here. One in particular says he'd give all he possesses for a few minutes conversation with his son. He was a minister; did not know much about this Spiritual Philosophy when he was on the earth. He wants his son to give him the privilege of coming and speaking to him alone. Now I suppose if he's got any good spiritual ideas about him, he'll be ready and willing to talk with his father. And in fact, I want all the boys to whom I promised to return, to come right up to the scratch, and out some good friends, and let me talk to them as I do here, for I want to convince them that there is a life after death, and that we can cross the river and come back and speak.

Mr. Chairman, your fees are small, I know, so I suppose I am under much obligation to you. Good-day. Here's hoping that you may be as fortunate as I was in getting across all right. July 14.

### Theodore Ellis.

I was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1854. My mother is there, and my little sister, and my brother, and my father, and my mother. My name was Theodore Ellis—Teddy. [That was your nickname?] Yes, sir. I died on the second day of last March, of sore throat and fever, and my father was killed at Pittsburgh Landing. And my mother has wished that we would come back if we could, and I've been trying ever since I died to let her know that I should come here as soon as I could, and father too. My father wanted her to go to his brother John and ask him to pay that note of two hundred dollars to her; tell him how she needs it, and tell him how that my father has requested him to do this from his home beyond the tomb. You'll please tell her this, sir.

I've ever so much to say to my mother, but I'd rather say it to her, sir. Tell her that Doctor Rush says that that is not a cancer which she has, but only a scrofulous sore, which, with proper care, she'll get rid of. The swelling on her neck which she thinks is a cancer, and has been told so, he says with proper care she will get rid of it. July 14.

### Edward Wilson.

Edward Wilson, sir, son of General Wilson, in the Confederate service. I am told you deal generously with all who come here. [We treat all alike, as nearly as we can.] I lost my life at the storming of Roanoke. Since that time I have been making all the advances I was able to toward my home, but have never been successful until to-day.

I am exceedingly anxious to open correspondence with my father, but know of no better way to do so than by coming here and making a communication, as I have been told your paper crosses the lines. Is it true? [We have been led to believe so.] You don't know, then? [We have no doubt of it.] Well, I don't know, but I hope it is so. [Those on your side come back from time to time, telling us our paper crosses the lines.] I presume they do, they tell me that I came here and spoke, so as to give me an opportunity to talk with him. My mother comes with me. She has been eighteen years in spirit-life, and she earnestly solicits an interview with my father.

I am wholly unaccustomed to these things, and hardly know what course to pursue—which is the best. Perhaps some little facts connected with my mortal existence may aid something toward proof of my coming here. [They will be the best for recognition.] I was in my twenty-fourth year. I was born about seven miles from Richmond. When eight years of age I met with an accident that nearly deprived me of my sight; but by good medical attendance my sight was restored, and I had no difficulty in that direction from that time. When eleven years of age I had a severe fit of sickness, which prostrated me so much that my friends thought I should never recover from it. But I rallied and recovered, and had good health again. At fifteen I was thrown from a horse, and at that time my father said he believed I was not born to die in any ordinary way, I had escaped so many times. I was taken up for dead, but in a few days recovered, with no serious injury.

I am now speaking from the internal side of life, asking that that father who guided my footsteps here, who in his last letter to me gave me counsel as to what I should do for my portion of the country, what I should do in regard to domestic affairs in case he should be taken before me—to that father I appeal now from this, your Federal ground, asking that he give me a hearing—no matter whether it is on the ground of curiosity—or ground, I care not, but I want to see him. I'll very soon drive away his curiosity and skepticism.

I am under many obligations to you, sir, for your kindness. Be you Yankee, or whatever else you may be, you certainly deal impartially, I think, with all who come to you. Good-day. July 14.

### Invocation.

Eternal Spirit, whose presence we drink in like the breath of sweetest lilies, we would worship thee in beauty and holiness—not the blind idolatry of past ages, but with the clear vision of the present age. Oh, Eternal Spirit, we would cut carve thee out of wood and stone, nor mold thee in clay, but we would worship thee in the temple of the flesh, for thou art everywhere. The universe is thy body; thy home is boundless; no one can analyze thee; no one can bring thee within the sphere of their understanding. Yet the soul worships thee. Wherever there is life there we know thou hast an abiding-place. Therefore we acknowledge thy presence, and humbly and reverently we worship thee everywhere. When we see the smiling face in the humble violet, we know thou art present. When we hear thy voice in the thunders of the skies, we know the voice. When we hear thy whisper in the winds, we know that whisper. When we behold thy power flashing out mid human intellect, we know that power. Oh, we know that art everywhere, even in the midst of this world's darkness that has fallen upon this American nation—yes, thou art everywhere, watching with loving kindness thy children as they fall because of ignorance and sin. Oh, Eternal Spirit, did we not perceive thy presence walking in the midst of this desolation, our tears would fall for this American people; but we know thou art here, leading on this army unto justice and right, therefore it is that we have no tears, no sighs, for that we be dark. No, no; we look cheerfully upward, knowing that thou hast sent thy ministering angels to lead thy sorrowing children out of darkness into light. It has been said that the falling sparrow is regarded by thee. Oh, if this be true—and we believe it is—we know that no human being will fall, however, through ignorance, without thy knowledge. We know that such an angel will be over each one, and that the time will come when they shall be lifted up, and they will know for what they wait, when the veil that obscures their vision shall be rent asunder, when they shall perceive that thy power has been leading them; and though in the present they stand trembling, and scarce know the way, yet in the future the glorious temple of Liberty shall rear its grand and shelter them, and they shall and peace and shelter therein. So unto thee, Father and Mother of all things, we now, as ever, will render deathless praises. Sept. 1.

### Questions and Answers.

SPRINT.—In accordance with your custom, we wait to receive propositions from the audience here convened.

It has been said that the asking of questions at this place is confined to a certain few—those who have an understanding of the case, and who propose such questions as may seem best suited to their wants. We do not believe in this. It is in fact a question of questions freely. No one is excluded from so doing. On the contrary, we most earnestly request that all who are strangers to this thing may propound their questions freely. We only ask that those questions may be of such a nature as to interest the public, not themselves alone.

Q.—I would like to ask whether the excavator who has been at work at Dugout Rock for the last dozen years, has during that time been

under the guidance or direction of disembodied spirits?

ANS.—You are aware, or at least you should be, that the spirit-world is peopled by all classes of spirits. Every grade of intelligence is found there, just as here. You did not ask that we tell you what class of intelligences controlled the labors of the individual referred to. You only asked if some outside intelligence has controlled his labors for the past number of years. No answer he has been under the control of outside disembodied intelligences. Do you understand?

Q.—I do. I would ask whether the object those disembodied spirits have in view will redound to his material growth, as well as his spiritual and mental growth?

A.—He has been sustained thus far, so we are informed—that is, his material has been cared for. But while the body has been attended to, the spirit has not been neglected, for he has been growing largely in the interior. And it is our opinion, mark you, it is our opinion, that the individual spoken of will never realize that worldly wealth while here, that he expects to. It will come to him in the interior, not in the exterior.

Q.—I would further ask whether those disembodied spirits have any object of wide-world importance in thus directing the labors of this individual?

A.—The smallest pebble thrown into the ocean affects every drop of water composing that ocean. So it is in the case you speak of. This will affect the universe entire. It is one of the stepping-stones to great spiritual wisdom, we believe.

Q.—I would inquire whether there is any influence in and about that cave that specially affects mediums, and if so, what the nature of that influence is?

A.—Your mediums will tell you that they experience a peculiarly wild influence when visiting that place. Doubtless this may be attributed in part to the surrounding scenery, but more especially to that class of spirits disembodied who frequent that locality. Tradition says it was once the home of a small piratical band. How far that tradition speaks the truth, it is not for us to say; but we do believe, my more, we know that a certain few dwell very near, if not upon that exact spot.

Q.—Can you perceive clairvoyantly the interior of that cave?

A.—We can.

Q.—Will you state what it contains?

A.—No, we certainly shall not. We will, however, state this much: that whatever of worldly wealth may be contained in that cave, it is our opinion, will never be obtained by any individual dwelling in the human. Sept. 1.

### William S. Remington.

I am informed that you receive all who visit you in this way. [Yes.] That you transmit their thoughts or wishes to their friends as best you may. [We do so far as we are able to.] I am not accustomed to this manner of sending thoughts to friends, having been away from my own body, as near as I can calculate upon time, five weeks, maybe a little more or a little less. [Do the best you can.]

I used to call Wilmington, North Carolina, my home, but for the last two years and a-half, I have written from one place to another, and suppose the headquarters of my friends, my relatives, those with whom I desire to open correspondence, are at Charleston, South Carolina.

I am aware, sir, that I stand on, or that I exist on, Federal, perhaps abolition ground. [That makes no difference.] So I have supposed. I certainly am not without my sympathies for the North, although I should say that was not the truth, if I did not say that the largest share was with the South, for I feel very much the same now as I did when here, only I feel satisfied that whichever party has the most of right on their side will eventually conquer. I find it exceedingly difficult to run your human machine, probably because I am not familiar with its use. I noticed the other party flowed in and out as smoothly as if it were his own. But I am unable to do so.

My name, when occupying the body, was William S. Remington, my age, thirty-nine years. My occupation, a business speculator in whatever I could make the most upon. I understand you require these things, that we may identify ourselves to our friends on the earth. [We do.] My occupation for the last two years and a-half has been that of shooting all the Yankees I could bring within the range of my musket. I ask no pardon; probably some of you have been engaged in a similar occupation. [Not a very pleasant one.] No, certainly not, when you fear all the time that you may be shooting some near relative or dear friend.

I learned, after entering the Confederate service, that the husband of my sister, who was a resident at the North, was an officer in the Federal Army. I also learned that he was at the front when I fell; and I confess I never raised my musket without looking to see if I could discern him possibly among any of our enemies then confronting me. A painful position. Oh, my God, yes, and particularly when you have no real enmity against any one; when you feel that individually they have not wronged you. At least, it was so with me, and I certainly give you Yankees the credit of feeling as bad as we Southerners do in this matter.

I have a wife, two young sons, an infant daughter, and a young son in Charleston. I should be infinitely rejoiced to see them, and am in one word to assure them that I live, and am in the possession of power to do somewhat for their welfare. I fell in what was to me the last battle before Petersburg. Perhaps you've had others; undoubtedly you have. [Yes.]

I should be glad to communicate with Thomas L. Williams. I have been informed that he is a Colonel in some New York regiment, but I have no personal means of knowing whether I have been correctly informed or not. If he should receive my letter, he will know that I am the brother of his wife. If he can do anything toward forwarding my message to my wife, I shall feel under infinite obligations to him.

To my sister I would say, do not mourn because I fell on the opposite side; rather mourn for the coming sorrow that will soon burst upon you, and we should endeavor to be able to avert it from the heads of those now actually innocent.

I have directed in the last letter I wrote to my wife, should I fall—as I was about entering the battlefield—that I wished certain little mementoes to be sent North. Though my wife is of Southern proclivities, I hope she will not so far forget her honor, as not to observe my wishes in this respect; and should an opportunity offer itself, please me to speak with her, or any friends, I will gladly avail myself of it. Good-day. Sept. 1.

### William H. Walton.

William H. Walton, Third New Hampshire; no rebel, sir. [They don't come from New Hampshire, we believe.]

I want you to inform my friends I'm in the market for communication, and quite as happy as could be expected under the circumstances. I am at Fort Monroe, in July.

I do not know much about these things, as I've only been in the spirit-world a little while; thought I did before I went there, had heard about them when here. It's all new when you get there. You find, although you thought you knew the whole story, you don't know much of it. I would prefer to talk with my folks privately; so you'll say I've heard their call and answered it as best I could, and will give them further communication as soon as I learn more of the ropes in this new ship. Good-day to you. Sept. 1.

### Jacob Owen.

Well, stranger, you furnish us with rather a sort of delicate uniform. [It is a different one from what you have been used to wearing, probably.] Yes, something.

I'm from Missouri. I got plenty of folks on your side what don't know anything about this thing, and I'm sort of trying to clear away some of the truck that's in the way, so as to tell 'em. All right, I reckon. [Of course it is; we think you'll succeed.] Now, stranger, there's a good deal of difference between doing a thing with your own body and doing it with one you've borrowed. You can't go ahead as you'd like to. Why, I feel now as if I could march way to Missouri before dark. [We are afraid the body would give out.] But it's no go. You know you don't allow us to use this body only just so long.

Well, you've got a telegraph, ain't you? [Yes.] And we are all operators—that is, for ourselves. Well, stranger, I want to telegraph to my friends

in Missouri that I can come. They know I'm alive. [That will be news.] That will be news, stranger. I reckon now I can't be anywhere else but just myself; nobody at all. [You don't want to be, do you?] Well, stranger, I thought when I come here I'd like to talk pretty smart, but it's no use, I can't.

Stranger, supposing you've got a grudge against some one here, have you any right to spit it out? [Yes, but we have you, haven't we?] Well, I have, stranger. [Don't you lose that feeling in the spirit-world?] I reckon we do when we get waked up. But I ain't got cleared up as yet. Well, I tell you what it is, stranger, when a person's treated you pretty bad, you kind of like to let the folks know that you know how bad they've treated you. I do it want to tell you, I do want them to know that I know how bad they've treated me. [Don't they know it?] Oh, well, stranger, I don't know; maybe they've got some sort of an idea of it, but I want them to know that I know it, too. [It may make them feel worse.] Well, sometimes it's necessary for a person to feel pretty bad, in order to feel good.

I'd like to have you say that Jacob Owen would like, first of all, to talk to that individual what's on the earth and goes by the name of Timothy Trask. He knows pretty well that I don't feel just right toward him, or didn't, because he didn't do right, and what's more, didn't mean to do right, either. Now all I ask of him, is now I'm gone—that is, away from my body, and can't look after things as I did once—just fork over that that was mine to my folks, who will be likely to experience a good deal of suffering without it, if it does so it will be all right; if he don't do it it will be all wrong.

Next place, I'd like to talk with my brother George. He's in an Illinois regiment, and if he can find one of these folks where he is, I hope he'll let me come and talk with him. And the old lady, our mother, I'd like to give her some lessons about this new country; but, stranger, she's kind of stuck to the old, and I don't know as I can get her away from it. What I mean, stranger, is, she's tied up in creeds and ceremonies. Well, if I thought the strings what she's tied up with were strings, and not wires, I'd try to break them.

But I'd like to talk with any of my folks in Missouri, and most of all, I want that individual to do what he will. Now he'd better do what I ask him, for I've got a certain kind of power, and I ain't the best sort of an individual that ever was, and maybe, if he steps upon me, either one side or the other, I may use that power against him. That was my way when I was here, and I ain't got over my way yet, stranger; maybe I shall when I've been longer in this new country.

Stranger, what do you ask here? [Nothing.] Well, you chance it, don't you? [No, I don't.] You give it then? [Yes.] That's all right, I suppose. You'd remember me, stranger, if I should come again. [No; we should be glad to have you come any time.] Well, maybe I shall try it again. Good-day. Sept. 1.

### Sarah Phelps.

I lived in Danville, East Tennessee. I was taken sick in June, and died on the 22d of July. My sickness was occasioned by trouble, loss of friends, loss of property, loss of all things. I have left three children—nine, seven, and five years of age. I am so anxious about them I have come here with the hope of finding a friend I used to know in former days at the North. His name was Tibbets—Joseph Tibbets, an iron frame munn—was in New York. [No.] I sent him your letter, if he can learn his whereabouts. I wish you would. But oh, I've a favor so great to ask of him, and that is, that he'll do what he can toward rescuing them from the desolation that everywhere surrounds them. Their father was killed upon board one of the gunboats in James river, a year ago this July.

Oh, say that Sarah Phelps, of Tennessee, wife of G. F. Phelps, wife of his friend, asks that he do this favor. It may be his own way want before they pass to the spirit-world, and some friend may be wanting to relieve them, and as he would have others do to his, oh let him also do unto others.

I have friends at the South, many,



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Those requiring examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age.

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**DR. A. P. PIERCE, COLLAPSEUR, Magnetic and Medical Electrician, also Developer and Healer of the Mediums,** will examine people who are magnetized by the sick, both in body and mind, of all kinds of diseases, at his office, No. 10 Haymarket Place, Boston, which enters by Avery St. from Water St. or at their homes, in or out of the city. Charge moderate. —Aug-26.

**MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BURNESBEE**  
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**DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician,** cures all kinds of diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Sept. 10.

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**Or Psychometrical Determination of Character.**  
**MRS. A. B. SEEVERANCE** would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married.

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Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds are willing to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate. Everything of a private character kept strictly as such.

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Is curing thousands of those afflicted with a cold in the head, or Catarrh. It excites neither without information, nor does it require any. It is a remedy for the cold in the head, or a snail, that does not aggravate the disease. It does not require the recommendation of Congressmen to make it sell, by its own merits it finds a rapid sale and recommendation among those afflicted.

Dr. HIGGINS-Sir: Please send me one more box of your Indian Catarrh Remedy. I have been afflicted with a trouble of the eyes for many years. Last fall I sent to Milwaukee, and you played a prominent physician to doctor me. Did no good grew worse. I applied to physicians in my own town, and was told I could not be helped. About three weeks since I wrote to you for a box of the Indian Catarrh Remedy; commenced using according to your directions; in a few days I began to

more faith in the poor old Seneca's remedy than all else,  
think it will cure me. MRS. E. ABBOE  
Jackson, Wis., 1864.

Sent by mail on the receipt of 50 cents and a 3-cent stamp.  
Address by mail, DR. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 1908, Chicago,  
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**SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND**  
**NO. 1.—THE PORTIO OF THE BAGE**  
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the  
he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in  
Spheres, embracing the homes of a group of Sages. Wis-  
those who desire to have the same view as himself that of

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Consultations free. Examination \$1.00.  
*Mitauke, Aug., '29, 1884.*

Aug

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NO. 654 WASHINGTON STREET, may be procured for a variety of pure and fresh Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Extracts, Patent and Popular Medicines, together with all articles usually found in any Drug Store. The lowest discount made to the Trade, Physicians, Clergymen, and those who buy to sell again. OCTAVIUS KIRK.  
Aug. 20. If

**Walter Hyde's Specialty**  
**CONSISTS** in Teaching the Art of Healing by the Lay  
 of Hands, and the principles attending Mediumistic  
 development. Send for Circular. Address, 24 FULTON  
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visit pupils at the residences, or receive them at her or  
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## OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

## "National Convention of Spiritualists,"

HELD IN

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 9th to 14th, 1864.

(Reported by the Secretary, F. L. WADSWORTH.)

## FOURTH DAY.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 12.

Convention called to order at the appointed hour by the President.

Warwick Martin said he had been informed that the Convention adopted the resolutions on the state of the Union; he was necessarily absent, and wished to know if absentees would be permitted to record their vote.

On motion, it was voted that all members of the Convention who were absent when the resolutions were voted on, be permitted to record their vote for or against.

Judge Carter explained to the Convention a number of paintings executed by Nathan B. Starr, of Cincinnati, O., a gentleman of sixty years of age. One of the pictures Judge Carter thought a good likeness of his daughter, who passed to the Summer Land several years ago.

Mr. David Shafter explained other pictures, of which there were quite a number distributed about the hall.

Mrs. Sarah Dick, of Cincinnati, explained her reasons for voting for the resolutions, though she had opposed their being brought before the Convention. She had recently returned from the battlefield, where she had seen the dead and dying, and, being beside the lifeless form of her husband, which, after much difficulty, she succeeded in removing to her home. She loved her country, and hoped we should proceed harmoniously with our work.

Mr. William Kilpatrick, who represented Scotland, in the Convention, paid a tribute to American and American enterprise, saying that a bond of brotherhood existed between their country and his own.

Dr. A. G. Parker, Chairman of Committee on the Social Condition of the Country, submitted the following as their report:

*Resolved*, That we recognize perfect and entire equality of rights as between the sexes, including equal property, equal marital, equal parental, equal educational, equal civil, political, and equal religious rights; and that we reject the absurd pretext, that, in any instance whatever, confers the slightest authority.

*Resolved*, That true marriage is the free, loving, life-long union of one man with one woman; and any attempts, whether modern or ancient, to institute any other less sacred and permanent relation in its place, under whatever name it may be called, meet at our hands only prompt, unqualified rejection and reprobation.

(Signed.)

G. PARKER.  
S. J. FINNEY.  
AMANDA SPENCE.  
WARREN CHASE.  
LEO MILLER.

On motion, the report was received.

Dr. Samuel Underhill thought the secret of securing happiness was in trying to make others happy. He was in favor of liberty, not anarchy; order, not confusion. He had discovered the art of making love, and thought it was easier to establish it between old hearts than to run off after new ones.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell said she was glad the political atmosphere had been purified before the social question was introduced; we could think and see clearer now that we had given our voice to freedom. She considered Spiritualism as comprehending the whole; the divine essence of God. It was something that could not be trifled or tampered with. Everything in life is transitory; we have been governed by our sympathies; but now the time has come for reason and judgment to be our guide in all things.

Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm, M. D., said Spiritualism embraced all truth, political, social and religious. She thought that speakers ought to be left unmolested in their selection of subjects, and not feel themselves restricted to the simple question of spirit intercourse.

There are grand truths underlying these resolutions pertaining to different departments of our lives. Physiologically we need to know more of ourselves, and the laws that govern us. The health of woman is the hope of the world. The inner law, too, must be understood; then the civil law will be safe. All earthly sentiments should be subservient to principles. The excitement of our discussion must give place to the consideration of great truths, which will ameliorate the condition of the world—will clear away the superstitions of the present for a time of universal reform. When this war of slavery and freedom, capital and labor, aristocracy and democracy, has been waged and won, the lowest will have their rights, and the true position of woman will be known.

C. M. Plumb, Chairman Publishing Committee, reported, 1st—A proposal to publish a full report of the proceedings of the Convention, in book form, at one dollar per copy; members of the Convention to subscribe for one thousand copies; 2d—to publish a condensed report in pamphlet form, for twenty-five cents per copy; members of the Convention to subscribe for one thousand copies. On motion, the Convention received the report for consideration.

Mr. H. C. Wright favored a full report, for he thought this Convention was a culmination of scattered forces, and would be a historical epoch in the reform movement of the century. Let the Convention put on record their protests against religions based upon assumed authority, and the absurd idea of salvation by grace, and set forth the idea that man must ever stand upon his own merits.

Judge W. A. Boardman favored a full report. Mr. J. H. W. Tooley regretted the condition in which our reports had been put before the people, and hoped the audience would consider the question as of practical importance.

Mr. U. Clark announced that Wm. White & Co., would publish, at their own risk, the report in pamphlet form.

Mr. C. M. Plumb recommended that the Convention accept Mr. Clark's proposition, and publish a synopsis report.

Mr. Charles H. Crowell said he was glad to meet so many of the supporters of the BANNER OF LIGHT—the paper he represented. He thought, with Mr. Plumb, that the Convention should furnish the report; he could not go behind Mr. Plumb's statements.

Mr. E. Jacobs favored a full report, and criticized the report of the Chicago city press.

Miss Lizzie Doten believed that never had Spiritualists been so justly represented as by the Chicago daily papers in their recent reports. She wished the reports of those papers to go to New York and Boston, where we had always been abused and misrepresented.

Mr. John Wetherbee, Jr., agreed with Miss Doten, and thought the reporters were entitled to the thanks of the Convention.

Dr. Gardner moved that the report under discussion be laid on the table for the purpose of receiving the report of the Committee on Organization.

Mr. Horace Dresser, from said Committee, submitted the following majority report:

## DEFINITIONS OF SPIRITUALISM AND ITS AIMS.

1. *Meaning of the Term.*—The term SPIRITUALISM, in modern usage, often means nothing more than the alleged fact of spirit-intercourse; or, to express it in full—that human spirits have a conscious individual existence after the death of their physical bodies, and can, and do, under suitable conditions, manifest themselves and communicate with persons in the body. Those who believe this one fact are termed Spiritualists, whatever else they may believe or disbelieve.

But the term is also applicable to a System of Philosophy or Religion recognizing this as a cardinal fact. When thus applied, it may be defined as follows: Spiritualism embraces all truth relating to the spiritual nature of man, its constitution, capabilities, duties, welfare and destiny; also, all that is or may be known relative to the spirit-world and its inhabitants, to God the Father of Spirits, and to all the occult forces and laws of the universe, which are spiritual in their nature.

This broad department of truth, however, is but imperfectly understood as yet by even the most capacious minds of earth. Hence wide difference of opinion exist among Spiritualists on various questions of philosophy and religious duty. No system yet put forth receives general acceptance.

Men can see alike on such questions only as they arrive at like states of mental and spiritual growth.

2. *Its Practical Aim.*—Though Spiritualism cannot now be defined in all its details, yet its grand practical aim may be stated as follows: the quickening and growth of the spiritual or divine nature in man, to the end that the animal and selfish nature may be subordinated, and all evil or disorderly affections overcome. In other words, that the "works of the flesh" may give place in each individual to the "fruits of the spirit," as a consequence of which, mankind will become an angelic brotherhood, and the "kingdom of heaven come on earth."

3. *Its Relation to Specific Reforms.*—Since man's spiritual growth and welfare, in this life and the future, is believed to depend in some measure on his physical health, his habits and surroundings, as well as on his beliefs and motives of action, all departments of Human Improvement and Practical Reform come legitimately within the scope of a broad Spiritualism. Hence earnest and philanthropic Spiritualists cannot fail to take a deep interest in the promotion of objects like the following, though they may differ in regard to methods of action.

1. *Physiological Reform* in general, whether as relates to injurious habits of food, drink, dress, labor, indulgence or stimulation, or to erroneous systems of medication—to the end that every human body may be made a fit temple for the indwelling spirit, and a healthful instrument for its use.

2. *Educational Reform*—that body, mind and spirit may be unfolded and cultivated symmetrically, and by the use of the most enlightened methods.

3. *Parentage Reform*—that every child may be secured its right to a healthful organism, and an introduction to life under favorable circumstances.

4. *The Emancipation of Woman* from all civil and social oppressions—that she may freely choose her own occupations, and become best fitted to be the mother of noble offspring.

5. *The equal enlightenment, enlargement and consequent ultimate liberty of all human beings, and the abrogation of all oppression, civil inequality, domestic tyranny, or mental and spiritual despotism*—because freedom is the birthright of all, and the instinctive demand of every growing spirit.

6. *Theological and Ecclesiastical Reform*—since deliverance from error and from external authority are requisite to the best spiritual advancement.

7. *Social Reform and ultimate Reorganization*—because the present selfish and antagonistic relations and institutions of society are unsuited to a higher spiritual condition.

Lastly, in any and every effort, calculated, in their individual judgments, to improve the condition of mankind.

8. *Its Bearing on Organizations.*—While Spiritualists have no general organization or authoritative creed, and cannot consistently combine for the purpose of controlling each others' opinions, or setting bounds to inquiry; yet they may properly associate for such objects as the following: The promulgation of what they deem important truth—the promotion of fraternal intercourse—the affording of mutual encouragement and aid in a true life.

As an appropriate name for the organization proposed to be established, we would suggest the name of:

THE UNITED STATES SPIRITUAL UNION;  
and for its structure we submit the following articles of a PLAN.

The Convention shall elect a board of Trustees, consisting of twelve persons, who shall become incorporated as the Trustees of the United States Spiritual Union, for the purposes of receiving, investing, or holding legacies, or other property of said Union. They shall make a report to the Annual Convention of all the money and property received, and how invested, and of all appropriations.

These Trustees to be divided into three classes, of four members each. The term of the first class to expire in one year; the second class two years; the third class three years; but each class to hold their office until their successors are chosen, which shall be done at the Annual Convention, and they shall be elected for the term of three years.

The said board of Trustees are to organize by electing from their number a President, Secretary and Treasurer.

2. This Convention urge the Spiritualists in the different localities throughout the United States to organize by incorporation or otherwise, by the adoption of a platform, or declaration of principles, consistent with that of the United States organization, and by the election of a President, Secretary and Treasurer; which platform and the names of the officers and the number of its members shall annually, and during the month of January, be furnished to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, who shall keep a record of the same in a book to be kept for that purpose.

3. The Board of Trustees shall determine the time and place for holding the Annual Convention, and shall forward a copy of the call to the Secretary of each local organization.

4. Each of the local organizations shall be entitled to send one delegate to the Annual Convention, and an additional delegate for every fifty members, until otherwise ordered by the Annual Convention. The Annual Convention to elect a Finance Committee of nine persons, who shall take the report of the Trustees and the finances into consideration, and report to the Convention the condition of the same, and the appropriations they recommend, which, when approved by the Convention, shall be entered on the books of the Board of Trustees.

5. The Secretary of the Election Board shall send by mail a copy of the proposed appropriations to the Secretary of each local organization, upon which he shall write, "Approved," or "Disapproved," and sign the same, and mail it to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees within ten days after its receipt. And if a majority of the local Secretaries approve of the appropriation and return the same within sixty days after mailing the copy of the appropriation, the same shall be the authority for the Trustees to make the appropriation.

Mr. J. S. Loveland, from the Committee on Organization, submitted the following minority report:

## PREAMBLE.

When in the progress of humanity, new ideas are evolved in the human consciousness, new notions of language are necessary for their expression, and new social, religious and governmental institutions are indispensable to give scope for their practical development and manifestation; and, having fully evolved and demonstrated a new idea—the naturalness of Spiritual Phenomena—which idea can never find scope for expansion in the present institutionalism of society, it has become necessary to make a new declaration of principles, and institute new forms of cooperative order in human conditions.

We, therefore, Spiritualists of the United States of America, for ourselves and for all who may see the truth like us, do make the following Declaration of Principles, and institute the methods of brotherly cooperation as set forth in the accompanying Constitution and By-Laws, pledging ourselves to earnest endeavor in making them the supreme law of our practical life on earth.

## DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

*Proposition 1.*—The Eternal Activity of the Uncreated Power of the Universe is Orderly, Wise and Good, resulting in Eternal and Universal Progress, or an advance from inferior to superior conditions.

*Proposition 2.*—The Human Race is one Grand Family or Brotherhood, constituting an essential unity, in nature, interests and destiny; and each member of the same, is possessed of equal rights to exercise the inherent faculties of human nature, in accordance with the normal promptings thereof, as modified by the incidental differences of temperament, age, race and progress, with no limitation save palpable trespass upon the rights of others.

*Proposition 3.*—Obligation grows out of and is based upon relationship; and, as the relation of man to man is the most vital and absolute possible in the nature of things, therefore, the duty of each to labor for the good of all, is the most sacred conceivable.

*Proposition 4.*—The only absolute authority in the Universe binding upon man, is that of Eternal Principles, and the only authoritative interpreter of those principles—the highest tribunal of final appeal in their application to personal con-

duct—is the individual reason, intuition and conscience; but, inasmuch as it requires all the powers of all the race to perfectly develop and comprehend them in their completeness, therefore, the individual man should lovingly and reverently listen to and calmly weigh every thought, whether from the earth or heavens.

*Proposition 5.*—Crime, or wrong, is the manifestation of inherent weakness, passion, and indicates a diseased, or imperfect state of the affections, and is as equally at war with the welfare of the one who commits it as it is with that of those who suffer it, the wrong-doer should be treated as sick, and his cure attempted, instead of adding to his sorrow in penal inflictions.

*Proposition 6.*—True Freedom consists in the harmony of all the functions of a human nature, in the individual man; and also with the great end of existence—Goodness, Truth and Happiness, and all less than that is license, anarchy, wrong.

*Proposition 7.*—The only legitimate function of government is to institute and maintain order in accordance with the above stated principles; and, therefore, all forms of inequality instituted by law or force are wrong, and must be overthrown.

*Proposition 8.*—Human existence is not limited to the life of earth, but is destined to an eternal continuance in a spiritual world; and no system of government, society, association or education, can have a permanent basis—a legitimate stimulus to effort—without a distinct recognition of this truth of truths.

*Proposition 9.*—As the intellectual faculties differ in their relative strength, in different persons, and it is impossible for all to see and think alike respecting the various topics of human thought, therefore, the compulsory imposition of any creed, or form of sectarian belief, is a violation of fundamental right, and never allowable.

*Proposition 10.*—Communication of the spiritual world with the natural, and the inspiration of the latter by the former, is an established fact.

## CONSTITUTION.

## NAME.

This Association shall be known as the Spiritualist Brotherhood of the United States of America.

## OFFICERS.

The officers of the Brotherhood shall consist of one Chief Executive, one Vice-Chief Executive, two Sub-Executives, one man and one woman from each State in the Union—one Secretary, one Treasurer and one Recorder, all of whom shall constitute a Supreme Directory.

## FUNCTIONS.

The Functions of the Chief Executive are to exercise a fatherly watchfulness over all the interests of the Brotherhood; to preside over all its meetings; to suggest to and consult with the Supreme Directory, convening them in any special emergency for consultation and action.

The Function of the Vice-Chief Executive is to act as the Assistant and Proxy of the Chief Executive.

The Functions of the Secretary are to take the general oversight of the Central Bureau; conduct all the correspondence of the Brotherhood; make a minute of its proceedings in all its meetings, and also those of the Supreme Directory, and hand them over to the Recorder for permanent record, and to act as the general agent of the Brotherhood.

The Functions of the Treasurer are to keep a just account of all funds received, and disburse them according to the will of the Brotherhood.

The Functions of the Recorder are to keep a permanent record of the proceedings of the Brotherhood, and to act as the Assistant of the Secretary of the Central Bureau.

The Executive and the Supreme Directory are to make all needed rules and by-laws; define all methods; create all agencies; fix the salaries of all officers subject to the will of the Brotherhood; point out defects of working to the Brotherhood, and suggest improved methods; fill vacancies in any office in the interim of annual meetings, and is empowered as a Board of Trustees, to hold all property which, by donation or otherwise, may be placed in the hands of the Brotherhood.

The Functions of the Sub-Executives are to act as members of the Supreme Directory, and to form Auxiliary Brotherhoods in their several States or Territories, as local centres for the same.

## THE CENTRAL BUREAU.

The Supreme Directory shall proceed at once upon its formation to organize a Central Bureau, with the following functions:

1. To open and maintain a fraternal correspondence with similar bodies throughout the world.
2. To ascertain as nearly as possible the number of Spiritualists in the population.
3. To promote the publication and circulation of tracts, pamphlets, etc., setting forth the leading ideas common to the present Dispensation.
4. To counsel and aid the friends in forming local Brotherhoods, as far as practicable.
5. To publish yearly reports of the proceedings and progress of the Brotherhood.
6. In due, to become an efficient agent of Propagandism.

## LIMITATIONS.

No creed, or article of faith, in any form, shall ever be introduced, or required, as a test of character or fellowship; nor shall any local Association be ever received into the fellowship of the Brotherhood which thus binds the consciences of its members.

The Brotherhood shall never become indebted, except in love and good will, to any person or persons whatever.

## OBJECTS.

The Brotherhood will seek, by all just methods, to overthrow the false theology of the Church—its dogmas, its rites, its superstitions, its hierarchy, and to strip the mask of hypocrisy from the rottenness of social institutions; and inaugurate instead, the pure and undefiled religion of a Spiritual Philosophy, as defined in the preceding Declaration of Principles—a state, or government whose foundation and practice is justice, and a society where brotherly love and sisterly kindness shall be the common rule and practice of life.

## PROVISIONS.

Each Local Brotherhood, numbering one hundred, or less, shall be entitled to send one delegate to the annual meeting of the Brotherhood, and one additional delegate for each additional hundred members.

The Sub-Executives shall be appointed by their respective States, except the first appointment, which is provisional for the purpose of organization.

The Brotherhood in each State and Territory will hold an Annual Meeting or Convention for the transaction of their local business, the election of the Sub-Executives, and to make such reports and suggestions to the national meeting as they may deem important.

This Constitution, with its Declaration, Preamble and By-Laws, may be altered or amended at any annual meeting, provided three months' notice thereof has been given to each auxiliary Brotherhood, and provided also that the first article of limitations shall not be changed.

Any person harmonizing with the purposes of the Brotherhood by signing this Constitution, becomes an affiliated member, and by withdrawing his name ceases to be such.

The Annual Meeting, or Convention of the Brotherhood, shall be in the month of —, on such day and at such place as may be determined upon from year to year.

On motion, both reports were received by the Convention, and made the special order until disposed of, except during such time as had been allotted by the Business Committee to Moses Hull and M. J. Kutz, for half-hour speeches at the opening of the afternoon session.

Adjourned until two o'clock P. M.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.—FRIDAY, AUG. 12TH.

At two o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President, who introduced Moses Hull as the first speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Hull chose for his subject, "Sectarianism, its Uses and Abuses." He believed that Moses, or Jesus, or John Wesley, or any other religious leader, had no thought of founding a sect—such formation was the work of their followers, who deified them after their death. He believed that each sect had been, and was, productive of some good, and he would not, if he could, destroy any one of them. He spoke of what he considered the evils of sectarianism, quoting many texts from the Bible showing the egotism and selfishness of sectarianism and sectarianism of all ages. He gave briefly his experience with the Methodist Church, his change therefrom to Seventh-Day Adventism, and therefrom to Spiritualism, showing that the sects and creeds are stationary, and grow not with the

increasing demands of the human soul. For a time he was fully satisfied with Methodism, but soon there were wants in his deepened nature that that did not satisfy. Adventism filled his soul for a time; then came unmitigated longings, and he prayed for light and strength. In Spiritualism he found satisfaction—with it he was happy; but if it should be circumscribed by creed or sect, he should put on to that which would be better and nobler. He illustrated faithfully the idea of Progress in the human soul, and the relation of the same to stereotyped creeds.

Miss Emma Martin, of Michigan, was introduced, and sang as an improvisatore.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz, of Michigan, was introduced by the President as the second regular speaker for the afternoon. She thought we had been taxed with business and specialities until we were weary of them, and needed recreation and rest; therefore would not talk on the subject of organization, as had been suggested, but of the "Beauties of Spiritualism." As one of its beauties, she instanced the spiritualistic view of immortality. She thought that there were no evil spirits in the "homes of the blessed." That which we received as communications from such was the result of our own imperfect organizations and methods of communication. She further spoke of the practical teachings of Spiritualism, urging practical efforts at reform in all directions.

She concluded by remarking that she was in favor of organization with the least possible declaration of sentiment, only such as would set before the world as reformers and Spiritualists. The President announced that the business would be before the Convention was the consideration of the reports of the Committee on Organization.

Warren Chase said he thought it must be evident to all present that such a Convention was as well calculated to propose, discuss and execute, as any class of people; but not prepared to organize. He thought there were not a half-dozen persons in the hall besides the Committee on Organization who understood either of the plans submitted to the Convention. He was in favor of taking some measures that would look to the future for completion—some future Convention composed of delegates from local associations.

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley thought such remarks as the last speaker had made only disqualified us for the work. If we were not ready to organize now, when should we be? Something should be done in the right direction, be it ever so small. If we do not understand the proposed plans, let us consider them till we do; take them up *seriatim* and pass upon them. He hoped the reports would be read again before disposing of them.

On motion, Mr. Van Nest, Mr. Loveland read the minority report.

Mr. Leonard Bricker read his adoption.

Mr. Ira Porter said we had come here to devise the instrumentalities for reforming the world. The question is, With whom shall we work? He was willing to work with everybody—with the veriest infidel in the land, if he would only observe the Golden Rule. He would work with him in any capacity, however humble, to procure reform, any department of life. He wished all would place themselves in their true relation with the world they would do unto others as they would wish others to do unto them; and that they would at all times express their opinions without the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. Such a pledge, he thought, would be a sufficient basis for cooperation, and a substitute for all creeds. He was not afraid of organization, for none of us would be bound down to a form we did not like.

Mr. Leonard Bricker objected to the minority report, on account of its superfluity of words; he thought if it could be referred back to a special committee, who would condense it, the Convention would adopt it. As it was, he hoped it would not be adopted.

Mr. Sargent moved to lay the motion to adopt the minority report on the table for the reading of the majority report. Carried.

Mr. H. B. Storer read the majority report. Carried.

The Convention then returned to the consideration of the minority report.

Mr. Charles Partridge said he was here as a Spiritualist. As such, he wished to organize so specifically that the world would know what and who we were. He approved the declaration set forth in the plan, and thought the plan was as simple as could be desired. It simply required the appointment of a board of trustees by this Convention, who would become an incorporated body to receive legacies.

F. L. Wadsworth arose to a point of order, namely, that Mr. Partridge was speaking for the report that had been laid on the table, the minority report being before the Convention.

Mr. Partridge opposed the minority report, considering it too indefinite, too complicated and lengthy.

Judge Carter moved to print the reports, and place them in the hands of every member of the Convention.

Readers of order.

Mr. Van Nest withdrew his motion to adopt the minority report.

Mr. Warwick Martin moved that the whole matter of organization be referred to a special committee of five, to be appointed by the President, and that the President be, *ex officio*, a member of that Committee. Carried.

Charles Pinkham thought we should refer the whole matter to the album. We were Spiritualists, and should not do our work in a normal condition.

Mrs. T. D. Munn, apparently entranced, thought we were not ready yet for organization; it should come gradually.

The President announced the Committee on Organization, viz: S. Van Nest, of Ind.; W. Chase, of Mich.; H. B. Storer, of Conn.; Ira Porter, of Mich.

The Convention then adjourned till 8 o'clock.

## EVENING SESSION.—FRIDAY.

The Convention met according to adjournment. Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Wisconsin, was introduced as the first speaker of the evening. She said she wished to hold neither the Convention nor any person therein responsible for the sentiments she might utter. She wished to be entirely independent in that respect; she would speak of the "Gospel of Nature," as she hoped that inspiration would come from the higher powers, and enable her to utter such truths as we could carry home with us and ponder well. She knew no God outside of Nature, and no religion that did not accord with Nature's laws. We have been taught that the sun and moon stood still until deeds of blood had been executed, not for the vindication of Freedom, but that a war of aggression might be carried on, to enslave men, women and children.

We have been taught that God had taken the only child of a mother, under the pretence that it was necessary for a sacrifice. And Samson had been sent down by God to steal the garments of the Philistines, to pay a bet. This was not the God of Nature who did these things, but the God of Superstition and Theology. When the form of a man, who had cold and lifeless in his mother's arms, Nature told her that as was natural for a child to die as to be born. And when the mother had seen clearly the causes and relations that existed, she had learned this lesson—that we should bring healthy children into this world if we would have them remain with us. How can children be born healthy, when fathers use the noxious weed and intoxicating liquor? There is no way for us to attain health and happiness but by Nature's laws; if we do not follow these, there comes oppression, and while there is oppression there will be war. She was ashamed to hear women stand up for slavery while the child was taken from the mother and sold to the highest bidder; if she had a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, every one has, and we would never take to herself what she would not be willing for others to enjoy. They argued that slavery was right, "according to the Bible"; she knew it, but it is not right according to Nature, therefore it must be done away with, and every soul left free to express its own divinity.

Miss Ada L. Hoyt sang the "Three Angel Visitations" very finely.

Mr. Miller was next introduced. He said he had been requested to speak about organization; it was not an enthusiastic subject, but it was all-important, as it was to consider this, especially, that the Convention had met. He had not a decided plan to place before us, but he thought the matter should be discussed, and there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough how them as we may. But that is a way of reform, and we find old systems passing away, and disintegration the spirit of the time. The Protestant idea of freedom of opinion and right of private judgment, and the democratic idea of equal rights, has done much to break down the old edifice systems. The

old prerogatives of the church, and the divine right of kings, are passing away, and in their place will rise popular sovereignty and manhood's rights. For this reason he was in favor of some kind of reorganization. Were it not for the elements of destruction and construction we should have chaos again. The elements of organization and disorganization, and higher and lower, from the hierarchy of Nature; but for this reason there would have been no flowers, no fruit, no beautiful birds, no men or women, no angels. This shows that organization is natural, but it would not do to organize on an old basis, or reproduce old forms; we should occupy a higher plane of action.

Christ vindicated the doctrine of human sovereignty. He proclaimed the Golden Rule, but the old law of might was the rule of the Church until the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther enunciated the right of private judgment and freedom of conscience. The sword he raised cut both ways. It not only cut at the Roman hierarchy, but it cut the Protestant movement into all manner of sects, until they number to-day nearly a thousand, all claiming to have discovered the shortest way to heaven. The Bible is declared to be infallible, but a gun has been fired against it from Oxford in the "Essays and Reviews."

Next comes Bishop Colenso, of Natal, sitting under a palm tree with an intelligent native, reading the Bible. He discovers errors, and writes home that he cannot teach the infallibility of the Bible. Such are the attempts and results in arbitrary organizations. The Spiritualists are in favor of Individual Sovereignty; therefore, if we organize and do not keep in view the sovereignty of the human soul, the organization will fall, or be torn to pieces. It is necessary for us to have a practical organization for the elevation and redemption of humanity. We would require to move forward shoulder to shoulder, to secure the right of every man, woman and child, in the world. Are we prepared for such an organization? In reply to this question, there seems to be a spirit of prophecy that we shall not succeed in forming such an organization at this time; but we can lay the foundation stone. We can live another year without a general organization. In the meantime we can weigh the matter well, and be